

## Irresistible 111

### [Chapter 111 The Ball](#)

Rufus' POV:

I was about to walk towards the figure when my mother suddenly stopped me. She handed the champagne in her hand to a servant and looked at me unhappily.

"Where are you going? The ball is about to begin."

I felt a little helpless. When I was about to pull my mother's hand away, the figure had already walked into the crowd.

"Your Majesty, Prince Richard hasn't arrived yet. Shall we wait a little longer?" a guard walked up to us and said to my mother in a low voice.

My mother's eyes turned cold upon hearing this. "No. This day is for Rufus. Why do we have to wait for Richard to show up and let him steal the highlight? That's a big joke. I don't want to hear such reckless words from you again. Go away and receive your punishment!"

After scolding the guard, my mother walked to the stage in her high heels. Seeing her approach the stage, the crowd gradually quieted down. Everyone looked at her with reverence. This was their lycan queen. Even though she was nearly fifty years old, she still looked graceful and elegant.

"Everyone, welcome to this ball! Today is my son Rufus' birthday, so I hope you can all have a good time," my mother said in a clear and standard voice.

She then turned her head and looked at me with a decent smile on her face. "Rufus, since today is your birthday, please say a few words to our guests."

I straightened my cufflinks expressionlessly and walked towards the center of the stage. I was not in the mood to talk to them in a bureaucratic manner.

Rufus' POV:

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"Everyone, thank you for coming. I wish you all a happy evening." I then gave the microphone back to my mother.

I saw the surprised look on her face. She didn't seem to expect that my speech would be so brief.

Then the music began. She asked me to choose a lady for the opening dance.

The light shone on the she-wolves wearing all kinds of masks off the stage. Each of them was well-dressed, deliberately showing their best posture in a reserved manner.

I just glanced at them and didn't look any further. I shifted my eyes to the figure in the farthest distance that I had been thinking of the whole evening. She was wearing a delicate dress with her head down.

I couldn't help but smile. She must be at a loss right now. At the thought of her flustered expression, my heart unconsciously softened. And I even had the impulse to hold her in my arms. I didn't refuse this strange emotion. On the contrary, I willingly accepted it.

I slowly walked towards her without thinking too much. The crowd retreated to make way for me.

"Prince Rufus is so handsome. I'm about to suffocate."

"I really hope he can take a look at me. He is such a perfect werewolf!"

"Although there's a rumor that he is cruel, he doesn't look like one at all. He is so gentle when he smiles. He is the werewolf of my dreams."

"He is the strongest werewolf in the empire. I heard that Prince Richard is no match for him at all."

"Oh, strength is indeed the greatest charm of the werewolf race. I feel like I'm going to fall in love with him."

"Oh my God! Prince Rufus is walking towards us. Is he going to invite me to the first dance?"

"Dream on! It must be me."

The whispers of the she-wolves clearly reached my ears, but I didn't have time to care about them. All I cared about was Sylvia. I just wanted to be by her side as soon as possible.

At this moment, several she-wolves stood in front of me. They were so excited that their bodies

trembled slightly. It was as if they were expecting me to choose them.

I lost my patience, so I looked at them coldly and said, "Get out of my way."

One of the she-wolves fainted and fell to the floor because of too much excitement. The rest were frightened by me and disappeared instantly, embarrassed and flustered.

When I reached Sylvia's side, the music suddenly stopped, and a beam of light gently shone on us.

She kept her head down, not daring to look at me.

"Sylvia..." I called out her name softly.

She didn't answer, and I couldn't help smiling. She was always a shy girl.

"Would you like to dance with me?"

Sylvia was silent for a moment before she slowly put her hand on my palm.

#### [Chapter 112 The Opening Dance](#)

Alina's POV:

As soon as I stepped into the hall, I felt Rufus' gaze on me. His aggressive and possessive look made my heart skip a beat.

For the first time, he looked at me directly. But this only happened because he thought I was Sylvia. The jealousy in my heart almost made me lose my mind. Sylvia was just a lowly slave. How could she deserve Rufus' attention like this?

But I immediately calmed down and found a corner to quietly wait for the dance to begin. The high heels didn't fit my feet, and it made me feel miserable. Whether I sat down or stood up, I felt uncomfortable.

Finally, Queen Laura asked Rufus to choose a lady to open the ball. At this time, the music began to play. Wearing a dark gray suit, he walked down the stage like a god. He was going in my direction, so I instantly forgot the pain on my feet. My eyes were full of his handsomeness.

Today, he was different from usual. He was no longer cold. Instead, he exuded an indescribable charm that made me have the most primitive impulse. I felt like my mouth started to get dry.

The smile at the corners of his mouth not only bewitched all the other she-wolves present but also captured my heart. I wished I could be his she-wolf right now.

Although all the she-wolves were looking forward to Rufus choosing them as his dance partner, I knew that he was only targeting me.

Aline's POV:

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Sure enough, he was very cold to the other she-wolves. He didn't even look at them and just walked towards me.

