

Irresistible 131

[Chapter 131 Her Scen](#)

Rufus' POV:

The taste of blood spread in my mouth, but there was also a trace of sweetness, just like Sylvia's breath.

I stared at Sylvia in a daze. Her eyes were half-closed, and her cheeks flushed. She nimbly slipped her tongue into my mouth, brushing my gums inadvertently.

When I felt her blood in my mouth, I tried to push her away. But she pressed my shoulders with both hands and even gave a coquettish snort as if expressing her dissatisfaction.

I couldn't help licking the tip of her tongue as a gust of lust burnt at my lower body. She trembled slightly and deepened the kiss. Then she stretched out her fingers and pressed my Adam's apple as if forcing me to swallow her blood.

The physical and psychological torments were both gnawing at me. In the end, I couldn't bear it anymore. I groaned and swallowed the blood in my mouth.

The sound of kissing and swallowing echoed in the room, making me feel hot all over. This was the first time that Sylvia had taken the initiative to French kiss me. I couldn't help wrapping my arms around her waist, trying to bring her closer to me.

Sylvia didn't get up until she fed all the blood in her mouth into my mouth.

She licked the blood around her lips sensually as if she wanted to do more. She panted slightly and looked at me like a tempting nymph.

My chest heaved, and I swallowed, feeling a little hot and thirsty.

Sylvia bent over and caressed my eyes tenderly with her cold hand.

"They have finally changed back to the color I like," she said with a smile.

I stared at her in a daze. She looked like an innocent child who had just gotten candy. Her clear eyes were shining without any trace of impurities. The remaining blood at the corners of her mouth reminded me of how domineering she was when she kissed me just now. Today she was different from her usual self, but she still made my heart beat wildly.

"My goodness! Sylvia is so wild!" Omar couldn't help exclaiming. "I like this side of her so much. Hey Rufus, what are you doing? Come on, kiss her wildly with your tongue. The atmosphere is so good. You should kiss her to your heart's content."

"Omar, shut up, okay?" I was a little embarrassed and angry, so I stopped Omar from talking. If he didn't stop, I was afraid I couldn't control myself anymore. I might press Sylvia on the floor and kiss her violently, which would definitely scare her.

"Rufus, what's wrong with you? Why is your face so red?" Sylvia looked at me worriedly. She reached out to touch my face and exclaimed, "You're so hot! Don't tell me you're going berserk again?"

After saying this, she checked my body for any signs of a wolf transformation. I coughed awkwardly. My head felt itchy all of a sudden.

"Rufus?" Sylvia suddenly exclaimed.

I felt like my heart rose to my throat. When I was about to say something, she reached out her hand and touched my head joyfully.

"Your wolf ears!"

I froze for a moment. I couldn't believe that I was teased by Sylvia so much that my wolf ears popped out. I put on an indifferent look, pretending to be cold. But I couldn't resist her enthusiasm.

"They're so cute!" Sylvia's eyes glowed as she rubbed my ears excitedly. This was the first time that someone used the word "cute" to describe me.

I moved my fingers uneasily and wanted to retract my wolf ears. But when I saw her happy face, I changed my mind. I sat still and let her fondle my ears.

"But are you really all right now? If you're not going berserk again, why do your ears pop out all of a

sudden?" Sylvia looked at me in confusion, but her hands still lingered on my ears. It seemed that she took a liking to my fluffy ears.

I felt that my body got even hotter, so I avoided her gaze.

[Chapter 132 The Meaning Of Keeping Her](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I was confused. I touched the tip of Rufus' ears and asked worriedly, "Why are your ears red? Are you really all right, Rufus?"

Rufus turned his head to the side and pursed his lips tightly. He didn't say anything, and his expression seemed a little stiff.

His reaction made me even more worried. I touched his forehead with the back of my hand. "Rufus, why don't you say something? Do you still feel uncomfortable?"

He took a few deep breaths, turned his head back, and glanced at me with a hint of complaint in his eyes.

I touched my head. I suddenly couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

"You..." Rufus' voice was hoarse, and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down. Obviously, he was thinking about something.

"Is something wrong?" I asked as I sat up straight and looked at him seriously.

His face had already returned to normal. The corners of his mouth were sculptural when he didn't smile, and the stubble on his chin made him look more dispirited and wild.

My heart started to beat wildly, getting out of control again.

"How long do you intend to stay this way?"

