

Irresistible 291

[Chapter 291 At Risk](#)

Leonard's POV:

The she-wolf's face in my mind was blurry, as though a wall of flowing water separated us. I tried to focus on her face, but the image collapsed in an instant and my head started to ache severely.

I couldn't help but stagger backwards. Thankfully, Owen hurried to support me.

"Are you okay?" Owen looked at me seriously, although there was a hint of nervousness in his tone.

"Dad, you should get some rest." Alina also looked at me worriedly.

I took a deep breath and shook my head. "I'm fine. It'll look bad if I suddenly leave now."

These days, my health was deteriorating quicker than ever. I feared that my days were numbered. What worried me more was the fact that my pack had a lot of enemies. Once I fell sick, we would definitely face chaos. Luckily, only a few people knew about my current physical condition. The outside world didn't know anything about it.

Other packs were jealous of the Silver Moon Pack, but little did they know that we were facing a crucial problem.

I still didn't know who the next Alpha should be.

Originally, I wanted to train my only child, Alina, to become the new Alpha. However, I soon realized that she was too weak to carry the entire pack on her shoulders.

Fortunately, I had another option: Warren. I had watched the young man grow up. He was brave, resourceful, and righteous. He kind of reminded me of myself back when I was at my prime.

The only thing I was worried about was his stubbornness. Once he had made up his mind about something, he would never give up, even if it meant sacrificing a lot. It was often difficult to mold this kind of person.

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But it wasn't too big a problem. Nobody was perfect, and young people always had their own edges. I held onto the hope that, with time, he would be shaped by his experiences and life.

That was why I sent him to the Royal Military School. While I originally wanted to train him, as an elder

of our pack, I knew that he could do better.

As for Alina, although I had a lot of expectations for her, I couldn't help but feel helpless and powerless.

Now I wanted to see her live a happy life and be free from the chaos of this world. After all, if one became ambitious but didn't have the ways and means to achieve their goal, their life would become a living hell.

I knew what was on my daughter's mind, but if she could marry into the royal family, the safety of our pack would be guaranteed. That was why I had allowed Alina to get close to Queen Laura.

But ever since she left to live in the palace, I found myself worrying about her day and night. Had I made the right choice or not? This question plagued me endlessly. Obviously, given Alina's character, she wasn't a good fit for the palace. That place was a nesting ground for intrigues.

Maybe, if she found someone who could love and protect her for the rest of her life... Maybe I should just let her live her own life.

But as of right now, it seemed Alina's plan was failing.

Before I even came here, I had heard that Prince Rufus had gotten close to that slave. This meant that Prince Rufus would most likely have a fallout with the royal family.

Prince Richard had a higher chance of ascending to the throne. But he already had a mate, who was pregnant even.

I would never allow my daughter to destroy another person's family.

So her ploy to rise to power was doomed to fail from the looks of things.

I sighed and stole a glance at my daughter, who was standing quietly beside me. Mixed feelings plagued my heart.

"Come back home with me after the parade," I whispered to her gently.

If she stayed here any longer, I was worried that she would cause more trouble. Whether it was Prince Rufus or Prince Richard, she couldn't afford to offend any of the princes right now.

Alina looked at me with wide, doe-like eyes and was speechless for a while. She seemed to want to say something, but on second thought, she kept silent. Finally, she lowered her head in silent resignation, albeit reluctant.

I felt helpless, but I had no choice. For the sake of the pack, I needed to hold on until Warren became strong enough.

[Chapter 292 Give Her A Chance](#)

Ethan's POV:

The hall was in a complete and utter mess. Everyone discussed heatedly, contributing to the chaotic noise. It was hard to determine who exactly was speaking. The endless noise made my head ache and I pursed my lips unhappily.

"Enough!" I exploded. "What kind of place do you think this is? How dare you come in here one after another? This inexcusable behavior will go on your record and I will be issuing demerits!"

Finally, the hall fell quiet.

The three students surrounding Sylvia all looked at me, terrified. In particular, the little guy with the shaggy hair finally shut up. That kid was just like his father—they both had voices loud enough to pierce through one's eardrums.

I pressed my fingers against my temple, feeling helpless. I was getting old. Exhaustion had overtaken me already, and it had only been a short while.

I didn't speak up immediately. Instead, I stared back at the four pairs of eyes that were looking straight at me. I could tell what they were thinking from the expressions on their faces.

Seeing this, my heart couldn't help but soften a little. They were just innocent kids after all. How could I pin the blame on them?

But I couldn't just let them go so easily, or else they wouldn't take me seriously and would even think they could make a scene in the palace whenever they pleased.

At last, I snorted coldly, breaking the silence. The four kids standing in a row at the center of the hall all trembled and lowered their heads.

Out of the four, Sylvia was the most calm and collected. She even patted the Omega she-wolf's shoulder comfortingly.

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I eyed them all warily, finding it difficult to solve this tricky problem.

It would've been simpler if it was only the Omega who stood out to speak for Sylvia. But even the son of an Alpha and the son of a Beta stood firmly by her side. And among the four, it seemed that Sylvia was the leader.

