

Irresistible 21

[Chapter 21 Malice](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I felt like my face was about to touch the floor. I was so scared that I closed my eyes. But much to my surprise, I didn't feel the pain I anticipated. Instead, I felt someone grasp my shoulders firmly, and I fell into a familiar embrace.

I felt strange. When I half-opened one eye, I saw a delicate collar pin. I froze for a moment.

"Are you not going to stand up?"

A teasing voice sounded above my head. I was startled and immediately came back to my senses, wanting to break free from his embrace. But I found that my hair was tangled at his cuff. I pulled it, but it didn't work. Instead, it got even worse.

I was in a dilemma. I bent over, and my face was burning with embarrassment.

"Prin...Prince Rufus, my...my hair..." I said in a low voice.

"Hold on."

After saying this, I heard the sound of the button falling off. It sounded like he directly ripped it off violently.

"It's okay now."

I stood up stiffly and looked at his hand. Sure enough, he was holding a black button, which was the cufflink on his coat. He didn't say anything and just put his hands in his trouser pockets lazily.

"I'm so sorry, it was my fault. I didn't take good care of Miss Todd." At this time, the head maid behind me suddenly knelt down and bowed her head to apologize. "Miss Todd is not used to wearing high heels, so we should have supported her. But she was in a hurry to come out to see you."

After hearing this, Rufus raised his eyebrows and glanced at me. A faint light flickered in his eyes.

I immediately blushed and felt like a cooked shrimp.

"I... I was not in a hurry to come out. It's just that..."

"It's beautiful."

I was stunned and couldn't help looking up at him, suspecting that I was hallucinating.

"The dress suits you very well," Rufus casually said with a smile. But the seriousness in his eyes made my heart skip a beat. It was as if it was about to jump out of my chest.

"My dear, you really have a crush on him. I can hear your heartbeat," Yana teased me naughtily.

"Of course not! I'm just embarrassed. And this dress is so tight that I just can't breathe," I categorically denied it.

"Even if the dress is too tight and you can't breathe, your heart will not be beating like crazy," Yana murmured. Obviously, she didn't believe me.

"Shut up, Yana! If I say that my dress feels tight, then it must be it." But the truth was, the shyness in my heart kept my temperature rising. I thought I was no longer a cooked shrimp now but an erupting volcano.

"Why is your face so red?" Rufus touched my face with the back of his hand. It was a cold touch.

"Well..." I faltered. My eyes wandered, not daring to look at him.

He frowned, lowered his head, and looked down at my high heels. I was still in a daze when he suddenly picked me up. I was so frightened that I quickly wrapped my arms around his neck.

Rufus walked to the sofa and put me down. Then he lifted up the hem of my dress and took off my high heels.

"You don't have to wear them if you're not used to them," he said casually.

"Prince Rufus, this is against the rules and etiquette," the head maid interrupted at once.

But Rufus just lowered his eyes and ignored her words. He turned his head and asked the other servant behind him to give him a pair of shoes with much lower and chunky heels. Although they were thick-heeled shoes, they were not bulky at all. It even suited my dress more.

After changing my shoes, I sat in front of the dresser and let the head maid behind me do my hair.

I peeked at Rufus through the mirror. He was wearing a black tailored suit with his head slightly tilted to the side. His facial features were as perfect as an elaborate sculpture. His fingers rested on his temples, seemingly lost in thought.

"Your Highness, His Majesty wants to see you." At this moment, a guard stepped forward and informed Rufus.

Rufus nodded, stood up, and glanced at me.

I quickly looked away and pretended to be serious about getting my hair done.

He turned around and left without saying anything.

Suddenly, I felt my scalp tighten. "It hurts. I think you grab my hair too hard."

"This is how the hair should be set for a royal banquet," the head maid said coldly.

I looked at her in surprise through the mirror. The modest expression on her face had turned into contempt. Before I could say anything, she chuckled.

"But I'm not surprised that you don't know. After all, you are just a slave and the daughter of a traitor. It only makes sense that you're so ignorant."

[Chapter 22 The Wrath Of The Lycan King](#)

Rufus' POV:

My father was Ethan Duncan. He was the lycan king who ruled the werewolves.

His hall was located on the other side of the imperial palace. When I stepped into the hall, I saw him sitting upright on his throne, concentrating on the book in his hands.

"Father..." I bowed in front of him.

"You're back." My father put down the book, picked up a handkerchief, covered his mouth, and coughed. "Sit down. You must be tired after the long journey."

"I only did what I have to do." I stood still and looked at my father indifferently.

