

Irresistible 271

[Chapter 271 An Explanation To The Public](#)

Ethan's POV:

When I heard the soldier's report, my heart sank. I really didn't think that this issue would escalate beyond my control.

As Sylvia had said, I believed that although Rufus was aloof, he would never allow himself to go crazy in front of others, let alone kill an innocent child.

Besides, there was still a week left before the next full moon. The curse had never taken effect so early before... Normally, there would be some signs before the curse attacked, and Rufus would lock himself before the attack to prevent harming anyone.

So Rufus' sudden outburst was very strange.

And truth be told, I was quite suspicious of Richard. His explanation was nowhere near convincing. He was my son after all. I could tell at a glance whether he was lying or not. And right now, he was too fidgety and nervous. The more anxious he was to hide something, the more guilty he seemed.

As for Lucy, I couldn't see her through as easily. Her tears might be real, but I didn't know how true her words were.

I had planned to go over the whole thing after I went back to the palace, but now that a child's corpse had turned up, the public was aggravated.

It could've been easier to deal with private family affairs, but when the public was involved, things would be difficult and uncontrollable. One wrong move and I would be accused of covering up the crimes of my family.

In this particular case, if I couldn't prove that the child wasn't killed by Rufus, even if I managed to spare Rufus' life, I would have to imprison him for the rest of his life to appease the public.

"The child wasn't killed by Prince Rufus!" Sylvia was so anxious that she tried to stand up, but her legs buckled and she immediately fell. "Your Majesty, please find out the truth! I followed Prince Rufus' footprints all the way here, but I didn't come across any signs of the child's corpse."

"How convincing," Richard spat sarcastically, holding his chin up arrogantly. He had let go of Lucy and walked towards Sylvia, chest puffed out like a fighting cock. "Do you really think you can protect Rufus? A life for a life. Even though Rufus is a prince, he's no exception to that rule. Even a three-year-old child knows this. Don't you?"

Richard's arrogance was unacceptable. I shot him a glare in the hopes of shutting him up, but he didn't

seem to notice and continued to berate Sylvia.

"Just who do you think you are? You're just Rufus' sex slave. It was thanks to him that you even entered the Royal Military School in the first place. Do you think you have the right to interfere in the lycan king's decision?" Hearing Richard's elitist sentiments, my frown deepened. I stepped forward to stop him, but then Sylvia spoke first.

"Did you see Prince Rufus kill that child with your own eyes? If not, just shut your loud mouth." Sylvia looked at Richard seriously. "Do you have the evidence to back up your claim? You're a prince too, remember? You have to set an example for the public instead of slandering your own brother. I might be a mere slave, but I know this. Don't you, Prince Richard?"

I sighed silently, knowing that Rufus had found a good mate who was willing to protect him to the end.

But as his father, it looked as though I wouldn't be able to protect my own son. A sense of sadness began to creep into my heart.

"Your Majesty, what should we do about the angry mob?" the soldier asked furtively.

Only then did I come to my senses. Looking at the unconscious Rufus, I made up my mind and ordered coldly, "Arrest Prince Rufus. Anyone who resists my decision will also be arrested."

Sylvia looked at me silently but didn't say anything. She seemed ready to submit.

Unexpectedly, just as we dropped our guard, Sylvia suddenly transformed into a wolf and leapt past the crowd with Rufus on her back, disappearing in the forest.

[Chapter 272 Unexpected Reinforcements](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I struggled to balance Rufus on my back as I ran into the forest desperately, with pursuers close behind me.

The sun was dipping in the horizon, and it started to drizzle, which only made it more difficult to run along the perilous mountain road.

I was soaked to my bones. The rain fell relentlessly on the wound on my back, like tiny bullets, causing more severe pain.

Gritting my teeth, I did my best to ignore the pain and concentrated on finding a way out. Just then, a strong gust of wind started blowing against me, bringing with it dead leaves and dirt. Something went in my eye, distracting me from an obstacle in front of me. I tripped and stumbled, rolling down the mountain slope.

I held Rufus tightly in my arms and didn't stop until I rammed into a big tree, knocking the wind out of my lungs.

I gasped for air desperately. Lying on the ground, I found I couldn't get up. The pain in my back was so intense that it felt as though my bones were broken and reshuffled.

I could hear the pursuers getting closer and closer. I braced myself and tried to get on my feet, but I fell back on the ground. I couldn't even stand straight.

I wanted to run, but Yana was completely exhausted. I had no choice but to return to my human form.

The pursuers made it to the hillside above me. If they just looked down, they would've seen Rufus and me.

Just as I was about to lose hope, a deafening wolf howl pierced the sky. Then, a giant grey wolf with mixed fur showed up, closely followed by its subordinate wolves.

It was Rin!

I cried out in pleasant surprise. Rin glanced at me, wagged its tail and greeted me briefly. Then it led the group of wolves to block the pursuers.

The pursuers seemed to be stunned and chaos broke loose.