The first time Rufus brought up Sylvia, I didn't take him seriously. Even if the Moon Goddess herself

designated them as mates, there was no possible way they could break through the barriers of social rank—Rufus was a prince and Sylvia was a slave. I firmly believed that the relationship would be cut short.

But now it seemed that Rufus actually had good taste and had chosen a good mate.

No matter what happened, Rufus was my son and I wanted to keep him alive. However, now that an innocent civilian was dead, a little boy even, the public demanded justice and I couldn't just intervene. I couldn't let Richard handle this matter either, who obviously wanted Rufus dead.

So Sylvia just might be the turning point I need to save Rufus.

"Sylvia," I finally said.

Now, all eyes were trained on her.

She looked up at me with a respectful yet determined look.

"Are you sure that Rufus was framed?" I asked carefully.

"Yes, Your Majesty. Please give me a chance to prove it. Prince Rufus is not that kind of person. This whole thing is too odd," Sylvia said straightforwardly, sounding neither humble nor pushy. She was standing up straight with her chin high, looking extremely dignified. Even though everyone was against her, she never seemed to shrink back.

Seeing the fierce determination in her eyes, I made up my mind. Turning towards the crowd, I said loudly, "But Sylvia, you can't convince everyone here, what with your current identity."

As soon as I said this, everyone began to whisper and nod in agreement.

Sylvia frowned slightly and seemed to want to say something, but I quickly continued. "You already know that the selection ceremony for the elite team will be held after the parade tomorrow. The chosen students will become the reserve unit of the royal army. They will serve in the army in advance for a year's training, and will even have the chance to be directly inducted into the army and assigned a rank."

After a pause, I looked back at Sylvia and said, "If you can get first place and become the leader of the elite team, I will give you the responsibility of leading the investigation."

Sylvia was pleasantly surprised. "I won't let you down!"

"Father, please don't do this!" Richard objected immediately, puffing out his chest indignantly.

Shawn, who was standing next to him, also seemed to want to object. But when I cast them a cold glance, they sulkily shut their mouths and retreated.

"Well, that's it then. I'm tired. You're dismissed now."

Chapter 293 Fear Of Being Dominated

Sylvia's POV:

I almost couldn't believe my ears when Ethan said he'd give me a chance to investigate the matter of Rufus being framed. Stuck in a trance, it wasn't until Flora gently tugged at my sleeve that I realized that Ethan had already left the hall.

"Come on, Sylvia. Let's get out of here."

"Okay."

I quickly headed towards the exit along with Flora and the others. However, as soon as we reached the door, Warren's father stopped us.

"Warren, come here right now!" the middle-aged werewolf barked, his voice trembling with rage.

Warren stopped abruptly in his tracks. His eyes swept towards the angry-looking werewolf and a trace of fear flashed on his face. Glancing at us briefly, he turned around promptly and walked towards his father.

"Oh, my God! His dad's terrifying!" Flora murmured anxiously, hiding behind me.

Eyeing the middle-aged werewolf with a long face, I couldn't help but feel sorry for Warren. His father looked incredibly strict and must've been very difficult to deal with.

On the other hand, Harry was smiling brightly. He trotted over to us playfully and said, "Poor Warren. Unlike my dear father, his has a stick up his ass. Like father, like son, I suppose. My dad always spoils me."

Flora rolled her eyes and snorted impatiently. Just as she opened her mouth to give Harry an earful, a burly middle-aged werewolf approached us. Flora's expression immediately changed and she forced a fake smile. "Yes, Harry! Your father's amazing. No wonder you grew up to be such an excellent young man!"

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"Come on, Sylvie. Let's get out of here."

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Harry, who was standing in front of us with his back to the approaching werewolf, was blissfully unaware of what was coming. He yammered on endlessly, his voice echoing across the hall.

Helpless, I winked at Harry meaningfully. But he didn't seem to catch my drift. He shook his head proudly.

"Just wait and see. My father will show just how caring he is later. He may seem fierce in public just now, but that was all an act. In private, he spoils me to no end!"

This time, I coughed loudly in the hopes that he would look behind him, but it was too late.

The burly, middle-aged werewolf grabbed Harry by his shoulder and yanked him backward. Harry lost his footing immediately and fell on his butt.

"What the hell?! How dare you—" Just as Harry looked up at the perpetrator to threaten him, all the color drained from his face. "I'm doomed..."

"What are you doing? Get up!" Harry's father roared, glaring at him fiercely. Frightened like a child, Harry jumped to his feet and walked towards his father like a puppy with its tail between its legs.

Flora's body trembled violently as she tried so hard to stifle her laughter.

I too was at a loss whether to burst into tears or giggles, wondering if I should stop the father-son duo from quarreling. However, before I could do anything, Harry's father suddenly smiled brightly and patted Harry on the shoulder.

"Well done, my son!" Chuckling, he pointed at Warren's father who was standing in the distance with a long face.