The hair on his temples had already turned grey. His body still looked strong but slightly hunched. The lycan king, who used to be so powerful, eventually became old like any other werewolf.

My father seemed not to care about my indifferent attitude. He just smiled and stood up. "I asked you to come over today not because of business. We haven't chatted as father and son for a long time."

I didn't respond to him. I could already guess why he was looking for me.

"Do you still have frequent headaches recently?" After saying this, my father poured a cup of tea and drank it to moisten his throat.

"Same as usual," I said lightly. His concern didn't affect me at all.

"I heard that you brought back a she-wolf. Many werewolves saw her when you were at the palace gate.

You seemed to be a bit high-profile." My father turned to look at me, then paced to my side. "Rufus, who is that she-wolf?"

"My mate," I answered bluntly. Sure enough, he asked me to come over in such a hurry just to talk about this.

"Nonsense!" What I said made my father's expression immediately change. He threw the teacup in his hand to the floor angrily.

I looked at him disapprovingly. "Father, just calm down. Your health is more important. The doctor said that you can't get angry."

"How can I not be angry? You're such an unfilial son!" My father scolded me again. Then he took a deep breath, turned around, and sat back on his throne. "Rumor has it that you've brought back a traitor's daughter from a small pack. I'm not against you bringing a she-wolf back. But why does it have to be a traitor's daughter? Do you still have royal dignity? Do you still care about your father?"

I sneered. "The news has travelled so fast. I'm afraid someone has deliberately planned it."

As soon as I returned to the imperial palace, the unpleasant rumors had already spread. Needless to say, some contemptible scoundrels must have been anxious.

"Whether it was deliberately planned or not, it doesn't change the truth that she is a traitor's daughter. Actually, I called the Alpha of her pack to check. He said that you admitted in front of everyone that she is your mate. Is that true?"

"So what I did?" I asked coldly.

"As a prince, I thought you should know what to do," my father said in a domineering tone, staring at me.

"As a father, I thought you should know what your son thinks," I retorted, staring back at him with deep eyes.

"Are you blaming me?" My father's eyes narrowed, and his tone became dangerous.

The atmosphere around us suddenly dropped to a freezing point. But I was already used to such a tense scene. I smiled at him indifferently. "No, I don't dare. After all, you are my father."

"I order you to discard that humble mate of yours right away," my father said firmly.

"No, I can't do that. I've already accepted her as my mate," I countered calmly.

"If that's the case, then I will deal with that she-wolf myself." My father sneered coldly with depraved

indifference to life in his eyes. "You are the eldest prince, the legitimate heir to the throne. You must never accept a traitor's daughter as your mate."

"Heir to the throne?" I took two steps forward with a self-deprecating smile on my face. I looked my father straight in the eye and asked, "Didn't you already start training Richard to support him in his succession? Why still bother?"

"You..." My father was rendered speechless for a moment, staring blankly at me.

"Do you want to ask me how I found out?" I sneered coldly. Looking at my father's wrinkled face, I felt that he was getting more and more hypocritical. Then I said in a plain tone, "I understand what you are doing. The witch's curse made me destined to have no descendants. How can a prince with no descendant inherit the throne? Now that I have lost everything, are you really going to deprive me of the right to choose my mate?"

[Chapter 23 The Curse](#)

Ethan's POV:

Rufus' words pierced my heart like sharp daggers. It was my fault he had become like this.

Many years ago, there was a witch who I had an entanglement with, and she had fallen deeply in love with me. But I refused to promise her anything. This made her so angry that she cursed me and Rufus, who at the time was only seven years old. She cursed his bloodline, saying that he would never bear any children and that every full moon, he would transform into a vicious monster.

It was my debt that I owed, but my son was paying the price. I would always be ridden with guilt whenever I was reminded of it.

At the same time, one of my mistresses was already pregnant with my child, but fortunately the witch did not know of it.

I had to come up with a plan. I sent out some of my men to find a way that my son's curse would be removed. But just in case, I had brought in my newborn illegitimate son and named him Richard, announcing that he was the queen's second son. After all, I was going to need an heir to the throne no matter what was going to happen. This illegitimate son of mine still had my blood anyway. If the curse could not be removed and Rufus wouldn't be able to have children, the Duncan family bloodline would end with him.

So, as a king, I had to make a tough decision and be ready with a backup plan. If Rufus' curse still had not been broken by the time I died, I would have no choice but to bequeath the throne to my second son.

It was only Rufus and I who knew about his curse. Even the queen did not know. Fortunately, she was sensible enough to accept my illegitimate son as her own eventually, although we had quarreled about it many times. Deep down, I also felt guilty to my queen.

