

## **Irresistible 281**

### [Chapter 281 Abnormal](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The crematorium was very large inside. In order not to attract attention, Warren and I snuck into the employee's area and stole two uniforms, pretending to be staff.

We put on masks and sprayed disinfectant along the way to make it seem like we were working. Finally, we found the crematory building.

The building was built with its back toward the sun. As soon as we entered it, it instantly felt gloomy.

The entire first floor was just a waiting area. We went up to the second floor. The second floor was the place where the corpses were actually being processed. Countless iron beds were pushed into the crematory by the staff.

"You two are just in time. Come and help me for a bit!"

A man wearing the same uniform waved one hand at us, clutching his stomach.

Warren and I exchanged glances before walking over.

"What do you need?" Warren asked coldly.

"I ate something bad. I need to go to the rest room. Please help me with these corpses." Without waiting for a response, the man took off in a hurry.

Uncovering my face, I took a deep breath. "We got lucky. Let's hurry up to see if the boy is among the corpses here. It's not yet three o'clock. The child shouldn't have been cremated yet."

"Okay," Warren replied, moving on to check on the corpses.

Most of these corpses came directly from hospitals, so the smell was not pungent anymore. While looking back at the door every now and then, we searched for the boy's body. I finally found it near the door.

"Here!" I called Warren in a hushed tone.

Warren immediately came over to check the boy's dead body with me. The boy's body was stained with blood and his limbs were broken. The body was no longer in one piece. Bite marks were everywhere, and on it was some brown wolf fur.

"The corpse isn't completely stiff yet. That means the boy had died only less than three hours ago," I

said to Warren in a low voice. "But Rufus was already in the manor at that time. It would have been impossible for him to kill the boy."

"And the wolf fur on the wounds are not Prince Rufus'." Warren picked up a piece of the corpse and analyzed in a low voice. "This was no simple death. It must have something to do with his family."

"I think so too. They even refused an autopsy and directly sent the corpse here for cremation."

After some discussion, Warren and I decided to steal the corpse first. Warren would have an autopsy conducted on it.

"Careful." Warren put his mask back on and wheeled the corpse away.

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"Caraful." Warran put his mask back on and whaalad tha corpsa away.

I looked around, picked up some sandbags from a corner, and formed them into the shape of a corpse before laying a white blanket on top.

After that, I wheeled the fake corpse into the crematory. Just when I was about to cremate the fake corpse, a shrill cry filled the room.

"Oh, my poor child!" A she-wolf in her early thirties stumbled into the crematory, followed by a dark-skinned man.

"Stop that. Just let our child leave quietly." The man tugged on the woman's clothes.

He seemed to be the father of the child, but he looked too calm-- almost cold, in fact.

"Can I please have another look at him?" The poor mother turned to me.

I didn't say anything. My hands tightened around the iron rails of the bed, my palms sweating.

"Oh, give it a rest!" The man pulled the she-wolf behind him. "This whole situation is already a mess. Why do you have to make it messier?"

The she-wolf held a tissue to her face and kept crying, but she did not ask to see the corpse again. I was relieved.

The man then said anxiously, "Hurry up with the cremation. Do not delay this."

I nodded, looking silently at the man. As a father who had just lost his child, he seemed to be behaving abnormally.

### [Chapter 282 Put On A Good Ac](#)

Flora's POV:

It was a complete mess at the entrance of the crematory, and there was constant scolding and cursing in the crowd.

I lay on the corpse, secretly took out a sliced onion from my pocket, and wiped my eyes. Tears immediately flowed down my cheeks profusely.

Harry stood next to me. He seemed tired, and his voice gradually weakened. I pinched his thigh hard, and he immediately shrieked with a slaughtering cry.

"Oh, God! Why did you leave us? Damn!"

His mournful wailing was incomparably moving. He shed tears pitifully, and his hair had lost its previous radiance at this moment. His strong arms shook the corpse fiercely and he appeared heartbroken.

While weeping, I feigned a cough, hinting at him that he was exaggerating. But he didn't get it at all. He

continued crying heartily.

The group of people standing on the other side of the corpse was stunned. They seemed to be the real relatives of the corpse because they looked at Harry and me in confusion.

"Are they Grandpa's long-lost grandson and granddaughter?" The little girl's voice sounded so innocent when she asked. Standing next to the adults, she blinked and looked at us curiously.

"Well..." The adult beside her was also dumbfounded, unable to say a word for a long time.

The security guard at the door got so anxious that he rushed over and pulled Harry and me away. "Don't make trouble here."