A deep and magnetic voice suddenly sounded. But I was in a daze, so I did not respond. I didn't even realize what he meant.

"Sylvia, you're on top of me, crushing me."

"What?"

It was only then that I came back to my senses and found that I was straddling on Rufus' waist. I had been in such a position for so long. I was flustered and frightened at the same time. I stood up in a panic, so I lost my balance. My elbow fell on his abdomen.

Rufus grunted. His sexy, muffled voice muddled me even more.

"I... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it. It won't happen again," I said with a flushed face as I quickly moved aside. At the thought that I had kissed Rufus in such a posture just now, I wished I could just disappear immediately.

I lowered my head and played with my fingers coyly. I wanted to say something to ease the embarrassment, but I was at a loss for words.

Rufus stood up and walked to another room. I also got up hurriedly.

"Rufus, what are you doing? You've just recovered, so you need more rest."

Rufus turned on the lights. It was only then that I clearly saw the situation in this room. It was a large

study, with a huge chandelier hanging high. The floor was messy, and many books and glass fragments were scattered everywhere.

I bent over and picked up the books one by one.

Rufus soon came back with a first-aid kit. He looked down at my feet and frowned. "Don't move."

I stood rooted to the spot with the books in my hands. "What's wrong?"

Rufus put down the first-aid kit, walked over to me quickly, and picked me up. "There are broken glasses on the floor."

I was too shy to say anything. I froze in his arms like a fool. He was so gentle that I couldn't resist.

Rufus put me down on the sofa and held my wrist.

"It's just a small wound and has already healed," I murmured shyly but still obediently cooperated with him.

Rufus dipped the cotton swab into the bottle of potion and applied it gently to my hand. "Is this a small wound to you? It cut almost to the bone. If you do this again, there will be consequences,"

he said discontentedly and gave me a disgruntled look.

"It's all because you refused to cooperate," I said, pouting. I was more dissatisfied than him. "And you know that today is full moon, but you didn't remind me. I've totally forgotten about it."

Rufus coughed lightly but continued applying medicine to my wound. "I was afraid of scaring you."

"You actually scared me more when you didn't tell me. And besides, you brought me back here with you because of your curse, right?" The more I thought about it, the angrier I became. "If I didn't come here today, you would have died in pain. Do you think what you did was right? You took me all the way to the capital city to help you. But when you were attacked by the curse, you hid in the room alone and suffered by yourself. So what's the point of bringing me back here?"

"I brought you back here with me only because..." Rufus said softly. Then he put down my hand and cupped my face. He looked at me with deep eyes full of affection and continued, "I want you by my side."

[Chapter 133 Confession Of Affection](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"What did you say?" I stared at Rufus in a daze. For a moment, I wondered if I had misheard him.

"I said I just want you by my side," Rufus repeated. His voice was loud and clear. His every word and syllable seemed to mess my mind.

"What... what do you mean? Don't say such misleading things." I lowered my head and didn't dare to look at him again. I trailed my fingers across the gauze on my wrist, not knowing what to say. He had bandaged my wound, leaving a cute bowknot on it. I couldn't help but smile at how adorable it looked.

"Look at me, Sylvia." Rufus hooked his finger under my chin and lifted my face, making me look at him. "I like you." I could see the passion burning in his eyes.

My mouth popped open in shock. His sudden confession startled me. Countless fireworks seemed to explode in my mind.

"I know how terrified you'd be to hear this, but I still want to tell you what I honestly feel about you. I'm afraid that if I don't openly admit my feelings, you might leave me for good." Rufus sounded a little aggrieved; the eagerness in his eyes softened my heart.

"Well, then tell me," I said in a hoarse voice. My heart was racing in my chest. It felt as if my soul were floating in the air. I was flying in the clouds.

"I know what you are worried about. I don't care about social status or other problems. Nothing can stop me from liking you. If you really care that much, know that I was destined to fall in love with you. I can't escape from my fate and I don't want to," Rufus said firmly, gently smoothing my brows with his fingers.

"But I'm just a slave." A lump formed in my throat as I stifled my sobs. Not even in my dreams did I think the man I had a crush on would reciprocate my feelings one day. It felt surreal. The secular vision always

overpowers sentimental affections. The cold and ruthless hierarchy would never let anyone break the convention. And that was the source of my fear.