"Where the hell did these wild wolves come from? Damn it! It's biting my leg! Help me get rid of this wolf!"

"Help! We're outnumbered! We don't stand a chance!"

"Retreat! Retreat!"

"But what about Prince Rufus?"

"We won't be able to bring him back if we're dead! Retreat!"

The pursuers started running in panic while the wild wolves chased them away.

When they were gone, I heaved a sigh of relief. Then I struggled to sit up and checked Rufus' body for injuries. Although I had carefully protected Rufus in my arms when I rolled down the slope just now, I couldn't rest easy until I made sure he was okay.

At this time, Rin walked over gracefully. I spared a hand and touched its head gently. "Thank you, Rin. If it weren't for you, Rufus and I would have been taken away by those bad guys."

I smiled warmly. I didn't expect that Rin would suddenly show up and save us. Glancing around at my surroundings, only then did I notice that we were somewhat near the forbidden forest. No wonder Rin was in the area.

Rin pressed its big wet nose against my cheek like a spoiled child.

I smiled and relented, scratching its chin. "It's been a while, Rin. You still look the same. So, how's your baby?"

Rin seemed to understand me. It suddenly lay down on its back and exposed its belly, as if inviting me to touch it.

It was so adorable that I couldn't wait to touch its plump belly gently. The baby in its belly was much bigger than last time, and from the looks of it, seemed very healthy.

After I gently touched its belly, Rin got back on all fours and nudged me again, asking me to pet it. When I finally did, its tail waved like a tornado. Then, Rin bit my sleeve and whimpered, as if it wanted to take me somewhere.

"Do you know a place we can hide?" I asked softly.

Although the pursuers had fled, it was only a matter of time before they came back with reinforcements.

Rin nodded in a reserved manner. But then it glanced at Rufus with disgust and snorted. It turned around and swept at Rufus' face with its big tail, as though it was sweeping away some pesky dust. Then Rin looked up at me meaningfully.

I seemed to understand what Rin was trying to tell me. It saw Rufus as a burden and wanted me to abandon him.

[Chapter 273 Settle Down](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Amused, I didn't know whether to burst into tears or laughter. Rin and Rufus had never liked each other, ever since the first time they met. It seemed the two still hadn't reconciled.

"Rufus looks mean, but you'll know how good a man he is as time goes by," I said gently, rubbing Rin's head comfortingly.

Rin whined and withdrew its head, as if it begged to differ.

Thinking for a while, I pulled out the whistle Rufus had given to me from under my collar. "Look. Rufus

made this whistle for me so that I could meet you whenever I wanted."

Rin's beady eyes glanced at the carefully carved whistle in my hand. Without saying anything, it swung its big tail to the ground. I knew it was its way of telling me that its attitude was softening towards Rufus, so I added, "Rin, Rufus is my mate. If you can't accept him, I'll be very, very sad." I pretended to be sad and wiped imaginary tears from my eyes. "Just look at him! He looks so pitiful. If I just leave him here, he'll be eaten by a wild beast. And if he dies, I can't keep on living in this world."

Rin lowered its head and whined anxiously, as though to reassure me that it understood where I was coming from.

"So let's take Rufus with us, okay? Don't make me leave him here." I buried my face in my hands, pretending to be sad, peeking at Rin from between my fingers.

Rin tilted its head to look at Rufus, as though it was weighing pros and cons. Finally, it rubbed its nose against the back of my hand, as if to say that it had agreed to my request.

"Thank you so much, Rin. But I still need to ask a little favor of you." I smiled at it sheepishly. "You see, Yana is exhausted. I can't carry Rufus anymore. Can you do it?"

Rin let out a high-pitched whine and stomped its big paw indignantly. Then, it took a step forward and approached Rufus pensively.

Seeing this, I thought it had agreed to my request. Just as I was helping Rufus up, Rin raised its front paw and stepped on Rufus' limp hand. Then it raised its head and howled. A brown wild wolf suddenly ran towards us.

The two wolves lowered their heads and whispered for a long time before finally, the brown wolf walked to me and knelt.

Rin cast Rufus a sideways glance then raised its head proudly.

Well, it turned out that Rin was still stubborn.

I shook my head with a wry smile as I hoisted Rufus onto the back of the brown wolf. When he was secure, Rin led us through the forest until we reached the mouth of a hidden cave.

There was a small lake near the cave. After I pulled Rufus off the brown wolf's back, I hurried to turn off my phone to prevent being tracked. Then I went to the lake and gathered some water on a lotus leaf to clean Rufus' dirty and bloodied body.

When I returned, he was still in a coma. I carefully made him drink some water first. Then I pulled his shirt off and ripped it into small shreds to use as rags to wipe his face. His chin had been scratched. There was blood caked around the wounds. Additionally, there was a swelling purple bruise on his

forehead, as well as other wounds scattered all over his body.

Rin squatted down next to me and snorted. I turned to look at it questioningly. But Rin just covered its eyes with its forepaws, as if it couldn't bear to look at Rufus.