I shook off the security guard's hand and looked at the door while sobbing. At this moment, Sylvia came out and winked at me.

I immediately stopped crying and regained my composure. I bowed to the relatives of the corpse to express my apology. "I'm sorry, but it seems we mistook him for someone else."

Then I calmly held Harry's hand and took him away.

The security guards behind us were furious. "You're just here to make trouble!"

Harry and I hurriedly left the crematory and went to a secluded place to meet Sylvia.

"Where's Warren?" I asked when I looked behind Sylvia and didn't see him.

"He took the boy's body for an autopsy," Sylvia replied.

"Did you find anything?" Harry hiccupped and asked. He hadn't recovered from the crying yet, and his eyes were red and swollen.

I took out a tissue and handed it to him. "Stop crying."

"I don't want to cry either, but I just can't stop it." Harry whimpered and quickly held his breath, forcibly holding back the hiccups that were about to come out.

Sylvia pursed her lips and chuckled. "Guys, thank you for your help today. There is indeed something wrong with the boy's corpse. But we can only make a conclusion when the autopsy report comes out."

I looked at her worriedly. "What's your next plan?"

Sylvia shook her head helplessly and said, "I can only hide for the time being. I can't let Rufus be taken back in this current situation. They will definitely convict him."

I suddenly punched Harry's arm and exclaimed, "I'm so pissed off!"

"Hey, what's wrong?" Harry asked in confusion.

"That Richard is really a bastard! If not because of him, all of these won't happen. Things won't turn up this way." I was furious. We used to have wonderful days. Prince Rufus and Sylvia were so in love and in a happy relationship. They were such a beautiful couple. But now, Prince Rufus was in a coma, while Sylvia was forced to run away and hide.

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Sylvia smiled wryly. "Even without Richard, there will be someone else. Rufus is destined to experience more than anyone else in that position.

As soon as she finished her words, Harry burst into tears again. "How miserable!"

Once people were caught in a certain emotion, it was difficult to extricate themselves. Harry was a good example of it at this moment. He cried so much that his big eyes were swollen now.

Although we were in a heavy situation, I couldn't help but be amused by his expression.

I couldn't help laughing and patting his head. "You poor little one, don't cry now, okay? If you keep crying, you will attract the pursuers."

Harry abruptly stopped crying, feeling aggrieved.

I ignored him and turned to look at Sylvia. "Aren't you coming to the selection competition after the military parade tomorrow?"

Sylvia sighed and said in a low voice, "I have no choice but to give it up."

What she said made me even angrier. With hatred in my heart, I wished I could beat Richard to death.

Who would have thought that my small wish would come true so soon?

When Harry and I sent Sylvia out of the city, Richard and his men surrounded us.

What a coincidence!

I sneered, pulled Harry and Sylvia, and ran away.

Damn! We were totally outnumbered. It would be too foolish not to run for our lives.

### [Chapter 283 A Shameless Man](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Flora dragged Harry and me away. But it didn't take long for Richard's men to catch up with us. They surrounded us tightly.

Then Richard walked up to us slowly. He looked gentle and noble in his gold-rimmed glasses. But it was a pity that the words he said were disgusting.

"Just tell me where Rufus is, and I can make you die painlessly."

I looked at him but didn't say anything. Then I glanced around and found that his men were just ordinary guards. If we forcibly broke through their siege, we would have a good chance of escaping.

"Why don't you say anything? Have you lost your tongue? Or you're just afraid?" Richard snorted coldly and crossed his arms over his chest. "If you are afraid, get down on your knees and beg me. Then bark like a dog."

"Why don't you show us how to bark first?" Harry straightened up and said provocatively, "You are such an arrogant man!"

Richard's face darkened at once. "You have nothing to do with this. Get out of here now!"

But Harry didn't waver. Instead, he sneered and walked towards Richard in an imposing manner. Then he stretched out his hand and pushed Richard hard. "You have no right to boss me around here. I'm not a man you can trifle with."

Richard was caught off guard and staggered a few steps before steadying himself. He pointed at Harry's nose and said furiously, "Do you seriously think that I won't dare hurt you just because your father is an Alpha?"

"Why don't you give it a try? Don't just talk nonsense there." Harry squinted his swollen eyes, not taking Richard seriously at all. "So what if you are a prince? I will still beat you up today."

"Me too!" Flora rolled up her sleeves and picked up a stick from the ground excitedly. "Do you know why I need a stick? This is what people use to beat a dog."