"Who is that she-wolf? Why Prince Rufus only appreciates her?"

"Her dress looks so beautiful. No wonder Prince Rufus likes her at first sight."

"I envy her for being so close to Prince Rufus."

The she-wolves around looked at me enviously and whispered to each other. And it satisfied my vanity unprecedentedly.

I enjoyed the feeling of being noticed. Most importantly, I was the only one in Rufus' eyes at the moment.

He stood in front of me and invited me to dance. I lowered my head and didn't say anything because Sylvia's voice was different from mine. He would definitely find out that I was not Sylvia if I spoke.

Then I raised my head proudly and put my hand on Rufus' palm gracefully, only to see him frown slightly for a moment.

I couldn't help but feel nervous. Did he find it out I was not Sylvia?

I subconsciously touched the mask strap with my other hand. It was firmly attached to my ear, and it wouldn't fall unless someone pulled it off.

Fortunately, Rufus quickly returned to normal and took me to the dance floor. The smell of his body was so good that I couldn't help but be intoxicated.

When the music began again, he seemed to put his hands on my waist, but he didn't actually touch me. He was so gentlemanly that I was a little dissatisfied, so I took the initiative to get closer to him. He took me around. I thought that Sylvia, as a slave, shouldn't be good at dancing, so I began to step on his feet from time to time, pretending to make mistakes.

When the music was about to end, I was so focused on acting that I tripped on my own feet and almost fell to the floor. Rufus held me up with his strong arms and led me around in a big circle.

As soon as the music stopped, a burst of applause resounded around us. They all praised our gorgeous dance.

My breathing was a little disorderly, and my wild heartbeat made my face burn. I wiped the sweat on my forehead and looked at Rufus affectionately. There was no change in him. He still looked calm, like a god who transcended all living beings.

At this moment, the servant I had arranged in advance came with two glasses of champagne, one of which was, of course, drugged.

I naturally raised the glass of undrugged champagne, looked at the other glass, and smiled at Rufus, hinting at him to take it.

### [Chapter 113 On The Verge Of Death](#)

Alina's POV:

Rufus chuckled, and his sexy and magnetic voice was like a little hook that gently scratched my heart.

He raised the glass of the drugged champagne and clinked on mine.

Then he put it in front of his mouth. I stared at him a little impatiently as I couldn't wait to see him drink it.

As long as he drank this drugged champagne, he would completely fall in love with me. And his preference, like tonight, would only belong to me in the future.

As for Sylvia, I would kick her out of the capital city and never allow her to come back. Rufus could only be mine.

My fingers clasped the glass tightly. Seeing that Rufus was about to drink the champagne, I couldn't help giggling inwardly.

But much to my surprise, he suddenly smashed the glass into pieces with his bare hand and then strangled me. The rage in his eyes made me shiver. He asked through clenched teeth, "Who are you?"

He squeezed my neck so tightly that I couldn't speak. I felt like the air was getting thinner and thinner.

Rufus really wanted to kill me.

I frantically pulled his hands away, but I failed. Everyone around us was also shocked by the sudden change in the situation. They all exclaimed with eyes wide open.

Even Queen Laura was alarmed. She ran over to us with her men. "Rufus! What are you doing? Let go of her."

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"Help... me... Please..." I tried hard to look at Queen Laura out of the corner of my eye and squeezed every word out of my throat with difficulty. I didn't stop patting Rufus' hands, too, as I struggled to gasp for air. Tears welled up in my eyes as the fear of death overwhelmed me. I didn't know how he found out. I thought my plan was perfect.

"Rufus, stop it!" Queen Laura reprimanded Rufus again. Although she sounded furious, it seemed that she had no intention of stepping forward to stop him. There was even a trace of fear in her eyes when she looked at him.

But Rufus just turned a deaf ear to Queen Laura. Instead, he tightened his grip on my neck. The coldness on his face made me feel hopeless and terrified.

"Where is she? Where did you get this dress? Who allowed you to appear in front of me wearing this?" Rufus asked me a series of questions.

The werewolves around didn't seem to understand what he was talking about. And they began to discuss who the "she" he mentioned was.

I whimpered and opened my mouth wide, trying to make my neck feel better. But it didn't work. The glass residue on Rufus' hand pierced through my neck, and I gradually felt suffocated. My ears were buzzing, and I felt like all my organs were expanding. I was like a candle in a vacuum container. When the flame was about to extinguish, I struggled with all my strength.

"She gave it to me. Please let go of me," I said in a dry and unpleasant voice. Then I kicked Rufus like a mad beast. The desire to live made me burst out my extreme strength.

But what I did only made him more furious. "Impossible! You are lying! Who asked you to do this?"

Rufus' cold voice was extremely terrifying. He was like a devil from hell who came to take my life. I felt like he was really going to strangle me to death.