With a gentle smile, I touched its head then continued to deal with Rufus' wounds. A little while later, Rin stood up to leave, as though it had grown bored.

I carefully cleaned the blood off Rufus' body, my expression darkening. Although most of the wounds had stopped bleeding, it was clear that they were infected.

My heart ached for poor Rufus.

After a while, Rufus felt worryingly warm. He had a fever. I tried to lower his temperature by pressing wet cloth to his forehead. Fortunately, it didn't take long before his temperature finally dropped. But he still refused to wake up.

At a loss, I leaned over and kissed his forehead, tears welling up in my eyes.

Rin suddenly appeared with a pile of berries just then.

"Why, thank you, Rin." I rubbed its head gratefully.

Rin sat next to me obediently and seemed to see how down I felt. It patted my hand with its paw to comfort me.

I looked into its eyes and smiled. "I need to get him some medicine. Can you take care of him while I'm gone?"

This time, Rin agreed readily. It nodded its head adamantly and even nudged me out of the cave, telling me to leave as soon as possible.

"Okay, okay, I'm leaving!"

I cast one last glance at Rufus before standing up to leave. I planned not to just get medicine but also inquire about what had really happened. The death of that child was just too odd. I suspected that it was another one of Richard's evil ploys.

[Chapter 274 The Forced Kiss](#)

Lucy's POV:

As Sylvia ran off with Rufus, Ethan dispatched a large number of men to chase after them.

In the meantime, I was sent to the hospital for my wounds to be treated. The doctors there conducted a

thorough physical examination.

As soon as I walked out of the examination room, I found Ethan and Richard waiting for me by the door.

"How do you feel?" Ethan asked, his forehead creased with concern.

Stunned, I glanced at Richard subconsciously. He winked at me meaningfully. I knew that he wanted me to continue with the pitiful act.

"What's the matter? You must tell the doctors if you feel anything off," Ethan added quickly when I didn't respond fast enough.

"No, no. I'm fine, and so is the baby," I lowered my head and answered respectfully, twiddling my thumbs nervously.

If I wanted the baby to be born without a hitch, then he needed to be born as a prince. I needed to completely conceal the fact that the baby's father was Kyle, not Richard.

Ethan sighed with relief. "That's good. I'll have the best doctors treat the wounds on your face. Don't lose hope, my dear girl. Just take good care of yourself and the baby for the time being."

I nodded, not daring to say anything more. I felt extremely bad. Never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined that my face would be permanently disfigured one day. I was thankful to be alive, but...

Glancing at Richard once more, that damned hypocrite, I knew that there was still a tough hill to climb.

Richard reached out his hand and slipped it around my waist. In an overly affectionate tone, he said, "Even if your face scars, I'll still love you. After all, I love you for who you are, not your appearance."

Because Ethan was here, I had no choice but to hide the disgust in my heart. I let Richard hold me and forced a smile.

"Good. Mates should love each other, and now that you two have accepted each other as mates, you'll be together for the rest of your lives. Richard, take good care of Lucy. Don't let me catch you treating her poorly," Ethan said to Richard in a low, ominous voice.

"Of course I'll take care of her, Father. I'm willing to protect her with my life!" As he spoke, Richard looked at me tenderly.

This sent a shiver down my spine and it took all of my willpower not to gag on the spot. This bastard was even better at acting than me.

"Alright. If there's nothing else, help Lucy back home and let her rest," Ethan said wearily. He looked exhausted. Waving his hand dismissively, he asked Richard and me to leave.

As we turned to walk away, I wanted so desperately to swat Richard's hand away, but he seemed addicted to this ruse. He kept his arm wrapped around my waist, planting kisses on my forehead from time to time, all the way until we made it back to the palace.

The whole time, I tried my best to endure the nausea and forced a smile until we were inside my room. As soon as I closed the door behind us, I shook off Richard's hand with disgust.

Richard dropped the act, too. He grabbed my collar violently and hissed, "Where do you think you're going?"

I pushed his hand away and kicked his shin. "Stay away from me, you bastard."

Richard sneered and hugged me forcibly. "Why so cold, my dear? You should thank me for saving your life."

My eyes went as wide as saucers. "How dare you? If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have been disfigured for the rest of my life!"

"You were the one who betrayed me first, remember? Huh?" Richard whispered in my ear, his voice as cold and vile as a snake's.

"Fuck off! Get your filthy hands away from me!" I twisted my body and struggled to break away from his embrace.

Richard held me firmly in place and said coldly, "You let someone else violate you, but not me?"

"I will never let you touch me." I glared at him with disgust. "You make me sick."

Richard laughed angrily. "Okay, you've brought this upon yourself. I guess I have to touch you today."

As he spoke, he began to rip my clothes off. His cold hand brushed against my bare skin, which sent shivers down my spine. How the hell could he still be in the mood to have sex with me?

"You fucking bastard! Let go of me right this instant!"

