

# **Irresistible Passion: Her Destined Lycan Prince Chapter 1 Slave by Dark Knight**

Sylvia's POV:

"Sylvia, you lazy slave! Do you know what time is it now? Why are you still sleeping?"

I struggled to get up from the wooden bed and looked at the time. It was not even five o'clock in the morning yet. I rubbed my throbbing temples. Then I hurriedly put on my thin coat and opened the door.

A fat she-wolf was blocking the door.

With a ferocious look on her face, she pointed at my nose and snapped, "Today is the Alpha Ceremony. Why are you still asleep? Have you finished all your work?"

I didn't say anything and just lowered my head.

I only slept for less than an hour because I spent the entire night cleaning up the conference room. My mind was still in a mess.

"Why are you still standing there? Go finish all your work!" she roared again.

Then she glared at me, turned around, and left with heavy steps.

I sighed and walked to the cloakroom, where the clothes needed to be ironed piled on the rack. Shawn Gibson was turning eighteen today, and he was going to take over the throne during the Alpha Ceremony. I had to prepare the clothes he was going to wear.

The sun was already rising outside when I finished ironing the clothes.

The territory of the Black Moon Pack was covered by dark clouds all year round, and it was always damp and cold. I wrapped my tattered cotton-padded clothes tightly around my body and carried a bucket to the banquet hall.

Many kinds of exquisite tableware had already been placed in the hall. After the Alpha Ceremony, all the guests would gather here to celebrate the promotion of the new Alpha.

I was wiping the steps with a rag when a stiletto stepped on it.

I looked up to see who it was. Then I saw Cherry, Gamma's daughter. She was wearing a black mermaid dress, and her red hair was curled. She looked very attractive.

"Step aside," I said coldly.

"Excuse me? Do you know what kind of place this is? You don't deserve to come here at all." Cherry then kicked my bucket arrogantly.

"Cherry! You are going too far."

"What? A mere slave is mad at me? How interesting! But actually, I can make you even angrier." Cherry flipped her long curly hair and sneered. She glared at me with a pair of mean eyes, clapped her hands, and ordered, "Bring it here."

A she-wolf came over. She carried a bucket of swill and poured it on the stairs in front of me. The stench instantly filled the air.

I watched this scene with cold eyes. Hatred filled my heart. With a vicious smile on her face, Cherry crossed her arms over her chest. Obviously, she was waiting to see a good show.

She only wanted to see me break down. But of course, I wouldn't let her have the last laugh.

"Is that all?" I glanced at her expressionlessly and immediately picked up the rag to clean the mess she just did.

Perhaps my indifferent reaction had irritated her. The corners of Cherry's mouth twitched. She was apparently disappointed.

"You are a natural bitch," she snorted contemptuously and walked away. The click-clack of her high heels sounded on the floor.

She was finally gone. It was only then that I let go of the tears I had been holding back. In times like this, I missed my mother even more.

I wasn't born a slave. My mother was the Beta of this pack. It was rare for a pack to have a female Beta even in history. She was capable and well-loved by the pack. She was known to be gentle but tough.

But I didn't have a father as far as I could remember. And to make up for my lack of fatherly love, my mother loved me with all of her heart. She spoiled me and treated me like a princess. When I was young, I tried to ask her about my father. However, she was extremely reticent when it came to him. As time went by, I didn't ask anymore. After all, having her was already enough for me.

But fate always loved to play jokes on people. My kind and powerful mother was framed for killing the Alpha and the Luna. She was executed.

I became an orphan. The pack labeled me as the traitor's daughter. They were angry at me, blaming me for their loss of their Alpha and Luna. As a result, they made me the lowest slave in the pack and gave me endless work to do every day. Apart from that, I would always suffer from humiliation and beatings from time to time.

At the thought of this, I wiped my tears and continued to work with my head down. I had to finish cleaning up this place before the guests arrived. Otherwise, I would suffer more than just beatings and starvation.

"Oh, my dear Sylvia, don't be sad. I will always be by your side." My wolf Yana comforted me in my head.

"Don't worry, Yana. I'm fine. I'm lucky that you're here. I am no longer alone."

"You will never be alone. Aside from me, you will also meet your mate in the future."

"But I'm already eighteen years old, and I still haven't met him yet," I said, sounding a little disappointed.

My mother was independent and strong. But I knew how hard it was for her to raise me alone. Sometimes I couldn't help thinking if she had had a mate to accompany her, she might have lived a much happier life. Thus, I always had a secret expectation for my future mate.

"My dear, this pack is too small. Your mate may be somewhere else," Yana comforted me softly. She then added, "Maybe we should run away."

"No, it's not a good time. I still haven't proven my mother's innocence yet."

My mother's grievances had been pressing on my heart like a boulder. So before I left this pack, I must prove her innocence first.

Sylvia's POV:

After cleaning the banquet hall, I prepared Shawn's food and took it to his room together with the clothes I ironed.

While walking down the corridor, I smelled an inexplicably delightful smell. It was the aroma of chocolate mixed with strawberries. The closer I got to the end of the corridor, the stronger the smell became until I stopped in front of the door of Shawn's room.

"Sylvia, your mate!" Yana excitedly exclaimed in my head.

I was utterly shocked. My mate was Shawn? I stood rooted to the spot for a long time.

"Ohhh! Please be gentle. Don't thrust so hard."

I suddenly heard a coquettish voice from inside the room, followed by a deep gasp.

"You can't stand it anymore? I haven't even exerted any strength yet."

"Ohhh! Come on, faster! I'm almost there."

There were lots of movements in the room, mixed with screams and thumping of flesh. It sounded like there was more than one she-wolf inside.

What? Was this the mate I had been waiting for a long time? Such a shameless and promiscuous scum! The Moon Goddess seemed to always like to play cruel jokes on me.

With the tray in my hands, I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself down.

I didn't want to admit it now, but I knew that I had to face my mate sooner or later. So I forcibly resisted the disgust in my heart and pushed the door.

Shawn's POV:

Today was my big day. I turned eighteen, and I was going to take over the position of the Alpha. Early in the morning, I called several she-wolves to have sex with me to start a refreshing day.

I was on top of a she-wolf, swaying my body and constantly massaging her breasts. My lower body was incredibly hard. As a man, I was proud of myself.

But it was strange that I couldn't achieve an orgasm. Was it because I masturbated by myself too frequently?

"Next." I pulled out my penis and pulled over the coquettish she-wolf on the other side. Then I spread her legs and abruptly thrust into her body.

That was when I smelled a burst of citrus mixed with orchid. It made my lower body react even more violently.

"Shawn, stop it right now! Your mate is here," my wolf Zeke screamed in excitement.

But how could I stop at this time? And what was Zeke talking about?

"Ohhh! Please, be gentle. Don't thrust so hard," shouted the she-wolf under me.

"You can't stand it anymore? I haven't even exerted any strength yet."

"Ohhh! Come on, faster! I'm almost there."

I thrust my penis into the she-wolf hard. Meanwhile, I was also looking forward to seeing my mate, hoping that she was not an ugly woman.

The door opened, and someone came in.

It was Sylvia! The moment I recognized her, I got very disappointed. Sylvia was nothing but a lowly slave. Her mother was a shameless traitor and the murderer of my parents. How could such a she-wolf like her deserve to be my Luna?

Even so, I still couldn't help fixing my eyes on her.

Sylvia was very beautiful. As soon as she appeared, I found that the she-wolves in my room couldn't even hold a candle to her. At this moment, she stood there obediently with her head down. The tattered cotton-padded

clothes did not hide the plumpness of her breasts, which made the curve of her waist more graceful. And she had round and upturned buttocks. It must feel great to fuck her hard.

Damn it! Why didn't I realize that this slave had such a good figure before?

"It's time to prepare for the Alpha Ceremony," Sylvia said. She put down the clothes on the sofa, still with her head down.

Seeing her smooth neck aroused me more. I couldn't help but pump my lower body harder. The she-wolf under me screamed and rolled her eyes as if she was about to die.

"Wait... We have to finish our business first. You... Get out of here quickly. Don't get in our way," the she-wolf said intermittently, gasping. She was trying to drive Sylvia away.

"I see. Okay," Sylvia said in a low voice. She then turned around and left.

"Wait! Sylvia, you stay. All of you, leave now!" I pulled out my penis, patted the she-wolf's buttocks, and motioned them to leave.

"Shawn, please, don't drive us away," one she-wolf pleaded. The she-wolves were so eager to have sex with me. They clung to my chest and whimpered.

"Fuck off!" I yelled with a long face.

The she-wolves had no choice but to leave my room reluctantly.

When I stared at Sylvia, my lower body swelled even more.

"Sylvia, come here," I ordered.

"The Alpha Ceremony is about to begin. Please change your clothes now," Sylvia said coldly.

I was infuriated by her words. What attitude was she showing me? Hadn't she found out yet that we were mates? Shouldn't she throw herself at me and serve me like what those she-wolves did?

Seeing the cold and indifferent expression on Sylvia's face, my anger beclouded my reason. There was only one thought left in my mind. I wanted to press her under my body and fuck her hard until she begged for mercy.

Shawn's POV:

I stood up, walked over to Sylvia, and firmly gripped her chin with my hand, forcing her to look up at me.

"You knew about that mate bond, didn't you?" I asked in an unfriendly tone.

Sylvia pursed her lips, refusing to answer. Her eyes looked dull and even bored, as if she didn't care that I was her mate at all.

"Why didn't you say anything?" As my thumb caressed her cheek, I felt a burning passion arise from my body again.

"What did you want me to say? 'Sorry to interrupt your sex'?" Sylvia replied abrasively and jerked her face away from my hand.

"Sylvia! Don't be so ungrateful." I glared at her.

Any she-wolf would be thrilled to be the mate of an Alpha. But I did not expect a girl like Sylvia to loathe it so much. She was just a mere slave! How dared she?

"I'd rather you put on some clothes instead of spouting nonsense. That dangling thing on your body is nothing but an eyesore, Shawn." Sylvia snorted.

This angered me so much that I grabbed a hold of her neck.

"Let me go!" She struggled against my grip and tried to break free, her face turning red.

Seeing her suffer didn't seem to move me at all. Instead, I just watched her coldly.

"No daughter of a traitor will ever be qualified to be my mate. But since I'm feeling generous, maybe I'll allow you to stay by my side. Not as my mate, but as a mistress. If you agree to this, then I'll let you go."

