

## Irresistible 161

### [Chapter 161 Assassination](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Just then, a loud crash reverberated across the silent road. I quickly opened my eyes and looked back. One of the cars following us tumbled down the mountain at a sharp turn.

Sylvie's POV:

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"There... look... two more cars are left," I nervously told Rufus.

Just then, another car collided with the tree and rear-ended the third car. I rolled down the window and heard the loud roar of the engines mixed with the angry curses of the werewolves.

I turned around and looked at Rufus. He seemed calm and composed as he looked ahead, holding the steering wheel.

The car gradually slowed down, and my racing heart finally returned to my chest.

"Are you not afraid anymore?" Rufus grinned at me.

"I didn't say I was afraid." I pouted.

"Oh, really?" Rufus chuckled. "Indeed, I was the one freaking out. Not you."

He looked at me dotingly.

My heart skipped a beat when I saw the love shining in his eyes. I quickly rolled the car window down to let the cool breeze inside.

After getting rid of the other cars, Rufus quickly drove to the main road. I felt better as we were back on track. The gentle breeze kissing my skin and caressing my hair made me happy.

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After getting rid of the other cars, Rufus quickly drove to the main road. I felt better as we were back on track. The gentle breeze kissing my skin and caressing my hair made me happy.

"Gosh, this is exciting!" I stretched my hand out of the window and looked out. The night sky looked breathtaking. The crescent moon in the starlight sky brought a smile to my face.

"Do you want to try something more exciting?" Rufus smiled and opened the roof, turning the car into a convertible.

The cold wind made me shiver. The chilly weather increased my excitement.

We were the only ones traveling on the empty road. The starlit sky and the way the car sped on the road felt incredibly romantic. It felt as if Rufus and I were the only ones in the world. My blood burned in my body. I laughed, feeling happier than ever.

When we finally entered the urban area, Rufus closed the car roof and slowed down the car. I gradually calmed down and sat obediently.

Rufus stopped smiling and touched my earlobe. "Your ears are cold. I shouldn't have opened the roof."

"Although my ears are cold, my heart is warm." I leaned over and smiled at him. "I think you can become a car racer instead of being a prince."

Rufus chuckled and gently pushed me back. "Sit back. I'll make you ginger tea when we get back."

I nodded and sat back obediently. "What happened now? Who was it?"

"Maybe it was an assassination." Rufus shrugged nonchalantly.

"Assassination?"

I was taken aback, but Rufus looked relaxed as if it didn't matter to him.

He rested his arm on the edge of the window and stroked his chin. "What can I say? I'm used to it."

"How can you be used to it?" I grew anxious. "You have to be more cautious from now on. Has anyone tried assassinating you before?"

"Once, a killer disguised herself as a slave and sneaked into my room at midnight to attack me. However, I caught her red-handed, so she committed suicide."

That was when I remembered the rumor I had heard about him killing a female slave in bed. People made it seem like he was a ruthless murder. However, I finally understood the truth.

### [Chapter 162 The Real Rufus](#)

Sylvia's POV:

All the rumors seemed ridiculous now. Some even said that Rufus would eat werewolves on every full moon night. It seemed like people came up with their own version of rumors to make everyone believe that Rufus was a ferocious beast. In the past, I had almost believed those rumors and stayed away from Rufus.

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Fortunately, Moon Goddess had brought us together.

I turned around and looked at Rufus. He was driving with a serious look on his face. The faint light seemed to soften his features.

Rufus looked like a dangerous man when he didn't speak. His sharp gaze would frighten anyone. Although he looked handsome, his sharp features would stop people from approaching him. However, only I knew about his tender heart that lay beneath his tough exterior. I had never seen him get angry or

lose his temper. I had tested his patience several times. But if at all he got angry, he would remain silent and not utter a word, looking like an angry cat.

I pictured the way Rufus looked when he got aggrieved and burst out laughing.

Rufus looked at me quizzically as if I had lost my mind. "What happened? Why are you laughing all of a sudden?"

I glanced at his silky hair and resisted the urge to run my fingers through them.

I covered my mouth and leaned toward him. "Do you know what others say about you?"

Rufus snorted nonchalantly, "I don't know. I'm not interested in knowing it either."

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"Don't be such a joykill. Tell me that you want to know." I nudged his arm playfully. "I can't wait to tell you all about it."

