

## IRRESISTIBLE PASSION: HER DESTINED LYCAN PRINCE

### Chapter 16 Change Of Clothes

Sylvia's POV:

On the way back, I was nervous and shaking all over. The proud prince didn't say anything to me. He just kept his lips pursed and kicked the door to his room open, leading me to the bed.

I looked vigilantly at him and then turned away quickly, realizing he made me feel uneasy. He was difficult to read. I couldn't quite figure out why he was doing this.

"Go and fetch a set of women's clothes and some food as well." Rufus commanded the servant.

"I'm not hungry!" I blurted out. I didn't want to cause a fuss. Besides, there was also an old saying that prisoners would be fed well only when they were on

death row.

"No, but I am," Rufus replied without even looking at me. He walked over to the couch and sat down.

"Oh... Okay." My voice was small. I was so embarrassed with myself that I wanted nothing more than to be invisible right now.

The servant returned not so long after with clothes, saving me from the awkward situation.

With the clothes in my hands, I hesitantly looked at Rufus, who was still sitting on the couch.

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. I wasn't sure if he had fallen asleep. But he was still in the room. How could I change my clothes?

"Um, are you..." I asked nervously.

My voice was only as loud as a whisper, but he heard it clearly. Opening his eyes, he glanced at me and stood up. "Call me when you're done changing."

"Okay." I breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he didn't insist on staying inside while I changed.

Once he stepped out of the room, I unfolded the clothing and saw that it was a dark purple dress. It was well-made and of great quality, but I noticed that there seemed to be a slit along the leg that might have been too revealing. Grumbling to myself, I put it on anyway.

Not only was the slit very high up on my leg, but the dress was also tightly hugging my body. My waist and chest looked too emphasized, which made me uncomfortable and want to pull it loose.

I bit my lip and felt shy. This dress made me feel awkward. I didn't even know if I had the courage to face Rufus.

Pacing back and forth, I was contemplating on how to show myself to him looking like this.

Rufus' POV:

The air was still tonight. I stood outside the room quietly and stared at the beautiful full moon in the dark sky.

This night was different from all my other full moon nights. I didn't have to hide in a dark room alone and suffer in madness. Instead, I was just standing here, leisurely appreciating the peace and beauty of the night. All thanks to Sylvia.

I waved my hand at the guards who were guarding

my door to dismiss them again.

Now, I was really alone in the corridor.

I waited for what seemed like a long time, but Sylvia still hadn't called me in.

Gently, I knocked on the door. "Are you done changing yet?"

"I, uh... Yes." Her sweet voice came from inside. She sounded a little flustered.

Before I could open the door myself, she had already cracked it open from the inside. I met a pair of clear eyes as the door swung open. But Sylvia didn't dare to look at me for more than a second without her eyes wandering elsewhere.

I stepped inside and saw her standing behind the

door, as if shielding herself with it. She was wearing a long, dark purple dress that fit her just right. Her fair skin seemed to glow under the moonlight. No wonder Shawn couldn't forget about her.

She squeezed her shoulders together meekly and tugged at her dress. Obviously, she was a little uneasy.

I turned away and walked right to the couch.

She still seemed afraid of me. For some inexplicable reason, this made me unhappy.

"Come, sit." I patted the spot next to me.

Sylvia lowered her head hesitantly before slowly sitting down beside me.

"Why are you shaking? Why can't you look at me?"

In a panic, Sylvia looked up. "No, it's not that-- I... I'm sorry."

I reached my hand out to apply medicine on some of her wounds and bruises.

Sylvia dodged, although it seemed to be out of her subconscious. Her fingers were trembling too. She then clenched her fists and took a deep breath, pretending to appear calm.

"Don't move. I'm going to treat your wounds and bruises," I said in a low voice.

Sylvia looked at the ointment in my hand and blankly said, "Thank you."

When my fingers felt the warmth of her face, something that felt like an electric current coursed through my body and I had the sudden urge to want to get closer to her.

I had to restrain myself.

Seeing that she was still silent, I asked, "Are you afraid of me?"

Sylvia stiffened up and nodded. "Mm."

"Why? Do I look scary?"

"Not really. No, it's not that."

"Then why are you so afraid of me?"

"Well, I heard that... You once had a female slave. And... You tortured her to death in bed." Sylvia



seemed to shrink down as she said that.

This was the first that someone had ever said something like that to my face, and that "someone" was actually my mate. I couldn't help but laugh. I was aware of the many misconceptions about me. Honestly, I just found that it was useless to try to explain myself every time.

"I never really cared what others think of me. But you, Sylvia, are different. I think it's important you don't misunderstand me."

Sylvia looked at me with wide eyes, not seeming to understand what I said.

I lightly pinched her cheek and continued to apply medicine on her bruises.

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