"No. In your dreams!" Sylvia managed to say while choking.

"I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of this pack. You are just a lowly slave, the daughter of a traitor despised by thousands of werewolves! How dare you think you can go against me?"

"Alpha? You're just a puppet to them." Sylvia chuckled like a madwoman.

Her words were starting to irritate me a lot. With one swift movement of my arm, I threw her down to the floor.

"You bitch! You think you're so noble, huh? Well, if you don't like this arrangement, then I can just send you to be a sex slave. You'll get fucked by thousands of different werewolves! Can you still be so noble then?"

My parents passed away while I was still very young, so I couldn't take on the Alpha position yet. Instead, the Gamma temporarily filled in as Alpha at the time. For many years now, all the pack's affairs had been under the control of the Gamma. The pack members also grew to trust him. But now that I was about to become Alpha, it seemed that I had no trust or power over these people at all.

It was all because of Sylvia's mother, that traitor. How dared she mock me like this?

On the floor, Sylvia coughed a few times and gasped for air. She then looked up at me fearlessly.

"Are you done yet? Can I get back to work now?"

"Fine. Since you want to be a slave so bad, I'll make it official for you." I smiled deviously. "As the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack, I, Shawn Gibson, hereby solemnly reject you, Sylvia Todd, as my mate."

I looked at Sylvia with cold eyes, waiting for the regret to show on her face and maybe she would shed some tears.

However, Sylvia stood up slowly with a blank expression. She even seemed... relieved.

"Thank you for that, Shawn."

I blinked in confusion, wondering what about my declaration just now was something to be thankful for. Why didn't this goddamn slave feel sad at all?

Before I could say something else, Sylvia looked at me with a cold smile. "I, Sylvia Todd, the daughter of the deceased Beta Olivia Todd of the Black Moon Pack, hereby accept your rejection."



After saying that, Sylvia turned around and left without even looking back. I was too shocked by what happened to stop her and get the last word.

I just wanted to threaten her. After all, after rejecting the Alpha, I was certain she wouldn't be able to find a better werewolf, ever!

For a long time, I stood there, stunned that the slave she-wolf simply accepted my rejection without even being sad or hesitant about it.

In my anger, I smashed the vase beside me into a million pieces. I immediately tried to form a plan in my head to torture her and make her regret her decision.

"Shawn, what have you done? You were acting too impulsively again! Why did you reject Sylvia? We're never going to have a mate as beautiful as her again! Go! Get her back, please!" Zeke was frustrated.

"No, Zeke. I'm going to teach her a lesson about regret." Seeing Sylvia's receding figure out the window, I only wished that she would be back here so that I could rip her to shreds.

"And how are you going to teach her that lesson? Don't go too far with it, Shawn. You're about to become the Alpha. Now is time to build a good reputation, not a reckless one," Zeke persuaded me.

"Prince Rufus is coming to my inauguration ceremony today. I heard he is a ruthless and bloodthirsty one. A pack once gifted him a female slave and he tortured her to death! I'm going to send Sylvia to his bed."

"What? No! Are you insane? You're practically sending her to her death! Sylvia is your mate!" Zeke strongly opposed.

"Not anymore." I gritted my teeth.

Obviously, my wolf refused to give up on Sylvia, and so did my body. Every time she crossed my mind, I would get that same burning passion inside again. But I didn't care. By the time she'd be dying from being tortured by Prince Rufus, she would be begging on her knees to come back to me.

Unfortunately, the only place I allowed lowly slave she-wolves like her to beg was on my bed.

Sylvia's POV:

"Well, it's a good thing Shawn took the initiative to reject us himself," Yana said in relief.

"I agree entirely. Who knows I'd be assigned to be that disgusting playboy's mate?" I sighed and dragged my feet down the stairs.

"Oh, cheer up, honey. At least, Shawn is out of our worries now. That's a good thing!" Yana comforted me.

"Yeah, but is it bad that I don't think so highly of the mate bond anymore?" I frowned.

"I understand. But maybe it was just a fluke. Perhaps the second mate lined up for you by the Moon Goddess will be an excellent man."

"You think so? Oh, I hope you're right."

I thought of the current situation I was in. Considering that I was still trapped down here, who was I to expect some kind of magical love anyway?

Yana must have sensed my emotions and decided to give me some space.

All I wanted was to seek justice for my mother. No matter what I had to face, may it be thorns and blood, I knew I had to forge on for my mother. But quite frankly, I didn't have an idea where to start.

Depression overwhelmed me for a moment. Obviously, I couldn't have one minute of silence for myself as an angry she-wolf came striding towards me.

"Bitch! I've been looking for you! Have you just been hiding and slacking off all this time?" She picked up a broom that leaned against the wall and tried to whack me with it.

I dodged to the side and made up a distraction. "Shawn's looking for you. Something's wrong with the suit, I think."

The she-wolf immediately stopped in her tracks and glared at me.

"Why didn't you say so? If this impacts the business, you're going to suffer for it!" She dropped the broom and scolded me a little more before leaving me alone. "Prince Rufus is coming to the ceremony today. Get out of here and

help with the preparations! If I catch you slacking off again, I will break your legs!"

When I heard that Prince Rufus was coming today, I got an idea. Maybe I could make an appeal to him.

I hurried to the banquet hall, hoping I could get a glimpse of him. Unfortunately, the guards stopped me at the entrance, saying that slaves were not allowed to enter.

I decided to hide in the corner and wait there instead.

Not so far away, several she-wolves who were going to the ceremony were gossiping.

"I heard that Prince Rufus is a lustful and bloodthirsty tyrant. One time, he took a female slave to bed and then tortured her to death that same night!"

"Oh, I heard that story too! Apparently, he's powerful, but very heartless. Even the lycan king couldn't do anything about him."

"You know, I heard that it was the lycan king who was supposed to come today, but it just so happened that Prince Rufus was passing by this way on his way back, so he's the one attending instead."

"What a pity! I wanted to see the lycan king with my own eyes. It would have been better to have Prince Richard here. He's the gentle and approachable one, so I've heard. Why did it have to be the scary Prince Rufus?"

"Shh, keep your voice down! What if Prince Rufus showed up while you were saying that? Do you want to die?"

The she-wolves cautiously looked around with guilty expressions. When they saw me staring, they immediately frowned and cursed.

"Hey, bitch! What are you looking at?"

"Are you even allowed to be here? Get out of our sight!"

I rolled my eyes and ignored them, turning around. That kind of attitude was nothing new to me.

But their conversation had me worried. It seemed that Prince Rufus was not a good man at all. He sounded just like Shawn, who was disgusting and had no regard for other people's lives. Would such a man have the patience to listen to me about my mother's story? Obviously not.

I sighed helplessly, throwing away the idea of appealing to him.

Just when I was about to leave, several werewolves surrounded me.

"What do you want?" I cautiously asked.

I vigilantly looked at them and stepped back, but I didn't look behind me.

I felt a quick gust of wind before feeling a sharp pain on the back of my head. Right after that, my consciousness fell into darkness.

Shawn's POV:

The ceremony was about to begin. I was dressed expensively and looked over at the busy werewolves. I was in a great mood. The feeling of power and status exhilarated me.

While I crossed my legs and hummed a song, Mateo appeared in clothes that looked more exquisite and luxurious than mine. He swaggered towards me, surrounded by his several attendants.

My heart sank instantly. This old man was just a Gamma, but today he looked and acted like he was much more than that. People who came to this event clueless might even think that he was the one who was taking the Alpha position.

"Stop slouching." Mateo looked at me in disdain.

I got up and stood up straight.

"Good day."

"From today on, you will be the Alpha. I only hope you can do your job well and not let anything distract you from that." Mateo patted me on the shoulder. "You must remember that we werewolves have to value our origins and be grateful for the help. Never forget who helped keep our pack alive and prosperous, and of course who gave you the chance to become an Alpha today."

There was a lot of meaning behind Mateo's words. He was obviously warning me not to attempt to undo all the control he had worked so hard to attain.

"Yes. I will always remember your kindness and repay it with my life. Don't worry. I cannot take away what is not mine." I smiled. But deep inside, my heart was disgusted.

The Alpha position was always supposed to be mine in the first place. Sooner or later, I would have to get rid of Mateo and take back everything that truly belonged to me.

"Good. Don't even think of playing any tricks. I am watching you." Mateo smiled back.

I nodded politely, keeping this scene as harmonious as possible. Satisfied, he then left.

Once he was gone, I couldn't hold in my anger anymore and kicked over a trash can.

Of course, Mateo wouldn't forget to embarrass me on such an important occasion. He clearly did not take me seriously. If that was what he thought, then I would show him that this "puppet" could fight back too.

At this moment, my subordinate carefully came forward.

I plopped down in a chair and huffed in annoyance, "What is it?"

"We have successfully caught Sylvia," he reported to me in a low voice.

"Nice work." I said excitedly. "Now strip Sylvia naked and leave her in the room prepared for Prince Rufus."

Although she was a lowly slave, Sylvia was still a beautiful girl. Giving her as a gift to the prince would not only give him a good impression of me, but that damn she-wolf would also learn her lesson. Imagining this plan in my head was enough to put me in a better mood.

"But sir, aren't you going to sleep with her first? Sylvia is probably still a virgin. It must be a wonderful experience." The subordinate smiled obscenely, but was careful not to maintain eye contact with me.

"You idiot! Why would I give the prince a used gift? Do you want to die?" I slapped the back of his head. Although, I had to admit I was a little worried. What if the prince did to Sylvia what he did to that slave girl before and tortured her to death? If that happened, then I wouldn't be able to have my turn with her anymore.

"Sir, Prince Rufus is here." The subordinate gently tapped my arm, jolting me out of my thoughts.

I looked ahead and saw the man himself, Prince Rufus Duncan, at the entrance of the banquet hall. He wore a silver suit, most likely customized to fit him perfectly. His facial features were handsome, but cold enough to make everyone around him flinch whenever he moved.

Some werewolves were just born to be kings, and Rufus was definitely one of them.

"Prince Rufus, I'm so glad you could make it. I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack." I strode forward and spoke in a flattering manner.

But Rufus didn't even reply. He just coldly glanced at me. In his eyes, I was probably no different from any other ordinary werewolf in this room.

Smiling awkwardly, I reached out my hand and pointed him to a direction. "You must be tired after your journey. Please, have a seat."