"She really gave this dress to me. If you don't believe me, you can ask her," I argued in a hollow voice, putting my hands down feebly. The dull pain of suffocation made my mind blank.

I was in a trance, but I heard Queen Laura ask someone to stop Rufus.

However, no one came to rescue me. I did my best to open my eyes, only to see the terrified expression on everyone's faces. None of them dared to approach us.

Tears streamed down my face in despair as I thought of my father. If only he was here, he would definitely help me.

Just when I felt I was about to die, a majestic male voice rang out in the hall.

"Rufus, let go of her. Do you even know what you're doing?"

I recognized the voice of the lycan king.

#### [Chapter 114 Under The Mask](#)

Rufus' POV:

Richard and my father's arrival calmed me down a little bit. I was able to suppress the madness in my mind. The she-wolf I was strangling looked ferocious now. She kept struggling like a fish taken out of the water.

Although I was still furious, the remaining trace of sanity in me made me let go of her.

She fell to the floor, gasping for air. She looked so embarrassed and ugly.

Obviously, she was terrified. She kept sobbing. I looked at her coldly and reached out to take off her mask. I wanted to see who on earth was bold enough to pretend to be Sylvia.

The she-wolf seemed to be shocked by what I did. She screamed, shook off my hand, and ran away.

She seemed afraid that I would recognize her. Was she someone I knew? I pulled a long face. The coldness in my heart deepened. I was about to chase after her, but Richard stopped me.

"Rufus, just forget about it." He stood in front of me leisurely with a gloating smile on his face. "Mom has been shocked by what happened."

As he spoke, he glanced at my mother, who was surrounded by the servants and guards.

My mother pulled her fox fur shawl and glanced at Richard and me coldly. But she didn't say anything.

"Get out of my way. I'm in a bad mood right now, so don't mess with me." I pushed Richard away impatiently.

But he was still blocking my way with no intention of stepping back. "Rufus, today is your birthday. It's not good to make a bloody scene."

"Mind your own business. You have no right to interfere in my affairs." I snorted coldly. Richard's hypocritical style had never changed since he was a child.

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He was embarrassed by me, so he no longer pretended to be nice in front of the guests. He sneered, "Rufus, shouldn't you pay more attention to maintaining the dignity of the royal family? Don't put the entire royal family on a negative label because of your own cruelty."

"Oh, really?" I chuckled, walked two steps forward, and whispered in his ear, "Then you shouldn't mind me revealing the things you have done, right?"

Then I took a step back and said in a voice that everyone could hear, "I think everyone will be interested in those things."

After saying this, I took a few more steps back. I saw that the expression on his face drastically changed, and his lips trembled.

For the werewolf race, strength was of paramount importance. Richard only knew how to play dirty

tricks in secret, so I never took him seriously. I knew that he had been sending people to assassinate me. But I never said a word about it because I didn't want to make things difficult for our father. After all, Richard was the only possible healthy heir for him.

"What are you talking about?" Richard gave me a venomous glance. Shamed into anger, he grabbed my tie with one hand and balled his other hand into a fist, intending to punch me.

When the guests saw that a fight was about to break out, they all screamed, turning the whole scene into chaos.

I caught his fist and twisted his hand. As soon as I heard a crack, I knew that his joints were dislocated.

"Fuck you! How can you really hurt me?" Richard exclaimed in disbelief. He didn't seem to expect that I could be merciless even when our father was right there.

"I warned you, but you still insisted on coming to me," I said coldly. Then I kicked his ass away. He covered his wrist with the other hand and staggered forward.

"Rufus! Do you still respect me as your father?" my father roared angrily. He immediately stood in front of Richard to protect him. He looked at me with sharp eyes and asked, "What the hell are you trying to do?"

Then he walked to me and added, "Is it the curse again?" His voice was very low. It was as if he was

afraid that others would hear him.

I didn't answer. I just stood at the side indifferently, feeling annoyed.

My father got even angrier. "I am talking to you, Rufus!"

He was so angry and anxious that he covered his mouth and nose with a handkerchief and coughed violently. His body was slightly trembling. When I looked at him, my heart softened for a moment.

"Don't be angry. The doctor said that you can't be stressed out anymore." My mother hurriedly walked to his side and gently patted him on the back. "Besides, Rufus is just defending himself."

My father shook off my mother's hand rudely. He then turned around and stared at me with his bloodshot eyes. "He almost cripples Richard's hand, and you say he is only defending himself?"

I saw the disappointment and defensiveness in his eyes. He seemed to be afraid that I would hurt his only normal son. I was so disappointed that I just turned my head away without saying anything more. At this moment, I saw Maya suddenly appear at the door of the hall. She looked very anxious and seemed to have something to say to me.

I directly left, ignoring everyone present.

#### [Chapter 115 Werewolf Punching Bag](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I was in a fret the whole afternoon, and I couldn't focus on Blair's teaching at all.

Worse was, I saw apparitions from time to time, always seeing Rufus standing on the podium instead of Blair.