Thinking about what he had done to me, I couldn't help but tremble and feel sick to my stomach. How dare he touch me again?

Richard ignored my demands and stripped me naked. As he leaned over to kiss me, I craned my neck and turned away. Sadly, my efforts were futile and he managed to press his lips against mine. I couldn't control myself any longer and vomited directly into his mouth.

[Chapter 275 Negotiation](#)

Lucy's POV:

I hadn't eaten anything the whole day, so my stomach could only release some gastric fluid when I vomited.

Richard reacted quick, but not quick enough. The stinky liquid sprayed on his suit, making him furious on the spot. He hurriedly took off his coat and threw it away while cursing me.

"What have you done? You really fucking puke up in front of me? You are so disgusting, you ugly disfigured bitch!"

He was making so much noise, so I covered my ears with my hands. But I could still hear his voice.

"Do you really think you're pure and innocent? You're a slut! You're as disgusting as that bastard in your belly."

I wasn't in the mood to argue with him, but he was too aggressive. So my anger also flared up. I stood up still naked and sneered at him, "So what if I vomited at you? You are more disgusting than me. Just being in the same room with you is so unbearable."

Richard raised his hand and was about to slap me. "Do you really think I won't dare kill you?"

I leaned my face closer to him and said, "Come on, slap me here. You'd better slap my face until it swells so that the lycan king will know how you treat me."

"You... You're such a shameless bitch!"

No slap fell on my face. Richard was furious, but he couldn't dare hit me as long as I used the lycan king as my shield.

I continued to provoke him. "Since I dare to come back, it means that I'm not afraid of death. If you want to kill me, just do it. Anyway, I have recorded a video confessing everything you did."

Richard was so angry that his eyes widened, and his hands trembled. He pointed at me and said, "You fucking..."

"Are you mad now? Don't worry. I'll make you even angrier." I pursed my lips, smiled, and walked over to him. I straightened his collar and whispered in his ear, "I've collected a lot of evidence about how you set up Rufus. Remember, I was by your side during those times. I've handed over those evidence to one of my friends in the imperial capital. If something happens to me, my friend will immediately give those evidence to the lycan king. I think he will be very interested in them."

Richard looked shocked and angry at the same time. He pushed me away and said, "I don't believe you. You don't have any friends in the imperial capital. You are just bluffing, you liar!"

I clicked my tongue and looked at him mockingly. "Then where do you think Sylvia got that letter? Remember, people who are blindly confident are doomed to fail. Do you really think your plans are flawless?"

"So, it was you who ruined my plans!" Richard directly grabbed my neck and said coldly, "Believe it or not, I will kill you."

He was totally irritated by me. The killing intent in his eyes at this moment made my hair stand on end.

But I did my best to suppress my fear. I pretended to act normal and even smiled at him casually. "I don't believe you. If so, you should have killed me when you saw me just now. But I'm still alive. Especially now that the king knows that I'm pregnant, you just can't touch me, Richard."

Richard didn't say a word, and his grip on my neck loosened a bit.

"Why don't we just work together? After all, you need this baby in my belly, right?" I said in a soft tone of voice.

From what the lycan king had said earlier, I could tell that he cared about the child so much. Richard must know something and want to grab this opportunity to take a chance.

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Richard's POV:

"What do you really want?" I asked Lucy coldly as I let go of her neck.

"Very simple. We both get what we respectively want. I'll pretend to be your mate and give birth to this child. In exchange, you will keep Kyle alive." As she spoke, Lucy touched her neck and returned to her indifferent look.

I snorted coldly, "How sure are you that I need your child?"

"Having a child with royal blood will do no harm but only good to someone like you who wants the throne, right?" Lucy smiled slightly, and the disfigured half of her face twitched with difficulty. She looked more terrifying.

I didn't expect her to be too smart to guess what I wanted. But since she took the initiative to propose cooperation, we could get what we respectively wanted just as she said.

Her request to keep Kyle alive was simple. But it would all depend on her sincerity.

"And one more thing. You are not allowed to ever touch me again from now on," Lucy added coldly.

"Don't worry. I'm not interested in an ugly bitch at all." I looked at her disgustedly.

Did she really think I wanted to have sex with her? She was just a rotten she-wolf who had had sex with another man. And her arrogant attitude annoyed me to the core.

But anyway, it didn't matter. What was more important was the throne. As long as I could take over the throne, I didn't mind tolerating her for a while. At worst, I could kill her after her child was born.

After leaving Lucy, I called Diego.

"I want you to find out who is secretly helping Lucy in the imperial capital. Whoever they are, kill them."

"Yes, Prince Richard."

[Chapter 276 Inquiries](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Before heading to town, I went to a shop in the suburb and bought a cloak with a hood. I wanted to hide myself as much as possible.

There were many soldiers at the gate of the city, and everyone who entered the city had to undergo an interrogation.

If I went straight to the gate, I might be caught on the spot. I tightened my hood and looked around vigilantly.

Today was market day, so most werewolves who entered the city were pushing a cart.