"You are who you are. Don't judge the value of your existence by the identity society imposes on you. Only you have control over your own life -- don't give that right to anyone else. People have the tendency to label others. But remember that can change with time." Rufus frowned and pulled me closer to him. He went down on one knee, looking like a loyal knight. "With my support, you can live a carefree life, Sylvia."

I looked at him, tears brimming in my eyes. His every word moved me, shaking my very core. "I'm willing to accompany you all your life to help you get through the curse, even if I don't get to be your mate."

Rufus' face darkened. "The reason I brought you back has nothing to do with the curse. I want you to listen to your heart and understand what I feel for you. Your decision is important to me. If you don't like me, we can part ways."

Rufus looked into my eyes as if penetrating the depths of my soul, and at that moment, he became the unattainable prince again. "But don't worry. You can continue to study in the military school. As for your mother's case, now that I have promised you, I will continue investigating it -- I won't go back on my word. But don't worry; that doesn't mean we have to be associated with each other in any way."

"Rufus, please don't..." My stomach began to churn. The sudden change in his demeanor frightened me.

"Sylvia, we don't have to see each other anymore if that's what you want," Rufus said coldly. "You have the right to make a choice. No matter what your decision is, I will accept it."

My breathing faltered; my heart clenched, and I couldn't bring myself to utter a word. He was going to sever all ties with me, assuming that I didn't like him.

Tears finally rolled down my cheeks.

"Sylvia, you like Rufus so much. Why don't you admit the truth to him?" Yana tried to persuade me. . I lowered my head and cried silently. I couldn't imagine living a life without Rufus. My life would have no meaning if he disappeared from it.

"Rufus." My voice was barely above a whisper. Although Rufus didn't respond, I knew he was listening to me. I gulped and finally summoned the courage to look him in the eye. "I like you, Rufus. I like you very much. I have always wanted to be with you."

[Chapter 134 Become Mates](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Now that I had spilled my heart out, it felt as if a weight was lifted off my chest. However, my heart beat

faster because I was eager to find his response. Rufus continued to look at me.

"You don't have to lie to make me feel better." Rufus' eyes were cold. It looked like he wanted to leave. I knew he didn't believe me.

I was so anxious that I stood up and grabbed his sleeve. "It's true. I'm not lying. It's the truth. I like you. I can't live without you, Rufus!"

"Then why did you reject me when I tried approaching you?" Rufus asked coldly. The complicated emotions in his eyes confused me. I couldn't tell what he was thinking.

"That was because I was afraid I didn't deserve you." I looked at him helplessly and grabbed his sleeve. I was afraid that he would leave as soon as I released my grip. "You are too perfect and I'm just a slave."

Tears trickled down my cheeks again. His indifference frightened me.

"I know I was wrong. I will be honest with you and myself. I will tell you everything frankly from now on without overanalyzing things." I hitched with sobs because I couldn't control myself anymore. An indescribable sadness surged up in my heart. I couldn't bear to even think about losing Rufus.

Rufus grabbed my wrist, trying to unclasp my fingers that were clutching his sleeve. But I got more emotional and cried, "Don't leave!"

I stubbornly pulled his sleeve, refusing to let him go.

Rufus closed his eyes and sighed. "I'm not leaving."

Then, he pulled me into his arms. "I love you, Sylvia. How will I ever leave you? You have no idea how happy I am after hearing your confession. I have never been this happy before."

I looked up at him, my eyes widening in surprise. "Weren't you going to leave now?"

Rufus smiled helplessly and planted a soft kiss on my forehead.

I blushed and pushed him away. "Why... why did you kiss me all of a sudden?"

"You are adorable. I couldn't help it," Rufus whispered in my ear. "So you have accepted me, right?"

I nodded shyly. Rufus and I formally confirmed our mate bond. We were no longer partners.

Rufus wrapped his arms around my waist and stared into my eyes. The love and affection blazing in his eyes seemed to melt me into a puddle.

"Well, I lied to you," he whispered, his hot breath blowing against my skin. "I wouldn't have let you go even if you declined my proposal."

I finally realized I had been set up. I was so angry that I raised my head and glared at him. Just as I was about to speak, he leaned over and pressed his lips against mine, prying them open with his teeth. His tongue continued to wander over my mouth, crumbling my self-control in an instant.

I couldn't resist his sweet, torturous assault. My legs grew weak, and I began gasping for breath because I couldn't control myself anymore.