After class, I refused to have dinner with Flora. I went to the training ground alone and stayed there to practice more.

I hit the punching bag crazily, trying to distract myself and drive Rufus out of my mind. But it was in vain. Not only did his image appear in my mind, but I also heard his voice from time to time. He was like an all-pervasive air, occupying every part of my body.

After a few hundred punches, I finally stopped. I went to get some water but then I realized I still couldn't help thinking about Rufus.

I wondered what his reaction would be when he knew that I wouldn't attend the ball. He must be very angry. Maybe he would invite Alina, who was a noble lady, to be his date tonight. She was so beautiful, and she had a noble background. She was a perfect match for him.

I sighed slightly and crouched down. I hugged my knees and buried my head in my arms in low spirits. Every time I thought of Rufus and Alina being together, I felt very irritated, but I didn't know why. It was what I wanted, right? It would be best if I let go of my obsession with Rufus.

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I stood up in despair and continued to vent my depression on the punching bag.

"Rather than venting your emotions alone, don't you think it's better to ask me to practice with you? You are getting distracted and missing your target, Sylvia."

Warren's voice suddenly sounded behind me.

Judging from his words, he seemed to have been watching me in the dark for a long time. But I was not in the mood to respond to him. I just focused on the punching bag in front of me, sweat streaming down my forehead to my eyes.

"Sylvia, I know you are very upset now. I can help you. Come and fight with me. It's time for us to have a fight," Warren babbled.

I slammed the punching bag irritably, and it wobbled from side to side. I tightened my loose bandage, turning a deaf ear to him.

"I know you're upset. But there are some things you can't solve in this way. Come on, let's talk."

"Fuck off! You are so annoying," I suddenly turned around and snapped at him.

Didn't he know that he was annoying? Obviously, he was on Alina's side. And now, he even deliberately appeared in front of me to mock me.

I pursed my lips and took off my gloves and the bandage, intending to go somewhere else.

"Come on, let's have a good fight." Warren didn't seem to care about my cold attitude at all. He just jumped into the battle ring as if he was eager to be a werewolf punching bag.

I didn't want to talk to him, but he suddenly punched me. As the wind brushed my face, I got angry and punched him back.

Warren's every move was very serious this time, so I began to concentrate on dealing with him.

I hit him many times. It was such a good fight, and I was able to vent my anger on him. Warren didn't show mercy on me either. He also hit me several times.

After our fight, we both lay on the grass, exhausted. Although there was no winner, we had a good time. It was already dark, and the night sky was full of twinkling stars. The cold night wind blew on me, taking away my bad mood.

When I thought of Rufus this time, I felt much calmer.

"The ball should have already started, right?" I muttered almost to myself, staring blankly at the sky.

#### [Chapter 116 A Heart-to-heart Talk On The Lawn](#)

Warren's POV:

When I saw Sylvia lie on the grass in silence, I followed her. I lay beside her, rested my hands on the back of my head, and looked at the vast starry sky. It had been a long time since I had such a good time. When I was still in the pack, I seldom met strong opponents. Alina was simply too delicate and she didn't like fighting at all.

For the first time, I had a satisfying fight, and it made me so happy. I didn't expect that one day, I would fight with a slave, a she-wolf who looked extremely thin and weak.

I turned my head and looked at Sylvia with complicated emotions in my heart. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be thinking about something. Watching her demure side face calmed me down inexplicably.

I never thought that a time would come that I would enjoy the moon and stars with Sylvia so peacefully. It turned out that the two of us could one day become frenemies who really appreciated each other.

I had to admit that Sylvia had really made great progress. In such a short time, she learned and withstood my every move. Now, I even felt that it was a little difficult to deal with her. I was afraid that I would be no match for her soon.

When I heard her whisper something about the ball, I sat up guiltily. If it weren't for me, she would have been at the ball now.

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When I heard her whisper something about the bell, I set up guiltily. If it weren't for me, she would have been at the bell now.

Seeing the lonely look on Sylvia's face, I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. But I could only apologize to her.

She didn't say anything. She just glanced at me quietly and then looked away again.

This made me even more confused. What was she thinking about? Many words crossed my mind, but none of them could break the current dull atmosphere.

"What's your relationship with Prince Rufus? Do you like him?" As soon as these words came out of my mouth, I felt like slapping myself. I really shouldn't have mentioned Prince Rufus.

Sylvia still didn't say a word. She just looked indifferent, like a calm lake without any waves.

"It's okay if you don't want to answer. I shouldn't have asked anyway." I smiled awkwardly. When I tried to change the topic, Sylvia called out my name.

She sat up, pursed her lips, and smiled at me as if she didn't mind my abruptness.

"My mother used to be Beta of our pack. She was strong and loyal, but she was framed. She was accused of killing our Alpha and Luna." As she spoke, she looked at me with her eyes twinkling like stars. "That's why I became a slave. Just like what you said that night, everyone should know their own place. I have long recognized my own place, as a slave."

