

## Irresistible 301

### [Chapter 301 Pain](#)

Sylvia's POV:

As soon as Flora stepped onto the battle ring, she said something to Toby. I had no idea what they were talking about.

But seeing the angry look on her face, a bad feeling surged up in my heart.

When the game began, Flora didn't concede as we had planned. Instead, she took the initiative to attack first.

Toby didn't seem to expect that Flora would suddenly make a move. He was stunned for a moment.

This gave Flora an advantage at the beginning, quickly gaining the upper hand. Warren's training seemed to be useful. Her moves were much more organized, and her strength was more concentrated. But she was still soon suppressed by Toby.

Standing in the audience and watching Flora losing the battle slowly, I was so anxious. Toby's moves were too savage. She was no match for him at all.

"Flora has completely understood the content of my special training, but she still finds it too difficult to compete with Toby," Warren said with a frown. He also became anxious. "Damn! Can we stop this game now?"

I stepped forward and tried to get close to the battle ring, but I was stopped by the referee, who maintained the order.

"Flora, concede now! Stop fighting anymore," I shouted anxiously.

Flora was at a disadvantage. She was completely suppressed by Toby now. He seemed so stimulated that he strangled her neck very hard. Things were getting out of hand.

Sylvie's POV:

As soon as Flore stepped onto the battle ring, she said something to Toby. I had no idea what they were talking about.

But seeing the angry look on her face, a bad feeling surged up in my heart.

When the game began, Flore didn't concede as we had planned. Instead, she took the initiative to attack first.

Toby didn't seem to expect that Flore would suddenly make a move. He was stunned for a moment.

This gave Flore an advantage at the beginning, quickly gaining the upper hand. Warren's training seemed to be useful. Her moves were much more organized, and her strength was more concentrated. But she was still soon suppressed by Toby.

Standing in the audience and watching Flore losing the battle slowly, I was so anxious. Toby's moves were too severe. She was no match for him at all.

"Flore has completely understood the content of my special training, but she still finds it too difficult to compete with Toby," Warren said with a frown. He also became anxious. "Damn! Can we stop this game now?"

I stepped forward and tried to get close to the battle ring, but I was stopped by the referee, who maintained the order.

"Flore, concede now! Stop fighting anymore," I shouted anxiously.

Flore was at a disadvantage. She was completely suppressed by Toby now. He seemed so stimulated that he strangled her neck very hard. Things were getting out of hand.

"Flora!" Harry shouted Flora's name desperately as if trying to convince her to surrender.

Flora looked in our direction with difficulty and nodded, indicating that she heard us.

But at this moment, Toby covered her mouth tightly to prevent her from speaking.

"Fuck!" Harry was so angry that he cursed.

Flora pulled Toby's hand, resisting violently. Blue veins stood out on her slender neck, and her face flushed. It seemed that she was running out of breath.

Toby became crazier and crazier. He firmly suppressed Flora and punched her in the stomach.

Flora couldn't even scream in pain. She could only struggle with her legs, but it was in vain.

Tears streamed down her face profusely. Someone like her who was so afraid of pain was now being crushed and beaten senselessly.

I was so distressed that I directly asked the referee to stop the game, but he just ignored me.

"Stop the game!" Warren was so furious. He clenched his fists and was about to rush into the battle ring. But he was stopped by the guard beside the referee.

"No one concedes, so the game is not over yet, the referee said coldly, looking insensitive about Flora's

pain.

Harry was so angry that he grabbed the referee's collar and cursed, "Are you fucking blind? Flora has been beaten up. What if something happens to her? Are you willing to compensate it with your life?"

Frightened by Harry's rage, the referee stammered, "Well... Nothing has happened to her yet..."

There were sudden exclamations from the audience. When I looked at the battle ring, I saw that Flora was beaten blue and black, and she was bleeding. But it seemed that Toby had no plan of stopping. And he still covered her mouth to prevent her from making a sound.

"Fuck off!"

Warren didn't mind the referee anymore and directly rushed to the battle ring.

But the quick-witted guard next to him stopped him at once. "Don't get in the way of the game."

"Get out of my way," Warren said through clenched teeth. His expression was colder than ever.

However, the guard didn't flinch. Instead, he said in a stiff tone, "No, you can't do anything without permission. The king is also watching. Please don't make things difficult for me."

Warren waved off the guard's weapon and sneered resolutely, "It's none of your business."