Rufus gently pressed me on the sofa and slid one hand under my clothes, massaging the flesh on my waist. "It tickles," I mumbled, grabbing his hand that was snaking upward.

"Shh..." Rufus bit my chin discontentedly before pressing his lips against mine.

The hot kiss and the softness of his lips made me dizzy. Rufus didn't let go of me until I grew breathless.

He panted as he peppered kisses on my lips and cheeks. After a long time, he reluctantly pulled back, trailing his fingers across my hair, and sighed contentedly.

"Rufus?"

I called, clasping his hand.

"Yes?" He interlaced his fingers with mine, kissing the back of my hand.

"Since we are already mates, we should be together all our lives." I turned over, leaned against his chest, and kissed his chin. "We can't betray each other. Whoever dares to betray the other will become bald!"

Rufus chuckled as if amused by words.

I clamped his mouth with my palm, trying not to show my embarrassment. "Don't laugh. Promise me."

However, the hesitation in his eyes made my heart clench. I didn't know why he was looking at me that way. 'Does he regret his decision?'

Rufus stood up and stared at me with a solemn look on his face. "I have to tell you something."

I quickly got up, not knowing what he was going to say.

Countless thoughts and questions swarmed in my mind. I was not used to his serious look.

[Chapter 135 Infertility](#)

Rufus' POV:

Sylvia looked at me nervously.

I ran a hand through my hair and sighed. "Don't overanalyze things."

"Then hurry up. Tell me." She looked flustered. I could hear the unease in her voice.

I pulled her to sit down and sighed. "The curse on me does not only drive me insane but has also made me infertile. I can't have children."

"And?" Sylvia asked, arching an eyebrow. I felt she didn't understand what I meant.

"If you are with me, you may never have children." I held her hand and looked into her eyes. If she couldn't accept it, I would somehow convince her. I couldn't imagine a life without her.

Sylvia smiled. "That's all? Gosh, you scared me for a second. I thought it was something serious."

I was taken aback for a moment. "Don't you mind?" I asked, returning to my senses.

I had imagined all kinds of reactions when I revealed the truth. However, I never imagined her saying something like this.

"Why would I mind?" She smiled and pinched my cheek. "When did the wise and decisive Prince Rufus become so stupid?"

"I don't think you understand the gravity of this issue, Sylvia. It's not as simple as you think." I hoisted her on my lap and buried my head in the crook of her neck. Her response melted my heart into a puddle.

"I don't understand." Sylvia frowned. She leaned back a little as if she wanted to see my expression.

I inhaled her unique scent and looked up at her. "If I have no children, I can't inherit the throne. My father cares about bloodline more than anything else; he will never allow an infertile son to be his heir. Do you understand now, Sylvia? Being with me is not as simple as you think. You might have to overcome many hurdles along with me."

Sylvia fell silent. Her eyes were deep as if lost in thought.

Her silence killed me. 'Does she have a problem with it?'

I quickly held her hand and kissed it. "But I can promise you that no matter what happens, I will never leave you unless you don't want me anymore."

Sylvia nodded, staring into the distance. "So my previous guess was right."

"What guess?" I frowned, not knowing what she meant.

"The lycan king has begun to train Prince Richard," Sylvia muttered, playing with my fingers. "I found it before but didn't dare to say it because I didn't want to upset you."

"Sylvia, I don't care about it. He can train whomever he wants. That's none of my business." I looked straight into her eyes. "I only care about you now. I need to know what you think. Tell me your answer. Are you still willing to be with me?"

Sylvia didn't answer. She got up from my lap and then sat on the sofa beside me. My heart sank as she continued to stare at the floor.

Perhaps being away from me was the best for her. I shouldn't ask her for too much.

With the curse on me, maybe one day I would fully turn into a savage beast and lose the purpose of my existence. Sylvia should have her own life. I shouldn't imprison her.

I stared into the distance, lost in thought. Just then, the rustling sound of clothes snapped me back to my senses. My eyes widened when I turned my head and saw what was going on.

Sylvia was taking off her clothes.

[Chapter 136 Making Love For The First Time](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Although I was a little upset that Rufus doubted my determination to be with him, my anger dissipated as soon as I saw the dejected look on his face. He doubted my love for him, so I had to prove that he meant the world to me.

Now that I had confirmed my love, I didn't want to let him go.