As my first child, of course I looked forward to Rufus taking on the world on his own. I loved and raised Rufus just as much as the queen. He had been excellent since childhood. I was impressed by his talents and courage even at a young age. If he were to end up on the throne, I had no doubt he could become an even better lycan king than I.

But now, I was already getting too old. My health worsens every waking day. Yet until now, we had no clue as to how to undo Rufus' curse. I had to consider the future of the royal family and thought carefully about who the heir of the throne was going to be.

I just didn't expect Rufus to find out that I had been training my second son in secret as well.

"I'm sorry," I sighed. I was afraid this would make Rufus distance himself from me.

"Maybe Sylvia isn't the daughter of a traitor. I'm going to find out the truth," Rufus said softly, purposefully changing the subject.

I had known Rufus since he was born. Never had he ever come to the defense of a she-wolf like this. A part of me was relieved, but I was also a little sad.

I decided to let him be. As long as he really liked the girl, I guessed it was okay. Like he said, what was the meaning of his life if he could not even choose his own mate? Besides, I did owe him a lot.

"Fine, I can let the she-wolf stay with you. Although I didn't have time to stop the news about the traitor from spreading, I was able to suppress the fact that she is your mate." I had taken the initiative to compromise. Rufus was still my son and I had to protect him. With the she-wolf's lowly status, I supposed she could stay with him as his mistress.

"I'll deal with the traitor news myself." Rufus seemed so determined to find the mastermind behind this.

This boy was always sharp minded. He was decisive and tough. I couldn't help but feel proud of him, but regretful at the same time.

"That's up to you. I just hope you will also consider the dignity of the royal family. Do not expose her identity or get too close to her. At least not until you figure out the truth," I reminded him.

He looked at me for a while before finally nodding.

[Chapter 24 The End](#)

Rufus' POV:

"You may go." My father seemed a little tired already. He waved his hand and dismissed me.

I nodded expressionlessly and left.

Although I got Ethan to agree to keep Sylvia, it didn't mean I could delay the investigation on Sylvia's mother any longer. Otherwise, we could get into more trouble later on. If that were to happen, the problem would not just be as simple to solve as gossip.

"Anything about the investigation I assigned to you?" I asked my attendant in a low voice.

"The file indicates that Miss Todd's mother was indeed a Beta. She rebelled later on and was said to have killed the former Alpha. Because of this, she was executed by her own pack members," the attendant reported back.

"Mm. Anything else?"

"Yes, well. It seemed all this information came from one source-- the Gamma of Miss Todd's pack."

So, it turned out to be Mateo after all. I honestly thought it was going to be that bumbling idiot Shawn. I did not expect that a Gamma could make so much trouble. Immediately, I was put in a bad mood, but I did not let it show on my face.

"However, there does seem to be some loopholes in this case. The witness of the trial instantly disappeared after the execution of Miss Todd's mother. Along with this, all physical evidences also seem to have been since destroyed."

Upon hearing this, I finally felt like this case was getting somewhere. The mastermind behind all of this probably never expected that this case would be dug up one day. The more seemingly flawless the case appeared to be, the more suspicious it actually sounded. Disappearing witness and evidences were something that did not happen every day.

"Alright. Keep investigating. Start with the missing witness."

After giving out the order, my mind immediately went to Sylvia, who was probably waiting for me in my living room. I walked back as quickly as I could.

As soon as I entered my room, I saw Sylvia sitting obediently on a chair. She wore a white dress and had simple make up done on her face. She smiled brightly when she saw me, which was undoubtedly enough to overshadow everything else around her.

Her beauty stunned me for a moment. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. Until I felt that there was something wrong. I could tell she wasn't really in a good mood. Although she was smiling, it looked fake, which made me uncomfortable.

"What's wrong?" I asked, slowly walking up to her.

Sylvia shook her head and smiled even wider. "Nothing."

I looked into her eyes, trying to find the truth. She lowered her head and tried to avoid my gaze.

Following her eyes, I looked down and saw some hair scattered all over the floor, making me suspicious.

"Your Highness, please forgive me. I was combing Miss Todd's hair very carefully. But because her hair was a little dry and brittle, some had fallen out," the head maid spoke up.

This maid had spoken without my permission.

I felt a little displeased. She seemed to like butting in. This was already the second time today she had cut into our conversation. But with Sylvia in the room, I didn't want to scold the maid in front of her for fear that she would get scared of me again.

"Is that so?" I turned to Sylvia, hoping to get some confirmation in her eyes.

Sylvia averted my gaze and stood up, shrugging. "It's no big deal. It doesn't really matter."