Rufus looked at me and shook his head. "Go ahead then."

"Beg me," I said, raising my chin proudly.

Rufus scratched my chin. "I beg you not to tell me."

"All right. I won't tell you." I gently patted the back of his hand and leaned back on my seat. "The others all misunderstand you. Why don't you explain yourself? You're not such a ruthless lycan like they said. I wish people could see you for who you really are."

"There is no need to explain," Rufus said disapprovingly.

I snorted. "Weren't you trying to explain yourself to me? Don't try to deny it. I heard it with both ears."

Rufus coughed awkwardly.

I rested my chin on my palm and looked at him. I couldn't get enough of him. The man always stole my breath. How could someone be this handsome and yet have a heart of gold. He was perfection. His luscious lips, magnetic eyes, silky hair drove me crazy. I loved him with all my heart.

An awkward silence fell. Finally, Rufus cast a sidelong glance at me and said, "Stop looking at me."

"I'm not looking at you. I'm waiting for your answer. Why did you explain yourself to me?" I lied, trying to take my eyes off him but couldn't.

"Because..." Rufus' Adam's apple bobbed. "You are not others."

His answer made my heart stutter. I blushed and looked away. "Of... of course, I'm not others."

"Hmm..."

"Let's stop talking. Focus on driving."

"Okay."

I squirmed on the passenger seat as waves of emotions consumed me. I couldn't remain calm, yet I had to. I stared out of the window in silence.

Today's incident proved how much Rufus loved and cared for me. The way he protected me made me feel special and lucky.

I often felt like I was living in a dream, and everything would change once I woke up because it was too good to be true. Today, I realized I finally found the missing piece of my life. Rufus was real, and he loved me as much as I loved him.

However, my heart sank when I saw the palace from afar. It indicated that our trip was about to end. I wanted to travel with Rufus all my life. I couldn't be away from him even for a second.

The love in my heart was like the rising tide crashing in my heart. Unable to control my emotions, I leaned over and planted a soft kiss on Rufus' ear.

However, he jerked up in shock. His hand slipped from the steering wheel as he lost control of himself. Before I could react, the car sped toward the gate of the imperial palace.

#### [Chapter 163 Embarrassmen](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Seeing that our car was about to crash against the gate, I freaked out and squeezed my eyes shut. The car skidded to a halt. My body jerked forward, and my chest hit the seatbelt with full force before I was propelled backward.

Sylvie's POV:

Seeing that our car was about to crash against the gate, I freaked out and squeezed my eyes shut. The car skidded to a halt. My body jerked forward, and my chest hit the seatbelt with full force before I was propelled backward.

I slowly opened my eyes and saw that we were just a foot away from the gate. I petted my chest, breathing a sigh of relief. "Thank God!"

"Sylvie!" Rufus shouted. Rufus clamped his ears that I had kissed and glared at me. "Don't do this while I'm driving! What if I really crash the car?"

"I'm sorry. I won't kiss you this way again." I lowered my head guiltily. "Don't be angry. I couldn't help it. You are adorable, after all."

Rufus didn't say anything. I slowly raised my head and peeked at him. He covered his ears with his hands with a grim look on his face.

I tugged at his sleeve to coax him. "I was wrong. You're the best, Rufus. You won't blame me, will you? I don't know what I was thinking. I couldn't control myself. But I promise never to do it again. If I have the urge to kiss you again, I will restrain myself no matter what."

I summoned the courage and gently stroked his ears.

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"You..." Rufus' jaw tightened, and the wolf ears on his head grew more prominent.

That was when it dawned on me that Rufus had sensitive ears. No wonder he lost control when I kissed his ear just now. I clamped my mouth and laughed.

"God, look at Rufus' ears! I love them! I want to stroke him," Yana screamed in my mind. "Sylvia, touch his ears! Hurry up! Please. Otherwise, his ears will shrink back."

His big ears were as soft as feathers. I wanted to stroke them again.

Without thinking further, I stretched my hand and touched Rufus' head, hoping he wouldn't be mad at me. He had allowed me to touch his ears before, so I didn't think he would mind now.

Just as my fingertips were about to touch Rufus' ear, I heard the voice of a man and froze in horror.

I turned around and saw Richard walking toward us. "Rufus? Is that you?"

"Shit! What do we do now? Why is he here?" I subconsciously bent down in shock.