"Believe it or not, I can arrest all of you now and expel you from school," Richard said, couldn't contain his anger anymore.

I stepped forward, stood in front of Harry and Flora, and said coldly, "They have nothing to do with this. Let them go."

"Sylvia, what are you talking about? We're all in this together," Flora said stubbornly.

"Flora is right, Sylvia. They are just a bunch of losers. We have nothing to be afraid of."

Harry's words had successfully irritated Richard.

"Go catch them all!" As soon as he gave the order, the guards quickly surrounded the three of us.

Flora swung the bamboo stick fiercely and knocked down several guards. Harry was merciless, and his

moves were unpredictable. He attacked their lower extremities, making them instantly wail in agony.

Seeing this overwhelming scene, I felt relieved. We were in an advantageous position. But I still ordered cautiously, "Don't cause any casualties. Just teach them a lesson today. Or we will find it difficult to explain later."

After saying this, I raised my hand and knocked out the guards who rushed over to me one after another.

I didn't know if it was because of my words, but Flora and Harry began to fight passively and didn't dare to attack boldly. More and more of Richard's people were rushing over to us. We were outnumbered and gradually fell at a disadvantage.

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Flora's stick was snatched away, so she had to fight with her bare hands now. However, she was not good at fighting at such a close distance. She was being chased, so she jumped up and down to avoid being hit.

"If only Warren is here. He is stronger and more powerful. His combat effectiveness is excellent," Flora shouted angrily.

"Sylvia, run!" Harry knocked out the guards near me and pushed me out of the encirclement.

But when I was about to run away, I saw that Richard had caught Flora. I panicked and rushed to them, intending to save Flora.

"If you dare to take another step forward, she will immediately die!" Richard roared angrily. He pressed the blade in his hand against Flora's neck.

Flora's face turned pale, and she didn't dare to move. "Sylvia, don't listen to him. Just run! I didn't commit a serious crime, so don't worry about me. I will be locked up for a few days at most for obstructing official business."

Richard sneered. His eyes were filled with viciousness. "Don't be so naive, little girl. Except for your friends, the rest here are my subordinates. No one will know even if I kill you and pin the blame on Rufus."

As he spoke, the blade in his hand slashed through Flora's neck, causing the blood to ooze out.

#### [Chapter 284 Show Up](#)

Sylvia's POV:

An anxious look appeared on Harry's face as he gritted his teeth. "Bastard! You are absolutely despicable! Your father will hear of what you've done!"

Richard chuckled as if he were amused by this. "Really? And who would ever believe you? Who the hell do you think you are?"

"Just let go of Flora. I'll go with you," I said coldly.

A fight had already broken out, so I was certain Richard would not let the three of us go unscathed. For Flora's sake, I was left with no choice but to compromise for now.

"Huh. You should've just said that earlier." Snorting, Richard put the knife away from Flora's neck. He then ordered his guards to seize me and Harry.

As the guards approached us with handcuffs, we suddenly heard the cold and familiar voice of a man.

"I'll go with you. This has nothing to do with any of them. Let them go."

It was Rufus.

I quickly looked up and saw Rufus, walking in our direction. As usual, there was no expression on his handsome face. But when he looked at me, I saw his eyes soften.

Without hesitation, I ran to him with conflicting feelings. Of course, I was happy he had finally woken up, but I was also angry that he showed up here recklessly.

"You... You shouldn't have..." My voice trailed off.

It was my eyes that communicated instead and my heart melted as I looked at him. In that instance, I no longer had the heart to blame him anymore. As long as he was safe, it was fine.

Rufus seemed to see my worries through my eyes. He took my hand and gently squeezed it. "It's okay. Don't worry."

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"You have no idea what had happened. A child is dead, and so the public is--"

"I know." Rufus interrupted me although gently. He looked at me with intent. "I did not do any of those things. One day, I believe that the truth will come to light, but running away from the problem will never solve it."

Still, I was afraid and no longer trusted his father.

The support of the public was more important to Ethan than anything. But to me, Rufus meant everything. I would not stand for Rufus getting hurt again, not even a bit.

On top of all that, Richard was also too cunning of a man. Somehow, he was always pestering us. It was difficult to get rid of him no matter how hard we tried. And every time he was around, he would play dirty tricks.

With one look, Rufus understood what was running through my mind and sighed. "I still have you. If nothing else, then I believe you can save me, just like today."

This made me feel angry but also helpless. I squeezed his hand. "Are you really that confident in me?"

"Yes, I am," Rufus replied affectionately. "Please, just trust me this time. Okay?"