When Sylvia said that, I noticed in the corner of my eye that the maid smiled mischievously. My face darkened in anger, finally piecing together what really happened. Why didn't Sylvia tell me immediately that she was being bullied?

"Your Highness, the banquet is ready."

A guard came through the door, interrupting my thoughts.

"Okay, let's go." Sylvia nodded and walked out first. She seemed to be in a hurry, perhaps afraid that I would ask her any more questions.

Her reaction made me feel a little helpless, but I could not help feeling angry at the thought of her getting pushed over.

"Guards, take that maid away. Demote her to a slave and assign her to pick up after the horses." I looked down at the maid who had knelt to the floor after hearing my words.

"Your Highness, please forgive me. What have I done wrong? Whatever it is, I will correct my mistake. Please give me another chance. I worked hard to be a head maid," she begged desperately.

"A head maid?" I sneered. "Well, whoever promoted you to that position can come and work with you at the stables."

"Sire, please! Spare me!" The maid tried to rush up to my feet and beg more, but the guards had already dragged her away.

I didn't bother looking back at her. Instead, I turned to the rest of the people in the room and said, "That is what happens to whoever dares disrespect their master."

[Chapter 25 Los](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"Why don't you just tell Rufus that the head maid is belittling you?" Yana asked in confusion.

I walked around the long corridor and paused. "If I complain to him, it will only make people look down on me even more."

"I don't think so. If they see that Rufus is protecting you, who will dare to bully you?" Yana said playfully.

"It's not that simple." I continued to walk forward aimlessly, feeling more and more depressed. Then I suddenly thought of something. "Haven't you ever wondered how that head maid knew my background?"

Yana was stunned by my question. "Yes... You're right. How did she know?"

"I'm afraid that the news that I'm the daughter of a traitor has already spread all over the imperial palace. No matter how Rufus defends me, I'm just a humiliating accessory in the eyes of others. And when I am no longer useful to him, I will be thrown away." I smiled wryly as my heart had already sobered up.

"What should we do then?" Yana asked anxiously.

"I don't want to go back to my old life, Yana. I want to survive here on my own."

"Whatever your decision is, I will support you. But wait! You have been walking for a while. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the banquet," I answered casually and lowered my head.

"Dear, do you know how to get there?"

"What?"

Yana's question brought me back to my senses. It was only then that I realized that I had got lost. I was in the middle of nowhere, and there were no guards around. The sky was already slightly dark, and the wind was cold. The lights on both sides were dim, and the shadows of the trees under the eaves were swaying, giving off a sense of gloom.

My heart tightened, and I got goose bumps on my arms, so I walked back. But the identical arched doors made me feel like a fly that couldn't find its way. This place was too large.

"Sylvia!"

I heard Rufus' voice. I was so happy that I hurriedly ran in the direction where the voice came from.

"Rufus, I'm here!"

When I saw Rufus' tall figure, I instantly calmed down.

"Where have you been?" Rufus asked. His brows were furrowed, and he pulled a long face.

"I..." I stammered. I knew that I had caused him trouble again, so I lowered my head in embarrassment. "I got lost."

At this moment, I heard a slight sigh above my head. I looked down at the hemline of my dress, not knowing what to say for a while.

"Let's go."

Rufus patted my head gently. I looked up at him in surprise. Wasn't he angry?

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Nothing..." I murmured. I really thought that he would be angry.

Rufus pursed his lips and stretched out his hand. "Let's go. Hold my hand, so you won't get lost this time."

I stared blankly at the slender and beautiful hand in front of me, and finally pinched the corner of his sleeve. My face couldn't help burning.

Rufus didn't say anything anymore. He just turned and led me out.

Following behind him, I got the chance to stare at his stalwart shoulders. My mind was in a mess.

"I've already sent someone to investigate your mother's case and the witnesses who disappeared back then," Rufus suddenly said.

My eyes widened in pleasant surprise. "Really?"

I didn't hold out much hope that Rufus would really help me. In fact, I had already prepared myself mentally that I would do the investigation on my own. I didn't expect him to act so fast.

Rufus turned his head and looked at me. "But there's one thing I'm sorry about."

"What is it?" I asked, looking into his deep eyes.

"We need to keep our relationship under wraps for a while until we find out the truth," Rufus whispered in my ear.

I was stunned for a moment. I felt like my heart was suddenly grabbed by a giant hand, and I couldn't breathe. But I quickly suppressed this emotion. I smiled and said, "I understand. I am staying with you because we need each other. It doesn't matter whether you make our relationship public or not.