Not only Harry, but also Flora and I were stunned speechless.

"Dad, let's just get this over with. Scold me already!" Harry's eyes were filled with panic, as if he was scared that his father would slap him in the next second.

"What? Why should I scold you?" Harry's father ruffled Harry's hair lovingly. "You did well today. Go and take your friends somewhere nice. Oh, if you don't have enough money, just call and I can transfer more to you."

"Okay..."

Harry's father left in high spirits, leaving Harry—and me and Flora—at a loss.

Just then, Shawn came over from the other side and we heard his grating voice from afar.

"Oh, I finally found you! Where do you think you're going, little slave? Don't you know that you're supposed to greet your master when you see him?"

I didn't want to waste even a second on him, so I quickly grabbed Flora's and Harry's hands and started walking away. However, Shawn blocked our path.

"Fuck off!" I spat at Shawn coldly.

Now that I was looking at him, I noticed how chubby he was getting. It seemed that he was enjoying himself these days. 'I wonder if his fat can shield him from a beating,' I found myself thinking.

Shawn sneered contemptuously and grabbed me by the wrist.

I didn't waste time talking nonsense with him. I just grabbed his wrist and threw him over my shoulder to the ground, trampling him hard under my feet.

[Chapter 294 Embarrassed In Public](#)

Shawn's POV:

The pain in my chest made me realize that the scene in front of me was real.

I thought my words were enough to make Sylvia succumb as before. But I didn't expect that she would take the initiative to fight back and trample on me.

How could it be? Sylvia had only been in the palace for less than three months. Even a genius couldn't make such rapid progress. Was I hallucinating?

I tried to struggle out of it, but she still stepped on my chest steadily. The expression on her face remained unchanged. My struggle seemed powerless in her eyes.

The eyes of the passers-by looking at me were full of surprise and ridicule. This made me feel embarrassed and annoyed. However, the she-wolf named Flora even laughed exaggeratedly, which attracted more people's attention.

"Let me go," I said through clenched teeth.

Sylvia lowered her eyes to look at me and withdrew her foot gracefully.

I got up from the ground awkwardly with a footprint on my chest. I glared at her fiercely and shouted, "You... You must be courting death!"

"No, I don't want to die," Sylvia retorted coldly. There seemed to be a twinge of coldness in her delicate eyes. "How about you? Do you want to die? If you do, I can actually fulfill your wish."

She looked at me with her eyes as sharp as a sword and filled with killing intent. I swallowed back the rest of the words I wanted to say. My legs involuntarily trembled, and I felt a chill down my spine. Shewn's POV:

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She looked at me with her eyes as sharp as the sword and filled with killing intent. I swallowed back the rest of the words I wanted to say. My legs involuntarily trembled, and I felt a chill down my spine.

I finally realized that Sylvia was no longer the lowly and powerless slave I used to control in my hands.

"Get out of here! Otherwise, I will kick your ass out," the werewolf named Harry, standing next to Sylvia, shouted at me.

I glared at Sylvia and thought, 'She is such a siren! Wherever she goes, many werewolves offer to help her.'

But I didn't dare to say anything more. I just hurried away with the guards.

I didn't stop until I was sure that I was far away from Sylvia. I couldn't help breathing a sigh of relief. Sylvia almost took my life. I didn't expect her to progress this much.

I hated her to the core but in my heart, I also feared her. I couldn't deny the fact that she still tantalized me. I even thought that if I didn't refuse her and sent her to Prince Rufus' bed, she would still be my mate. This brave and beautiful she-wolf could have been my exclusive slave.

The more I thought about it, the more I felt regretful. "Go keep a close watch on Sylvia," I ordered my subordinates.

When I returned to my temporary residence, I saw Gamma Mateo coming out of the room, looking very unhappy.

I tried my best to suppress the disgust in my heart and greeted him politely.

He gave me a hard look and said, "Shame on you! Everyone in the palace now is talking about how you were beaten by a slave and begged for mercy like a coward."

"It isn't that serious," I retorted. But Mateo glared at me.

"You are the Alpha of our pack. Isn't it a serious matter to be trampled on by a slave in public? You

disgraced our pack." The more Metro spoke, the angrier he became. He then kicked me hard.

I endured the grievance and forced a smile. "Please don't be angry. I was just careless this time. I didn't expect Sylvia to be this powerful now."

I clenched my fists tightly, allowing the hatred in my heart to becloud my remaining sense of reason. Sylvia was the daughter of the criminal who killed my parents. How could she live such a good life as if nothing had happened?

"Don't you know that she is living comfortably here now? If things go on like this, I'm afraid she can get rid of her slave identity soon," I added.

Mateo hated Sylvia as much as I did. So at this time, all I needed to do was goad and use him to achieve my goal.

Sure enough, he sneered with viciousness in his eyes. "Don't worry. I already have a way to bring Sylvia back to our pack. Let's just wait for the selection process to finish tomorrow. We can't let her stay here. She only deserves to be a slave forever."