I felt like my heart suddenly twisted. I regretted saying those harsh words to her that night. But I didn't know how to comfort her right now.

"After my mother was executed, my life was in dire straits..." Sylvia paused with an unreadable look on her face.

"It's all over, Sylvia. Look at you now. You are getting better and better," I said in a dry tone, trying to comfort her.

Sylvia shook her head and smiled. "Just when I thought my life would end up miserably, Prince Rufus came and pulled me out of the swamp of desperation. He brought me here and even gave me the chance to go to school. I can start over again and live a new life because of him. That's why I am very grateful to him."

"You're grateful to him?" I asked in disbelief. When I heard that Sylvia was only grateful to Prince Rufus, my heartbeat went abnormally fast for no reason. I didn't know why I even felt a little happy.

She didn't answer me. But judging from the resolute expression on her face, I knew she was telling the truth.

I cleared my throat and was about to say something when a deep male voice suddenly sounded behind us.

I turned my head and saw Prince Rufus.

### [Chapter 117 Witness](#)

Rufus' POV:

After Maya informed me that Sylvia had left a message for me, I began looking for her everywhere. I was so worried that I began hyperventilating.

Finally, my racing heart gradually slowed when I saw Sylvia's roommate, Flora. She told me that Sylvia's leg had recovered, which made me feel a little relieved. However, I was confused. 'Wasn't her leg injury the reason why she couldn't come to the ball?'

Countless guesses swarmed in my mind. Someone wore Sylvia's dress and appeared on the ball. Moreover, Maya looked disheveled and anxious when she came to me. Obviously, someone was behind

all this.

I broke into a cold sweat as I feared Sylvia might be in danger. I had never been this scared before.

Panic wracked my nerves.

"Rufus, go to the training ground. Flora just said that Sylvia was there," Omar reminded me.

I took deep breaths and calmed down. I was so flustered that I didn't hear what Flora had said.

After calming down, I went to the training ground.

My heart leaped to my throat the moment I stepped into the training ground. Sylvia and a man were lying on the ground, watching the stars.

'Damn it! I had never gazed the sky with Sylvia.' Not just that, the two were chatting happily.

Jealousy reared its ugly head. "Sylvia, what are you doing?" I growled.

Sylvia's POV:

"Sylvia." I heard a familiar voice from a distance.

I thought I had an auditory hallucination.

Rufus' POV:

After Meye informed me that Sylvie had left a message for me, I began looking for her everywhere. I was so worried that I began hyperventilating.

Finally, my racing heart gradually slowed when I saw Sylvie's roommate, Flore. She told me that Sylvie's leg had recovered, which made me feel a little relieved. However, I was confused. 'Wasn't her leg injury the reason why she couldn't come to the bell?'

Countless guesses swarmed in my mind. Someone wore Sylvie's dress and appeared on the bell. Moreover, Meye looked disheveled and anxious when she came to me. Obviously, someone was behind all this.

I broke into a cold sweat as I feared Sylvie might be in danger. I had never been this scared before.

Panic wrecked my nerves.

"Rufus, go to the training ground. Flore just said that Sylvie was there," Omar reminded me.

I took deep breaths and calmed down. I was so flustered that I didn't hear what Flore had said.

After calming down, I went to the training ground.

My heart leaped to my throat the moment I stepped into the training ground. Sylvie and the men were lying on the ground, watching the stars.

'Damn it! I had never gazed the sky with Sylvie.' Not just that, the two were chatting happily.

Jealousy reared its ugly head. "Sylvie, what are you doing?" I growled.

Sylvie's POV:

"Sylvie." I heard a familiar voice from a distance.

I thought I had an auditory hallucination.

"Sylvia." I heard the voice again.

This time, I was sure it was really Rufus.

Rufus' arrival made me feel guilty. Although I didn't do anything inappropriate with Warren here, I still began to feel nervous.

I turned around and saw him standing at a distance, staring at me.

I immediately sprang up to my feet. The quick movement gave me a head rush, so I lost balance.

Warren reached out to help me up, but just as he was about to touch me, I saw Rufus' jaw tighten, and his gaze grew sharper.

I dodged Warren's hand and stumbled forward.

I didn't know what I was afraid of, but my intuition told me not to let Warren hold me.

I quickly thanked Warren and walked to Rufus. My face flushed with embarrassment, and I didn't dare to look at him.

"What are you doing here?"

Rufus didn't even look at Warren. He continued to stare at me.

I dropped my gaze to the floor and looked at my shoes. "Shouldn't you be at the ball?" I asked, shifting on my feet.

Although Rufus didn't say anything, I could feel his burning gaze. Just as I was about to look up, he pulled me into his arms.

I was so scared that I didn't bother resisting.

Rufus' rapid breath blew against my ear. It looked like he was breathless after a long run.

'Has he run all the way to find me?'

I leaned against his chest and heard his heart crashing against his chest.

My mind began to spin, and I couldn't think properly.