I observed for a while before I chose the most inconspicuous cart and hid in it.

I wasn't surprised to know that the soldiers were searching for Rufus and me everywhere in the city.

I hid in a bucket full of hay and heard the loud noises of the soldiers outside.

When the cart I was in was stopped, I quietly moved the bucket lid a little bit. After making sure that no one noticed me, I jumped out and quickly ran into an alley.

I deftly avoided the patrolling soldiers and managed to sneak into a pharmacy.

Fortunately, no one else was in the pharmacy except an old doctor who was reorganizing the herb cabinets. The smell of various kinds of herbs were mixed together, creating a strange herbal fragrance.

"Doctor, if a patient is in a coma, what medicine can he take?" I immediately asked when I stepped forward.

The old doctor pushed his glasses and said, "I guess he has lost too much blood. I'll find you some medicine that can replenish blood. But if he still doesn't wake up, you have to take him to the hospital as soon as possible."

"Okay, doctor. Thank you." I deliberately lowered my voice and looked at the door, making sure that no one was there. Then I pretended to ask casually, "By the way, why are there so many soldiers in the city?"

While taking out a few boxes of medicine from the cabinet behind him, the old doctor sighed and said, "There was a murder."

"Who was killed? Have they found the murderer?" I asked, pretending to be surprised.

The old doctor sighed again. "A child died, and the murderer was the famous Prince Rufus. Did you went to the parade?"

"I had something to do at home, so I didn't get the chance to see the parade." I also sighed. "But on my way here, I heard some rumors. I wasn't sure whether they were just gossiping or telling the truth though."

"Oh my God! It was actually a very tragic scene. It was a good thing you didn't go there." The old doctor shook his head, took out a bag, and slowly packed the medicine on the table. "That child was too little, but he was torn alive."

"How did it happen? Was it during the parade?" I continued to ask. If it had happened at the military parade, the lycan king should have immediately known it. The soldiers wouldn't possibly waste time. They would report to him as soon as possible.

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"No. The boy's dead body was found in the dense forest in the suburb, near the swamp. It was too awful. The boy's body seemed to be torn apart by a beast. Nothing was left intact. It's said that even the bones of his hand were broken into pieces," the old doctor said indignantly. "Prince Rufus was too cruel. That boy was the one who offered him flowers earlier. The boy's only mistake was throwing a rotten egg

at him. But he killed the poor little boy so brutally."

Everything the old doctor said made me more and more suspicious.

If the boy's body was found near the swamp, it shouldn't be Rufus. He had absolutely no reason to be there. As far as I could remember, I didn't see any moon grass along the way leading to the swamp. Rufus was actually attracted by the moon grass all the way to the manor in the suburb. It was impossible for him to pass by the swamp.

"At the moment, the boy's family is crying and protesting at the gate of the palace. If they don't get an explanation, they will all hang themselves at the gate of the city." The old doctor seemed to have never heard of such a thing before. He sighed again. "What on earth is going on with Prince Rufus? Has he really become a monster?"

"How can you be so sure that it was Prince Rufus who killed the boy?" I asked him, pretending to be curious.

"Of course, there are witnesses."

[Chapter 277 The Witness](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"There are witnesses? It's such a remote place. How can there be witnesses?" I said, feeling surprised.

The old doctor handed the medicine to me and said, "Yes there are. One werewolf even swore that he saw Prince Rufus in his wolf form kill the boy."

If there were really witnesses, then everything would be a lot more complicated.

On my way looking for Rufus that night, I had passed by the crime scene near the swamp. But at that time, I didn't see any dead bodies. So whoever that witness was, his testimony was very suspicious.

"What was that witness doing? Why was he in such a remote place?" I continued asking the old doctor about the witness, trying to get more information about his identity.

"Many hunters live in the suburb, so it's not surprising that someone happened to pass by there when Prince Rufus killed the boy," said the old doctor.

"Well, that makes sense. Spring is coming, so it's a good season for hunting," I said with a smile. I had to agree with him so as not to arouse his suspicion. Then I asked casually, "But it was such a coincidence, wasn't it? Do you know where he lives?"

"That's what I don't know. All I only know is that he has been taken away by the soldiers of the palace for investigation. I heard that he was left scared silly and kept talking nonsense."

I pondered for a while before I asked, "Where is the child's body now? I want to go there and offer my condolences to the bereaved family."

Since I couldn't get any information about the identity of the witness, I had to find the body of the boy and see if there were any other clues. If he was really torn into pieces by a beast, there must be traces on his wounds.

The old doctor shook his head and said in an extremely regretful tone, "The death of that child was too tragic. He will be cremated at three o'clock in the afternoon."

I looked at the time and was shocked to know that it was already two o'clock. I didn't have much time left.

"Do you know which crematorium?" I hurriedly asked.

"That one in the west of the city."

"Okay, thank you."

I took the medicine and paid for it. Then I immediately left the pharmacy.