I didn't know what Mateo was planning to do, but I started to look forward to it.

[Chapter 295 Analysis Before The Competition](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Even after Shawn left in a huff, Warren was still getting an earful from his father. I figured that he wouldn't be able to get rid of his father anytime soon.

Eventually, Flora, Harry, and I decided to leave Warren behind and go back to school first.

We settled down in a cafe to discuss the competition.

Although joining the selection was voluntary, it was estimated that there was going to be a lot of applicants.

Flora took out a small notebook and started scribbling on it. She jotted down the names of all the people in Class A. Then she analyzed the list carefully and crossed out names one by one.

Harry propped his head on his hand and took a sip of his juice dejectedly. "It's not going to be easy. All the competitors have to fight one-on-one. Only the top six will be qualified to enter the forbidden forest. So few! What if the referee makes the wrong call? Or what if Flora and I end up in the same set? Should I let her win or—"

Before Harry could finish his sentence, Flora bonked him on the head.

"You don't need to let me win, you dummy. I'll defeat you with my own strength! Besides, the names will be drawn randomly. The referees are from the military, so I doubt they will tamper with the names."

Harry rubbed his bruised head with one hand, scowling unhappily. "You could've just said so. I don't know how Warren tolerates you."

Flora blew her fist and shot him a fierce glare before Harry obediently fell silent.

The more we discussed, the more I began to worry about the competition. As Harry mentioned, there were only six places that'd make it to the finals. There were simply too many uncontrollable factors and unforeseeable circumstances. I could fail utterly if I took one wrong step. Even the final six people would have to enter the forbidden forest and return with the blue cornflower before they formally passed the test.

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Although joining the selection was voluntary, it was estimated that there was going to be a lot of applicants.

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The competition would start with activities in the outermost circle of the forbidden forest. Beforehand, this area would be cleared up to ensure the safety of the contestants. However, the ever-changing nature of the forbidden forest was outside human control.

"Sylvia, don't worry. Together, we'll figure out how you can get first place." Flora patted me on the shoulder, jolting me back to reality.

"Yeah. I've made up my mind. If we end up in the same set, I'll just quit. That way, you can save your strength for the other contestants." Harry smiled brightly. "I'll do anything for my friend!"

"Me, too. Me, too. And even if I tried, I wouldn't stand a chance against you." Flora raised her hand and echoed Harry's sentiments.

"But what about Warren? He's so strong..." Harry scratched his head hesitantly.

"What're you talking about? Warren will definitely quit too if he goes up against Sylvia!" Flora said with certainty, sipping from her coffee with a firm expression.

But this meant that if we ended up in the same set in the first few rounds and they just gave up, they would lose their chance to enter the elite team.

I looked at them guiltily and couldn't help but feel bad. "We agreed to join the army together. I don't want to..."

"Don't worry, Sylvia." Harry interrupted me with a serious look on his face. "Things are different now. I'll be able to join the army sooner or later. There's no rush."

"He's right, Sylvia. Plus, I'm not that strong, so I doubt I'll win anyway. Maybe I'll be disqualified before I even meet you." Flora's eyes twinkled with excitement. "You don't have to worry about us, okay? We've got your back. You just need to focus on winning the competition."

"Even if you fail, we'll fight for you!" Harry puffed out his chest.

Seeing the determination in my friends' eyes, tears welled up in mine. I was so lucky to have such good friends! It didn't take long before I couldn't hold my emotions back anymore and burst into tears. All the frustrations that were pent up inside me were finally vented.

"What... What's the matter with you? Don't cry, Sylvia!" Harry handed me some tissue hurriedly, unsure

what to say.

Flora dabbed my tears away while glaring at Harry. "Why'd you have to say that? Sylvia's not going to lose!"

Sniffling, I said softly, "I've been depressed for a long time, so I couldn't help but cry when I heard how supportive you guys are. I'm just so glad that we met and became friends."

Now, it was Flora's turn to cry. Tears in her eyes, she sobbed, "I'm happy we became friends, too!"

"Come on, you guys!" Harry's eyes turned red, too. "Now I'm going to cry."

He opened his mouth as though he was going to burst into sobs the next seconds. However, Flora quickly covered his mouth and changed the topic.

"Now the problem is the other contestants. There are other volunteers in Class A whose comprehensive ranking is higher than ours, like that strong guy, Tom, and that mysterious guy, John. They've signed up for the selection as well."

[Chapter 296 A Discussion Between Three People](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"Tom's sturdy enough to take a beating, but he's almost as weak as Flora in terms of attacking. He won't be a threat for Sylvia." Harry waved his hand dismissively, as if he didn't take Tom seriously at all.

Flora snorted indignantly. She seemed to be used to being teased.

She eyed Harry, a mischievous smile playing at the corners of her lips. "And what about John? How about you analyze him, too? I remember how he beat you to a pulp. He's really powerful."

A flicker of annoyance flashed on Harry's face. "Don't bring that up again! I let him win back then!"