Although the hug was unexpected, I didn't try rejecting it. I even wanted to stay in his arms a little longer. I was putty in his hands. Rufus made me feel things that I had never felt before. I was addicted to

him; he was the oxygen that kept me going.

"Nice to meet you here, Prince Rufus." I turned and saw Warren standing beside Rufus, his hand stretched out in a greeting.

Only then did I remember Warren was still there, so I quickly broke free from Rufus' arms.

Rufus frowned, looking displeased. He didn't bother shaking hands with Warren and continued to ignore him. Warren withdrew his hand awkwardly.

"Prince Rufus, why are you here?" Warren asked.

He, too, didn't understand what Rufus was doing here when he should be at the ball right now.

Rufus didn't answer; he continued to ignore Warren. He took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped my face.

I was so flustered that I held his hand. I wanted to stop him, but it seemed like I was holding his hand now.

"Don't move. Your face is full of grass clippings."

He pursed his lips and continued to wipe my face. Although his face bore no emotion, I could see a glint of grievance in his eyes.

'Oh, God! What's wrong with me? I guess something is definitely wrong with my eyes.'

[Chapter 118 I Like Her](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I coughed awkwardly, withdrew my hand, and let Rufus wipe my face.

"Prince Rufus, my name is Warren. I'm from the Silver Moon Pack. Sylvia and I are classmates." Warren talked to Rufus tirelessly. It seemed that he wouldn't stop until Rufus responded to him.

Rufus turned his head and looked at Warren, seemingly displeased with Warren's repeated interjection. "Why are you with Sylvia?"

I noticed that Rufus was already impatient, so I quickly stood in front of Warren and explained, "Warren and I are here to practice more today. He's kind enough to help me practice. Thanks to him, I have improved a lot."

I wanted to say that Warren was a good classmate and a good comrade in arms to appease Rufus. But after those words came out of my mouth, it was only then that I realized something wrong.

"Really?" Rufus' face darkened even more. "But your leg hasn't recovered yet, right?"

After saying this, he looked at my leg.

Damn it! How could I forget it? My body stiffened, and I glanced at him guiltily.

It was too late to pretend that my leg was in pain now. I wanted to cry but had no tears.

At this moment, Rufus took out a crumpled note from his pocket. It was the one I left for Maya. My face turned pale, a little unsure of what to do with Rufus next.

"Maya gave me this note." Rufus unfolded the note and showed it to me. "This is your handwriting, right?"

I didn't say anything and just grabbed the seam of my trousers. My palms began to sweat.

Sylvie's POV:

I coughed awkwardly, withdrew my hand, and let Rufus wipe my face.

"Prince Rufus, my name is Werren. I'm from the Silver Moon Peak. Sylvie and I are classmates." Werren talked to Rufus tirelessly. It seemed that he wouldn't stop until Rufus responded to him.

Rufus turned his head and looked at Werren, seemingly displeased with Werren's repeated interjection. "Why are you with Sylvie?"

I noticed that Rufus was already impatient, so I quickly stood in front of Werren and explained, "Werren and I are here to practice more today. He's kind enough to help me practice. Thanks to him, I have improved a lot."

I wanted to say that Werren was a good classmate and a good comrade in order to appease Rufus. But after those words came out of my mouth, it was only then that I realized something wrong.

"Really?" Rufus' face darkened even more. "But your leg hasn't recovered yet, right?"

After saying this, he looked at my leg.

Damn it! How could I forget it? My body stiffened, and I glanced at him guiltily.

It was too late to pretend that my leg was in pain now. I wanted to cry but had no tears.

At this moment, Rufus took out a crumpled note from his pocket. It was the one I left for Maya. My face turned pale, a little unsure of what to do with Rufus next.

"Meyer gave me this note." Rufus unfolded the note and showed it to me. "This is your handwriting, right?"

I didn't say anything and just grabbed the seam of my trousers. My palms began to sweat.

"I really believed it, so I immediately went to find you."

Upon hearing this, I lowered my head guiltily, regretting using such a lame excuse to Rufus. It was really my fault because, after all, I agreed to be his date at the ball in the first place. I should have refused him decisively from the beginning.

"But your roommate said that your leg had already recovered," Rufus continued in a calm tone of voice. Then he paused for a moment and added, "Sylvia, what the hell is going on?"

Since he already knew the truth, there was no use hiding it from him anymore. I gritted my teeth and looked up to meet his eyes. "I just didn't want to go, so I made this excuse."

"Why?" Rufus asked calmly.

This one-word question sounded so simple, but it was difficult for me to answer. My head was in a mess, and I didn't know what to say.

I didn't want to tell him that I backed out at the last minute because of my inferiority complex.

And I didn't want him to find out that I had feelings for him either.

"Sylvia, don't lie to me."

It seemed that Rufus had noticed all my emotions and expressions. He was like an experienced hunter, cornering me until I had nowhere to retreat. Then he would catch me in the next second.