I stood up and took off my shirt and stood topless in front of him. His eyes widened in shock. I bent over and cupped his cheeks. "I love you, Rufus."

Rufus was taken aback. I saw him blush for the first time -- he looked adorable. "Rufus, never doubt my love for you," I said, kissing the tip of his nose.

Rufus sprang to his feet, and his head hit my chin. I stepped back and looked at him.

"What are you doing, Sylvia?" he asked, frowning in confusion.

"Can't you see what I'm doing?" A blush flamed my cheeks. I was too shy to admit that I wanted to make love to him. I was a woman, after all.

Rufus averted his gaze and nervously looked around. His jaw tightened as he pursed his lips. It looked like he didn't know what to do either.

I summoned the courage and stepped forward.

But he picked up my clothes and covered my upper body. "Put on your clothes, Sylvia. It's cold."

"I'm not cold." I threw my clothes aside and pinned him on the sofa. "Look at me, Rufus."

He closed his eyes without saying a word. I could see his face beam even with his eyes closed.

I was so pissed off that I tore open his shirt, leaned forward, and kissed his Adam's apple. I could feel his body tremble under my weight. I smirked triumphantly as I could see his self-control crumble. I knew he wouldn't be able to resist for too long.

I continued to kiss him, biting his delicate collarbone.

Finally, I was tired of the little kisses, so I sat on his abdomen. An involuntary moan escaped my lips as I marveled at every cut and fold of his muscles. I trailed my fingers across chiseled abs, peppering little kisses to break his defenses.

"Are you scared to look at me, Rufus?" I pressed my breasts against his chest and kissed the corner of his mouth.

Rufus' eyes fluttered open. My heart took a sprint in my chest when I saw the desire burning in them. Before I could react, he turned over and pinned me under him.

"I hope you don't regret it." His voice was thick with lust. It looked like his restraint had reached its pinnacle. He was as turned on as I was.

I pressed my lips against his and almost bit him. "We are mates now. Why are you still hesitating? Or are you impotent?"

"You'll pay for this!"

With that, Rufus sealed my mouth in a hot, scorching kiss, seizing my breath as his hands explored my body.

His every kiss was animalistic, almost as if he had been controlling himself for way too long. I was frightened and wanted to retreat. However, Rufus didn't give me a chance. He trapped me under his body, parted my legs, and wrapped them around his waist.

My body turned hot as our naked bodies rubbed together. We had nothing on but our underwear. A ripple of pleasure coursed through my body as he cupped my breast and rubbed his crotch against my pussy. His scorching body seemed to melt me.

He slowly licked my ear, making me shiver. I became wet in an instant. His tongue slid downward, sweeping across my neck and chest, leaving a moist trail on its wake. My head began to spin as I reached new peaks of pleasure.

I moaned and fisted his hair as my insides quivered. I wanted him so bad.

Rufus muffled my loud moans as he crashed his lips against mine.

His one hand grasped my panties and slid them down before trailing upward and exploring every pleasure fold of my sex.

[Chapter 137 Integrated As One](#)

Sylvia's POV:

My body quivered as I grew wet. I subconsciously twisted my body. "Rufus, I feel uncomfortable."

"I know. You'll be fine soon."

Rufus kissed my forehead. Then, he slowly stood up and pulled off his underwear as his purple penis popped out. I gasped in shock at its astonishing size. I wondered how it would enter me.

"How... how about some other day?" A blush flamed my cheeks; I couldn't look into his eyes.

Rufus bent over and kissed me without answering my question. "Someone asked if I was impotent."

He pressed his penis between my legs and rubbed it against my pussy in a slow teasing way. The frenzied passion drove me insane. I grasped Rufus' arms in silent invitation.

Rufus wrapped my legs around his waist and entered me in one swift motion. But just as the head of his cock penetrated me, I broke into a cold sweat as the searing pain was almost unbearable. I bit his shoulder, trying to relieve the pain.

Rufus looked at me worriedly. "Are you okay, Sylvia?"

"No... nothing. I'm fine. Go on." I grabbed his waist and nestled my face in the crook of his neck.

Rufus pulled back and kissed my lips before thrusting his penis into my vagina, careful not to hurt me until he was fully inside.

A wave of pleasure consumed me. My wet pussy clasped his hard penis. The tearing pain made me groan, yet it was pleasurable. Rufus cupped my cheek and kissed the corner of my mouth to comfort me.