Flora made a face, sticking her tongue out at him. "What're you talking about? Why would you let him win in an exam? Do you seriously think I'm stupid enough to fall for such a lame excuse?"

"You..." Harry found that he couldn't argue with Flora and turned away huffily.

"You forgot someone. That guy named Toby from another class also signed up," I said calmly, steering the conversation back to the matter at hand.

"Damn it! I almost forgot about him. I can't believe that he also signed up!" Harry exclaimed, smacking his palm against his forehead. "He's the head of Class B now and has a lot of followers."

Toby was the student that got kicked out of Class A thanks to Blair, and he was one of the strongest

students this year.

"Even stronger than Warren?" Flora questioned, one eyebrow raised.

"Of course! If Blair hadn't kicked him out of Class A, our class wouldn't have been as peaceful as it is now," Harry explained with a sneer.

Sylvie's POV:

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"What do you mean?" Flora looked confused.

I sighed. "What does a strong man fear the most?"

"That no one will see his strength and appreciate him," Harry answered grimly. "Let alone a conceited man like Toby. Not only that, he was also born with a sense of superiority. It's normal for a hooligan to know how to fight with brute force. But it's scary when that hooligan's also smart and shrewd. Toby's

not only an excellent fighter, he's also smart. He knows how to manipulate situations to his advantage. That's why Class B is divided into so many groups and the whole class has been torn apart."

"What? Really? Good thing I'm not in Class B," Flora muttered bitterly.

"Recently, he announced that he wanted to humiliate Blair by letting him know that all the students he picked for Class A are good for nothing. In short, he wants Blair to regret kicking him out of Class A," I concluded with a frown.

Before this, I didn't know Toby at all. However, judging from the sound of his threats, I reasoned that Toby was not as smart as Harry claimed him to be. But if I dared to underestimate him, I would be doomed.

"So Toby is our number one enemy!" Flora drew a big circle around Toby's name and said fiercely, "Just wait and see. I'll go around and ask about him tonight!"

"And I'll dye my hair a new color tonight in honor of tomorrow's challenge!" Harry ran his fingers through his hair excitedly.

"Then I..."

Both Flora and Harry looked at me expectantly, waiting to hear what I was going to do.

"...rest well!"

"Good girl! It's pointless to practice anymore since the competition's tomorrow. You need to get a good night's rest and save your energy!" Harry smiled at me reassuringly.

Flora nodded in agreement.

"Okay, but I have to go see Maya first."

After we bade each other goodbye, I went to the hospital to visit Maya.

Maya had already woken up and lay listlessly in bed. As soon as she saw me come in, she immediately sat up in surprise.

"Miss Todd! You're here!"

I hurried to support her and clicked my tongue reproachfully. "Calm down, Maya. Your leg's still injured."

"I'm fine, Miss Todd. I was just worried about you and Prince Rufus." Maya smiled sheepishly.

"We're both fine." I sat down on the bed next to her and smiled, relaying to her the agreement I had with Ethan.

Maya practically beamed at me when she heard the news. "That's good! I believe in you, Miss Todd! You'll definitely win first place tomorrow! Although, I'm a bit sad I won't be able to witness it."

I tucked her hair behind her ear and said, "Just focus on your recovery. I'll be sure to take some photos tomorrow and send them to you."

"Okay! As for Prince Rufus, I just know you'll be able to prove his innocence!" Maya clenched her fists and became energetic again, encouraging me passionately.

"Don't worry. I will."

[Chapter 297 The Parade](#)

Sylvia's POV:

As soon as I got back to the dormitory, Flora immediately pushed me towards the bathroom so that I could wash up and go straight to bed.

"It's already ten o'clock! Hurry up!" Flora's voice sounded from outside the bathroom.

"Okay, okay. I'm getting dressed." Just then, my phone pinged.

Harry just sent me 10 GB worth of videos, all about fighting techniques.

I absentmindedly clicked on one randomly. Immediately, the video played and a dog's loud barking sounded. Startled, I muted my phone hurriedly.

"Sylvia? What the heck are you doing in there?" Flora knocked on the door a few more times impatiently.

"Nothing!" I looked around for an excuse. "There's still shampoo in my hair. I'm going to go rinse it."

As the sound of running water echoed in the bathroom, I continued to browse through the videos Harry sent me.

The one I had just clicked was called "Mad Dog Fist". It was a move that would take one's opponent by surprise. The fighter would strike the fatal weakness of the opponent in an unconventionally unexpected way. They would bark like a mad dog, which would throw off the opponent.

Although it was an unorthodox martial art technique, there were a few takeaways. For one, I should learn to fight my opponents without hesitation nor delay. A martial artist had to be ruthless in every

move.

Scrolling through the list of videos, most of them were ordinary martial arts. I decided against watching any more clips. After all, I now had a general idea of what I should do, at least in theory.

Sylvie's POV:

As soon as I got back to the dormitory, Flore immediately pushed me towards the bathroom so that I could wash up and go straight to bed.

"It's already ten o'clock! Hurry up!" Flore's voice sounded from outside the bathroom.