Other than giving a speech and becoming the new Alpha, it seemed that this banquet also became an opportunity for me to try and please Rufus. Still, he didn't say much no matter what I tried. It was difficult to even get close to him. But although he was acting indifferent now, I still had to do my best in flattering him. I was willing to do anything for power.

When the banquet was about to come to an end, I walked up to him with bright eyes.

"Prince Rufus, I have prepared a room for you that I think you will like. I have left a small gift there for you." I spoke ambiguously in a low voice and winked, hoping he would understand what I was implying.

Seeing that he still wasn't going to respond, I said, "Well, I hope you have a great night."

Rufus' POV:

I lazily sat on my chair. As I watched Shawn try to flatter me desperately, I couldn't help but feel that all this was funny.

With a new Alpha like this, the Black Moon Pack seemed to be doomed. Not only was he a fool, but he also seemed to have poor vision.

"I hope the arrangement I've prepared for you will be satisfactory, Prince Rufus. If there is anything else you'd like, please don't hesitate to tell me. I will have it brought to you as soon as possible."

Shawn was still blabbering on about something. I had never met a man more talkative than the usual woman.

I rubbed my temples and felt a headache coming on.

"Another attack of that illness? It's not even evening yet," my wolf Omar asked.

"I'm afraid it came early this time."

"Maybe we should leave now."

"No, I can still take it. Besides, if I leave now, it'll just attract even more attention."

Every full moon, I would be attacked by the most painful and splitting headaches that would make me lose control of myself.

In order not to hurt anyone, I learned to just lock myself in my room whenever it was time.

I agreed to come to this ceremony in behalf of my father because I didn't think I would have an early attack.

Nevertheless, I endured the pain as best as I could until the banquet was over. By that time, my head felt like it was being pounded on by thousands of hammers all at the same time. That primitive desire to destroy everything in my path was slowly making its way out of my body. I had to control myself and stay rational until I could be alone. But this nosy Alpha stayed beside me and decided to test the limit of my patience.

"Prince Rufus, let me accompany you myself." Shawn caught up to me.

I sighed and turned to him. "I'm sorry, but I would prefer to be alone for some peace and quiet."

I tried to smile, but I was aware that my tone did not sound friendly at all.

Shawn's face turned red as a tomato as he pursed his lips and covered his mouth, nodding vigorously.

"Please, go." I coldly glanced at him.

"Right away, Prince Rufus." Shawn turned around and hurriedly left.

Once I finally sent Shawn away, I briskly walked to my room. I could barely hold the beast inside any longer.

Sylvia's POV:

I woke up dazed, but the cold air blowing on my body was enough to sober me up quickly.

I tried to get up, only to realize I couldn't move. My hands and feet had been tied to the frame of this huge bed, and I was completely naked. There was even something stuffed in my mouth that muffled every sound that came out of it.

What was happening?

I turned my head to observe my surroundings. I was in a room I had never seen before with no one else around. I tried to break myself free, but the ropes just got tighter and tighter around my wrists. I cried and roared, hoping to send out a distress signal to anyone nearby.

"Shut up!" A man outside banged on the door and scolded me.

"What a pity. That chick seemed so attractive!"

Another man's voice sounded from beyond the door. I craned my neck higher, trying to hear what they were talking about.

"Pity? She just looks like any other seductress, to be played with by many men sooner or later."



"If she wasn't sent to Prince Rufus, we could have had the chance to have a go at her. Even just thinking of her body turns me on!"

I frowned, disgusted by how they talked about me.

"There is no chance that we can get such a good thing." One of them gloated. "Well, she's a gift from our new Alpha, and has already been sent to Prince Rufus' bed. I heard the prince is vicious. That girl probably won't even make it through tonight."

I realized the two men were Shawn's guards. It seemed that Shawn was taking revenge on me for rejecting him as my mate! Of course, he would be absolutely despicable with it! I groaned, but the sound was simply muffled. I tried to free myself again from the ropes, but the friction only ended up burning the skin off of my wrists.

At this time, I heard a third voice come from outside. It was deep and somehow magnetic. "You may leave. I don't need any guards around."

"Yes, Prince Rufus."

It was him! Prince Rufus! My pupils shrank and I looked around the room in panic, trying to find a way to escape. But how could I escape if I couldn't even move? I was left with no choice.

## **Irresistible Passion: Her Destined Lycan Prince Chapter 2 Mate by Dark Knight**

Sylvia's POV:

After cleaning the banquet hall, I prepared Shawn's food and took it to his room together with the clothes I ironed.

While walking down the corridor, I smelled an inexplicably delightful smell. It was the aroma of chocolate mixed with strawberries. The closer I got to the end of the corridor, the stronger the smell became until I stopped in front of the door of Shawn's room.

"Sylvia, your mate!" Yana excitedly exclaimed in my head.

I was utterly shocked. My mate was Shawn? I stood rooted to the spot for a long time.

"Ohhh! Please be gentle. Don't thrust so hard."

I suddenly heard a coquettish voice from inside the room, followed by a deep gasp.

"You can't stand it anymore? I haven't even exerted any strength yet."

"Ohhh! Come on, faster! I'm almost there."

There were lots of movements in the room, mixed with screams and thumping of flesh. It sounded like there was more than one she-wolf inside.

What? Was this the mate I had been waiting for a long time? Such a shameless and promiscuous scum! The Moon Goddess seemed to always like to play cruel jokes on me.

With the tray in my hands, I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself down.

I didn't want to admit it now, but I knew that I had to face my mate sooner or later. So I forcibly resisted the disgust in my heart and pushed the door.

Shawn's POV:

Today was my big day. I turned eighteen, and I was going to take over the position of the Alpha. Early in the morning, I called several she-wolves to have sex with me to start a refreshing day.

I was on top of a she-wolf, swaying my body and constantly massaging her breasts. My lower body was incredibly hard. As a man, I was proud of myself.

But it was strange that I couldn't achieve an orgasm. Was it because I masturbated by myself too frequently?

"Next." I pulled out my penis and pulled over the coquettish she-wolf on the other side. Then I spread her legs and abruptly thrust into her body.

That was when I smelled a burst of citrus mixed with orchid. It made my lower body react even more violently.

"Shawn, stop it right now! Your mate is here," my wolf Zeke screamed in excitement.

But how could I stop at this time? And what was Zeke talking about?

"Ohhh! Please, be gentle. Don't thrust so hard," shouted the she-wolf under me.

"You can't stand it anymore? I haven't even exerted any strength yet."

"Ohhh! Come on, faster! I'm almost there."

I thrust my penis into the she-wolf hard. Meanwhile, I was also looking forward to seeing my mate, hoping that she was not an ugly woman.

The door opened, and someone came in.

It was Sylvia! The moment I recognized her, I got very disappointed. Sylvia was nothing but a lowly slave. Her mother was a shameless traitor and the murderer of my parents. How could such a she-wolf like her deserve to be my Luna?

Even so, I still couldn't help fixing my eyes on her.

Sylvia was very beautiful. As soon as she appeared, I found that the she-wolves in my room couldn't even hold a candle to her. At this moment, she stood there obediently with her head down. The tattered cotton-padded clothes did not hide the plumpness of her breasts, which made the curve of her waist more graceful. And she had round and upturned buttocks. It must feel great to fuck her hard.

Damn it! Why didn't I realize that this slave had such a good figure before?

"It's time to prepare for the Alpha Ceremony," Sylvia said. She put down the clothes on the sofa, still with her head down.

Seeing her smooth neck aroused me more. I couldn't help but pump my lower body harder. The she-wolf under me screamed and rolled her eyes as if she was about to die.

"Wait... We have to finish our business first. You... Get out of here quickly. Don't get in our way," the she-wolf said intermittently, gasping. She was trying to drive Sylvia away.

"I see. Okay," Sylvia said in a low voice. She then turned around and left.

"Wait! Sylvia, you stay. All of you, leave now!" I pulled out my penis, patted the she-wolf's buttocks, and motioned them to leave.

"Shawn, please, don't drive us away," one she-wolf pleaded. The she-wolves were so eager to have sex with me. They clung to my chest and whimpered.

"Fuck off!" I yelled with a long face.

The she-wolves had no choice but to leave my room reluctantly.

When I stared at Sylvia, my lower body swelled even more.

"Sylvia, come here," I ordered.

"The Alpha Ceremony is about to begin. Please change your clothes now," Sylvia said coldly.

I was infuriated by her words. What attitude was she showing me? Hadn't she found out yet that we were mates? Shouldn't she throw herself at me and serve me like what those she-wolves did?

Seeing the cold and indifferent expression on Sylvia's face, my anger beclouded my reason. There was only one thought left in my mind. I wanted to press her under my body and fuck her hard until she begged for mercy.

Shawn's POV:

I stood up, walked over to Sylvia, and firmly gripped her chin with my hand, forcing her to look up at me.

"You knew about that mate bond, didn't you?" I asked in an unfriendly tone.

Sylvia pursed her lips, refusing to answer. Her eyes looked dull and even bored, as if she didn't care that I was her mate at all.

"Why didn't you say anything?" As my thumb caressed her cheek, I felt a burning passion arise from my body again.

"What did you want me to say? 'Sorry to interrupt your sex'?" Sylvia replied abrasively and jerked her face away from my hand.

"Sylvia! Don't be so ungrateful." I glared at her.

Any she-wolf would be thrilled to be the mate of an Alpha. But I did not expect a girl like Sylvia to loathe it so much. She was just a mere slave! How dared she?

"I'd rather you put on some clothes instead of spouting nonsense. That dangling thing on your body is nothing but an eyesore, Shawn." Sylvia snorted.

This angered me so much that I grabbed a hold of her neck.

"Let me go!" She struggled against my grip and tried to break free, her face turning red.

Seeing her suffer didn't seem to move me at all. Instead, I just watched her coldly.

"No daughter of a traitor will ever be qualified to be my mate. But since I'm feeling generous, maybe I'll allow you to stay by my side. Not as my mate, but as a mistress. If you agree to this, then I'll let you go."

"No. In your dreams!" Sylvia managed to say while choking.

"I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of this pack. You are just a lowly slave, the daughter of a traitor despised by thousands of werewolves! How dare you think you can go against me?"

"Alpha? You're just a puppet to them." Sylvia chuckled like a madwoman.

Her words were starting to irritate me a lot. With one swift movement of my arm, I threw her down to the floor.

"You bitch! You think you're so noble, huh? Well, if you don't like this arrangement, then I can just send you to be a sex slave. You'll get fucked by thousands of different werewolves! Can you still be so noble then?"