"What... what are you doing?"

Rufus looked flustered for the first time. I had not seen him lose his cool before.

I didn't have time to think, so I shrank lower.

"Get up quickly. It doesn't matter if he sees us. We don't have to hide our relationship," Rufus whispered, wriggling his legs.

I lifted my head hurriedly to look at him. "Yeah, you're right."

Just as I propped my hands on Rufus' thighs to help me get up, Richard called him again. As the voice grew louder, I freaked out again and bent down clumsily. The tip of my nose hit Rufus' belt.

Rufus jerked up in shock. "Did you get hurt?"

I clamped my nose and shook my head in pain. I felt so angry and frustrated. My mind was racing a mile a minute. I didn't know what I was afraid of.

It wouldn't have been a big deal to sit beside Rufus on the passenger seat. However, the way I was hiding now looked weird and scandalous.

My cheeks flamed with embarrassment. I didn't dare to look up at Rufus. Before I could react, Richard walked to the car and knocked on the window. "Rufus, what are you doing? What happened?"

I grew anxious, so I buried my face against Rufus' thighs. I just had no idea how to face Richard under such circumstances.

#### [Chapter 164 Probing](#)

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It looked strange. Rufus was an excellent driver. I wondered how he lost control.

I walked to the car in confusion. "Rufus?"

The windows of this car had one-way glass. I couldn't see what was happening inside. I waited for a while, but there was no response from him. He didn't even bother rolling down the window. I suppressed my anger and knocked on the window.

Then, the window finally rolled down, leaving only a smell gap. Rufus gripped the steering wheel with both hands and glared at me. "What's the matter?"

I forced a benign smile. "What happened? Your car almost lost control now."

As I spoke, I managed to peek inside through the gap but didn't see anyone inside.

Rufus didn't answer me.

"Do you need my help?" I knocked on the window again. I wanted Rufus to roll the window further down so that I could see what was going on inside the car.

Strangely, the people I had appointed to keep an eye on Rufus reported that Sylvie had got in Rufus' car, and they had gone out together. I wondered why he came back alone.

Rufus sneered. "Anything else? If not, you can leave now."

Anger surged through my veins, but I managed to control my anger. "Father wanted to see you this afternoon, but you weren't in the place."

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Rufus nodded indifferently as if he didn't care about it.

I almost lost my cool. Rufus was cold as ever. I took the initiative to talk to him, but he didn't even bother responding to me properly. There was only a small opening in the window, and he didn't even bother fully rolling it down, which infuriated me. It looked like he simply didn't want to talk to me.

"Don't forget to see Father later. He is not in good health. Don't make him angry in any way. If you need any help, call me." I forced a smile at him, pretending to be a good brother.

Rufus seemed to have heard something funny and suddenly burst out laughing. "Oh, thank you very much."

I was rendered speechless. Pleased with his response, I smile. "You're welcome. We are family. By the way, why did you go out today? You seldom take the car without a driver."

"What? Do you know every time I go out? You even know whether I've taken a driver or not?" Rufus glanced at me and smiled faintly as if he were looking at a clown.

I managed to continue smiling at him even though I was a little flustered. After all, Rufus was a sensitive guy.

"No, I just mentioned it casually. Don't bother about it. Where is Sylvia? Why aren't you with her?"

I casually inquired him about Sylvia, but Rufus' face stiffened as if he was enduring some pain. Then, he

stepped on the gas without looking at me as plumes of gas hit my face.

"Fuck you! What the hell was that? Pure waste of time!" I was so angry that my mouth almost twitched.

I took a deep breath and walked back once I calmed down. My subordinates followed me.

"Prince Richard, the men you had appointed to follow Prince Rufus today lost track of him right at the very beginning. All they knew was Prince Rufus left the urban area but didn't know where he was headed to. Later, we set up a roadblock on the only way back to the urban area. But Prince Rufus managed to get rid of them again."

"You idiots!" I glared at him. "You couldn't even handle such a trivial thing. Besides, I asked you to secretly kill that old she-wolf. But you failed to do that as well."

Previously, I found that Rufus had been investigating the case of Sylvia's mother. I wanted to make trouble for him, so I sent my men to assassinate the witness first. However, to my utter dismay, Rufus saved the witness before my men arrived.

I was so angry that I kicked my subordinate. "If you fail again, you know what's waiting for you."