"Okay, okay. I'm getting dressed." Just then, my phone pinged.

Herry just sent me 10 GB worth of videos, all about fighting techniques.

I absentmindedly clicked on one randomly. Immediately, the video played and the dog's loud barking sounded. Startled, I muted my phone hurriedly.

"Sylvie? What the heck are you doing in there?" Flore knocked on the door a few more times impatiently.

"Nothing!" I looked around for an excuse. "There's still shampoo in my hair. I'm going to go rinse it."

As the sound of running water echoed in the bathroom, I continued to browse through the videos Herry sent me.

The one I had just clicked was called "Med Dog Fist". It was the move that would take one's opponent by surprise. The fighter would strike the fatal weakness of the opponent in an unconventionally unexpected way. They would bark like a med dog, which would throw off the opponent.

Although it was an unorthodox martial art technique, there were a few takeaways. For one, I should learn to fight my opponents without hesitation nor delay. A martial artist had to be ruthless in every move.

Scrolling through the list of videos, most of them were ordinary martial arts. I decided against watching any more clips. After all, I now had a general idea of what I should do, at least in theory.

Finally, Flora banged on the door, demanding that I hurry up. So I quickly finished up in the bathroom and headed to bed. Despite my restless mind, I forced my eyes closed and tried to go to sleep.

The following day was quite sunny. All the students of the school were bustling, ready for the military parade that was held only once every four years.

The chaperon today was a young male werewolf who had just graduated from military school. He was still full of youthful vitality, and his passionate voice echoed across the square. He seemed to be as flamboyant and proud as Blair himself.

Speaking of Blair, he had left for Black Moon Pack for several days now, but we heard no news from him until now. I couldn't help but feel a little worried.

"Sylvia, look! It's starting!" Flora yanked at my arm excitedly, jumping up and down like a little child.

The thunderous firecrackers whistled and exploded in the sky, signaling the official start of the parade.

The combined honor guard of the army led the parade to the central square, protecting the national flag. The rest of the soldiers followed suit closely behind. The sound of steady steps of soldier's feet could be heard from a mile away. Soon after, it was the armored soldiers' turn. Their armor glistened under the bright sun, while the missiles resembled unsheathed swords, pointing towards the sky.

The grand scene left me stunned for a long time.

Only when the country was powerful could its people live in peace and prosper. But behind every veil of peace was someone silently shouldering the burden and forging ahead.

In this moment, I suddenly felt as insignificant as an ant.

"I need to join the army and serve my country," Harry suddenly murmured firmly. "Even if it means shaving all my hair off!"

For a change, Flora didn't laugh at him. Instead, her eyes remained fixed on the grand scene before us and she echoed Harry's sentiments.

"Then let's strive to join the army together." I wrapped my arms around their shoulders and smiled. I couldn't help but feel I had more motivation than my friends.

After all, this year's selection was not only for Rufus, but also for achieving my goal.

After the parade ceremony, Ethan declared that the selection was about to begin. Alphas, Betas, and Gammas of all the packs stayed to witness the selection process.

There were a total of seventeen applicants, and the designated sets were soon displayed on the huge screen.

In the first round, everyone had to fight one-on-one with their opponents. There were a total of seventeen competitors, so they couldn't be divided evenly. Studying the sets on the screen, I quickly realized that Flora was the odd one out and wasn't assigned to any set. Fortunately, I was facing neither

Harry nor Warren either. All four of us made it to the second round without a hitch.

However, in the second round, Flora still wasn't assigned to any set again. Harry couldn't believe it.

"Damn it! What a lucky girl!"

[Chapter 298 Tryouts](#)

Sylvia's POV:

People would really find it difficult to be on a lucky streak three times in a row. It would be so strange if someone was lucky all the time. It was either this person had some superpowers, or God just favored him a lot.

Obviously, Flora passed the first two rounds because of pure luck.

And she was overjoyed that she wasn't assigned to any opponent in these rounds. She raised her chin proudly, fished out a small fan, and fanned herself. Then she looked at Harry with a seemingly annoying expression and said, "I want to show the results of the special training that Warren gave me, but it seems that I don't have a chance now. I'm in the top five now, and I'm qualified to go to the forbidden forest."

Harry was obviously envious of Flora. He took a deep breath as if trying to absorb her good luck. "Come on, wish me luck! Pass on all your luck to me."

It was Harry's turn to fight, and John would be his opponent again.

"Just wait and see. He'll be beaten to death today." Harry laughed out loud and stepped into the battle ring valiantly. His great momentum showed that he was hell-bent on defeating his opponent this time.

But much to his dismay, he was defeated soon. He screamed hysterically, covering his bruised eyes.

However, the strange thing was that John gave up in the third round after defeating Harry in the second round. This meant that Flora would have an opponent in the next round.

"It's okay. I'm qualified to go to the forbidden forest anyway. I can just abstain from the fight later." As she spoke, Flora fanned herself, looking fearless.