More and more soldiers gathered and patrolled the city, so I didn't dare to take the main road. I hurriedly walked through alleys one after another until I finally arrived at the west of the city.

As soon as I walked out of the last alley I had to pass through, I saw a group of soldiers passing by. I wanted to turn around, but it was too late. They already noticed me.

"Hey, where are you going? Remove your hood and show your face to us," shouted one of the soldiers at me.

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The old doctor shook his head and said in an extremely regretful tone, "The death of that child was too tragic. He will be cremated at three o'clock in the afternoon."

I looked at the time and was shocked to know that it was already two o'clock. I didn't have much time left.

"Do you know which cramatorium?" I hurriedly asked.

"That one in the west of the city."

"Okay, thank you."

I took the medicine and paid for it. Then I immediately left the pharmacy.

More and more soldiers gathered and patrolled the city, so I didn't dare to take the main road. I hurriedly walked through alleys one after another until I finally arrived at the west of the city.

As soon as I walked out of the last alley I had to pass through, I saw a group of soldiers passing by. I wanted to turn around, but it was too late. They already noticed me.

"Hey, where are you going? Remove your hood and show your face to us," shouted one of the soldiers at me.

I was flustered, and I panicked for a moment. Then I lowered my head, coughed violently, and said hoarsely, "I have a flu, so I have to cover my body, in case it gets worse."

After saying this, I coughed in the direction of the soldiers several times. As expected, they all subconsciously stepped back.

"What are you holding in your hands?"

"Medicine for my flu."

Upon saying this, I took the initiative to hand the medicine to them for inspection while I kept coughing. They just glanced at it quickly and threw it back to me.

"Go! Get out of here now."

I breathed a sigh of relief. I tightened my grip on my cloak and hurried away. But after taking just a few steps, I was stopped by someone.

"Wait! Sylvia? Is that you?"

It was a flamboyant male voice, sounding strange yet familiar.

I didn't dare to look back. I just lowered my head and walked forward, trying to recall in my mind who the owner of the voice was.

"Sylvia, wait! I know it's you. Don't run away."

His voice then reminded me of a disgusting face. I didn't want to believe it at first.

But when I abruptly turned my head, I found that it was really Shawn, the idiot. Damn! I was so unfortunate that I met him here.

I didn't respond to him. Instead, I quickened my pace.

[Chapter 278 A Misunderstanding](#)

Shawn's POV:

The military parade was only held once every four years, so I didn't want to miss it. My people and I even went to the imperial capital one day earlier.

As soon as we arrived at the palace that the lycan king had arranged for us, I heard from my men that Sylvia and Prince Rufus were being hunted down.

This piece of news made me snicker gloatingly.

Sylvia was a bitch. Anyone who got involved with her would be in trouble. It didn't even take long for her to turn the superior Prince Rufus into a wanted criminal. Sylvia's bad luck was contagious.

I was in a good mood, so I asked two of my men to go out with me to experience the hospitality of the imperial capital and have some fun by the way.

But I didn't expect that today would be my lucky day. As soon as we passed an alley, I saw a suspicious figure wrapped in a hooded cloak. Although she had her back on me, I felt a very strong sense of familiarity.

I couldn't see her face, but my intuition told me that she was Sylvia.

However, I wasn't one hundred percent sure. After all, there were too many werewolves on the street and the figure was so far away that I couldn't smell her clearly.

I tried calling out Sylvia's name. I saw the figure slightly turned her head and looked in my direction. But she immediately tightened the hood of her cloak and hurriedly ran away.

This made me even more certain that she was Sylvia. Although I just vaguely saw her side face, her temperament was too special not to be recognized. Sylvia's movements were especially charming, even just a simple turn of her head.

"Hey, the she-wolf you are looking for is right in front of you. Hurry! Follow her!" I immediately shouted and signaled the patrolling soldiers to chase after Sylvia.

I got so excited at once. It had been a while since the last time I found something this interesting. I must humiliate her when I caught up with her later.

It seemed that Sylvia didn't look well. If she was willing to give up her dignity and beg me, maybe I could consider making her my mistress.

Sylvia ran very fast, nimbly scurrying in the crowd.

I tried my best to catch up with her, but it was very difficult to keep up with her speed. Even the brigade of soldiers chasing her had already been left far behind.

Damn! She had only been staying in the imperial capital for a few months. How could her speed dramatically improve? When Sylvia's figure suddenly disappeared at a corner, I frantically sped up to catch up with her.

When I turned at the corner, I saw a dead end. Sylvia was struggling to climb the wall with her back to me.

God was really on my side.

I rushed over and grabbed her cloak to pull her off the wall. Then I threw her to the ground. "You're trying to run away, huh! Sylvia, you won't get away this time."

"Ouch! You're crazy!"

It was an unfamiliar voice that answered me.

I thought I heard it wrong, so I hesitated for a moment. Then I pulled off her hood.

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Under the hood was not Sylvia but a she-wolf I had never seen before.