He nodded, not daring to even look at me. "Go and tell Mateo that the old she-wolf is with Rufus." I snorted.

#### [Chapter 165 In The Car](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I finally breathed a sigh of relief when Rufus started the car.

Sylvie's POV:

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But the next moment, I felt a change in Rufus' lower body. I hurriedly set on the seat and cast a sidelong glance at him.

A frown lined his forehead as he sped back to his residence.

Rufus stopped the car but didn't move.

I didn't get out of the car either. I didn't know how to break the embarrassment.

I stole a glance at him. He looked restless as he ran his fingers through his hair.

I played with my fingers nervously, not knowing what to do.

"I just... I'm sorry..." I didn't know what else to say.

I had acted dumb and stupid in front of Rufus. I wanted to hit myself.

Rufus didn't say anything. He loosened his tie, unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt, and got out of the car.

My eyes followed him all the way. Rufus walked out of the car and opened the door for me.

Just as I was about to get out, he picked me up in his arms.

When I finally returned to my senses, I realized we were in the back seat of his car.

"My intuition and your mother tells me that you went somewhere to happen." Rufus looked at me; I could see the lust burning in his eyes.

Before I could understand what he meant, he grabbed my hand and pressed it against his crotch. I gulped and looked at him.

"No... I didn't mean it," I tried explaining as I withdrew my hand.  
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"No... I didn't mean it," I tried explaining as I withdrew my hand.

However, Rufus grasped my wrist tightly and stared into my eyes. "I want it to happen."

I could see his dick grow under my palm, pitching a tent in his pants. Rufus' muffled groans sent my hormones on overdrive.

I looked up at him and saw him stare at me with unrestrained passion and desire. It looked like he wanted to swallow me alive.

Rufus straddled me on his lap. His one hand clasped my neck as he kissed me.

His hot breath blowing against my skin and the wet trail of his lips made me tremble. I lifted my body to get closer to him and moaned in pleasure. Rufus continued to pepper little kisses on my neck and bit my collarbone.

"Take off your clothes." He wrapped his hands around my waist and buried his head on my bosom. His hot tongue drew patterns on my breast before he took a mouthful of it and sucked hard. His hoarse voice made the hair on the nape of my neck stand on end. He pressed his face on my breast and bit my nipple.

My toes curled up as I became wet in an instant. "No, don't take it off."

Rufus planted a soft kiss on my nipple before ruthlessly tearing my dress. He grabbed my waist and turned me under him. I could feel the heat of his body seep into my skin.

As the kiss deepened and we grew breathless, he pressed his forehead against mine. "Honey, I need you right now. Give yourself to me!"

My heart raced in my chest. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him hard.

Our loud moans filled the car. My eyes were blurry with pleasure. I unzipped his pants and gripped his dick -- the enormity of it startled me. I couldn't hold it with one hand.

Rufus was gasping for breath. He pinned my hands above my head and put my leg on his shoulder.

His penis gently rubbed against my entrance as if he were testing me.

A lone tear escaped my eyes as the desire was almost killing me. I grew wet in an instant. Unable to take it anymore, I twisted my waist to get closer to him.

"I'm uncomfortable..." Panting, I rose my hips in silent invitation.

Rufus kissed me hard as he straightened his back and gently thrust his dick inside me.

I let out a loud moan as a wave of pleasure engulfed me at once. I squeezed my bum as he continued to thrust harder.

Everything else seemed to fade into oblivion. The ever-increasing pleasure and the way our bodies rubbed against each other were the only reminders that I was still alive.

With every thrust, he awakened a part in me that I didn't know existed. I buckled my hips as my orgasm reached its peak, and my body shattered against the cold seat of the car.

I felt his hot fluid trickle on my thigh as Rufus gasped for breath.

### [Chapter 166 Good Time](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Rufus only let go of me contentedly after we made love several times in the car.

Sylvie's POV:

Rufus only let go of me contentedly after we made love several times in the car.

He gently helped me put on my clothes. I leaned against his chest with my eyes half-opened, like a rag doll at his disposal.

How could his physical strength be so good? I was so tired that I didn't even want to move my fingers. But he, on the other hand, was still so energetic.

It was already late at night, so Rufus picked me up and took me back to his place.