All you need is my blood, not me. So you can just disregard me. Besides, I don't want to delay you from looking for your next mate."

Rufus didn't respond. He just continued to walk forward, but his pace became faster and faster. I had no choice but to trot with heavy chunky heels to keep up with him.

"Rufus, wait... Please slow down. I can't keep up with you anymore," I couldn't help but plead.

Finally, he slowed down. Then after a while, he said, "I don't know yet why your blood can soothe me when I go berserk. What if it's because we are mates? I still have to figure it out, then we'll talk about it."

"Okay." I thought that what he said was reasonable, so I readily agreed.

But the atmosphere around us inexplicably became a little suffocating. I vaguely felt that he was unhappy. But he was still expressionless as usual, and his lips were tightly pursed, so I couldn't guess what he was really thinking. Maybe I was just overthinking.

We walked down the golden staircase and arrived at the banquet hall. The dome was painted with colorful murals, and countless lights were hung high. The entire banquet hall looked more glorious.

"Rufus! You're finally here."

As soon as we entered the banquet hall, a beautiful woman dressed in gorgeous and extravagant clothes appeared and greeted Rufus.

"Mother..." He greeted the beautiful she-wolf back.

She was Queen Laura, and I had already heard about her. With her delicate features and thick hair, she looked very young. Only the fine lines at the corners of her eyes revealed her age.

"You've been on a long journey. Now that you're back, you should take a good rest for a while," Laura said. She acted like a loving mother to Rufus. Standing at the side and watching them, I felt a little embarrassed.

"Mother, let me introduce you to..."

"By the way, I forgot to tell you," Laura interrupted Rufus before he could even finish his words. Then she turned around and pulled over a brunette with a good figure and beautiful features. "This is Alina Quinn, the daughter of the Alpha of Silver Moon Pack. You two are about the same age. Thanks to her company, my life has not been so boring recently. And she is very talented in the military stuff. I believe you must have a lot to talk about."

Laura gently pushed Alina in front of Rufus and added, "Such an excellent girl is the fiancée I've found for you."

My heart inexplicably sank when I heard her words.

[Chapter 26 The Queen](#)

Laura's POV:

"Mother, you are messing around," Rufus snapped coldly. He was instantly displeased with me.

I knew that he would react this way. After all, he was my son, and I knew him. But not everything would be up to him.

"Your father and I have already discussed this. He is satisfied with Alina too." I put on a loving smile and deliberately mentioned Ethan's name to make Rufus accept the arrangement.

"I have never thought of finding a fiancée," Rufus said coldly. He didn't even spare a glance at Alina.

"You are already twenty-eight years old. You can't delay getting married any longer. Besides, the ministers have been urging you," I continued to persuade him. But I also couldn't help feeling helpless. Rufus had been very assertive since he was a child. And convincing him to do something he didn't want was extremely difficult.

"I am responsible for finding my own mate," Rufus insisted.

"No. When it comes to this matter, I have the final say," I said angrily. I was his mother, but he didn't respect me at all. When I noticed that everyone's eyes were on me, I softened my voice. "Alina is a good girl. She is gentle, considerate, and talented. I think you two are a perfect match."

"Since you like her so much, why don't you introduce her to Richard?" Rufus' mouth curled into a sneer, his eyes full of sarcasm.

"Rufus!" I snapped in a low voice. Since there were so many people around, I didn't dare to go too far. I could only swallow my anger, which made my temples ache. He knew I didn't get along well with Richard, that illegitimate child of my husband's. But he still used Richard to provoke me.

I also noticed that he looked nervously at the lowly slave beside him. It was as if he was afraid of angering her. Had he forgotten that he was a dignified prince? How could he be controlled by a she-wolf of low status? It would be such a shame if this news spread.

I clenched my fists so hard that my nails dug into the palms of my hands. I was getting more and more unhappy. How dare the daughter of a traitor enter this place aboveboard! Rufus must have been seduced by her.

Alina held my hand and interrupted with a smile, "The queen is just joking. I'm just here as a guest. Prince Rufus, we can be friends first. So we can get to know each other. It's too early to talk about marriage yet."

In the end, Alina seemed to be a little embarrassed. Her snow-white face flushed, and her beautiful jawline lowered like an elegant white swan.

I patted her hand to comfort her, feeling more and more satisfied with her. Only such a sensible girl like her was qualified to be a member of the royal family. And the most important thing was that her father was Alpha Leonard Quinn, the werewolf who used to be mighty and influential. He also had powerful lycan blood. With his support, Rufus would not have to be afraid of Richard anymore.

I glanced at the slave in front of me indifferently. She was so timid that she didn't even greet me. While looking at her, my heart was filled with disgust.