When I saw that Warren and the guard were about to fight, I held Warren's hand and turned to the referee who was standing aside. "Flora has lost the ability to fight. Can you announce the result of the game now?"

Everyone was shocked by my words. They quickly turned to the battle ring, only to find out that Flora had completely fainted.

### [Chapter 302 Battle Of Honor](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The referees looked at each other before announcing that the game was over.

Warren rushed to the battle ring, followed by Harry. As soon as they got there, Harry pushed Toby away.

"Hurry! Call the doctor!" Harry shouted anxiously.

Warren picked up Flora and ran off the battle ring. Then the doctors waiting around the battle ring surrounded them immediately. The scene was so noisy and chaotic that even Ethan sent his subordinate to inquire about the situation.

I was soon pushed and nudged out of the circle by the crowd. Worried, I was about to push my way in again to see what was going on with Flora when Toby suddenly walked up to me.

He sneered, "The next game will begin soon. Do you want to run away?"

I glared at him, resisting the impulse to beat him. I couldn't wait for the game to start, so I could justifiably give him a good beating.

Toby pretended to be scared and said exaggeratedly, "Oh, what a scary expression! I heard that she is your best friend, so I understand if you are very angry now. I'm sorry that I was a little harsh on her just now. It's just that I feel so disgusted every time I see such a useless Omega hanging around the academy."

"I actually feel more disgusted when I see someone as arrogant and supercilious as you," I retorted, looking at him coldly.

Toby clicked his tongue and said in a more casual tone, "Do you think I care about a slave's opinion?"

He paused for a while, slightly leaned over, and looked at me with arrogance in his eyes. "Let's wait and see. I'm looking forward to the next round."

"Oh, really? Just make sure you don't cry out loud later." I chuckled, glanced at him lightly, and went to the battle ring.

The referee blew his whistle, which meant we had four minutes to prepare for the game.

Toby stood in front of me without any trace of panic at all. He even had time to straighten up his clothes.

The crowd's lively voices were an indication that they were looking forward to the next round. And most of them were optimistic that Toby had a greater chance of winning.

"Come on, Toby! Beat Sylvia as hard as you did to Flora just now."

"Toby, be a real brave man and make Sylvia cry. Ha-ha!"

"Sylvia must be so scared that she stands rooted to the spot all the time."

"I'm afraid that she will make an awful fool of herself in King Ethan's presence today."

"A slave will always be a slave. She is destined to be weak and powerless all her life. No matter how hard she strives, it's a fact that can't be changed."

Toby was so proud that he waved to the audience and said, "Thank you. Today, victory will definitely be

mine."

"Fuck you!" Harry's voice rang out below the battle ring.

He took out an LED board with my name on it. It said, "Sylvia is the strongest in the world. I'm crazy for you. I'm your biggest fan!"

But before he could say anything more, the guards approached him and took him away.

Hearing these voices made my heart calmer and calmer.

All the messy thoughts in my mind were soon dispelled and replaced by Rufus's image. I believed he was silently cheering for me somewhere at this time. He said he would trust me forever. He always reminded me not to doubt myself.

So I must win this game not only for myself but also for Flora and Rufus.

The referee blew his whistle again to officially begin the game.

I stood still and stared at Toby firmly. At this moment, the voices around me sounded so distant, and all I could hear was the violent wind blowing towards me. I knew that Toby had made a move.

He clenched his fists, looking like a ferocious lion that was ready to attack. Then he pounced on me fiercely at a fast speed.

But when his fist was only a few inches away from my eyes, I firmly caught it with my bare hand. The impact that surged over made my arm slightly numb.

Toby's face turned gloomy at once. He tried to pull his hand away, but I didn't give him a chance to succeed.

I gave him a fleeting smile. Then I gathered all my strength and punched him. The next second, he was thrown away.

### [Chapter 303 Decisive Battle](#)

Toby's POV:

The surging force made me fly out like a piece of rag.

I slammed into the guardrail of the battle ring, which caused an uproar in the crowd.

I fell to the ground in disbelief. How could Sylvia be so powerful? She was so skinny. How could she knock me out with just one punch?

I didn't want to believe it, but the pain in my chest told me it was real. I was beaten away by a mere slave.

There were noisy discussions around me, doubting my ability. I felt very embarrassed. For the first time in my life, I was beaten away by a she-wolf. Worse was, she was a slave I despised the most.

I clutched my chest and looked at the grandstand, only to see my father's gloomy and terrifying face.