My parents passed away while I was still very young, so I couldn't take on the Alpha position yet. Instead, the Gamma temporarily filled in as Alpha at the time. For many years now, all the pack's affairs had been under the control of the Gamma. The pack members also grew to trust him. But now that I was about to become Alpha, it seemed that I had no trust or power over these people at all.

It was all because of Sylvia's mother, that traitor. How dared she mock me like this?

On the floor, Sylvia coughed a few times and gasped for air. She then looked up at me fearlessly.

"Are you done yet? Can I get back to work now?"

"Fine. Since you want to be a slave so bad, I'll make it official for you." I smiled deviously. "As the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack, I, Shawn Gibson, hereby solemnly reject you, Sylvia Todd, as my mate."

I looked at Sylvia with cold eyes, waiting for the regret to show on her face and maybe she would shed some tears.

However, Sylvia stood up slowly with a blank expression. She even seemed... relieved.

"Thank you for that, Shawn."

I blinked in confusion, wondering what about my declaration just now was something to be thankful for. Why didn't this goddamn slave feel sad at all?

Before I could say something else, Sylvia looked at me with a cold smile. "I, Sylvia Todd, the daughter of the deceased Beta Olivia Todd of the Black Moon Pack, hereby accept your rejection."

After saying that, Sylvia turned around and left without even looking back. I was too shocked by what happened to stop her and get the last word.

I just wanted to threaten her. After all, after rejecting the Alpha, I was certain she wouldn't be able to find a better werewolf, ever!

For a long time, I stood there, stunned that the slave she-wolf simply accepted my rejection without even being sad or hesitant about it.

In my anger, I smashed the vase beside me into a million pieces. I immediately tried to form a plan in my head to torture her and make her regret her decision.

"Shawn, what have you done? You were acting too impulsively again! Why did you reject Sylvia? We're never going to have a mate as beautiful as her again! Go! Get her back, please!" Zeke was frustrated.

"No, Zeke. I'm going to teach her a lesson about regret." Seeing Sylvia's receding figure out the window, I only wished that she would be back here so that I could rip her to shreds.

"And how are you going to teach her that lesson? Don't go too far with it, Shawn. You're about to become the Alpha. Now is time to build a good reputation, not a reckless one," Zeke persuaded me.

"Prince Rufus is coming to my inauguration ceremony today. I heard he is a ruthless and bloodthirsty one. A pack once gifted him a female slave and he tortured her to death! I'm going to send Sylvia to his bed."

"What? No! Are you insane? You're practically sending her to her death! Sylvia is your mate!" Zeke strongly opposed.

"Not anymore." I gritted my teeth.

Obviously, my wolf refused to give up on Sylvia, and so did my body. Every time she crossed my mind, I would get that same burning passion inside again. But I didn't care. By the time she'd be dying from being tortured by Prince Rufus, she would be begging on her knees to come back to me.

Unfortunately, the only place I allowed lowly slave she-wolves like her to beg was on my bed.

Sylvia's POV:

"Well, it's a good thing Shawn took the initiative to reject us himself," Yana said in relief.

"I agree entirely. Who knows I'd be assigned to be that disgusting playboy's mate?" I sighed and dragged my feet down the stairs.

"Oh, cheer up, honey. At least, Shawn is out of our worries now. That's a good thing!" Yana comforted me.

"Yeah, but is it bad that I don't think so highly of the mate bond anymore?" I frowned.

"I understand. But maybe it was just a fluke. Perhaps the second mate lined up for you by the Moon Goddess will be an excellent man."

"You think so? Oh, I hope you're right."

I thought of the current situation I was in. Considering that I was still trapped down here, who was I to expect some kind of magical love anyway?

Yana must have sensed my emotions and decided to give me some space.

All I wanted was to seek justice for my mother. No matter what I had to face, may it be thorns and blood, I knew I had to forge on for my mother. But quite frankly, I didn't have an idea where to start.

Depression overwhelmed me for a moment. Obviously, I couldn't have one minute of silence for myself as an angry she-wolf came striding towards me.

"Bitch! I've been looking for you! Have you just been hiding and slacking off all this time?" She picked up a broom that leaned against the wall and tried to whack me with it.

I dodged to the side and made up a distraction. "Shawn's looking for you. Something's wrong with the suit, I think."

The she-wolf immediately stopped in her tracks and glared at me.

"Why didn't you say so? If this impacts the business, you're going to suffer for it!" She dropped the broom and scolded me a little more before leaving me alone. "Prince Rufus is coming to the ceremony today. Get out of here and help with the preparations! If I catch you slacking off again, I will break your legs!"

When I heard that Prince Rufus was coming today, I got an idea. Maybe I could make an appeal to him.

I hurried to the banquet hall, hoping I could get a glimpse of him. Unfortunately, the guards stopped me at the entrance, saying that slaves were not allowed to enter.

I decided to hide in the corner and wait there instead.

Not so far away, several she-wolves who were going to the ceremony were gossiping.

"I heard that Prince Rufus is a lustful and bloodthirsty tyrant. One time, he took a female slave to bed and then tortured her to death that same night!"

"Oh, I heard that story too! Apparently, he's powerful, but very heartless. Even the lycan king couldn't do anything about him."

"You know, I heard that it was the lycan king who was supposed to come today, but it just so happened that Prince Rufus was passing by this way on his way back, so he's the one attending instead."

"What a pity! I wanted to see the lycan king with my own eyes. It would have been better to have Prince Richard here. He's the gentle and approachable one, so I've heard. Why did it have to be the scary Prince Rufus?"

"Shh, keep your voice down! What if Prince Rufus showed up while you were saying that? Do you want to die?"

The she-wolves cautiously looked around with guilty expressions. When they saw me staring, they immediately frowned and cursed.

"Hey, bitch! What are you looking at?"

"Are you even allowed to be here? Get out of our sight!"

I rolled my eyes and ignored them, turning around. That kind of attitude was nothing new to me.

But their conversation had me worried. It seemed that Prince Rufus was not a good man at all. He sounded just like Shawn, who was disgusting and had no regard for other people's lives. Would such a man have the patience to listen to me about my mother's story? Obviously not.

I sighed helplessly, throwing away the idea of appealing to him.

Just when I was about to leave, several werewolves surrounded me.

"What do you want?" I cautiously asked.

I vigilantly looked at them and stepped back, but I didn't look behind me.

I felt a quick gust of wind before feeling a sharp pain on the back of my head. Right after that, my consciousness fell into darkness.

Shawn's POV:

The ceremony was about to begin. I was dressed expensively and looked over at the busy werewolves. I was in a great mood. The feeling of power and status exhilarated me.

While I crossed my legs and hummed a song, Mateo appeared in clothes that looked more exquisite and luxurious than mine. He swaggered towards me, surrounded by his several attendants.

My heart sank instantly. This old man was just a Gamma, but today he looked and acted like he was much more than that. People who came to this event clueless might even think that he was the one who was taking the Alpha position.

"Stop slouching." Mateo looked at me in disdain.



I got up and stood up straight.

"Good day."

"From today on, you will be the Alpha. I only hope you can do your job well and not let anything distract you from that." Mateo patted me on the shoulder. "You must remember that we werewolves have to value our origins and be grateful for the help. Never forget who helped keep our pack alive and prosperous, and of course who gave you the chance to become an Alpha today."

There was a lot of meaning behind Mateo's words. He was obviously warning me not to attempt to undo all the control he had worked so hard to attain.

"Yes. I will always remember your kindness and repay it with my life. Don't worry. I cannot take away what is not mine." I smiled. But deep inside, my heart was disgusted.

The Alpha position was always supposed to be mine in the first place. Sooner or later, I would have to get rid of Mateo and take back everything that truly belonged to me.

"Good. Don't even think of playing any tricks. I am watching you." Mateo smiled back.

I nodded politely, keeping this scene as harmonious as possible. Satisfied, he then left.

Once he was gone, I couldn't hold in my anger anymore and kicked over a trash can.

Of course, Mateo wouldn't forget to embarrass me on such an important occasion. He clearly did not take me seriously. If that was what he thought, then I would show him that this "puppet" could fight back too.

At this moment, my subordinate carefully came forward.

I plopped down in a chair and huffed in annoyance, "What is it?"

"We have successfully caught Sylvia," he reported to me in a low voice.

"Nice work." I said excitedly. "Now strip Sylvia naked and leave her in the room prepared for Prince Rufus."

Although she was a lowly slave, Sylvia was still a beautiful girl. Giving her as a gift to the prince would not only give him a good impression of me, but that damn she-wolf would also learn her lesson. Imagining this plan in my head was enough to put me in a better mood.

"But sir, aren't you going to sleep with her first? Sylvia is probably still a virgin. It must be a wonderful experience." The subordinate smiled obscenely, but was careful not to maintain eye contact with me.

"You idiot! Why would I give the prince a used gift? Do you want to die?" I slapped the back of his head. Although, I had to admit I was a little worried. What if the prince did to Sylvia what he did to that slave girl before and tortured her to death? If that happened, then I wouldn't be able to have my turn with her anymore.

"Sir, Prince Rufus is here." The subordinate gently tapped my arm, jolting me out of my thoughts.

I looked ahead and saw the man himself, Prince Rufus Duncan, at the entrance of the banquet hall. He wore a silver suit, most likely customized to fit him perfectly. His facial features were handsome, but cold enough to make everyone around him flinch whenever he moved.

Some werewolves were just born to be kings, and Rufus was definitely one of them.

"Prince Rufus, I'm so glad you could make it. I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack." I strode forward and spoke in a flattering manner.

But Rufus didn't even reply. He just coldly glanced at me. In his eyes, I was probably no different from any other ordinary werewolf in this room.

Smiling awkwardly, I reached out my hand and pointed him to a direction. "You must be tired after your journey. Please, have a seat."

Other than giving a speech and becoming the new Alpha, it seemed that this banquet also became an opportunity for me to try and please Rufus. Still, he didn't say much no matter what I tried. It was difficult to even get close to him. But although he was acting indifferent now, I still had to do my best in flattering him. I was willing to do anything for power.

When the banquet was about to come to an end, I walked up to him with bright eyes.

"Prince Rufus, I have prepared a room for you that I think you will like. I have left a small gift there for you." I spoke ambiguously in a low voice and winked, hoping he would understand what I was implying.

Seeing that he still wasn't going to respond, I said, "Well, I hope you have a great night."