The she-wolf stood up from the ground angrily and yelled at me. "Who the hell are you? And why did you attack me, jerk?!"

I was dumbfounded. Who was this she-wolf? Where was Sylvia? I saw her turn to this corner just now.

I wasn't convinced. I stretched out my hand and pulled the she-wolf's face, suspecting that it was fake.

The she-wolf cried out in pain and slapped my hand away. "Let go of me! If you don't stop, I'll definitely teach you a good lesson, one that you'll never forget. You're a lunatic!"

Could a mask be so realistic nowadays? I reached out again and pulled her hair, trying to see if she was wearing a wig.

"What are you trying to do to my mate?"

At this moment, a tall man suddenly appeared. With a cold expression on his face, he grabbed my hand and pressed me against the wall.

"Warren! Thank God you are here," exclaimed the she-wolf.

The man named Warren let go of my hand and kicked me aside. When he turned to look at the she-wolf, his expression softened at once. "Flora, come to me."

The she-wolf immediately threw herself into the man's arms and complained aggrievedly, "That bastard is a pervert. He touched my butt just now."

"You're lying! When did I touch your butt?" I shouted frantically.

Although I liked group sex, I was not interested in a shriveled she-wolf like her. She couldn't arouse my sexual desire at all.

[Chapter 279 Argumen](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I lay prone on the roof, holding my breath as I peeped at the scene below.

Shawn could see me if he looked up. But he was entangled with Flora now and didn't even have the time to raise his head.

"Warren, help me teach him a lesson. He not only touched my butt but also said that my boobs are small!" Flora cried out loud in Warren's arms.

I had never seen Shawn look this helpless before. He was trying to explain something, but Flora's voice muffled his words.

"You want to die?" Warren asked coldly. He glared at Shawn as if he was going to burn him down with his gaze.

Shawn looked flustered. "I never touched you. I'm not even attracted to your body."

"See? He is still insulting me!" Flora clamped her face and howled, "He touched my face with such ferocity. He blocked me here and tried touching me as if he had never seen a she-wolf in his life. I was frightened witless."

Flora was an exceptional actor. No one could stop her when she was in the mood to deliver one of her performances.

I tried my best to hold back my laughter. The corners of Warren's mouth twitched. It was amusing to watch him beaten.

Luckily, Flora and Warren showed up in time. Otherwise, I would be doomed if Shawn caught me.

As soon as I turned around the corner just now, someone pulled me aside. Just as I thought someone was planning to start a fight with me, I realized it was Flora. In order to get rid of Shawn for me, Flora put on my cloak and let me hide on the roof. That was the reason for the current scenario.

"Nonsense! I just mistook you for someone else!" Shawn barked.

"Stop quibbling. If you mistook me for someone else, why did you touch my face?" Flora countered. "I think you just want to take advantage of me. Shame on you!"

Shawn was so angry that he punched the wall. "Shut up! I didn't touch you! Why did you run away?"

"What? He is yelling at me again!" Flora flinched back and hid behind Warren, pretending to look weak and innocent. "Why can't I run away when an ugly man chases after me? What's your logic?"

She burst into tears. "I wouldn't have reacted this way if he only chased me. But he touched me and pulled my hair as well. I take good care of my hair. Losing even a strand would break my heart. He grabbed me so hard and plucked a fistful of my hair. Warren, you should help me teach him a lesson for plucking my hair."

"Honey, it's going to be the last day of his life." Warren stood in front of Flora and looked at Shawn -- his eyes blazing with anger. "Tell me, which hand did you use to touch her?"

Shawn didn't bother explaining. "Both my hands. So what?"

"Then, I'll cut both your hands!" Warren growled menacingly.

"Nonsense! I just mistook you for someone else!" Shawn barked.

"Nonsansa! I just mistook you for somaona alsa!" Shawn barkad.

"Stop quibbling. If you mistook ma for somaona alsa, why did you touch my faca?" Flora countarad. "I think you just want to taka advantaga of ma. Shama on you!"

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"Than, I'll cut both your hands!" Warran growled menacingly.

Shawn quickly put his hands behind his back and retreated behind the soldiers. "Do you know who I am? I'm the Alpha of the Black Moon pack! You'll be doomed even if you think of hurting me."

I rolled my eyes at his remark. 'What a coward!'

"Is the Alpha of the Black Moon pack really powerful? I have never heard of such a pack." Flora raised her voice on purpose as if she wanted Shawn to hear her.

Shawn's face turned beet red. "Which pack are you from? How dare you be so arrogant? Be careful. I will tell your Alpha to drive you out of the pack."

Warren scowled at Shawn. "I'm the son of the Beta of Silver Moon Pack. You know our Alpha? Looks like we can get together some other day."

"You mean Alpha Leonard Quinn -- that legendary God of War?!" Shawn exclaimed.

"It seems that he doesn't know our Alpha personally," Flora said in a hushed tone.

Shawn's face turned pale. He laughed bitterly and said, "What happened today was just a misunderstanding."