I endured the taste of blood in my mouth and tried to stand up as if nothing had happened. But the power of Sylvia's punch was so great that my body didn't recover at all. So I fell down awkwardly again.

Sylvia looked at me condescendingly and sneered, "I'll give you only one chance. Concede now."

Those words sounded just familiar. Didn't I say similar words to that weak she-wolf not long ago? This bitch Sylvia deliberately did it to humiliate me.

"No way!" I said without even thinking. During battles, it was either I die or win. Admitting defeat was something only cowards did.

Sylvia snorted coldly. Her face was full of disdain. "Your struggle is just futile."

She looked at me like she was looking at a piece of trash. No one had ever dared to offend me like this, let alone a lowly slave like her.

My boiling anger burned up my calmness. I got up from the ground and attacked Sylvia again.

My fist brushed past her ear, and I stretched out my right leg towards her waist.

Sylvia quickly stretched out her left hand to block my attack. Then she immediately squatted down and swept across my left leg.

For me not to lose my balance, I immediately took a step back. I looked at her coldly and said, "It turns out this is your real strength. It seems that you have been pretending weak. I was too careless just now. But don't worry. The show has just begun."

Sylvia didn't say anything. Instead, she took the initiative to attack me.

This time, I took her seriously. I wouldn't underestimate my enemy anymore. I used all my strength to deal with her every move.

But soon, I found that all my moves were countered by Sylvia. She had an absolute advantage over me in terms of strength and skills.

Damn! She was totally different from that she-wolf I knew from during the placement test.

What was even more annoying was that she actually started to deal with me using my own moves.

I was flustered under her attack. I started fighting randomly like a headless fly.

On the other hand, Sylvia got more and more aggressive.

At this moment, she exuded a terrifying aura, and the coldness in her eyes made my hair stand on end. I felt like she was going to kill me at any time. Her moves were fierce and fast. Her aggressive attacks deprived me of a chance to even turn into a wolf.

Sylvia pinned me to the ground, and I couldn't move. I sensed danger in the air, and it made my heart shrink. Sylvia was so horrible right now. If I still didn't admit defeat, I was afraid I would die here today.

I struggled to look at the referees' bench, wanting to admit defeat. But Sylvia held my mouth tightly to prevent me from speaking, just like what I did to Flora.

Then she punched me again and again, almost knocking my chest down.

I trembled with pain, feeling like my veins were about to explode. I kicked my legs in the air and struggled frantically to break free from Sylvia. But she just pressed me firmly.

Blood oozed out of my mouth. But since her hand still covered my mouth, I could only swallow it, suffocating to despair.

Just when I thought she would beat me to death, Sylvia suddenly removed her hand from my mouth and gave me a hard punch on the face.

I was so scared that I lost my mind. I felt like I was going to die. But Sylvia's fist stopped right before my eyes.

Then she put her hand down, stood up, and looked down at me coldly. "It seems that Blair made the right choice."

I was dumbfounded and speechless for a while. I was only pulled back to reality by the sound of the referee's whistle.

"I surrender,"

I said and lowered my head dejectedly. For the first time in my life, I felt so frustrated.

[Chapter 304 The Lycan Bloodline](#)

Ethan's POV:

Sylvia's performance left me speechless. Even though I had secretly hoped that Sylvia would win, I never would've imagined that she'd actually do and even win by a landslide.

No matter how much talent one had, one couldn't possibly make such vast progress in so short a time. And if my eyes didn't deceive me, the power she just used was definitely not that of an ordinary werewolf, but a lycan!

My heart sank to my stomach. It was clear that Sylvia was by no means just the daughter of an ordinary Beta.

Just then, Toby's father, George, started to protest vehemently.

"Foul! How can this be allowed? That damned slave nearly killed my son!"

"The judges already declared that no rule was broken. Your son could've admitted defeat sooner. But he didn't, so he had no choice but to keep on fighting." Martin cast George a cold glance.

George's skinny body trembled like a leaf with rage. He glared at Martin murderously but decided to change tactics. "Still, a slave has no right to do such a thing to my son! She needs to be severely punished!"

Martin sneered, "When your son beat that girl earlier, didn't you say that we should abide by the rules? Yet now that your son was beaten badly, you're going back on your word! Shame on you."

"Plus, Toby didn't show mercy just now." It was rare for Owen to agree with Martin. He had been silent this whole time, analyzing the situation very seriously. "Toby just beat someone else, and now he's been beaten up. It's only fair."

"Why, you—!" Consumed with rage, George found himself at a loss for words. Or perhaps it was because he knew he was in the wrong.