As soon as we entered his room, he walked straight into the bathroom and put me on the washbasin. Then he filled the bathtub with water. After it, he turned back to me and was about to help me take off my clothes.

"I can do it myself." I grabbed my collar, refusing to let him take off my clothes.

Although Rufus and I had already made love several times, I still felt embarrassed to be naked in front of him.

Rufus didn't say anything. He just cupped my face with his hands and started kissing me on the lips.

I felt like I had lost all my strength with his kiss, so I let him take off my clothes.

Looking at his neat clothes and the content expression on his face, I was so annoyed that I bit his nipple. He could not blame me. He used the honey trap on me after all, and I simply played along.

The consequence of two people bethinking together was making love. And since we did it several times in a row, I totally lost all my strength.

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Looking at his neat clothes and the complacent expression on his face, I was so annoyed that I bit his nipple. He could not blame me. He used the honey trap on me after all, and I simply played along.

The consequence of two people bathing together was making love. And since we did it several times in a row, I totally lost all my strength.

It was only then that I realized how hard he had restrained himself before. But now that he had a taste of the sweetness of lust, he just couldn't get enough of it.

I lay under the soft quilt next to him in a daze. Our skin close to each other was clean and comfortable, so I couldn't help burying myself deeper into his arms.

Rufus took my hand, raised it to his lips, and kissed my fingertips dotingly.

I shrank my fingers back and couldn't help laughing. "It tickles."

He put my hand down and went under the quilt with me. We were forehead to forehead.

"Move back here," Rufus said and kissed the tip of my nose.

I hugged his waist and hesitated. "But I don't want to attract unnecessary attention."

"Forget about it. We'll talk about it later," he said helplessly. Then he hugged me tightly and kissed my eyelids. "Sleep now."

I nodded slightly, buried myself into his arms, and fell asleep.

I stayed with Rufus for two days before I reluctantly went back to the dormitory.

As soon as I entered our room, I saw Flora throwing left and right hooks. She seemed to be practicing boxing.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I asked in confusion, putting down the things in my hands.

"Don't ask too many questions, beauty," Flora said after jumping twice and standing on one foot.

I frowned, walked over to her, and touched her forehead. She didn't have a fever. What had got into her then?

Still standing on one foot, she looked at me up and down with a smirk. "Where have you been during the weekend? Were you with Rufus? You were out all night!"



I blushed at once, so I diverted the topic. "How about you? How was your weekend?"

Flora grunted, "I have been studying these past two days. Studying hard makes me happy. Unlike someone else there who indulged in pleasure and forgot to come back."

I looked at her amusingly. When I was about to say something, I felt a sharp pain in my heart. This was happening a lot recently. I had often felt this kind of tingling pain, but today was more intense than usual.

Flora was startled. She immediately became serious and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

I clutched my chest, breaking out in a cold sweat. "Nothing. Maybe I just didn't sleep well."

Because of my conflict with Rufus, I didn't sleep all night. And when I learned the news about my mother's case, I also didn't sleep well. It looked like I really had to go to bed early tonight.

The next day, I woke up the same time as usual and changed into my uniform. When I was about to go out, I suddenly received a message from an unfamiliar number. "Warren needs your help for something. Please go to the equipment room after the morning exercise."

I read the message several times, feeling confused. Why didn't Warren contact me personally? Who was the person who sent me the message?

### [Chapter 167 A Suspicious Werewolf](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I felt very strange, so as I followed Flora out of the dormitory, I texted back and asked what was going on.

The person who messaged me replied quickly. But I was once again told to go there alone.

I found it even more suspicious. Was there anything that only I had to know? Warren was a straightforward werewolf. If he had something to tell me, he would say it directly. He would not let anyone else pass on a message.

I called the number directly to know who was on the other end of the line. But unfortunately, no one answered.

So I simply texted back to refuse. I asked the message sender to find someone else for help.

This time, there was no reply.

"Sylvia, hurry up! We are going to be late," Flora urged me, standing at the bottom of the stairs.

"Coming!" I answered and immediately put my phone back in my pocket. I didn't care about that message sender anymore.

While doing the morning exercises, I noticed that Warren wasn't there. He was hardly absent from the morning exercises. And even if he didn't come, he would ask for leave in advance. Obviously, Blair also didn't receive any notice of leave of absence from Warren because he still called Warren's name during the roll call.

This made me feel more worried about Warren.