## **Irresistible Passion: Her Destined Lycan Prince Chapter 3 Rejection by Dark Knight**

Shawn's POV:

I stood up, walked over to Sylvia, and firmly gripped her chin with my hand, forcing her to look up at me.

"You knew about that mate bond, didn't you?" I asked in an unfriendly tone.

Sylvia pursed her lips, refusing to answer. Her eyes looked dull and even bored, as if she didn't care that I was her mate at all.

"Why didn't you say anything?" As my thumb caressed her cheek, I felt a burning passion arise from my body again.

"What did you want me to say? 'Sorry to interrupt your sex'?" Sylvia replied abrasively and jerked her face away from my hand.

"Sylvia! Don't be so ungrateful." I glared at her.

Any she-wolf would be thrilled to be the mate of an Alpha. But I did not expect a girl like Sylvia to loathe it so much. She was just a mere slave! How dared she?

"I'd rather you put on some clothes instead of spouting nonsense. That dangling thing on your body is nothing but an eyesore, Shawn." Sylvia snorted.

This angered me so much that I grabbed a hold of her neck.

"Let me go!" She struggled against my grip and tried to break free, her face turning red.

Seeing her suffer didn't seem to move me at all. Instead, I just watched her coldly.

"No daughter of a traitor will ever be qualified to be my mate. But since I'm feeling generous, maybe I'll allow you to stay by my side. Not as my mate, but as a mistress. If you agree to this, then I'll let you go."

"No. In your dreams!" Sylvia managed to say while choking.

"I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of this pack. You are just a lowly slave, the daughter of a traitor despised by thousands of werewolves! How dare you think you can go against me?"

"Alpha? You're just a puppet to them." Sylvia chuckled like a madwoman.

Her words were starting to irritate me a lot. With one swift movement of my arm, I threw her down to the floor.

"You bitch! You think you're so noble, huh? Well, if you don't like this arrangement, then I can just send you to be a sex slave. You'll get fucked by thousands of different werewolves! Can you still be so noble then?"

My parents passed away while I was still very young, so I couldn't take on the Alpha position yet. Instead, the Gamma temporarily filled in as Alpha at the time. For many years now, all the pack's affairs had been under the control of the Gamma. The pack members also grew to trust

him. But now that I was about to become Alpha, it seemed that I had no trust or power over these people at all.

It was all because of Sylvia's mother, that traitor. How dared she mock me like this?

On the floor, Sylvia coughed a few times and gasped for air. She then looked up at me fearlessly.

"Are you done yet? Can I get back to work now?"

"Fine. Since you want to be a slave so bad, I'll make it official for you." I smiled deviously. "As the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack, I, Shawn Gibson, hereby solemnly reject you, Sylvia Todd, as my mate."

I looked at Sylvia with cold eyes, waiting for the regret to show on her face and maybe she would shed some tears.

However, Sylvia stood up slowly with a blank expression. She even seemed... relieved.

"Thank you for that, Shawn."

I blinked in confusion, wondering what about my declaration just now was something to be thankful for. Why didn't this goddamn slave feel sad at all?

Before I could say something else, Sylvia looked at me with a cold smile. "I, Sylvia Todd, the daughter of the deceased Beta Olivia Todd of the Black Moon Pack, hereby accept your rejection."

After saying that, Sylvia turned around and left without even looking back. I was too shocked by what happened to stop her and get the last word.

I just wanted to threaten her. After all, after rejecting the Alpha, I was certain she wouldn't be able to find a better werewolf, ever!

For a long time, I stood there, stunned that the slave she-wolf simply accepted my rejection without even being sad or hesitant about it.

In my anger, I smashed the vase beside me into a million pieces. I immediately tried to form a plan in my head to torture her and make her regret her decision.

"Shawn, what have you done? You were acting too impulsively again! Why did you reject Sylvia? We're never going to have a mate as beautiful as her again! Go! Get her back, please!" Zeke was frustrated.

"No, Zeke. I'm going to teach her a lesson about regret." Seeing Sylvia's receding figure out the window, I only wished that she would be back here so that I could rip her to shreds.

"And how are you going to teach her that lesson? Don't go too far with it, Shawn. You're about to become the Alpha. Now is time to build a good reputation, not a reckless one," Zeke persuaded me.

"Prince Rufus is coming to my inauguration ceremony today. I heard he is a ruthless and bloodthirsty one. A pack once gifted him a female slave and he tortured her to death! I'm going to send Sylvia to his bed."

"What? No! Are you insane? You're practically sending her to her death! Sylvia is your mate!" Zeke strongly opposed.

"Not anymore." I gritted my teeth.

Obviously, my wolf refused to give up on Sylvia, and so did my body. Every time she crossed my mind, I would get that same burning passion inside again. But I didn't care. By the time she'd be dying from being tortured by Prince Rufus, she would be begging on her knees to come back to me.

Unfortunately, the only place I allowed lowly slave she-wolves like her to beg was on my bed.

Sylvia's POV:

"Well, it's a good thing Shawn took the initiative to reject us himself," Yana said in relief.

"I agree entirely. Who knows I'd be assigned to be that disgusting playboy's mate?" I sighed and dragged my feet down the stairs.

"Oh, cheer up, honey. At least, Shawn is out of our worries now. That's a good thing!" Yana comforted me.

"Yeah, but is it bad that I don't think so highly of the mate bond anymore?" I frowned.

"I understand. But maybe it was just a fluke. Perhaps the second mate lined up for you by the Moon Goddess will be an excellent man."

"You think so? Oh, I hope you're right."

I thought of the current situation I was in. Considering that I was still trapped down here, who was I to expect some kind of magical love anyway?

Yana must have sensed my emotions and decided to give me some space.

All I wanted was to seek justice for my mother. No matter what I had to face, may it be thorns and blood, I knew I had to forge on for my mother. But quite frankly, I didn't have an idea where to start.

Depression overwhelmed me for a moment. Obviously, I couldn't have one minute of silence for myself as an angry she-wolf came striding towards me.

"Bitch! I've been looking for you! Have you just been hiding and slacking off all this time?" She picked up a broom that leaned against the wall and tried to whack me with it.

I dodged to the side and made up a distraction. "Shawn's looking for you. Something's wrong with the suit, I think."

The she-wolf immediately stopped in her tracks and glared at me.

"Why didn't you say so? If this impacts the business, you're going to suffer for it!" She dropped the broom and scolded me a little more before leaving me alone. "Prince Rufus is coming to the ceremony today. Get out of here and help with the preparations! If I catch you slacking off again, I will break your legs!"

When I heard that Prince Rufus was coming today, I got an idea. Maybe I could make an appeal to him.

I hurried to the banquet hall, hoping I could get a glimpse of him. Unfortunately, the guards stopped me at the entrance, saying that slaves were not allowed to enter.

I decided to hide in the corner and wait there instead.

Not so far away, several she-wolves who were going to the ceremony were gossiping.

"I heard that Prince Rufus is a lustful and bloodthirsty tyrant. One time, he took a female slave to bed and then tortured her to death that same night!"

"Oh, I heard that story too! Apparently, he's powerful, but very heartless. Even the lycan king couldn't do anything about him."

"You know, I heard that it was the lycan king who was supposed to come today, but it just so happened that Prince Rufus was passing by this way on his way back, so he's the one attending instead."

"What a pity! I wanted to see the lycan king with my own eyes. It would have been better to have Prince Richard here. He's the gentle and approachable one, so I've heard. Why did it have to be the scary Prince Rufus?"

"Shh, keep your voice down! What if Prince Rufus showed up while you were saying that? Do you want to die?"

The she-wolves cautiously looked around with guilty expressions. When they saw me staring, they immediately frowned and cursed.

"Hey, bitch! What are you looking at?"

"Are you even allowed to be here? Get out of our sight!"

I rolled my eyes and ignored them, turning around. That kind of attitude was nothing new to me.

But their conversation had me worried. It seemed that Prince Rufus was not a good man at all. He sounded just like Shawn, who was disgusting and had no regard for other people's lives. Would such a man have the patience to listen to me about my mother's story? Obviously not.

I sighed helplessly, throwing away the idea of appealing to him.

Just when I was about to leave, several werewolves surrounded me.

"What do you want?" I cautiously asked.

I vigilantly looked at them and stepped back, but I didn't look behind me.

I felt a quick gust of wind before feeling a sharp pain on the back of my head. Right after that, my consciousness fell into darkness.

Shawn's POV:

The ceremony was about to begin. I was dressed expensively and looked over at the busy werewolves. I was in a great mood. The feeling of power and status exhilarated me.

While I crossed my legs and hummed a song, Mateo appeared in clothes that looked more exquisite and luxurious than mine. He swaggered towards me, surrounded by his several attendants.

My heart sank instantly. This old man was just a Gamma, but today he looked and acted like he was much more than that. People who came to this event clueless might even think that he was the one who was taking the Alpha position.

"Stop slouching." Mateo looked at me in disdain.

I got up and stood up straight.

"Good day."

"From today on, you will be the Alpha. I only hope you can do your job well and not let anything distract you from that." Mateo patted me on the shoulder. "You must remember that we werewolves have to value our origins and be grateful for the help. Never forget who helped keep our pack alive and prosperous, and of course who gave you the chance to become an Alpha today."

There was a lot of meaning behind Mateo's words. He was obviously warning me not to attempt to undo all the control he had worked so hard to attain.

"Yes. I will always remember your kindness and repay it with my life. Don't worry. I cannot take away what is not mine." I smiled. But deep inside, my heart was disgusted.

The Alpha position was always supposed to be mine in the first place. Sooner or later, I would have to get rid of Mateo and take back everything that truly belonged to me.

"Good. Don't even think of playing any tricks. I am watching you." Mateo smiled back.

I nodded politely, keeping this scene as harmonious as possible. Satisfied, he then left.

Once he was gone, I couldn't hold in my anger anymore and kicked over a trash can.

Of course, Mateo wouldn't forget to embarrass me on such an important occasion. He clearly did not take me seriously. If that was what he thought, then I would show him that this "puppet" could fight back too.

At this moment, my subordinate carefully came forward.

I plopped down in a chair and huffed in annoyance, "What is it?"

"We have successfully caught Sylvia," he reported to me in a low voice.

"Nice work." I said excitedly. "Now strip Sylvia naked and leave her in the room prepared for Prince Rufus."