After a while, the pain dissipated as I felt pure bliss. I grasped his taut bum and looked at him. The desire I saw in his eyes matched mine.

"Can I?" Rufus whispered in my ear. I could hear the desperation in his voice. It looked like he had been trying hard to restrain himself.

I bit my lip and nodded. An ecstatic smile slipped on Rufus' face. He straightened his waist and began to

thrust inside, building a steady rhythm. I subconsciously arched my waist, inviting him to go deeper.

The pleasure intensified with every thrust. Knowing that I was enjoying it, Rufus began to exert more strength and thrust harder.

My body convulsed with passion. It felt as if he were extracting my soul from my body.

Rufus grasped my hips and thrust me harder. I wrapped my arms around his neck and arched my back as I wanted him to go deeper and explore new realms of pleasure. Our muffled moans and thumping of flesh against each other reverberating across the room aroused me even more. I squeezed my eyes shut as a wave of orgasm hit me with full force.

After a few hundred thrusts, Rufus withdrew his penis. I whimpered with disappointment because I wanted more. However, before I could say anything, he turned me over, grabbed my waist, and rammed his penis into my wet pussy again.

My thighs began to convulse as he moaned my name. He grabbed my buttocks and thrust harder and faster this time.

"No..." I buried my face in the pillow, letting him continue his pleasurable assaults.

My legs grew numb. I twisted my hip and looked at him. "No. That's enough."

Rufus pinched my nipples fiercely. His ramrod penis thrust harder before spewing out turbid liquid against my pussy.

I was gasping for breath, and my legs quivered as I felt the sticky cum flow out of my pussy.

[Chapter 138 It Feels Like A Dream](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I lay beside Rufus and massaged my hips. My body had turned sore, and I was utterly exhausted. Now, I understood why he said I would pay for it.

Rufus and I made love all night. Each time seemed to get better. It looked like I had awoken a violent beast. We had sex until I passed out. However, he didn't seem to get tired at all.

"What are you thinking about?" Rufus put his hand around my waist and slung his leg on my thighs, grinning happily.

"Nothing. It just seems surreal." I looked up at him and stroked his nose. "It feels like a dream."

Rufus grabbed my hand and kissed it. "Don't be silly. It's not a dream." He chuckled. "Sylvia, thank you."

"For what?" I looked at him and smiled. This was the happiest day of my life. My heart, which had been wandering for a long time, finally found a way back home.

"Thank you for accepting my love despite everything," Rufus replied earnestly.

Although we had already done the most intimate thing, I was still shy to hear such sweet words. I blushed and kissed his cheek in response, and then covered my head with the quilt.

Rufus immediately got under the quilt and grinned. "Kissing my face is not enough."

"No way. We have already kissed too many times today." I quickly pushed him away. I was afraid that Rufus would lose control if we kissed again. If we had sex again, then I didn't think I'd be able to get up and stand.

However, Rufus didn't seem to agree. He pulled the quilt and threw it aside before leaning on top of me, his naked body pressing against every inch of my skin.

Before I could react he pressed his lips against mine. I wrapped my arms around his neck, responding to his kiss. Just then, I felt something hard poke against my hip. I gulped as I realized he was hard again.

Frightened, I pushed him away. "Rufus, no."

"I will be gentle this time," Rufus whispered, gently biting my earlobe. Then, his hand trailed southward, and he inserted one finger into my pussy. I moaned with pleasure. Just as things were about to get out of control, I accidentally caught a glimpse of the clock on the wall and suddenly remembered that I had morning exercise.

I pushed Rufus away and sat up. "Morning exercise! I have morning exercise."

"Don't go. Sex is also a good form of exercise," Rufus grunted. He frowned and reached out to hold me.

I got out of bed and put on my clothes as fast as I could. "No, I'll be punished if I missed it. I don't want to make a fool of myself in front of everyone again."

"All right. I'll drop you at school." Rufus also got out of bed and picked up his crumpled shirt from the floor.

I immediately grabbed his shirt and threw it away. "No, no, no. It's just a short distance. I can go by myself! Rest well. I'll meet you after class."

"Okay. Don't forget," Rufus finally compromised.

I felt relieved. If Rufus dropped me at school in person, anyone with a discerning eye could tell what was going on between us.

Rufus walked to the door and kissed me goodbye.