After a few laps, I took out my phone to check. There was no new message. That stranger still did not reply to my last text.

"Sylvia, stop playing with your phone and run!" When Harry passed by me, he brought a gust of wind mixed with sand. His voice was so loud that he seemed to want to compete with me again.

I put my phone back in my pocket and caught up with him. Then I asked, "Harry, did you see Warren?"

"Warren? I have no idea where he is. Don't worry about him so much. Just run. If you don't finish running in time, you will be punished." After saying this, Harry started rushing over again.

After the morning run, I shook my coat off and put it back on. Flora put her arm around my shoulders and asked, "What do you want for breakfast?"

"Anything will do," Harry said with a smile after stepping forward.

I didn't mind the question about breakfast. I looked at them seriously and asked, "When was the last time you saw Warren?"

"Warren? I haven't seen him today yet. Is something wrong with him?" Flora looked at me in confusion.

"The last time I saw him was yesterday. When I passed by the school gate, I saw him going out in a hurry."

"Sylvia, did something happen?" Harry asked. He also became serious. "I was not in the academy during the weekend, so I didn't see Warren."

I shook my head. "Nothing. I just feel like something is wrong."

"What happened?" Flora asked nervously.

I thought for a while and made up my mind. "You two go have breakfast first. I'll go talk to Blair. I'll tell you the details later."

"Go ahead and find Blair first. Flora and I will wait for you," Harry said with a stern look on his face. It was rare for him to be this serious.

I nodded, said goodbye to them, and went in the other direction.

Blair's office was on the other side of the academy, close to the imperial palace. It was opposite our classroom and cafeteria.

I quickened my pace as I became more and more uneasy. I had this feeling that something was about to happen.

After passing an arched door and walking down the stairs, I saw a suspicious werewolf with a cap and mask looking around. It seemed that he was afraid of being seen by others. He was wearing a pair of white gloves that seemed to have blood on them.

My heart tightened as I watched him turned around a corner and was about to disappear. I followed him without thinking, but I still lost him.

I hesitated for a moment. Then I took a few more steps forward, looking around vigilantly. Then I suddenly found someone lying straight on the grass in front of me. It was Warren. His eyes were closed, and his head was stained with blood. I didn't know if he was dead or alive.

I hurriedly rushed over to check on him without thinking too much. I couldn't care about anything else but make sure of his condition. But before I could get to his side, I was knocked out from behind and lost consciousness.

#### [Chapter 168 Drugged](#)

Warren's POV:

The pounding headache made me groan. I slowly opened my eyes and squeezed them shut again as my vision was blurred.

The dim light made me uneasy. The humidity and musty smell floating in the air made my stomach churn.

'Where was I?' I propped myself to sit up and looked around as I massaged my wrists.

A variety of training equipment piled up on the shelves caught my attention. The place looked familiar. I guessed it was the equipment room of our school. I looked up and saw the spider web dangling on the ceiling. It seemed like the people hadn't used the place for a long time.

I touched my aching head and saw blood on my hand. I winced and wiped the blood with my sleeve. Anger surged through my veins.

My consciousness gradually returned, and I sobered up in an instant. I racked my brains and recalled what happened before I passed out.

I saw a familiar figure in the military school and was sure it was Alina.

I didn't know why she came to the school out of the blue and what tricks she wanted to play now. Although I had said that I wouldn't help her anymore, I couldn't leave her alone because I had loved the girl all my life.

After a moment of anxiety and hesitation, I followed her. But soon, I entered a dead end. Just as I turned around, someone knocked me out from behind.

Just as I recollected the incident, I realized it was a trap, and Alina was the bait. She had easily lured me into her trap.

'So, was Alina plotting against me? What the hell did she want to do? Was it her revenge?' It was ridiculous. How could she even think of harming me after all the things I have done for her?

I was tired of her using me for selfish gains. Perhaps the utter disappointment was a relief. I could finally move on.

My throat was dry, so I began to cough violently. I wanted to get out of the place.

Just as I stood up, I felt something was wrong with my body.

I could feel my blood surge southward, leaving a burning sensation on my abdomen and crotch.

'Damn it! Has someone drugged me?'

Just then, a seductive voice snapped me out of my thoughts.

I turned around and saw that it was Sylvia. Her hands and legs were tied behind her back. It looked like she had just regained consciousness.

'Damn it! Was she trapped too?'