How could a daughter of a traitor like her have the audacity to approach Rufus? Did she really think that even a nobody like herself could marry into the royal family? She must be so shameless.

But what pissed me off more was that I couldn't deal with her yet, because I couldn't afford to anger Rufus. Even Ethan couldn't do anything to quench Rufus' anger, let alone me. If I got rid of her, it would directly destroy my relationship with Rufus. And judging from his attitude towards her, I could guess that this she-wolf was not that simple. So the best way now was to ignore her, find an opportunity to secretly humiliate her, and force her retreat on her own.

[Chapter 27 The Banquet](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The tit for tat conversation ceased because Ethan, the lycan king, arrived. I breathed a sigh of relief. I also realized that the queen, Laura, wasn't easy to get along with, and she didn't seem to like me either.

But it didn't matter. Their opinions didn't mean anything to me, Once my mother's case was redressed and Rufus' curse was removed, I would leave here and find a comfortable place in the mountain, along the banks of the rivers to live. That was the only thing that seemed to comfort me.

The bell chimed, and the banquet officially began.

Rufus held my hand and led me to the main table along with the king and queen. The king sat at the head of the table wearing his traditional court dress.

Rufus pulled out a chair like a gentleman and gestured for me to sit down.

I looked up at him and smiled gratefully. When I was about to sit down, Laura spoke, "Not everyone can sit at the main table. A slave belongs in the kitchen. Don't stain the good wine and dishes on the table." Laura raised her glass and took a sip, shooting a disdainful look at me.

My body froze; I didn't know where to rest my hands and feet. My face flushed, and I couldn't contain my embarrassment. That was Laura's sly way of asking me to get out.

However, Rufus placed his hands on my shoulders and gently thrust me on the chair.

I couldn't help but steal a glance at Laura. The anger and hate on her face seemed to embarrass me even more. I wished the ground would open and swallow me alive to save me from the humiliation.

Laura snorted and opened her mouth to say something, but Ethan interrupted her.

"It's a family dinner today. We don't have to be too formal. Just sit down and wait for the dishes," Ethan said softly. His voice was hoarse, and he coughed from time to time. Perhaps the rumors were true -- it seemed like he was in poor health.

Laura couldn't disobey the king's orders. Therefore, she drank the red wine as she continued to shoot daggers at me.

We were the only ones sitting at the main table. I was sitting with Rufus; Laura and Alina sat opposite us. The two were chatting happily.

I didn't bother uttering a word or showing my presence in any way after what just happened.

"Where is Richard?" Rufus suddenly asked.

The air grew thick with tension. I was confused because it looked like Laura and others didn't want to mention Prince Richard.

"I was supposed to preside over the army running today." Ethan smiled awkwardly. "But I was not feeling well, so I asked your younger brother to do that. He hasn't come back yet."

Laura put her glass down, looking a little dissatisfied. "Rufus should be responsible for big events like these. You should just postpone the banquet and let Rufus go. How could you let Richard go instead?"

"When will the dishes be served?" Rufus interrupted Laura.

Sensing his annoyance, I subconsciously reached out to grab his hand under the table to comfort him. But soon, I realized it was inappropriate for me to do so. Therefore, I withdrew my hand. However, Rufus quickly grabbed my wrist.

He looked calm and composed; his vice-like grip stopped me from withdrawing my hand. The warmth of his fingers seeped into my body.

Just then, the main dish was served. I looked at the succulent piece of steak and gulped.

My gaze involuntarily flitted to Alina. She exuded grace and poise. After cleaning her hands, she tucked the napkin and gracefully picked the knife and fork.

It was not until then that I realized I had no clue about dining etiquette.

[Chapter 28 Embarrassmen](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I bit my lower lip and looked at the steak. I had no clue what to do. It once again made me feel that I didn't belong with them.

I stole a glance at Rufus, who was sitting beside me. He was cutting the steak and didn't seem to notice my embarrassment.

The royal family followed stringent table etiquettes. I had learned a bit about it before. But I was too young back then. I don't remember any of it now. I had become a slave after my mother died. Therefore, I never got to attend such occasions.

I would have been a happy and elegant lady if my mother was still alive. I would give anything and everything just in exchange of my mother being with me.

Thinking about my mother seemed to depress me even more.

However, now wasn't the time to get immersed in sadness. I tried to ward off the negative emotions and carefully sliced the steak.

Perhaps because I was too nervous and exerted more strength than necessary while cutting, the metal knife scraped against the plate, making a harsh noise.

My face flushed with embarrassment, and I didn't dare to look up.