When I hurried back to the school, I found the exercise session was over. My stomach clenched with anxiety. If I skipped morning exercise for no reason, most of my credits would be deducted.

As I was busy thinking, someone patted my shoulder. I turned around and realized it was Flora.

With a tennis racket in her hand, she looked at me in confusion. "Blair said that you asked for leave. Why are you here?"

"Oh, I forgot." I smiled sheepishly and patted my forehead, pretending to have forgotten about it. I was glad that Blair had helped me. Otherwise, I would have gotten into trouble for missing morning exercise.

"But where were you last night? Why are your clothes wrinkled?" Flora asked as she walked around me, raking her eyes across my body.

I hurriedly grabbed her hand to distract her. "I need to go back and get changed first. Where are you heading?"

I thought Flora would forget about it after I changed my clothes.

"Something is wrong. Why are you walking in such a strange way? Gosh! Look at the hickeys on your neck. Tell me! Did you go out to hook up with someone?" Flora squealed.

I looked at her guiltily and shook my head. "No."

"No? Who was it? Tell me. Was it Blair? Otherwise, why did he ask for leave on behalf of you this morning?"

I was so scared that I covered Flora's mouth. "Don't talk nonsense! It was not him!"

[Chapter 139 The New Teacher](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"It wasn't him? So you were with some guy last night, Sylvia!" Pushing my hand away, Flora squealed with excitement, which gave me a headache.

Sylvie's POV:

"It wasn't him? So you were with some guy last night, Sylvie!" Pushing my hand away, Flore squealed with excitement, which gave me a headache.

"Flore! Calm down." I grabbed her arm and pulled her to where there weren't many werewolves around.

A mischievous smile spread across her lips. Flore took a deep breath and said, "Okay, okay. I'm calm now. So tell me, who was it? Look at your hickeys! Must have been a hot night, huh?"

I covered my neck with my hands and smiled awkwardly. "Don't stare at them."

"Okay, but tell me! Who was it?" Flore grabbed my hand and shook it impatiently.

I looked at her with hesitation. "It's..."

I felt shy and embarrassed.

"Come on, just say it!" Flore's eyes were brimming with curiosity.

"It's Rufus." I lowered my head. "We're actually mates, but we've both agreed to keep it on the down low for now. We can't be public with it yet."

Flore gasped in shock. "I knew there was something going on between you two!"

"You're going to have to keep this secret, okay?" I poked her chin. "If others find out, I just know Rufus will get in trouble. After all, I'm still known as a slave around here. I don't want to give him a hard time."

Flore crossed her heart. "I promise I won't tell anyone. Trust me."

Sylvia's POV:

"It wasn't him? So you were with some guy last night, Sylvia!" Pushing my hand away, Flora squealed with excitement, which gave me a headache.

"Flora! Calm down." I grabbed her arm and pulled her to where there weren't many werewolves around.

A mischievous smile spread across her lips. Flora took a deep breath and said, "Okay, okay. I'm calm now. So tell me, who was it? Look at your hickeys! Must have been a hot night, huh?"

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Flora crossed her heart. "I promise I won't tell anyone. Trust me."

As we walked to our dorm room, Flora continued to gossip along the way.

"I could always tell that Prince Rufus treats you so differently. Wait, so does that mean you haven't accepted each other as mates until last night?" Flora excitedly squeezed my hand.

Helplessly, I nodded. What a chatterbox Flora was, indeed.

"How is he in bed? Was he good? How many times did you do it? Actually, you've got quite a glow on you today. It must be that!"

"Flora!" I covered her mouth with my hand. "If you ask one more question, I will not talk to you anymore!"

Nodding, Flora whispered. "Okay, I won't ask anymore. You can let me go now."

Once I got her word, I let go of her mouth.

When we got to our room, I saw a new school uniform on my bed. I walked over and held it up.

"Didn't you apply for a new school uniform the other day? The teaching affairs department had it sent here this morning." Flora headed to the table and poured herself a glass of water, downing it in one go.

"That was fast. I didn't think I'd get until a few more days."

With that said, I went to try it on anyway. I got the same size, so the fit was no different. But there was something new about the uniform. It had an indescribable fragrance on it.

"Flora, come and smell this. Isn't it a bit strong?" I slipped my new coat off and handed it to Flora.

Flora sniffed it. "It's a little strong, yes. But it smells good nonetheless."