Although she was a lowly slave, Sylvia was still a beautiful girl. Giving her as a gift to the prince would not only give him a good impression of me, but that damn she-wolf would also learn her lesson. Imagining this plan in my head was enough to put me in a better mood.

"But sir, aren't you going to sleep with her first? Sylvia is probably still a virgin. It must be a wonderful experience." The subordinate smiled obscenely, but was careful not to maintain eye contact with me.

"You idiot! Why would I give the prince a used gift? Do you want to die?" I slapped the back of his head. Although, I had to admit I was a little worried. What if the prince did to Sylvia what he did to that slave girl before and tortured her to death? If that happened, then I wouldn't be able to have my turn with her anymore.

"Sir, Prince Rufus is here." The subordinate gently tapped my arm, jolting me out of my thoughts.



I looked ahead and saw the man himself, Prince Rufus Duncan, at the entrance of the banquet hall. He wore a silver suit, most likely customized to fit him perfectly. His facial features were handsome, but cold enough to make everyone around him flinch whenever he moved.

Some werewolves were just born to be kings, and Rufus was definitely one of them.

"Prince Rufus, I'm so glad you could make it. I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack." I strode forward and spoke in a flattering manner.

But Rufus didn't even reply. He just coldly glanced at me. In his eyes, I was probably no different from any other ordinary werewolf in this room.

Smiling awkwardly, I reached out my hand and pointed him to a direction. "You must be tired after your journey. Please, have a seat."

Other than giving a speech and becoming the new Alpha, it seemed that this banquet also became an opportunity for me to try and please Rufus. Still, he didn't say much no matter what I tried. It was difficult to even get close to him. But although he was acting indifferent now, I still had to do my best in flattering him. I was willing to do anything for power.

When the banquet was about to come to an end, I walked up to him with bright eyes.

"Prince Rufus, I have prepared a room for you that I think you will like. I have left a small gift there for you." I spoke ambiguously in a low voice and winked, hoping he would understand what I was implying.

Seeing that he still wasn't going to respond, I said, "Well, I hope you have a great night."

Rufus' POV:

I lazily sat on my chair. As I watched Shawn try to flatter me desperately, I couldn't help but feel that all this was funny.

With a new Alpha like this, the Black Moon Pack seemed to be doomed. Not only was he a fool, but he also seemed to have poor vision.

"I hope the arrangement I've prepared for you will be satisfactory, Prince Rufus. If there is anything else you'd like, please don't hesitate to tell me. I will have it brought to you as soon as possible."

Shawn was still blabbering on about something. I had never met a man more talkative than the usual woman.

I rubbed my temples and felt a headache coming on.

"Another attack of that illness? It's not even evening yet," my wolf Omar asked.

"I'm afraid it came early this time."

"Maybe we should leave now."

"No, I can still take it. Besides, if I leave now, it'll just attract even more attention."

Every full moon, I would be attacked by the most painful and splitting headaches that would make me lose control of myself.

In order not to hurt anyone, I learned to just lock myself in my room whenever it was time.

I agreed to come to this ceremony in behalf of my father because I didn't think I would have an early attack.

Nevertheless, I endured the pain as best as I could until the banquet was over. By that time, my head felt like it was being pounded on by thousands of hammers all at the same time. That primitive desire to destroy everything in my path was slowly making its way out of my body. I had to control myself and stay rational until I could be alone. But this nosy Alpha stayed beside me and decided to test the limit of my patience.

"Prince Rufus, let me accompany you myself." Shawn caught up to me.

I sighed and turned to him. "I'm sorry, but I would prefer to be alone for some peace and quiet."

I tried to smile, but I was aware that my tone did not sound friendly at all.

Shawn's face turned red as a tomato as he pursed his lips and covered his mouth, nodding vigorously.

"Please, go." I coldly glanced at him.

"Right away, Prince Rufus." Shawn turned around and hurriedly left.

Once I finally sent Shawn away, I briskly walked to my room. I could barely hold the beast inside any longer.

Sylvia's POV:

I woke up dazed, but the cold air blowing on my body was enough to sober me up quickly.

I tried to get up, only to realize I couldn't move. My hands and feet had been tied to the frame of this huge bed, and I was completely naked. There was even something stuffed in my mouth that muffled every sound that came out of it.

What was happening?

I turned my head to observe my surroundings. I was in a room I had never seen before with no one else around. I tried to break myself free, but the ropes just got tighter and tighter around my wrists. I cried and roared, hoping to send out a distress signal to anyone nearby.

"Shut up!" A man outside banged on the door and scolded me.

"What a pity. That chick seemed so attractive!"

Another man's voice sounded from beyond the door. I craned my neck higher, trying to hear what they were talking about.

"Pity? She just looks like any other seductress, to be played with by many men sooner or later."

"If she wasn't sent to Prince Rufus, we could have had the chance to have a go at her. Even just thinking of her body turns me on!"

I frowned, disgusted by how they talked about me.

"There is no chance that we can get such a good thing." One of them gloated. "Well, she's a gift from our new Alpha, and has already been sent to Prince Rufus' bed. I heard the prince is vicious. That girl probably won't even make it through tonight."

I realized the two men were Shawn's guards. It seemed that Shawn was taking revenge on me for rejecting him as my mate! Of course, he would be absolutely despicable with it! I groaned, but the sound was simply muffled. I tried to free myself again from the ropes, but the friction only ended up burning the skin off of my wrists.

At this time, I heard a third voice come from outside. It was deep and somehow magnetic. "You may leave. I don't need any guards around."

"Yes, Prince Rufus."

It was him! Prince Rufus! My pupils shrank and I looked around the room in panic, trying to find a way to escape. But how could I escape if I couldn't even move? I was left with no choice.

## **Irresistible Passion: Her Destined Lycan Prince Chapter 4 Attacked by Dark Knight**

Sylvia's POV:

"Well, it's a good thing Shawn took the initiative to reject us himself," Yana said in relief.

"I agree entirely. Who knows I'd be assigned to be that disgusting playboy's mate?" I sighed and dragged my feet down the stairs.

"Oh, cheer up, honey. At least, Shawn is out of our worries now. That's a good thing!" Yana comforted me.

"Yeah, but is it bad that I don't think so highly of the mate bond anymore?" I frowned.

"I understand. But maybe it was just a fluke. Perhaps the second mate lined up for you by the Moon Goddess will be an excellent man."

"You think so? Oh, I hope you're right."

I thought of the current situation I was in. Considering that I was still trapped down here, who was I to expect some kind of magical love anyway?

Yana must have sensed my emotions and decided to give me some space.

All I wanted was to seek justice for my mother. No matter what I had to face, may it be thorns and blood, I knew I had to forge on for my mother. But quite frankly, I didn't have an idea where to start.

Depression overwhelmed me for a moment. Obviously, I couldn't have one minute of silence for myself as an angry she-wolf came striding towards me.

"Bitch! I've been looking for you! Have you just been hiding and slacking off all this time?" She picked up a broom that leaned against the wall and tried to whack me with it.

I dodged to the side and made up a distraction. "Shawn's looking for you. Something's wrong with the suit, I think."

The she-wolf immediately stopped in her tracks and glared at me.

"Why didn't you say so? If this impacts the business, you're going to suffer for it!" She dropped the broom and scolded me a little more before leaving me alone. "Prince Rufus is coming to the ceremony today. Get out of here and help with the preparations! If I catch you slacking off again, I will break your legs!"

When I heard that Prince Rufus was coming today, I got an idea. Maybe I could make an appeal to him.

I hurried to the banquet hall, hoping I could get a glimpse of him. Unfortunately, the guards stopped me at the entrance, saying that slaves were not allowed to enter.

I decided to hide in the corner and wait there instead.

Not so far away, several she-wolves who were going to the ceremony were gossiping.

"I heard that Prince Rufus is a lustful and bloodthirsty tyrant. One time, he took a female slave to bed and then tortured her to death that same night!"

"Oh, I heard that story too! Apparently, he's powerful, but very heartless. Even the lycan king couldn't do anything about him."

"You know, I heard that it was the lycan king who was supposed to come today, but it just so happened that Prince Rufus was passing by this way on his way back, so he's the one attending instead."

"What a pity! I wanted to see the lycan king with my own eyes. It would have been better to have Prince Richard here. He's the gentle and approachable one, so I've heard. Why did it have to be the scary Prince Rufus?"

"Shh, keep your voice down! What if Prince Rufus showed up while you were saying that? Do you want to die?"

The she-wolves cautiously looked around with guilty expressions. When they saw me staring, they immediately frowned and cursed.

"Hey, bitch! What are you looking at?"

"Are you even allowed to be here? Get out of our sight!"

I rolled my eyes and ignored them, turning around. That kind of attitude was nothing new to me.

But their conversation had me worried. It seemed that Prince Rufus was not a good man at all. He sounded just like Shawn, who was disgusting and had no regard for other people's lives. Would such a man have the patience to listen to me about my mother's story? Obviously not.

I sighed helplessly, throwing away the idea of appealing to him.

Just when I was about to leave, several werewolves surrounded me.

"What do you want?" I cautiously asked.

I vigilantly looked at them and stepped back, but I didn't look behind me.

I felt a quick gust of wind before feeling a sharp pain on the back of my head. Right after that, my consciousness fell into darkness.

Shawn's POV:

The ceremony was about to begin. I was dressed expensively and looked over at the busy werewolves. I was in a great mood. The feeling of power and status exhilarated me.

While I crossed my legs and hummed a song, Mateo appeared in clothes that looked more exquisite and luxurious than mine. He swaggered towards me, surrounded by his several attendants.

My heart sank instantly. This old man was just a Gamma, but today he looked and acted like he was much more than that. People who came to this event clueless might even think that he was the one who was taking the Alpha position.

"Stop slouching." Mateo looked at me in disdain.

I got up and stood up straight.

"Good day."

"From today on, you will be the Alpha. I only hope you can do your job well and not let anything distract you from that." Mateo patted me on the shoulder.

"You must remember that we werewolves have to value our origins and be grateful for the help. Never forget who helped keep our pack alive and prosperous, and of course who gave you the chance to become an Alpha today."

There was a lot of meaning behind Mateo's words. He was obviously warning me not to attempt to undo all the control he had worked so hard to attain.

"Yes. I will always remember your kindness and repay it with my life. Don't worry. I cannot take away what is not mine." I smiled. But deep inside, my heart was disgusted.

The Alpha position was always supposed to be mine in the first place. Sooner or later, I would have to get rid of Mateo and take back everything that truly belonged to me.

