

IRRESISTIBLE PASSION: HER DESTINED LYCAN PRINCE

Chapter 8 The First Meeting

Rufus' POV:

When I got to my room, I immediately dismissed the guards of the door.

As I turned the knob, my nose was filled with a faint scent that stopped me in my tracks.

Something was wrong. It seemed like there was someone else in my room. Judging by the scent, it was a she-wolf.

It suddenly occurred to me what Shown had been implying to me all this time. He wished me a great night with an ambiguous smile.

That idiot! Was he trying to win me over in this way?

What an arrogant move!

I knew that the moment I stepped into this room, I would no longer be able to restrain my destructive desires. That she-wolf would be torn to pieces in no time.

I was not in the mood to play Shown's game, so I just turned around and was going to leave.

But then that faint scent filled my nose again. This time, I could smell it clearly. It smelled like a sweet orchid that had just freshly bloomed, instantly washing away the malicious desires in my head. Gradually, I felt my sanity return.

I couldn't help turning back around at the door. The fragrance was coming from inside. That scent...

"Go, Rufus! It's our mate!" Omor exclaimed in my

mind with excitement.

Sylvio's POV:

As the door creaked open, I heard footsteps in the room getting closer. I was so nervous I could almost feel the blood rushing through my veins. But just when I was in despair, I suddenly smelled the fragrance of lily and jasmine.

Rufus' POV:

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As I turned the knob, my nose was filled with a faint scent that stopped me in my tracks.

Something was wrong. It seemed like there was someone else in my room. Judging by the scent, it was a she-wolf.

It suddenly occurred to me what Shawn had been implying to me all this time. He wished me a great night with an ambiguous smile.

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I was not in the mood to play Shawn's game, so I just turned around and was going to leave.

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"Go, Rufus! It's our mate!" Omar exclaimed in my mind with excitement.

Sylvia's POV:

As the door creaked open, I heard footsteps in the room getting closer. I was so nervous I could almost feel the blood rushing through my veins. But just when I was in despair, I suddenly smelled the fragrance of lily and jasmine.

What was going on? Was this my second mate already?

I looked up, shocked.

I saw the so-called cruel and cold blooded Prince Rufus, slowly walking towards me.

He didn't turn on the light, so he was shrouded in darkness. But under the moonlight, I could still feel him staring at me, like a beast lurking and observing its prey.

My body was trembling. I tried to curl up and cover my body in shame.

He stood in front of me and didn't say anything. I couldn't tell if there were any expressions on his face either.

"Please, don't touch me. I..." My voice quivered and my tongue was tied. I couldn't finish my words.

Slowly, he bent down. Even with just one movement, I

could tell that he was raised in a noble and elegant home. Who would have thought that this regal man was cruel and bloodthirsty on the inside?

Sensing that his fingers were about to touch my body, I shut my eyes and couldn't help crying. I would much rather die right now than live with this shame. 'Mother, please help me...'

But for some reason, I didn't feel any pain that I was expecting. Instead, I felt my wrists get freed from the ropes. I opened my eyes in shock. He had untied me.

Without thinking twice, I got up and retreated backwards, trying to keep a distance from this dangerous lycan. I kept walking back until I had hit a wall. I pressed myself against it and crossed my arms over my chest, looking at him with vigilance.

But as soon as I looked up, I found a coat thrown at

me and covered enough of my body. My nose was filled with that cold, floral fragrance from the coat.

When I got back to my senses, I slipped the coat off of me and looked at him strangely.

"Put it on." His tone was cold, but I didn't feel any murderous hint to it.

Even though I could see why people would think his appearance was cold and ruthless, he actually seemed a little different. He didn't seem to be as cruel as I thought. Was it because of our mate bond, perhaps?

I obliged and put the coat back on, catching a whiff of that amazing mate scent again. I bit my lip and saw him leaning towards me, but I didn't feel I needed to be as vigilant anymore. In fact, my heart even seemed expectant of something else.

What was he going to say to me?

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