Sylvie's POV:

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"It's okay. I'm qualified to go to the forbidden forest anyway. I can just abstain from the fight later." As she spoke, Flore fanned herself, looking fearless.

Harry snorted coldly and nodded in agreement with Flora. He squinted his swollen eyes, put one hand on my shoulder, and rested his chin on Flora's head, still trying to absorb some luck from her.

It was time for Warren to fight against Tom soon. Just as Harry said, Tom was strong enough to bear the beating, and he only liked using brute force. But even though he had a huge advantage when it came to size, he was still suppressed by Warren soon.

The competition went faster than I expected. During this period, I fought against a werewolf in Class B. It was relatively easy for me to deal with him. However, his moves had some features. He liked to flank his enemies and make detours. This was his strategy to make them easily miss him. But in the end, I still won.

At the moment, only four participants were left. But only two would proceed to the final round. When the opponents were announced, it turned out that Warren and I would be fighting against each other, while Flora would be fighting against Toby.

I glanced at Flora, feeling a little worried. After all, Toby was famous for his fierce fighting.

Warren and I were the first to fight. We walked to the center of the battle ring and waited for the referee to whistle.

"Warren, just abstain!" Flora's hysterical roar attracted the referee's attention.

Warren straightened his back and stood firmly on the battle ring like a proud rooster. He looked at me seriously and said, "No, I won't abstain. It's against the principle that Alpha Leonard and my father had taught me since I was a child."

"Fuck you! You broke your promise." Flora was cursing below the stage. Fortunately, Harry was there to stop her. Otherwise, Flora would have blurted out our secrets.

I pursed my lips and smiled. "I respect you, Warren. Let's play fair."

Actually, I would feel more uncomfortable if Warren gave up directly. After all, it would prick my conscience if I won without using my strength.

And the greatest respect one could give to an opponent was taking the competition seriously.

As soon as we heard the referee's whistle, Warren and I started to fight. However, before I could even touch him, he flew out directly, hit the guardrail, and bounced to the floor. Then he rolled down the battle ring like a sack of potato. After he completely rolled down the battle ring, he stood up, turned to the referee, and said grimly, "I concede. My skills are not as good as hers."

I was stunned for a moment. Then I looked at my hands in confusion.

What happened? I didn't even touch the hem of his clothes. How could he roll that far?

I was even more confused when I saw the sincere expression on Warren's face. It seemed that he was not acting at all.

[Chapter 299 A Good Show](#)

Ethan's POV:

I stared at the farce unfolding before me, wide-eyed and speechless. Warren's acting was horrendous!

"They're not taking the competition seriously! Do they think we're idiots or something?" Shawn stood up and whined incessantly.

Thankfully, the Gamma sitting next to him yanked him back to his seat and whispered something in his ear. Shawn's expression changed dramatically. He immediately fell silent and sat down meekly, not daring to say anything more.

Back in the day, Shawn's parents were very powerful. Unfortunately, their power didn't translate to their child. Even after Gamma Mateo's training, Shawn grew up to be a spineless loser. He didn't have what it took to be an Alpha at all.

After so many years, Mateo's ambition was painfully obvious. Poor Shawn was just a puppet. Even just thinking of the future of the Black Moon Pack gave me a serious headache.

I sighed heavily. Then, Martin's cheerful voice interrupted my thoughts.

"I don't think Warren's acting. He's probably that weak in reality."

I raised my eyebrows, admiring Martin's consistency. From the parade to now, he had never stopped talking. There were always some people who either echoed his sentiments or argued with him, such as that stubborn Owen, but Martin always remained stood by his beliefs.

"I think you should have your eyes checked." Owen's retort triggered yet another round of quarrels.

Martin was not the kind of person who would easily admit defeat. Whenever he argued with others, his whole face would contort with anger. "Did I say something wrong? Warren is a good kid. Why would he cheat and let her win deliberately in front of so many people? Just calm down and admit defeat. There's nothing to be ashamed of."

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Owen rolled his eyes and stomped his foot. "How dare you say something like that about my son? Have you forgotten that your son was beaten to a pulp by a thin, weak werewolf before? Although your son Harry has a strong built, I think he is physically very weak."

The two quarreling werewolves started raising their voices louder and louder, to a point where things were getting out of hand.

Finally, I coughed loudly to put an end to this. "Leadership is one of the aspects we consider in this selection. I have a feeling that these kids all believe in Sylvia, which proves that she is a capable leader. Besides, the competition isn't over yet. We still don't know what the outcome will be."

Hearing this, Owen regained his composure and smiled brightly. "You're right. We can't draw any conclusions now. Talent is important, but knowing when to seize opportunities is important as well. We don't want our kids to grow up to be someone who still acts rash and impulsive, doing nothing but mess around all day."

I couldn't help but smile slightly in amusement. Obviously, Owen was talking about Martin. I sat there leisurely, waiting for Martin's reaction.

Martin simply puffed out his chest proudly. "You're right, and it's obvious that Sylvia's closer to my kid. Birds of a feather flock together after all."