I was still panicky when Warren suddenly stood up to help me out.

"Prince Rufus, Sylvia is not your accessory. She has the right to make choices too. So please don't push her like that."

It could be said that Warren was very rude, so I winked at him, hinting at him to stop talking. But he seemed fearless.

"Sylvia is an independent individual, and she can do whatever she wants."

"Warren, stop it." I hurriedly stopped him. I was afraid that he would suddenly say something shocking.

I used to think that Warren was a cold werewolf of few words. But after these two days, I discovered that he was not only talkative but also a chatterbox who wouldn't stop until he got what he wanted.

"No, Sylvia. Let me go on," Warren said sincerely, looking at me.

I felt that the temperature around us had dropped to a freezing point, so I couldn't help covering my face with one hand.

"Sylvia is always tired from training every day. It's only reasonable that she doesn't want to go to the ball. She deserves to enjoy the vast world, so you should give her freedom."

As soon as Warren finished his words, Rufus' face turned gloomy, and his eyes filled with malicious intent. "Who do you think you are to speak on her behalf?"

The murderous look on his face was so terrifying that I couldn't help pulling his sleeve. "I'm so hungry now. Let's go get something to eat first."

"Because I like Sylvia," Warren suddenly said in a sonorous voice.

There was dead silence. I felt like a thunderbolt struck my head, causing my scalp to tingle.

What the hell was he talking about?

I blinked my eyes a few times. Before I could start to explain, Rufus instantly turned into a giant silver wolf and pounced on Warren fiercely.

### [Chapter 119 Jealousy](#)

Rufus' POV:

No one had dared to covet what belonged to me. Moreover, it was my mate. Anger surged through my veins.

I didn't have time to think. I instantly turned into a wolf and pounced on the man. I was so angry that I bit his vital parts.

I had forgotten how to be a gentleman and the aristocratic etiquette I was taught all my life. The primal instinct to fight drove me crazy. Anger and jealousy made my blood boil. Sylvia was mine. I wouldn't let anyone take her away from me.

Warren reacted quickly. He instinctively turned into a wolf to fight with me. However, he didn't have the strength or power to fight me back.

"Sylvia is a free individual, not your private property. I have the right to compete fairly with you!" Warren's wolf yelled as I beat it over and over again.

'Compete fairly?' His words infuriated me. Even if he didn't know that Sylvia was my mate, he still didn't have the chance to compete with me. After all, Warren didn't have the strength to even defend himself from my attacks.

"Rufus! Stop it! Are you going to kill him?"

I heard Sylvia's muffled voice. She sounded terrified and wanted me to stop fighting.

However, the concern in her voice drove me insane. 'What the hell is going on? Is she afraid that I might kill him?'

Rufus' POV:

No one had dared to covet what belonged to me. Moreover, it was my mate. Anger surged through my veins.

I didn't have time to think. I instantly turned into a wolf and pounced on the men. I was so angry that I bit his vital parts.

I had forgotten how to be a gentleman and the aristocratic etiquette I was taught all my life. The primal instinct to fight drove me crazy. Anger and jealousy made my blood boil. Sylvie was mine. I wouldn't let anyone take her away from me.

Warren reacted quickly. He instinctively turned into a wolf to fight with me. However, he didn't have the strength or power to fight me back.

"Sylvie is a free individual, not your private property. I have the right to compete fairly with you!"  
Warren's wolf yelled as I beat it over and over again.

'Compete fairly?' His words infuriated me. Even if he didn't know that Sylvie was my mate, he still didn't have the chance to compete with me. After all, Warren didn't have the strength to even defend himself from my attacks.

"Rufus! Stop it! Are you going to kill him?"

I heard Sylvie's muffled voice. She sounded terrified and wanted me to stop fighting.

However, the concern in her voice drove me insane. 'What the hell is going on? Is she afraid that I might kill him?'

I was seething with rage and continued to hit Warren over and over again.

I was terrified when I found some other she-wolf was wearing Sylvia's dress, pretending to be her. I was afraid that something had happened to Sylvia. But I was a fool. She had made up a clumsy excuse to cancel on me, just to hang out with another man.

I grew violent as I thought about it.

Just then, a petite wolf materialized and rushed between us. It was Sylvia.

It all happened too fast and I almost ended up hitting her. Soon, I realized what was going on and quickly retreated as I turned back to my human form.

"Are you crazy, Sylvia?" I had never yelled at her before. The fact that she had risked her own safety to protect the man infuriated me.

Sylvia also returned to her human form.

She glanced at me and rushed to Warren instead of answering my question.

Warren had lost his consciousness and was lying on the grass with bruises on every part of his body. His raven hair had lost its luster and looked quite messy.

Sylvia patted Warren's cheek and nervously checked his injuries.

After a long time, Sylvia wiped the sweat off her forehead and glared at me. "Do you know that even if you are a lycan prince, you will still be punished for hurting a student of the school in a private fight? What the hell were you thinking? Couldn't you just talk to him?"