"Do you need a maid to serve you?" Alina asked considerately. Her voice was soft and mellow, making it impossible to find fault in her.

Knowing that everyone was staring at me, I buried my head lower.

Laura sneered at me. "You better call a maid over. Lowly slaves like her are just filthy," she ordered coldly.

Although she muttered the last sentence, it was still audible to everyone.

"No, thanks," I hissed through my teeth. I endured the embarrassment and picked up the knife and fork to eat.

Just then, the plate in front of me was suddenly taken away. I looked up, my eyes widening in surprise. Rufus placed his plate of steak he had cut in front of me and exchanged it with my steak.

"Eat." Rufus patted my head.

I looked up and saw the smile on Alina's face vanish right away. Her eyes were full of disbelief.

"Rufus! What are you doing?! How could you cut steak for a lowly she-wolf?" Laura was seething with rage. She threw the knife and fork on the table and sprang to her feet.

"Your Majesty, please calm down." Alina walked up to her and persuaded in a soft voice.

"Laura?" Ethan called, and everyone instantly fell silent. He took a sip of red wine and looked at her. "The steak is delicious. Don't you want to try more?"

Although it was a simple statement, one couldn't miss the warning in his voice. It looked like he wanted to let this matter slide without embarrassing Laura.

Laura also sensed Ethan's dissatisfaction, so she didn't continue making a fuss. She nodded and sat down sullenly.

I felt the queen would never forget me after what happened today. I guessed I would have a hard time living in the palace.

I stole a glance at Rufus; he was calmly cutting the steak as if nothing had happened.

"Don't bother about it. Just eat," he said calmly as if he had noticed my gaze.

His calmness set my mind at ease. I picked up a piece of steak that Rufus had cut and slowly ate it.

Rufus was right. I should stop worrying about things I couldn't control and start eating. I had lived a difficult life. Now that I had escaped the quagmire, it was time to really live for myself.

The steak was delicious. It not only soothed my stomach but also uplifted my mood.

[Chapter 29 Military School](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Right after dinner, Rufus took me away, regardless of how others would react.

"Uh, is it really appropriate for us to be seen like this?" I whispered nervously as I followed him.

"Well, do you want to turn back now?" Rufus raised an eyebrow and looked at me.

At this time, only a few lights illuminated the balcony area. Rufus stood with his back to the light, making it look like he had a halo of moonlight around his head. He pretended to walk back.

"No! I don't." I hurriedly grabbed his wrist. "I was just asking."

He stopped easily. Was he just kidding around?

No. What was a lycan's business with making jokes? I pushed aside such ridiculous thought.

Rufus led me downstairs, and we met up with a gentle-faced she-wolf who was waiting in the hall.

"Good evening, Prince Rufus. Good evening, Miss Todd."

She bowed politely.

"Sylvia, this is Maya. She is going to be your personal maid. When I'm not around, she will be the one to help you with anything." Rufus looked at me seriously.

I was speechless. I was technically still a slave. How could I have my own personal maid?

I turned to Maya. She had a round face and her hair was tied neatly back into a simple ponytail. She smiled a lot, which I appreciated.

Seeing that I was still at a loss with this new information, Maya took the initiative to start the conversation. It didn't take long for me to like her very much. With her by my side, I knew it would help make me feel safer in the imperial palace.

"Prince Rufus, wait." A guard came rushing over. "The queen would like to see you."

As usual, Rufus took his time and didn't reply immediately. Instead, he turned to me. There seemed to be worry in his eyes.

When I realized he was worried about leaving me, I nudged him gently and said softly, "Go."

Reluctantly, Rufus nodded and then looked at Maya. "Show Sylvia around the imperial palace."

With that last command, Rufus left.

The whole way through, Maya talked. She took me out for a walk, showing me the different routes and important landmarks of the imperial palace.

I nodded attentively and took mental notes, hoping I wouldn't get lost here again.

A magnificent building not so far away then came into sight. It was brightly lit and bustling with people. It seemed that those who were gathering were a bunch of well-dressed young werewolves. Naturally, I was curious.

"What's going on over there?" I asked Maya.

"That's the Royal Military School. Today must be the start of a new term. That's why there are lot of people there." Maya smiled and then tilted her head at me. "Do you want to go and have a look?"

I nodded in a trance and walked with Maya.

"Is this school only for aristocrats?" I wanted to clarify. After all, the school had the word "Royal" in it, so I assumed it was just for nobility.

"Not exactly. This school was just established by the royal family to train young werewolves with military talent. Anyone with outstanding potential should be allowed admission..."

"Hey, watch out!"