"The old uniforms never smelled this strong, right?" I asked in confusion.

Flora shook her head. "I'm guessing they tried something new for the new batch of uniforms. It still smells good, though."

"Yeah, maybe." I shrugged my doubts away.

After breakfast, Flora and I proceeded to our classroom. Harry was already there and saved us seats. As soon as he saw us enter the door, he waved his hand exaggeratedly, as if we would not be able to see him and his hair.

Not long after Flora and I got seated, Blair walked in with hands behind his back. Slowly, he climbed up the stage and cleared his throat. "Class, I've invited a new teacher for today's fighting skill class."

Right on cue, someone from outside had walked in. At first, my head was lowered as Flora was whispering something to me, so I didn't notice who it was.

It was not until I heard the uproar my classmates were causing that I looked up.

I was shocked.

Was our new teacher Rufus?

[Chapter 140 The Wrong Example](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I was floored. Shouldn't Rufus just be waiting for me in his place?

Sylvie's POV:

I was floored. Shouldn't Rufus just be waiting for me in his place?

As if he knew I was thinking about him, Rufus turned to me. When I looked into his eyes, I felt so much affection that it almost melted my heart.

Shy, I looked away and didn't dare to look back at him. I was actually a little annoyed at how obviously he was looking at me in public without even bothering to hide his emotion.

"Why is Prince Rufus looking at us like that? Are we in trouble?" Harry then touched his hair. "Or do you think he's impressed by my new hair color?"

"Shut up, Harry. Your taste's been getting worse and worse, actually. Do you seriously think your hair is a paint palette?" Flore rolled her eyes.

"You just don't know how to appreciate beauty, Flore. Don't worry, I forgive you for that. Still, why is Prince Rufus looking this way? It's making me uncomfortable." Harry rubbed the goose bumps on his arms.

Flore didn't answer Harry's question and instead just looked at me knowingly.

I propped my chin up on my palm and tried to pay attention while only looking at the stage from time to time. Even though I was nervous, my heart was touched.

"Well, at least someone's in a good mood today." Harry leaned over to me.

"Must you be this talkative every single day?" Flore pulled Harry back on his seat. "If you keep talking like this, I'm going to tell Blair that you go fishing in the woods at night, which you know is totally against rules."

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Harry widened his eyes and shut his mouth.

"Wow, Rufus really cares about you. He even came to class just to see you," Yana said sweetly. I could imagine pink heart-shaped bubbles around her head.

"Nonsense, Yana. He's here to teach everyone," I deflected.

"Are you sure about that? By the looks of it, I think he's just here for you. This whole time, his eyes have never left you," Yana teased.

"Ugh, he's too sweet. I can't stand this." I crossed my arms and pretended to be upset, even though I knew I was blushing.

"Why can't you just admit that you're happy he's here? There's no hiding that smile of yours."

As soon as Yana finished talking, Blair mentioned that Rufus needed a volunteer to come up on stage and help him demonstrate fighting skills.

"Oh, Rufus is definitely going to pick you." Yana was certain.

"I don't know, maybe."

I watched as Rufus walked down the stage. He wore a military uniform today, which made him look very handsome.

As Yana predicted, he stopped in front of me and looked at me with no expression. "You."

I coughed awkwardly and obediently got up on the stage. My mind ran with all sorts of sweet nothings. What was wrong with this guy? I had class today, and he just had to find a way to see me all the way here. What if he deliberately let me win the demonstration? Will people see it as special treatment? I couldn't believe we were doing this in front of so many werewolves.

It turned out that I had overestimated what was going to happen, as Rufus did not show me any mercy.

Stunned that he immediately went for an attack, I had to dodge and react to his moves in a hurry. He looked so serious that I didn't dare think about anything else anymore but to survive this demonstration.

Rufus' moves were so fast and smooth that I almost didn't even get the chance to fight back. Unsurprisingly, he knocked me down with ease. I had to awkwardly get up from the ground. Fortunately, Rufus was kind enough to offer help, but I immediately stepped back from him defensively. Even during a demonstration with his mate, he did not turn soft-hearted at all.

"If you observed, the way this student threw her punches was not correct. That was why her strength quickly ran out. Class, you must avoid making the same mistake in a fight." Rufus knocked on the blackboard, getting the attention of the students.

I looked at Rufus with confusion in my eyes. Did he just bring me up here to make me a bad example?