She looked uncomfortable. Her lips parted as she gasped for breath. Seeing her flushed face, I wondered if someone had drugged her as well.

I didn't dare to take a step toward her because I couldn't control my impulses. The only thing I could do now was to leave this damned place as soon as possible.

I darted toward the door, trying to push it open. As expected, the door was locked.

I was so angry that I kicked the iron door over and over again, but it didn't move. The door was welded in place.

My desire to have sex was at its peak. I pulled my collar as my body temperature spiked up.

"Warren?"

Sylvia had already woken up. She looked at me in confusion. "Why are you here? I remembered seeing you lying on the ground with blood all over your head. Just as I was about to check on you, someone attacked me from behind. Who kidnapped us?" Sylvia screamed in horror and began to struggle. Her fair wrists swelled up as she tried wriggling free.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath to restrain my impulses. However, Sylvia's voice and her scent seemed to shatter my reason and logic.

"The door won't open," I grunted and pounded the door.

"Untie me first. I'll come up with a solution." Sylvia looked anxious. She thought freeing herself from the shackles would save her. But I knew it was pointless because Alina wouldn't let us escape. Besides, I was drugged.

Sweat ran down my back. I clenched my fists, trying to control my raging hormones.

I couldn't stand it anymore. It was killing me.

I looked at Sylvia lying on the ground and lost my mind

I remembered telling Rufus that I liked Sylvia. Although I told Sylvia that it was a lie, I was indeed attracted to her bravery and kindness.

I took a deep breath and walked toward her. 'Sylvia, I will be responsible for you.' Those were the words that constantly rang in my mind at that moment.

### [Chapter 169 A Critical Momen](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I looked around and saw all kinds of things stuffed in the old equipment room. The doors and windows were sealed. It was winter, but I still felt stuffy.

I tried wriggling out of the rope, but it was secured tightly around my wrists.

I struggled up to my feet and leaned against the wooden frame behind me. My head began to spin, and I wiped the sweat on my forehead with the back of my palm. It felt weird. I couldn't tell why I was

sweating.

"Warren, help me!" I shouted.

However, he didn't respond and didn't bother to even look at me. His eyes looked gloomy -- as if he were lost in thought. Blood continued to drip from the horrifying wound on his head.

All of a sudden, Warren smashed the iron door with his fists. The door vibrated, letting out a loud buzz that sounded like a tragic warning.

"Warren?" His sudden reaction startled me. Before I could figure out what was going on, he turned around and trudged toward me slowly but steadily. I glanced at his wound and saw that blood was still oozing out. It looked like a serious injury.

"Does your wound hurt? What the hell happened? Who hurt you?" I tried standing up, but my legs gave away, and I fell on the hard concrete. That was when I realized my legs were also tied. Warren continued to walk toward me without saying anything.

The place looked weird, and so was Warren. Everything about the current situation made me uncomfortable.

Before I could react, Warren was already close to me. My body grew tense when I saw the blue veins stand out on his bare arms, and his usual sober eyes were red.

"Warren? Are you okay? Say something! What the hell is going on?! Let's get out of this place first!" I stared at Warren and sensed that something was wrong with him.

I felt nervous to see him acting weird, so I had to find a way to save myself.

I twisted my wrists to loosen the rope. The friction tore my flesh, and blood oozed out, but the rope was still strong.

My stomach began to churn with anxiety, and my heart drummed in my chest. I felt my shirt stick to my back. Even a small movement made me breathless. I bit my tongue and tried not to pant loudly like an animal. The emptiness seemed to gnaw my bones.

Realization hit me like a ton of bricks. Someone had drugged me. I had no control over my body now.

A shiver ran down my spine, and I frantically moved my hands to break free from the shackles. Meanwhile, my brain began to race as I tried to figure out what was going on.

Warren must have been drugged as well. The mastermind behind all this had plotted to make us have sex. The thought frightened me. I looked up and saw Warren close the distance between us.

"Warren, calm down!" Before I could react, Warren pounced on me.

He grabbed my shoulders, and his bloodshot eyes stared at mine. Sweat beaded his face. His hands were hot as he seemed to crush me with his grip.

I tried my best to bite his hand, but he didn't seem to feel any pain. I bit him until he bled, but the man refused to let go of me.

I felt powerless as he pinned me under his body.