A voice from afar shouted, interrupting Maya.

I looked at the direction where the voice came from and saw a football flying fast right toward my head. Maya saw this and instinctively wanted to shield me from the ball. But I quickly pushed her away and flew into a spinning kick, sending the football in another direction.

When I came back to my senses, I heard loud cheering.

Several young men rushed over to me, panting. They apologized for the football and also praised me for that good kick. All the compliments made me shy, so I just smiled and said nothing.

"Beautiful lady, may we know who you are?" One of them looked at me with bright eyes full of amazement. "Wait, let me guess. Are you a princess?"

Just when I opened my mouth to reply, a high-pitched voice came from the crowd.

"Don't bother asking. She's nothing but a slave!"

A she-wolf walked out of the crowd.

What was she doing here?

[Chapter 30 Public Humiliation](#)

Cherry's POV:

When I noticed that a group of werewolves was praising Sylvia, I was so angry that my heart ached.

"She's a slave, and she is definitely not worthy of your praises!" As I spoke, I walked towards them.

When I got closer to them, my eyes widened in shock. Sylvia's beautiful clothes, delicate makeup, and noble temperament seemed to blend well with the magnificent palace.

I couldn't believe my eyes. It had only been a few days. How could she change so much? She was just a mere ant under my feet. But now, she was being flattered and praised by everyone. Jealousy flooded in me like a stream.

Seeing that Sylvia's face turned pale, I added fuel to the fire. "She is a slave from our pack. She is the daughter of a traitor. Perhaps because she is so good in bed that the lycan prince has brought her to the imperial city to serve him and satisfy his physical needs."

She bit her lower lip and scowled at me.

"It turns out she is a sex slave!" someone in the crowd shouted.

And his words were enough to make everyone start to scorn her.

"How can the daughter of a traitor deserve to stand here with us?"

"A slave will always be a slave. Even if she wears fancy clothes, she can't hide the stench in her body."

"If you didn't tell us, we won't even notice it. Damn! What's that smell? It's so disgusting."

"She's rotten on the inside, and her blood stinks. Nothing can ever take off that stench."

I crossed my arms over my chest and looked at Sylvia smugly. I saw that she clenched her fists tightly and lowered her head. She never said a word. It seemed that she was really good at enduring pain and humiliation.

At this time, several she-wolves close to me surrounded Sylvia and began grabbing her clothes, and shoved her away.

"Stop it!" The plump servant beside Sylvia reached out to stop them.

However, one of the she-wolves slapped her on the face and pushed her away.

I watched the scene leisurely. My heart was so happy seeing Sylvia being humiliated. Well, a lowly slave like her only deserved this.

While watching Sylvia being besieged, I suddenly heard Allen's voice.

"Cherry, are you tired? You might be thirsty. Drink some water first." As he spoke, he took out a gold-plated thermos flask from his bag and handed it to me.

I knew that he was doing everything to please me, but I just felt annoyed. He liked me a lot, but I wasn't interested in him. He was just a son of a Beta from a remote pack. He didn't deserve me.

"That's enough!" I really lost my patience this time. His silly behavior irked me so much that I glared at him and threw the expensive thermos flask into the trash can. "If you keep talking, you will end up like that thermos flask. I will fucking throw you into the trash can!"

He flinched back in fear and did not dare to say a word anymore. He looked at me from time to time. Fright was evident in his eyes.

Then I turned my head and continued appreciating the catfight not far away.

I didn't want to come to this useless royal academy, but my father forced me. He never really cared about me. The only thing that mattered to him was his ambitions.

Actually, he ordered me to come here just to make sure that everyone in the imperial city knew that Sylvia was the daughter of a traitor, and they would chuck her out.

But it wasn't only that. What was even more ridiculous was that my father wanted me to destroy the relationship between Sylvia and Prince Rufus and seduce him, so he would abandon Sylvia and choose me. How could I waste my time doing stupid things like this?

I didn't even care about Sylvia, who was a weakling and a crybaby. Besides, how could Prince Rufus like her? She was just a plaything to him. Perhaps he would only kill when he got bored of her.

I had always been confident about my beauty. Seducing a werewolf was just a piece of cake. But Prince Rufus was not my type. His barbaric nature frightened me. Although he was the most handsome and charming lycan, his erratic mood swings were bothersome. What if I accidentally angered him? He might lose his mind for a second and kill me.

I preferred Prince Richard. I heard that he was a real gentleman. It would be nice if I could get a chance to meet him.

Although I didn't want to come here at first, I still felt that my trip was worthwhile if I saw Sylvia being despised by everyone.