To ease his embarrassment, I decided to say a word or two. "Well, injuries are inevitable in this sort of competition. Everyone, please calm down. They still need to go through the forbidden forest."

Only then did George stop protesting. With a sullen expression on his face, he sat back down, sulking.

Martin chuckled to himself gloatingly. He even went so far as to pat Owen on the shoulder as though they were good friends, but Owen shrugged him off stoically.

Both amused and annoyed, I simply looked away. Now it was time to announce the result of the competition and allow the students some time to rest. After an hour, they were to enter the forbidden forest.

While everyone else was taking a break, I summoned Leonard to have a private talk with me in the



meeting room.

When he entered the room, I found that he seemed much older than the last time I saw him. His wasn't as robust as he once was. On his way to his seat, he kept coughing violently. I almost worried that he would suffocate to death.

"Were you not able to rest well?" I asked as I poured him a cup of hot tea.

Leonard sighed. "I'm getting old."

"Seriously? What does that make of me then?" I smiled at him with amusement. "You need to take better care of yourself, old friend. You're only in your forties and you don't even have grandchildren yet!"

Leonard smiled but said nothing. His eyes revealed complicated emotions stirring up within him, which made me frown slightly.

But I shrugged it off and brought up the subject of Sylvia. "Did you see what just happened out there?"

Leonard immediately grew serious. "It was clear that the power that Sylvia used was pure lycan strength."

Both Leonard and I had lycan blood, so we could tell another lycan when we saw one.

"Lycan blood is rare. How could a slave have it running through her veins?" Leonard frowned and surveyed me carefully. "Could she be your illegitimate daughter?"

"How on earth could that be possible?" I snorted.

Because I was cursed, I couldn't have any more children after my two sons. Sylvia was younger than Rufus and Richard. So she obviously couldn't be my daughter.

And thank God for that, lest the queen assume wrongly and make a scene again.

"Then how? If she's not yours, where could Sylvia have inherited a lycan bloodline?" Leonard frowned, deep in thought.

"And what about you? Did you have an affair?" I teased him half-jokingly.

### [Chapter 305 Awakened Power](#)

Leonard's POV:

"That is impossible!" I exclaimed firmly.

I was never interested in love affairs. When I was young, I either fought in the army or devoted myself to managing the affairs of the pack.

Since my mate died from an illness, I had never thought of remarrying. I spent all my time raising my only daughter, Alina.

Ethan sighed with distress. "I know that with your integrity, you won't mess around with anyone else other than your mate."

I pondered for a while, then said to Ethan, "Maybe Sylvia's lycan power is unexpectedly awakened on its own."

"That's actually the only possibility."

In the end, our discussion was fruitless, and we could only come up with this conclusion.

But my intuition told me that things were far from simple. Every time I saw Sylvia's face, I felt an indescribable sense of familiarity. But this sense of familiarity seemed to have been lost in the depths of my memory. I tried to figure it out, but I couldn't. So I could only wait for the truth to come out by itself.

"Sylvia is talented and powerful," Ethan said, obviously praising Sylvia. "But apparently, she hasn't fully mastered her power yet. During the game, her power only broke out because she was stimulated by what Toby did."

"She doesn't seem to know her own power yet," I commented.

I had always hated slaves. But although Sylvia was also a slave, her tenacity and willpower had changed my opinion more or less.

Ethan chuckled and said, "Back then, I used to look down on her. But look at what she has achieved now. Looks like I made a really poor judgment, ha-ha!"

I didn't say anything and just smiled. Sylvia was indeed a talent. But it was not enough to offset my grudge against slaves.

"I want Sylvia to serve the royal family in the future," Ethan continued.

I agreed with him, thinking that it was a good decision. If Sylvia served the royal family, it meant that she could get rid of her identity as a slave. And her life would be a lot easier in the future.

"I know that you always hate slaves. But I still want you to train her since you also have a lycan bloodline." Ethan looked at me and smiled like an old fox.

I finally understood what he was up to. I refused him without hesitation. "Maybe I can tolerate slaves,

but I will never teach the daughter of a traitor."

Ethan frowned. "Rufus said that Sylvia's mother was just framed, and she was a victim of misjudgment. Judging by Sylvia's character, it can be seen that her mother is not likely a traitor of bad virtue. After all, a bad she-wolf can't raise such an excellent daughter."

I sneered, "Rufus is not even capable of protecting himself now. How can he prove that Sylvia's mother is not a traitor?"