Although Sylvia was shouting at me, I could tell that she cared about me, which was the only solace for my burning heart.

But I was still unhappy. I grabbed Sylvia's hand and forced her to face me. "Don't look at him. You can only look at me."

She was still angry. "You almost killed him! Do you even know that?!" she growled, slapping my chest.

I didn't want her to care about anyone else, so I held her in my arms.

"So what? I don't want you to care about him so much, Sylvia," I croaked.

Sylvia struggled for a while and finally dropped her hands as she realized she wasn't as strong as me. "I'm not caring about him," she mumbled and looked up at me. "I'm only worried about you, Rufus!"

It was the first time Sylvia had openly admitted that she cared about me. The anger subsided as my heart throbbed at her sweet words. Unable to control my feelings anymore, I kissed her.

#### Chapter 120 No Longer Have Anything To Do With Each Other

Sylvia's POV:

Rufus suddenly lowered his head and sealed my lips. I was so shocked that my eyes widened. I stared at his eyelashes in a daze. I only realized what was going on when I felt him licking my lips.

I panicked and tried to push him away. But he firmly wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me closer to him forcefully.

He seemed dissatisfied with my reaction and gently bit my lower lip. My face instantly burned, and my heartbeat went abnormally fast.

"This is not right," I pursed my lips and snorted vaguely.

But Rufus didn't seem to hear me. He lowered his eyelids and continued sucking my lips.

"Open your mouth," he whispered in a low and sexy voice. Then he stuck his tongue to the gap between my lips, trying to go further.

"No..." As soon as I opened my mouth, Rufus took the chance to invade it. His tongue pried open my teeth nimbly and licked my upper jaw. His breath was like an electric current running through my spine, making me numb and unable to resist. So I had to hold my breath and endure his aggressive kiss.

His kiss this time was possessive. It was totally different from the peck last time. It was so fierce that my entire senses were numbed. And my heart palpitated, making me unable to breathe.

Just as I was indulging myself in Rufus' kiss, I suddenly heard someone passing by. I immediately sobered up and hurriedly pushed him away with all my strength.

Sylvie's POV:

Rufus suddenly lowered his head and sealed my lips. I was so shocked that my eyes widened. I stared at his eyelashes in a daze. I only realized what was going on when I felt him licking my lips.

I panicked and tried to push him away. But he firmly wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me closer to him forcefully.

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Just as I was indulging myself in Rufus' kiss, I suddenly heard someone passing by. I immediately sobered up and hurriedly pushed him away with all my strength.

Much to my surprise, he didn't get angry at me. Instead, he stared at me with his deep eyes, reached out his hand, and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. I was a little upset that he did that to me for no reason, so I stepped back to avoid his touch. After making sure that the passer-by was already far away, I raised my eyes angrily and glared at him.

"Rufus, what do you think you're doing? Instead of dealing with a slave here right now, you should be at the ball, choosing the most excellent and noblest she-wolf to be your future wife," I complained to him to vent my anger. I could no longer hold back the emotions I had hidden the whole day. How could he just take it for granted? I felt a lump in my throat, so I lowered my head angrily and didn't look at him.

Rufus was silent for a moment. "Is that the reason why you backed out as my date?"

I took a deep breath and calmed down. "You also know why your mother is holding this party for you, right? That's why you want to take me there to embarrass everyone."

I paused and looked up at him before I continued in a cold voice, "Are you dissatisfied with your mother's attempt to arrange your marriage? Are you planning to fall out with her completely?"

"No, Sylvia. You are wrong." Rufus frowned and took a few steps closer to me. "I never care about what other people think from the beginning to the end. I only care about you."

I bit my lower lip and shook my head. I didn't believe what he said. "You are talking nonsense."

"Sylvia, every word I say is true. You can't doubt me." Rufus pulled me into his arms firmly and lowered his head. The tip of his nose gently brushed my ear. He then whispered, "I don't want you to look at any other men. You must only have your eyes on me. I should be the only man in your heart. If you can't do that, I'll lock you up."

After saying this, he bit my earlobe punitively. "Don't stay with Warren alone again in the future."

"Why?" I asked naively. My head felt so dull that I almost stopped thinking. His words echoed in my mind again and again.

Rufus didn't answer. He just sighed and hugged me tighter.

"Just because I'm your mate? Or because I am useful to you?" I pushed him away and pretended to look at him coldly.

I recalled what Warren had said to me before. The gap between Rufus and me was so huge. I was just a humble slave while he was a lycan prince. Being with me meant that he had to bear a bad reputation, so I must cut all ties with him.

"Rufus, I don't think we can continue an ambiguous relationship like this. Of course, I will repay your kindness. But other than that, we no longer have anything to do with each other."

Rufus stared at me in a daze. It was as if he could not believe what I said. Gradually, his face darkened, and the coldness in his eyes became obvious. He sneered, turned around, and left.