"Enough!" Impatient, Richard interrupted our conversation and kicked the tree nearby. "Even before your death, you are still showing off that stupid love!"

"What do you mean? Only jealous people with no mates get upset over people showing off their love." Harry's tone was cold and of mockery.

He was aware of what happened between Richard and Lucy. He was simply adding salt to the wound.

"Exactly." With her hands protecting her neck, Flora darted over to Harry. "If you're so jealous, then you can try again with Lucy. But I guess she would still prefer Kyle over you."

Lucy's little affair was basically general knowledge to everyone. Richard's face turned dark and sour. This was all obviously pissing him off.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath before ordering in a low voice, "Guards, seize Rufus and take him away."

Immediately, I stood in front of Rufus. "How dare you?"

"What? There's nothing wrong with what I'm doing! In fact, I worried about Rufus. What if he goes crazy again? If he's not properly contained, he could hurt more people." Richard chuckled to himself and then ordered his men to hand him the handcuffs instead. "Look, I'll even put these on him myself. I'm going to take my dear brother back to the palace, but I'll also parade him on the streets of the city first. I'm sure the civilians would love to see that Prince Rufus is back again."

My blood boiled all over my body. I took a courageous step forward and snatched up Richard's wrist. "Do not touch Rufus."

### [Chapter 285 Return To The Palace](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Richard shook away from my grip and raised his hand to slap me, but Rufus stopped him.

He firmly grabbed Richard's shoulder and with an ice-cold expression, he warned, "If you even lay a finger on her, I will make sure you do not leave this place unharmed."

For a brief moment, Richard winced and paled beneath the strength of Rufus' grip. "Let go of me. I'm not going to hurt her."

Rufus huffed. The air fell still around them.

Richard's knees buckled a little as he broke into a cold sweat. Seeing this, his guards raised their weapons and pointed them at Rufus.

Instantly, the atmosphere grew tense.

My body tensed up as well and prepared to fight.

But at this moment, Rufus simply let go of Richard's shoulder and shoved him away.

Holding his sore shoulder, Richard stumbled a few steps back and his guards had to hold him up to keep him from falling.

Richard spitefully shook off the guards' hands and glared at Rufus. "Cuff Prince Rufus now."

I balled my fist and wanted to punch him again, but Rufus took my hand and said in a comforting voice, "It doesn't matter. That arrogance of his won't last long."

"No, but those guards are still loyal to Richard. Once you're handcuffed, you won't be able to resist anymore. You would be at the mercy of Richard and his minions." Frowning, I looked at Rufus with concern. "What if he plays even more dirty tricks on you?"

As we talked, the guards came forward with handcuffs.

I reached out my hands to keep the guards at a distance, Flora and Harry following suit and pulling away one guard each.

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"What's this now? Rufus himself said he wanted to come with me!" Richard raised his voice and motioned for more guards to hold us off.

I stood my ground in front of Rufus and declared, "But we still haven't confirmed the truth yet. Rufus is not a convicted sinner. Why do you have to put him in handcuffs?"

"And what a big disrespect to Prince Rufus!" Flora cursed at him. "You might be a prince too, but you act like nothing of the sort with your dirty tricks!"

Richard's chest heaved in anger and finally, he snapped. "Get them all! Don't let any of them go!"

Chaos had ensued. Just when the fight was about to begin, all of a sudden, many soldiers appeared. They seemed to be from the army.

Rufus and I looked at each other in confusion. Before we could figure it out, the soldiers parted in the middle and made way for Ethan.

He walked straight to Richard and looked at him sharply. "Who allowed you to make these decisions?"

As soon as Ethan appeared, Richard visibly shrank and his confidence faltered. "I... I..."

"I'll deal with you when I get back." Ethan used his authority to rebuke him.

Richard was now too scared to even raise his head.

Flora, who was behind me, snickered.

Ethan then turned to us and approached. There was a complicated expression on his face when he looked at Rufus. Finally, he sighed. "You've been through a lot. Let's go back."

Rufus didn't respond and only pursed his lips. With an indifferent glance, he simply nodded at Ethan.

Shortly after, Rufus, Flora, Harry, and I got in Ethan's car and was driven back to the palace quietly.

But as soon as we stepped out of the car, Ethan ordered that Rufus should be imprisoned.

I glared at Ethan and tightly held Rufus' hand, refusing to let anyone take him away.

"Don't worry. Rufus will be perfectly safe here. No one is allowed to get close to Rufus without my permission. Not until everything is made clear," Ethan promised.