I kicked him hard on his shins. "Wake up, Warren! I'm Sylvia!"

Warren stopped and looked at me. "I know you are Sylvia." His voice was thick with lust. I could see the desire blazing in his eyes. Before I could say anything, he snapped his eyes shut as if trying his best to calm down.

However, as he opened them again, his eyes had turned a shade redder as if he could no longer control himself.

Panic wracked my nerves.

"Sylvia, I will be responsible for you... I will be responsible..." Warren mumbled as he began to tear my clothes.

"Damn it! Shut the fuck up!" I struggled and kicked Warren with all my strength.

But my reaction seemed to have tempted him even more. He parted my legs and began to tear my clothes. I couldn't take it anymore. Just as he was about to tear the last piece of clothing in my body, I cried loudly.

### [Chapter 170 Trapped Together](#)

Sylvia's POV:

My hands were tied, and I couldn't even move them. Now, Warren had pinned me down.

I cried out in despair as I realized what was about to happen.

I would rather die than betray Rufus.

"Warren, please calm down, please..." Tears streamed down my cheeks. I was angry, scared, and devastated -- all at the same time.

I felt foolish for not being more cautious. I had taken the bait and fallen into the trap.

Warren lowered his head. He kissed my tears away and gently licked my cheeks. His smooth tongue made me gasp in horror.

Bile rose in my throat. I slammed my head on Warren's nose.

He blinked and stared at me as if he had finally realized what was going on. However, he soon leaned forward and continued to lick my face, leaving wet trails on my skin.

Anger surged through my veins. I gritted my teeth and slammed my forehead against his nose again.

Warren yelped in my pain and looked at me.

I glared at him, silently warning him to stay away from me. Blood dribbled out of his nose. He casually wiped it with the back of his hand and turned me over.

I closed my eyes, not knowing what else to do. It felt like the end was near. A wave of disgust washed over me as I waited for what was about to happen next.

All of a sudden, I felt my hands loosen. I opened my eyes and saw that Warren had untied the rope for me.

I quickly sprang to my feet and moved away, keeping a safe distance from him.

His eyes had regained clarity, and I felt he had finally understood what he had done. Seeing my reaction, Warren slumped on the floor dejectedly. The blood on his face made him look pitiful.

"Are you okay?" I asked, walking toward the door. "Let's find a way to get out of here first."

"I'm sorry. I couldn't help it." He smiled sadly.

"It's not the right time to talk about that. Let's get out of here first," I said anxiously. I grabbed the handle of the solid iron door and shook it.

"First, tie me up before you find a way to get out because I can't control myself for long. The effect of the drug is too strong," Warren hissed through his teeth. He lowered his head and took deep breaths as if he couldn't control himself anymore.

My hands and legs grew weaker. The drug began to work on me. If Warren went berserk again, I might not be able to stop him.

Without thinking further, I immediately walked over and picked up the rope on the ground.

"And my coat. Tie me with the coat as well as the rope." Warren sounded restless again.



I quickly walked to the other side and picked up his coat. Then, I twisted it with the rope to form a plait and tightly secured it around his hands.

After that, I squatted down to rest because I felt breathless and exhausted again.

"It should be okay now." I wiped the sweat on my forehead and licked my dry lips. The drug in my body had started working.

"Help me." Warren groaned in pain.

He wriggled on the ground, without caring about his image, and continued to pull the thick rope.

If things went on this way, sooner or later, he would tear the rope.

I was so anxious that I looked around to find an escape route. Unfortunately, the door was the only way out, and it was locked.

I broke into a cold sweat as my body grew hotter. I tried to send a telepathic signal to Rufus, but he didn't seem to respond.

I quickly took out my phone from my pocket. There were several missed calls from Flora. I called her back, but she didn't answer.

I tried my best to calm myself down. My hands were shaking, but I quickly typed a message and sent it to Flora.

"I'm in trouble. Come to the old equipment room ASAP and open the door for me. PS. Make sure no one knows about it."

The situation was complicated. People might misunderstand us if they saw me and Warren alone in the equipment room. Therefore, it was better to keep it a secret.

A loud bang snapped me out of my thoughts. I looked up and saw Warren banging his head against the wooden shelf.

My body temperature seemed to rise, and I tried my best to control myself.

Panic and worry consumed me. I checked my phone again, but there was no reply from Flora.