"Good. Don't even think of playing any tricks. I am watching you." Mateo smiled back.

I nodded politely, keeping this scene as harmonious as possible. Satisfied, he then left.

Once he was gone, I couldn't hold in my anger anymore and kicked over a trash can.

Of course, Mateo wouldn't forget to embarrass me on such an important occasion. He clearly did not take me seriously. If that was what he thought, then I would show him that this "puppet" could fight back too.

At this moment, my subordinate carefully came forward.

I plopped down in a chair and huffed in annoyance, "What is it?"

"We have successfully caught Sylvia," he reported to me in a low voice.

"Nice work." I said excitedly. "Now strip Sylvia naked and leave her in the room prepared for Prince Rufus."

Although she was a lowly slave, Sylvia was still a beautiful girl. Giving her as a gift to the prince would not only give him a good impression of me, but that damn she-wolf would also learn her lesson. Imagining this plan in my head was enough to put me in a better mood.

"But sir, aren't you going to sleep with her first? Sylvia is probably still a virgin. It must be a wonderful experience." The subordinate smiled obscenely, but was careful not to maintain eye contact with me.

"You idiot! Why would I give the prince a used gift? Do you want to die?" I slapped the back of his head. Although, I had to admit I was a little worried. What if the prince did to Sylvia what he did to that slave girl before and tortured her to death? If that happened, then I wouldn't be able to have my turn with her anymore.

"Sir, Prince Rufus is here." The subordinate gently tapped my arm, jolting me out of my thoughts.

I looked ahead and saw the man himself, Prince Rufus Duncan, at the entrance of the banquet hall. He wore a silver suit, most likely customized to fit him perfectly. His facial features were handsome, but cold enough to make everyone around him flinch whenever he moved.

Some werewolves were just born to be kings, and Rufus was definitely one of them.

"Prince Rufus, I'm so glad you could make it. I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack." I strode forward and spoke in a flattering manner.

But Rufus didn't even reply. He just coldly glanced at me. In his eyes, I was probably no different from any other ordinary werewolf in this room.

Smiling awkwardly, I reached out my hand and pointed him to a direction. "You must be tired after your journey. Please, have a seat."

Other than giving a speech and becoming the new Alpha, it seemed that this banquet also became an opportunity for me to try and please Rufus. Still, he didn't say much no matter what I tried. It was difficult to even get close to him. But although he was acting indifferent now, I still had to do my best in flattering him. I was willing to do anything for power.

When the banquet was about to come to an end, I walked up to him with bright eyes.

"Prince Rufus, I have prepared a room for you that I think you will like. I have left a small gift there for you." I spoke ambiguously in a low voice and winked, hoping he would understand what I was implying.

Seeing that he still wasn't going to respond, I said, "Well, I hope you have a great night."

Rufus' POV:

I lazily sat on my chair. As I watched Shawn try to flatter me desperately, I couldn't help but feel that all this was funny.



With a new Alpha like this, the Black Moon Pack seemed to be doomed. Not only was he a fool, but he also seemed to have poor vision.

"I hope the arrangement I've prepared for you will be satisfactory, Prince Rufus. If there is anything else you'd like, please don't hesitate to tell me. I will have it brought to you as soon as possible."

Shawn was still blabbering on about something. I had never met a man more talkative than the usual woman.

I rubbed my temples and felt a headache coming on.

"Another attack of that illness? It's not even evening yet," my wolf Omar asked.

"I'm afraid it came early this time."

"Maybe we should leave now."

"No, I can still take it. Besides, if I leave now, it'll just attract even more attention."

Every full moon, I would be attacked by the most painful and splitting headaches that would make me lose control of myself.

In order not to hurt anyone, I learned to just lock myself in my room whenever it was time.

I agreed to come to this ceremony in behalf of my father because I didn't think I would have an early attack.

Nevertheless, I endured the pain as best as I could until the banquet was over. By that time, my head felt like it was being pounded on by thousands of hammers all at the same time. That primitive desire to destroy everything in my path was slowly making its way out of my body. I had to control myself and stay rational until I could be alone. But this nosy Alpha stayed beside me and decided to test the limit of my patience.

"Prince Rufus, let me accompany you myself." Shawn caught up to me.

I sighed and turned to him. "I'm sorry, but I would prefer to be alone for some peace and quiet."

I tried to smile, but I was aware that my tone did not sound friendly at all.

Shawn's face turned red as a tomato as he pursed his lips and covered his mouth, nodding vigorously.

"Please, go." I coldly glanced at him.

"Right away, Prince Rufus." Shawn turned around and hurriedly left.

Once I finally sent Shawn away, I briskly walked to my room. I could barely hold the beast inside any longer.

Sylvia's POV:

I woke up dazed, but the cold air blowing on my body was enough to sober me up quickly.

I tried to get up, only to realize I couldn't move. My hands and feet had been tied to the frame of this huge bed, and I was completely naked. There was even something stuffed in my mouth that muffled every sound that came out of it.

What was happening?

I turned my head to observe my surroundings. I was in a room I had never seen before with no one else around. I tried to break myself free, but the ropes just got tighter and tighter around my wrists. I cried and roared, hoping to send out a distress signal to anyone nearby.

"Shut up!" A man outside banged on the door and scolded me.

"What a pity. That chick seemed so attractive!"

Another man's voice sounded from beyond the door. I craned my neck higher, trying to hear what they were talking about.

"Pity? She just looks like any other seductress, to be played with by many men sooner or later."

"If she wasn't sent to Prince Rufus, we could have had the chance to have a go at her. Even just thinking of her body turns me on!"

I frowned, disgusted by how they talked about me.

"There is no chance that we can get such a good thing." One of them gloated. "Well, she's a gift from our new Alpha, and has already been sent to Prince Rufus' bed. I heard the prince is vicious. That girl probably won't even make it through tonight."

I realized the two men were Shawn's guards. It seemed that Shawn was taking revenge on me for rejecting him as my mate! Of course, he would be absolutely despicable with it! I groaned, but the sound was simply muffled. I tried to free myself again from the ropes, but the friction only ended up burning the skin off of my wrists.

At this time, I heard a third voice come from outside. It was deep and somehow magnetic. "You may leave. I don't need any guards around."

"Yes, Prince Rufus."

It was him! Prince Rufus! My pupils shrank and I looked around the room in panic, trying to find a way to escape. But how could I escape if I couldn't even move? I was left with no choice.

## **Irresistible Passion: Her Destined Lycan Prince Chapter 5 A Gift by Dark Knight**

Shawn's POV:

The ceremony was about to begin. I was dressed expensively and looked over at the busy werewolves. I was in a great mood. The feeling of power and status exhilarated me.

While I crossed my legs and hummed a song, Mateo appeared in clothes that looked more exquisite and luxurious than mine. He swaggered towards me, surrounded by his several attendants.

My heart sank instantly. This old man was just a Gamma, but today he looked and acted like he was much more than that. People who came to this event clueless might even think that he was the one who was taking the Alpha position.

"Stop slouching." Mateo looked at me in disdain.

I got up and stood up straight.

"Good day."

"From today on, you will be the Alpha. I only hope you can do your job well and not let anything distract you from that." Mateo patted me on the shoulder. "You must remember that we werewolves have to value our origins and be grateful for the help. Never forget who helped keep our pack alive and prosperous, and of course who gave you the chance to become an Alpha today."

There was a lot of meaning behind Mateo's words. He was obviously warning me not to attempt to undo all the control he had worked so hard to attain.

"Yes. I will always remember your kindness and repay it with my life. Don't worry. I cannot take away what is not mine." I smiled. But deep inside, my heart was disgusted.

The Alpha position was always supposed to be mine in the first place. Sooner or later, I would have to get rid of Mateo and take back everything that truly belonged to me.

"Good. Don't even think of playing any tricks. I am watching you." Mateo smiled back.

I nodded politely, keeping this scene as harmonious as possible. Satisfied, he then left.

Once he was gone, I couldn't hold in my anger anymore and kicked over a trash can.

Of course, Mateo wouldn't forget to embarrass me on such an important occasion. He clearly did not take me seriously. If that was what he thought, then I would show him that this "puppet" could fight back too.

At this moment, my subordinate carefully came forward.

I plopped down in a chair and huffed in annoyance, "What is it?"

"We have successfully caught Sylvia," he reported to me in a low voice.

"Nice work." I said excitedly. "Now strip Sylvia naked and leave her in the room prepared for Prince Rufus."

Although she was a lowly slave, Sylvia was still a beautiful girl. Giving her as a gift to the prince would not only give him a good impression of me, but that damn she-wolf would also learn her lesson. Imagining this plan in my head was enough to put me in a better mood.

"But sir, aren't you going to sleep with her first? Sylvia is probably still a virgin. It must be a wonderful experience." The subordinate smiled obscenely, but was careful not to maintain eye contact with me.

"You idiot! Why would I give the prince a used gift? Do you want to die?" I slapped the back of his head. Although, I had to admit I was a little worried. What if the prince did to Sylvia what he did to that slave girl before and tortured her to death? If that happened, then I wouldn't be able to have my turn with her anymore.

"Sir, Prince Rufus is here." The subordinate gently tapped my arm, jolting me out of my thoughts.

I looked ahead and saw the man himself, Prince Rufus Duncan, at the entrance of the banquet hall. He wore a silver suit, most likely customized to fit him perfectly. His facial features were handsome, but cold enough to make everyone around him flinch whenever he moved.

Some werewolves were just born to be kings, and Rufus was definitely one of them.

"Prince Rufus, I'm so glad you could make it. I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack." I strode forward and spoke in a flattering manner.

But Rufus didn't even reply. He just coldly glanced at me. In his eyes, I was probably no different from any other ordinary werewolf in this room.

Smiling awkwardly, I reached out my hand and pointed him to a direction. "You must be tired after your journey. Please, have a seat."

Other than giving a speech and becoming the new Alpha, it seemed that this banquet also became an opportunity for me to try and please Rufus. Still, he didn't say much no matter what I tried. It was difficult to even get close to him. But although he was acting indifferent now, I still had to do my best in flattering him. I was willing to do anything for power.

When the banquet was about to come to an end, I walked up to him with bright eyes.

"Prince Rufus, I have prepared a room for you that I think you will like. I have left a small gift there for you." I spoke ambiguously in a low voice and winked, hoping he would understand what I was implying.

Seeing that he still wasn't going to respond, I said, "Well, I hope you have a great night."