As he said this, Ethan shot Richard a look of warning.

Hearing Ethan's word, I felt a little more relieved. I let go of Rufus' hand, although reluctantly.

"Wait for me," Rufus whispered.

He then gave me one last affectionate look before allowing the soldiers to take him away.

Dejected, I was rooted to my spot and didn't know what to do next.

Flora gently embraced me and said, "He's going to be fine."

"The two of you may return to your school," Ethan said, but he seemed to only be looking at Harry and Flora.

"But what about Sylvia?" Flora asked in confusion.

Harry also looked at Ethan in confusion.

With his hands clasped behind his back, Ethan replied curtly, "Sylvia is a wanted criminal who interfered with official affairs. She will be interrogated in court for her actions."

### [Chapter 286 Interrogation](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"Guards, take Sylvia away as well." Two soldiers immediately came up to my side and seized me.

Flora and Harry anxiously tried to stop them, but other soldiers had driven them away.

"Go! Go back to school. You are not allowed to stay here any longer!" Even pointing their weapons at them, the soldiers threatened to drive Harry and Flora out.

Harry tried his best to stand his ground, but he ended up with ripped clothes from getting dragged away by some soldiers. Stubbornly, Harry tried harder. "I also interfere official affairs by assaulting the guards. Take me as well!"

But Ethan didn't say anything. In fact, he didn't even look back at Harry. Instead, he waved his hand in dismissal with impatience.

The guards ignored Harry and Flora and continued to drag them out.

Flora crouched down like a spoiled brat and weighed down the guard. "No! I won't go!"

The guards didn't know what to do, since they were not allowed to use violence in the king's presence. Harry and Flora had gotten the guards in a stalemate.

"If you keep making any more trouble like this, you will just implicate Sylvia all the more!" Ethan bellowed.

"You can't do this!" Flora protested.

Ethan sharply looked at her, which was enough to frighten Flora and shut her up.

"Flora, Harry, just go back to school." Without Ethan seeing, I winked at them. The face of the lycan king was already getting gloomier by the second. If he got even more pissed off, I was afraid that no one would end up leaving safely.

Flora frowned. She didn't say anything, but I could see the unwillingness in her eyes still.

Harry also looked like a defeated rooster. Slumping his shoulders, he removed himself from the guard's grip and stood up obediently. "Okay, Flora and I will wait for you in school."

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"Good. I'll be fine; don't worry." I tried to comfort them.

Flora and Harry walked away, looking back a few times. The guards then took me to the meeting hall.

Inside, the hall was filled with werewolves, some even looked to be the leaders of packs. When I entered, they all looked at me as if they were ready to skin me alive.

The most obvious ones were Shawn and Gamma Mateo. They didn't even bother to disguise their gloating smiles.

I simply paid them a small glance and didn't bother to give them any more attention. Right now, they were insignificant to me.

The guards walked me all the way to the center of the hall.

Ethan walked over to the main chair. He looked dignified as he scanned the crowd with his eyes.

Everyone stood up in respect and waited for the lycan king to speak.

I lowered my head, repeating to myself that I should not be afraid. This was the first time I would ever be interrogated in public, but I could not afford to panic.

"Sylvia Todd, do you realize why you are here? Are you aware of what you have done?" With every word of Ethan's, I felt like a pound of weight was being put on my shoulders.

No one dared to make any other sound. Countless eyes fell on me, making me nervous.

I took a deep breath to calm down and replied as loud as I could, "I don't understand what you're talking about. I didn't do anything wrong."

Several gasps erupted in the air. The atmosphere became even tenser, and I could hear my voice faintly echo throughout the hall.

A chuckle suddenly broke the ice. It was Ethan. He proceeded to accuse me of several crimes. "You disturbed public order, prevented the army from fulfilling their duty, and even hid the criminal. Just for that last one alone, I could already sentence you to death."

I looked Ethan in the eyes and my mind was filled with clarity. "I do not admit to any of the charges you press against me. Prince Rufus is not guilty, so I did not hide a criminal."

"He lost control in public and even killed an innocent child! He injured several of my men! How could you say he is not guilty?" Richard retorted.

I retorted angrily, "Because Prince Rufus was framed. I think you would know something about this, Prince Richard. Prince Rufus and I were only acting out of self-defense. In fact, we didn't even inflict severe injuries on your guards. You, Prince Richard. Not only did you threaten the lives of students, but you also plotted to hurt us."

"That is slander!" Richard gritted his teeth and glared at me.