Several soldiers gathered around and watched the quarrel between Shawn and Flora. The head of the soldiers couldn't take it anymore. He rushed forward and apologized on behalf of Shawn. "We're sorry. We got the wrong she-wolf."

Since the soldiers apologized, Shawn had no choice but to apologize and leave the place in despair.

[Chapter 280 The Crematorium](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Once everyone had gone, Flora and Warren headed up to the roof to meet me.

"Sylvia, what's going on? What happened to you and Prince Rufus?" Flora looked anxious. "The soldiers are searching all over the imperial city for you."

"Rufus is still in a coma. He's temporarily placed in a safe place somewhere outside the city." With a heavy heart, I bit my lip. "I know all the werewolves are talking about how crazy Rufus was and his murder. If the lycan king finds us, we'll be doomed."

"We did hear about the news and assumed the situation was serious. When we couldn't get in touch with you, we took to the streets to try our luck. I did not expect to hear your name come out of that

stupid man's mouth when we arrived. Thankfully, we found you and followed you all the way here." Flora's face was dead serious. "Don't worry, Sylvia. We'll help you figure out the mastermind behind all of this."

We then heard sudden noises come from the other end of the alley. Immediately, the three of us became vigilant again and crouched down to hide ourselves.

Fortunately, it was just a random drunk woman. Relieved, I sighed and turned back to Flora and Warren. I briefly told them about the anonymous letter and what happened in the manor.

"Damn it! He is really a bastard!"

The anger on Flora's face became more evident as she cursed.

"Shh, keep your voice down." Warren shushed her. "We can't afford to attract any attention right now."

Flora's eyes widened in guilt as her hand shot up to her mouth. Still, she continued to complain, "That Richard. He's so inhumane!"

Heaving a deep sigh, I replied, "No matter how sure I am that Richard plotted all of it, I still don't have any conclusive evidence. For now, it would be foolish of me to accuse him of anything. I didn't even expect that Lucy would come to Richard's defense either."

"Now that Lucy can't be our witness, we'll just find another one," Warren suggested. "I don't think Richard's plan is perfect. There has to be some loophole somewhere."

"That's right." I nodded in agreement. "I was actually planning to start with the boy's corpse. Why was his family so anxious to cremate him? It seems fishy to me."

Warren was silent for a while and then replied, "Well, what if the boy really was a victim of Prince Rufus?"

"I don't believe it. I heard somewhere that the child died miserably and the bones in his legs all broke. Even if Rufus did lose control and kill someone, he would have never done it in such a cruel way." I looked at Flora and Warren with firmness. "If our investigation proves that Rufus really did kill the boy, then I will stand with Rufus and take responsibility for his action with him."

"Okay!" Flora exclaimed, getting more excited. She then rolled up her sleeves, ready to work. "To the crematorium, shall we?"

"Okay,"

Warren and I said in unison. After nodding at each other, we hopped off the roof and headed straight for the crematorium.

"Wait! I'll call Harry first and tell him to meet us at the crematorium. He might be still looking for you on the street." Flora climbed down the roof a little too slow for a girl her age. She then took out her phone and dialed Harry. "Change of plan. Meet us at the crematorium."

"Roger. Over." A strong voice could be heard from the other end of the call. It was hard to tell whether it was because of Flora's clunky old phone or that Harry's voice was just really that loud.

"It's time for Flora to get a new phone," Warren muttered.

"Now that Lucy can't be our witness, we'll just find another one," Warren suggested. "I don't think Richard's plan is perfect. There has to be some loophole somewhere."

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Not long after, we met up with Harry at the gate of the crematorium.

But before we could even set foot inside, the security guard had already stopped us.

"What are you doing here? No one but relatives is allowed inside."

"Well, what else could we be here for?" Harry snorted. His hair, though it was dark green, beamed particularly bright in the sunlight. With a flip of his hair, he answered sarcastically, "Obviously, we here to cremate a corpse."

"Which family? Please provide your information." The security guard looked Harry up and down, refusing to believe a word he just said.

All of a sudden, a wail was heard from behind. We turned around and saw Flora not far away, crying beside a corpse.

Immediately, Harry understood what she was trying to do. His handsome face distorted into an exaggerated sad expression and staggered toward her. He draped his strong body over the corpse, breaking the thin stretcher on which the corpse was placed. It snapped in half under the weight of Harry's body.

Harry got up in disbelief and cried even louder than Flora. "The stretcher's been broken! I can hear his soul crying. He must be cremated immediately!"

"That's right! The stretcher's been broken. This is an ominous sign. The corpse must be cremated at once!" Flora echoed, implying to cut the line of people at the gate.

The scene had grown chaotic. The other werewolves who were waiting for their turn were clearly dissatisfied. They were already in a bad mood, and they got even more irritated because of Flora and Harry. A fight was about to brew. The security guard hurried to appease the crowd, not caring about me and Warren anymore.

This was our opportunity. Warren and I then snuck into the crematorium.