Rufus' POV:

I lazily sat on my chair. As I watched Shawn try to flatter me desperately, I couldn't help but feel that all this was funny.

With a new Alpha like this, the Black Moon Pack seemed to be doomed. Not only was he a fool, but he also seemed to have poor vision.

"I hope the arrangement I've prepared for you will be satisfactory, Prince Rufus. If there is anything else you'd like, please don't hesitate to tell me. I will have it brought to you as soon as possible."

Shawn was still blabbering on about something. I had never met a man more talkative than the usual woman.

I rubbed my temples and felt a headache coming on.

"Another attack of that illness? It's not even evening yet," my wolf Omar asked.

"I'm afraid it came early this time."

"Maybe we should leave now."

"No, I can still take it. Besides, if I leave now, it'll just attract even more attention."

Every full moon, I would be attacked by the most painful and splitting headaches that would make me lose control of myself.

In order not to hurt anyone, I learned to just lock myself in my room whenever it was time.

I agreed to come to this ceremony in behalf of my father because I didn't think I would have an early attack.

Nevertheless, I endured the pain as best as I could until the banquet was over. By that time, my head felt like it was being pounded on by thousands of hammers all at the same time. That primitive desire to destroy everything in my path was slowly making its way out of my body. I had to control myself and stay rational until I could be alone. But this nosy Alpha stayed beside me and decided to test the limit of my patience.

"Prince Rufus, let me accompany you myself." Shawn caught up to me.

I sighed and turned to him. "I'm sorry, but I would prefer to be alone for some peace and quiet."

I tried to smile, but I was aware that my tone did not sound friendly at all.

Shawn's face turned red as a tomato as he pursed his lips and covered his mouth, nodding vigorously.

"Please, go." I coldly glanced at him.

"Right away, Prince Rufus." Shawn turned around and hurriedly left.

Once I finally sent Shawn away, I briskly walked to my room. I could barely hold the beast inside any longer.

Sylvia's POV:

I woke up dazed, but the cold air blowing on my body was enough to sober me up quickly.

I tried to get up, only to realize I couldn't move. My hands and feet had been tied to the frame of this huge bed, and I was completely naked. There was even something stuffed in my mouth that muffled every sound that came out of it.

What was happening?

I turned my head to observe my surroundings. I was in a room I had never seen before with no one else around. I tried to break myself free, but the ropes just got tighter and tighter around my wrists. I cried and roared, hoping to send out a distress signal to anyone nearby.

"Shut up!" A man outside banged on the door and scolded me.

"What a pity. That chick seemed so attractive!"

Another man's voice sounded from beyond the door. I craned my neck higher, trying to hear what they were talking about.

"Pity? She just looks like any other seductress, to be played with by many men sooner or later."

"If she wasn't sent to Prince Rufus, we could have had the chance to have a go at her. Even just thinking of her body turns me on!"

I frowned, disgusted by how they talked about me.

"There is no chance that we can get such a good thing." One of them gloated. "Well, she's a gift from our new Alpha, and has already been sent to Prince Rufus' bed. I heard the prince is vicious. That girl probably won't even make it through tonight."

I realized the two men were Shawn's guards. It seemed that Shawn was taking revenge on me for rejecting him as my mate! Of course, he would be absolutely despicable with it! I groaned, but the sound was simply muffled. I tried to free myself again from the ropes, but the friction only ended up burning the skin off of my wrists.

At this time, I heard a third voice come from outside. It was deep and somehow magnetic. "You may leave. I don't need any guards around."

"Yes, Prince Rufus."

It was him! Prince Rufus! My pupils shrank and I looked around the room in panic, trying to find a way to escape. But how could I escape if I couldn't even move? I was left with no choice.

## **Irresistible Passion: Her Destined Lycan Prince Chapter 6 Crazy by Dark Knight**

Rufus' POV:

I lazily sat on my chair. As I watched Shawn try to flatter me desperately, I couldn't help but feel that all this was funny.



With a new Alpha like this, the Black Moon Pack seemed to be doomed. Not only was he a fool, but he also seemed to have poor vision.

"I hope the arrangement I've prepared for you will be satisfactory, Prince Rufus. If there is anything else you'd like, please don't hesitate to tell me. I will have it brought to you as soon as possible."

Shawn was still blabbering on about something. I had never met a man more talkative than the usual woman.

I rubbed my temples and felt a headache coming on.

"Another attack of that illness? It's not even evening yet," my wolf Omar asked.

"I'm afraid it came early this time."

"Maybe we should leave now."

"No, I can still take it. Besides, if I leave now, it'll just attract even more attention."

Every full moon, I would be attacked by the most painful and splitting headaches that would make me lose control of myself.

In order not to hurt anyone, I learned to just lock myself in my room whenever it was time.

I agreed to come to this ceremony in behalf of my father because I didn't think I would have an early attack.

Nevertheless, I endured the pain as best as I could until the banquet was over. By that time, my head felt like it was being pounded on by thousands of hammers all at the same time. That primitive desire to destroy everything in my path was slowly making its way out of my body. I had to control myself and stay rational until I could be alone. But this nosy Alpha stayed beside me and decided to test the limit of my patience.

"Prince Rufus, let me accompany you myself." Shawn caught up to me.

I sighed and turned to him. "I'm sorry, but I would prefer to be alone for some peace and quiet."

I tried to smile, but I was aware that my tone did not sound friendly at all.

Shawn's face turned red as a tomato as he pursed his lips and covered his mouth, nodding vigorously.

"Please, go." I coldly glanced at him.

"Right away, Prince Rufus." Shawn turned around and hurriedly left.

Once I finally sent Shawn away, I briskly walked to my room. I could barely hold the beast inside any longer.

Sylvia's POV:

I woke up dazed, but the cold air blowing on my body was enough to sober me up quickly.

I tried to get up, only to realize I couldn't move. My hands and feet had been tied to the frame of this huge bed, and I was completely naked. There was even something stuffed in my mouth that muffled every sound that came out of it.

What was happening?

I turned my head to observe my surroundings. I was in a room I had never seen before with no one else around. I tried to break myself free, but the ropes just got tighter and tighter around my wrists. I cried and roared, hoping to send out a distress signal to anyone nearby.

"Shut up!" A man outside banged on the door and scolded me.

"What a pity. That chick seemed so attractive!"

Another man's voice sounded from beyond the door. I craned my neck higher, trying to hear what they were talking about.

"Pity? She just looks like any other seductress, to be played with by many men sooner or later."

"If she wasn't sent to Prince Rufus, we could have had the chance to have a go at her. Even just thinking of her body turns me on!"

I frowned, disgusted by how they talked about me.

"There is no chance that we can get such a good thing." One of them gloated. "Well, she's a gift from our new Alpha, and has already been sent to Prince Rufus' bed. I heard the prince is vicious. That girl probably won't even make it through tonight."

I realized the two men were Shawn's guards. It seemed that Shawn was taking revenge on me for rejecting him as my mate! Of course, he would be absolutely despicable with it! I groaned, but the sound was simply muffled. I tried to free myself again from the ropes, but the friction only ended up burning the skin off of my wrists.

At this time, I heard a third voice come from outside. It was deep and somehow magnetic. "You may leave. I don't need any guards around."

"Yes, Prince Rufus."

It was him! Prince Rufus! My pupils shrank and I looked around the room in panic, trying to find a way to escape. But how could I escape if I couldn't even move? I was left with no choice.

Chapter 7 Something Happened To Blair

|

Sylvia's POV:

After shaving her hair, Flora looked like an egg. Not just her eyes, but her entire face looked round without her hair. Her features somehow looked prominent now. Wearing the uniform, she looked like a delicate, innocent young man.

Flora was happy with her new hairstyle. She danced around happily. "I somehow feel stronger now!"

I didn't know what to say at that statement. "Warren will definitely be shocked to find that his girlfriend has become bald."

"I don't care about him," Flora mumbled and turned around to look at herself in the mirror.

"By the way, do you know who else is on the elite team?" I asked.

Flora tilted her head and thought for a while. "Harry and Warren have also received the notice. But Warren hasn't fully recovered yet. He would probably join the team later."

"Has Warren regained consciousness? When did he wake up?" I was thrilled about reuniting with all my friends in the army again.

"I don't know. He probably woke up yesterday." She shrugged nonchalantly. "I don't know much about it."

The uncertainty in her tone surprised me. Flora was Warren's girlfriend, so she should have known about his conditions better than anyone else. However, it looked like Flora didn't want to talk about Warren. I couldn't help but wonder if they had fought.

"John is also on the list. I don't know who the last member is." Flora changed the topic and continued to talk about the members of the elite team.

"I knew John could make it," I replied. John was a strong man, but he always maintained a low profile in class, so everyone ignored him.

"But you know what? I feel you look like John after shaving your hair." I looked at Flora up and down in surprise. "I don't mean your features look alike, but you both exude a gentle aura. I don't know how to explain."

Flora burst out laughing. "Do you mean John looks like a woman?"

"No, no, no. I just told what I felt," I said, waving my hands in denial.

Flora clicked her tongue, shaking her head. "I have to find a chance to fight with John," she growled.

I couldn't help but laugh at that. "I hope you don't end up crying."

With that, I began to pack my things.

"I'm not Harry," Flora mumbled as she followed me.

I shook my head helplessly and dragged the suitcase out of the storage room.

"Let me help you. I have already packed my things. I can directly join the army tomorrow."

"Actually, I have applied to join only a day later." I opened my suitcase and put my belongings in it.

"Why?" Flora frowned in confusion.

"I want to say goodbye and thank Blair tomorrow." Flora nodded in understanding.

The next morning, Flora and I parted ways.

She went to the army, and I went to attend Blair's class.

But to my utter surprise. A young teacher announced that Blair had taken a long leave, and he would be taking the class during Blair's absence.

I felt strange. 'Was Blair out on a mission again?'

But if so, Rufus would have told me in advance.

After the class, I walked out of the classroom and called Rufus.

The phone rang for a long time before he finally answered.

"Rufus, do you know where Blair is? It's strange. A substitute teacher came to class today and told us that Blair has taken leave. Sounds like he will be absent for a long time," I said.

After a moment's silence, Rufus finally spoke. "Sylvia, something happened to Blair."

My stomach flipped with unease. "What? What happened?"

Rufus sighed. "Blair is in hospital. I just got the news. I can't explain it to you over the phone. You better come to the Royal Hospital first. We can talk about it in person."