"It's not slander!"

At this time, Flora came rushing in from the outside. She pulled down her collar and pointed at the wound on her neck. "This wound was caused by Prince Richard himself. I was terrified. Richard is evil. If Sylvia hadn't saved me then, I would have already died."

### [Chapter 287 Confrontation In The Hall](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I was shocked to see Flora rush in. Didn't she go back to the academy? Why was she still here?

She looked so confident when she showed everyone her wounded neck and leaned over in front of Richard. "Look where you have injured me. This is a fatal point. Good thing I have good self-healing ability. Otherwise, I'm also dead now."

By the look of Richard, it seemed that it was his first time to encounter such a shameless she-wolf. He was so angry that his lips quivered, and he couldn't say a word. He just glared at Flora fiercely.

I was afraid that he would suddenly lose control of himself and hit Flora, so I quickly pulled Flora to my side.

"Hey, it's alright now," I whispered to Flora to comfort her. I was still a little speechless. Then I added, "Didn't I tell you to go back to the academy? Why are you still here?"

Flora curled her lips but didn't dare look at me. She muttered awkwardly, "I'm just worried about you."

I was about to say something when a flattering male voice suddenly sounded, interrupting my thoughts.

"My King, don't believe Sylvia's words. She's nothing but a lowly slave from our pack. She's always lazy and good at telling lies. Worse is, she's the daughter of a traitor. Actually, she deliberately seduced Prince Rufus. That's why he took her here."

The voice belonged to Shawn. He had already changed into a clean white suit, which made him look elegant and decent.

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As he spoke, he glanced at me from time to time. And although he looked modest, his eyes were full of malice.

"I think Sylvia has contributed a lot to Prince Rufus' current condition." That was Shawn's last remark.

Ethan coughed a few times. Then he silently looked at everyone in the hall with an unreadable expression on his face.

Flora was pissed off by Shawn's words. She was so angry that she was about to explode like a balloon. "Sylvia is not that kind of she-wolf! We are together every day, day and night. So if there's someone who knows her best, it should be me."

Upon hearing this, Shawn turned his head, looked at Flora coldly, and said in an inexplicable tone, "So you're on Sylvia's side."

He seemed to have recognized Flora, so I subconsciously pulled Flora back behind me.

Shawn smiled ambiguously and continued, "Now that you really have the guts to defend Sylvia, I'm curious about your identity. I wonder who you are. But do you know that Sylvia is a jinx? Whoever gets involved with her won't have a good ending."

Flora stuck her head out behind me and stammered, "I'm the Omega of Silver Moon Pack. What's it to you? Sylvia is a jinx? That's nonsense! She is the best in my heart."

Shawn sneered disdainfully. "So, you're just an Omega. Whatever people like you say is meaningless. Why don't we ask others to see if Sylvia is really a liar or not?"

After saying this, he looked around and finally fixed his eyes in one direction.

I followed his gaze and saw Alina there, standing next to a tall man. It seemed that the man was in his early forties. His temples were slightly grey, and he was full of awe-inspiring righteousness. He must be Leonard, Alina's father. He was a legendary werewolf who was strong and fierce.

Standing beside him was a very dignified man who had the same serious look as Warren. Even his posture when he stood was similar to Warren's. I guessed he was Warren's father.

Shawn walked up to Alina's side and nodded to greet her like a gentleman. "Miss, may I ask about your impression of Sylvia?"

### [Chapter 288 The Parents Mee](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Alina didn't reply immediately. She seemed in deep thought for a while, looking hesitant.

"It's okay, just say it. You have nothing to be afraid of. I just want to confirm something." Shawn looked extremely hypocritical in his smile.

Alina bit her lower lip, then said affectionately, "I don't know Sylvia that much. But since she came here, several riots that happened here seemed to have something to do with her."

"That's bullshit!" Flora murmured indignantly.

"I don't know the exact reason why. But everyone around me wants me to stay away from her. I also don't know why everyone shies away from talking about her," Alina said softly, putting on an innocent look. There was a trace of panic in her eyes too.

I fixed my eyes on Alina coldly. Her words undoubtedly pushed me over the edge. Although she didn't directly point out my fault, her specious words were more likely to cause everyone to speculate.

Shawn smiled smugly and said, "Now that Miss Quinn said so, then it must be true."

Then he turned to the lycan king and said sincerely, "My King, please forgive me for not educating this slave well and letting her make trouble in the imperial capital. Please allow me to bring her back to our pack to discipline her."