"You're so unbelievably immature! How dare you try to cause trouble between our children?" Owen was so angry that his face turned purple.

This time, it was Leonard who stepped in between the two werewolves. "Stop quarreling like children and just watch the competition."

Obviously, Martin and Owen had respect for Leonard. Upon being scolded by the elder, they immediately fell silent and turned their backs to each other.

Even though they still acted like children, this was for the best. I sighed with relief now that they had gone quiet.

Looking at the competition, I asked Leonard, "What do you think of the situation?"

He didn't answer me right away and thought about it first. Finally, he said, "If nothing goes wrong, then I believe Sylvia and Toby will enter the final round."

"I know Toby. He's the son of the Rainbow Pack's Alpha. I heard that Toby had been excellent ever since he was a child, even winning the national fighting championship several times in a row," I commented lightly.

"That's true. It might be easy for Sylvia to make it to the finals, but it won't be easy to beat Toby," Leonard said solemnly.

"Well, even if Sylvia places first in the competition, she still needs to pass the test of the forbidden forest, which is the most important part." I sighed heavily. I couldn't help but worry about that poor girl.

The forbidden forest was a dangerous place. It didn't matter if Sylvia was a slave; she was still Rufus's mate. And while Rufus and I might've been at odds right now, I couldn't bear the thought of seeing my son heartbroken from losing his mate.

"Hey, the next round is about to begin." Leonard's voice interrupted my thoughts.

Following his gaze, my eyes landed on the thin but lively she-wolf in the center of the stage. She was Toby's next opponent, Flora.

[Chapter 300 Goad Her To Make A Move](#)

Flora's POV:

Harry and I cheered wildly below the stage when the referee declared Sylvia's victory.

Then I hopped to Warren's side, smiled at him, and handed him a bottle of water. "Good job! Keep it up and continue working hard."

Warren took the bottle and gave me a restrained smile. He seemed a little shy. I was about to take a closer look at him when Sylvia came over.

"Flora, come on, get yourself ready. It's your turn soon. Remember, immediately concede at the beginning of the game. Don't fight with him," she reminded me worriedly.

I nodded vigorously. "I get it. I will definitely surrender before he starts to make a move."

When the referee's whistle sounded, I knew that the competition was about to begin, so I walked to the battle ring with a confident smile under everyone's expectant eyes.

Toby, who had garish dreadlocks, always wore an expressionless face. But as soon as I approached him, he suddenly sneered.

I stood in front of him and asked in confusion, "What are you laughing at?"

The corners of his mouth raised mischievously. He said, "Blair has a bad taste. He doesn't deserve to be a teacher at all."

"How dare you humiliate our teacher in public! Watch your words. Otherwise, you will be expelled from the academy." I was a little pissed by his words.

Flore's POV:

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Then I hopped to Werren's side, smiled at him, and handed him a bottle of water. "Good job! Keep it up and continue working hard."

Werren took the bottle and gave me a restrained smile. He seemed a little shy. I was about to take a closer look at him when Sylvie came over.

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"How dare you humiliate our teacher in public! Watch your words. Otherwise, you will be expelled from the academy." I was a little pissed by his words.

Although Blair was strict in the class, he was a good person in private.

"Do you think I'm afraid?" Toby looked at me frivolously and said, "Sylvia is just a lowly slave, so people who hang out with her are also losers."

"Shut up! Who do you think you are to say such things about Sylvia? You have no right!" I clenched my fists as anger surged up in my heart.

Toby clicked his tongue and continued mocking, "And that Harry, he looks like a very smart person. But unexpectedly, he is a rash fool. Only a blind fool like him will make friends with losers like you. And

there's another werewolf named Warren. He is kind of smart, but he is just a mere son of a Beta. For me, all of you are as insignificant as ants."

I was so angry that I wanted to bite him to death. "Who the hell do you think you are? Don't you know that you're spewing nothing but rubbish?"

Toby snorted coldly. "Are you angry? But what can you do? You're just a weak she-wolf. How can you fight against me? I already know your plan. You bunch of cowards will only admit defeat. But it's okay. At least I don't need to waste my energy. However, once the game starts, I won't spare you. So if you want to surrender, hurry up and do it now, you loser!"

Every word that Toby said fueled my anger. I was so furious that my whole body trembled, and my throat was dry.

I would never let this bastard go.

Maybe I could use what Warren had taught me to fight against Toby. Even if I couldn't win this game, I must punch this idiot hard before admitting defeat.

The referee blew his whistle again, indicating that the game officially began.

I gathered all my strength and attacked first. Warren said that I had to be quick and ruthless when I made a move. I shouldn't have too many concerns and aim at the enemy's fatal point.

I kept in mind everything he had taught me. At this critical moment, I did my best.

I punched Toby hard at his vital part. But before I could feel good about myself, I found that my strength didn't shake him even a little.

Toby was faster than me. Before I could react, he slammed me to the ground.

A sinister smile crept across his face. "I don't know where you learned that move, but it's really good. However, all your efforts are in vain in the face of absolute power."