I sneered coldly, "I've already left the pack long ago. Who do you think you are to decide for me?"

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But Shawn just ignored me and continued talking to the lycan king, "Sylvia is a slave, so she is not qualified to enter the military academy at all. Please expel her from the academy to bring back the peace there."

The lycan king turned to look at me and asked, "Do you have any explanation for these allegations?"

"As I've said, I won't admit anything I haven't done," I said indifferently, raising my eyes.

Shawn shook his head, pretending to be helpless. "You are still the same as before. You're not only good at lying but also impenitent. Even the distinguished Miss Quinn has already testify against you. What else do you have to defend yourself?"

"That's nonsense!"

An extremely irritable voice rang out outside the hall.

Then Harry rushed in with his flamboyant hair. "I'm the son of the Alpha of Sunset Pack. Can my words

count?"

Then from the crowd, there came a more irritable voice than Harry's. "Damn! What are you doing here? Do you think this is a place you can break into?"

The voice came from a burly man. He almost took off his shoe and threw it at Harry. But he was stopped by the person next to him.

Harry stood beside me, slightly trembling. He looked so anxious as he tugged at my sleeve. "That's my father..."

"I've figured it out," I whispered to him. Not only their hairstyle but also their temper were the same. It was only that Harry was a little softer than his father.

"Your father is a little fierce," Flora said in a low voice, shrinking her head in fear. "Fortunately, you only inherit one-third of his hot temper."

"Come over here!" Harry's father shouted.

"Control your temper. The lycan king is looking at you," whispered the man next to him. These words forced Harry's father to fall silent.

Harry didn't dare to look at his father the whole time. He plucked up his courage and shifted his steps towards the lycan king. He then said, "Your Majesty, please know the truth first. Sylvia is an excellent student, and that's enough for her to be qualified for the military academy. She is also very sincere and friendly to everyone in private. She is not what the rumors say about her at all. You can't convict her just because some villains slander her with made-up stories. I also firmly believe that Sylvia is innocent. What's wrong with listening to her own heart?"

### [Chapter 289 Heated Argumen](#)

Leonard's POV:

I eyed the slave warily.

Once upon a time, I was betrayed by a slave in my pack. It was in the middle of a war. My pack had spent days preparing for this battle. But on the night before we set out, a slave had snuck out and leaked our strategy to the enemy. They then trapped us in a valley and started a fire. The fire ravaged for a whole day, and the smell of scorched flesh never left my nose. I was lucky enough to survive that horrific night, but I didn't come out unscathed.

Ever since then, the condition of my body had just kept deteriorating. I could do nothing but watch as my strength and power slowly degraded.

This was why I hated traitorous slaves.

Unfortunately for this Sylvia, she wasn't only the daughter of a traitor, but also a slave. The fierce stubbornness on her face irritated me even more.

But what I couldn't understand was why the two kids insisted on protecting this slave—one of which was even the sole son of the Sunset Pack's Alpha Martin.

Just then, Martin's voice sounded. He was cursing at his son angrily.

"Fuck it! I'm teaching him a lesson when I get back!" The more he spoke, the angrier he became. He began to pull at his hair madly.

I couldn't bear to watch this since the hair on his head was scarce enough as it was. If he continued to pull at the remaining strands, he would probably go bald sooner than later.

I had half a mind to stop him, but on second thought, I figured it wouldn't be a good idea. After all, Martin was a hot-tempered werewolf. If I didn't let him vent his anger here and now, it would only be a matter of time before he exploded in the future.

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I had known Martin ever since we were young. He hadn't changed at all over the years. It turned out his son grew up to be as imprudent as him.

After Harry broke into the hall, Beta Owen, who was standing next to me, dropped his poker face and smiled smugly.

I could tell that he was gloating. He was usually expressionless, unbothered by most things. Martin was one of the few people who could affect his mood.

The two had been at odds since as far as I could remember. When they went to the military school together, they often got into fights.

Owen, who had always been cold and arrogant, couldn't ever seem to stay calm whenever Martin was around. Thankfully, whenever Martin would find himself losing against Owen, he would initiate a compromise between them. But this only bought him time. The two would always resume fighting another day.

So this was the history between Alpha Martin and Beta Owen. Rarely could they ever hold a decent conversation without exploding at each other.

Sure enough, now that Martin was at a loss, Owen couldn't help but sneer after keeping silent for a long time.

"What an amazing son you have. Not only is he brash, he's also prone to making mistakes," Owen said in a voice dripping with sarcasm. He didn't sound like a serious and authoritative superior at all.

"Watch your mouth!" Martin shot Owen a murderous glare. "Do you seriously think that I won't hit you just because there are so many people around?"

"It's no wonder your son behaves like that. His father is so impulsive. He must've learned it from you," Owen snorted arrogantly.

Back then, Owen always beat Martin. Fighting wasn't Martin's strong suit.

Martin was speechless. Seething with rage, he stomped his foot and turned his head away from the infuriating Owen.

Truth be told, I felt relieved to see Martin respond like this. He finally knew his own strength. When he was young, he would charge into a fight stubbornly despite knowing he couldn't win. In the end, he would be beaten to a pulp, crying and in need of comfort.

"Like father, like son. You should feel ashamed that your son sided with a slave. Warren would never do such a thing." Owen added even though he had already gained the upper hand.

However, just as soon as he finished speaking, Warren burst into the hall and shouted, "I, the son of the Silver Moon Pack's Beta, also want to prove Sylvia's innocence!"

### [Chapter 290 A Sense Of Familiarity](#)

Leonard's POV:

Martin couldn't help but burst into giggles. Then he raised his eyebrows at Owen, his eyes flashing viciously. "What an excellent child you have. He would never do such a thing, you say?"

Owen's face immediately darkened. "Warren! What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"He's doing something excellent of course!" Martin cried, trying hard to stifle his laughter. But his body betrayed him, trembling like a leaf in silent giggles. "Compared to my child, your son is absolutely amazing."

The hall was in such chaotic noise that my head started to pound. I pressed my fingers against my temples helplessly. How could these two grown-up male wolves be more noisy than teenaged she-wolves?

"Warren, come here right this instant!" Owen growled at his son.

But Warren, who had always been respectful and obedient towards his father, didn't listen to him this time.

Well, well, well. I raised my eyebrows curiously. The scene unfolding before me just kept getting more and more interesting.

"Warren!" Owen was so anxious that his face turned as red as a tomato.

Warren paused for a moment, as though he had finally heard his father's voice calling him. But he didn't turn his head to look at Owen. Instead, he walked resolutely towards Sylvia.

"I can guarantee that Sylvia is not the kind of person you've painted her to be. She's not frivolous, nor is she evil. Her kindness and sense of justice are obvious to all. If you have any prejudice against her background, you should know that no one can choose where he or she came from. The only thing we can do is to strive hard to take the right path."

Warren's solemn and clear voice resounded throughout the hall.

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Owen, at a complete loss for words, was expressionless once again. However, his straight face was purple from anger. Martin was delighted at this, clapping his hands gloatingly.

But I was more concerned with the scene in front of me. Why did these excellent children all speak on behalf of a slave? Even Warren chimed in.

I had watched that boy grow up and I knew him very well. He was a proud man by nature. In his eyes, ranking in society should be strictly divided and observed.

But at this moment, not only did he speak for a slave, but it seemed he was also very close to an Omega she-wolf. I even observed him reach out his hand to comfort the she-wolf when she was emotional. That kind of tacit understanding hinted that the two were in fact intimate.

"Oh, my God! Your son has a girlfriend? Congratulations! You're going to be a grandfather soon." Martin added with glee, rubbing salt into Owen's wounds. "I never would've thought your son's type was cute and lively girls."

"What the hell are you talking about? My son is a picky man. He would never settle for an Omega." Owen glared at him. "Even so, he's way better than your son. Harry has never had a girlfriend. And the reason is as plain as day. He's imprudent and immature; it's no wonder no she-wolf likes him!"

Seeing them quarreling like children again, I was both amused and annoyed. They made such mountains out of molehills.

"That bitch has blinded Warren!" Alina, who was standing next to me, suddenly spat angrily.

I frowned subconsciously, suspecting that I had misheard her. How could Alina, who had always been a dignified young lady, say such vulgar words?

"Alina, mind your manners," I scolded her in a low voice.

At my reproach, Alina immediately calmed down and returned to being a gentle, elegant lady. "Oh, I'm just angry for Owen..."

"Mind your own business," I hissed with a straight face.

"Okay."

Alina didn't say anything more. She just stood beside me and behaved like an angel.

Seeing this, I nodded with satisfaction and turned my attention back to the center of the hall.

Just then, the slave named Sylvia looked straight at me. When our eyes met, my heart skipped a beat.

I had never seen her before, but somehow, I felt a sense of familiarity from her.

In a trance, I faintly heard my name being called by a she-wolf who looked similar to Sylvia in the depths of my mind.