Many years had already passed. If the verdict could be reversed, it should have happened long ago. Nothing Rufus said now could change what had happened in the past, not with concrete evidence.

What I said made Ethan angry. He thumped the table with his hand and snorted coldly. "Just wait and see. As far as I know, Rufus has already found something. When Rufus's own problem is solved, he will tell you the truth. I hope you won't come up with any other excuses by then."

Actually, I didn't care about the truth at all. Sylvia was just an insignificant figure to me. Whether she was the daughter of a traitor or not didn't matter that much to me.

However, since Ethan wanted to bet on this, I would like to play along.

"Okay, if you say so. As long as Sylvia can prove her mother's innocence, I promise to train her," I said, compromising.

Ethan's face lit up at once. "You will be grateful to me in the end. Sylvia is a very talented she-wolf, and she will definitely be useful in the future."

I shook my head in disagreement. "I have to remind you that I can only stay in the imperial capital for a limited time. You have to hurry up."

Ethan nodded helplessly. "I know."

### [Chapter 306 The Marvelous Flora](#)

Sylvia's POV:

As soon as the competition ended, I rushed to the royal hospital to visit Flora.

Thankfully, she was awake now. I found her lying in bed. She was wrapped in bandages from head to toe.

Warren was carefully feeding her a slice of apple.

As soon as she saw me, she was so excited that she tried to sit up. But the second she tried, she immediately winced in pain. Her wound probably hurt.

"Hey, calm down," I said, holding my hands up helplessly.

Warren quickly put down the apple and helped her lie back down. "Don't try to get up," he scolded.

But it was futile. Flora stubbornly pushed Warren's hand away and pouted, whining, "Toby was so mean! It was because he insulted all of you that I couldn't help but fight him head-on. I wish I was stronger."

I sat down on the bed next to her and hugged her affectionately. "You did great, Flora. While we were watching you fight, Warren kept praising you for all the progress you've made. Isn't that right, Warren?"

"Yeah. Flora, you executed all the moves I taught you perfectly." Fortunately, Warren immediately caught my drift and started praising Flora seriously.

But our poor friend was still very depressed. She scowled deeply and said nothing.

"Don't worry. I've already avenged you by beating Toby to a pulp. He couldn't say a thing after that and even took the initiative to admit defeat," I said with a smile, squeezing Flora's shoulder gently.

Only then did she light up. "Really?"

"Yeah."

This seemed to make her feel better. She happily proceeded to eat the apple.

Relieved, I asked about her injury.

"She's doing well. After all, werewolves heal relatively fast. Plus, Flora's body is particularly strong, even stronger than that of a male wolf. I'm pretty sure that if it weren't for Warren insisting she stay here in the hospital, she would have come to Toby and quarreled with him for three days straight," Harry said as he walked in, carrying several bags.

A thought seemed to occur to Warren because he suddenly burst into laughter.

I looked at them in confusion. "What's so funny?"

Harry cleared his throat and began to imitate Flora's voice when she cursed Toby. The funny and exaggerated performance made me and Warren burst into giggles.

"I wasn't that dramatic!" Flora pursed her lips unhappily.

"Oh, yes, you were! Didn't you know that the vegetable next door woke up thanks to your loud voice?" Warren said with a very solemn expression.

"What?!"

Three shocked voices all cried in unison. We all stared at Warren in disbelief.

Warren nodded seriously, like a noble bearer of news. "The patient's family even wanted to extend their thanks to Flora."

Peals of laughter burst forth from Harry's mouth.

Even I couldn't help but chuckle as well. Flora was truly a treasure.

"Stop laughing! Be serious!" Flora pretended to act fierce. "How could you laugh at something so serious?"

"Why not?" I finally managed to hold back my laughter and patted Flora on the head dotingly.

She lowered her head and whispered pitifully, "The doctor said that I couldn't continue with the competition and go to the forbidden forest. He said I should just quit and stay here. I guess that means I can't join the elite team after all."

"That's okay, Flora. Even if you don't make it this time, you can always try again next year. We might be separated for a year, but our friendship will never change," I comforted her gently.

Just then, all our phones started ringing at the same time as we all received the same notice.

"Toby quit!" Harry exclaimed in surprise. "Looks like he doesn't have the guts to continue with the competition."

"So those entering the forbidden forest will be me, Harry, Warren, John, Tom, and another guy named Peter." Peter might've been from Class C, but he turned out to be a dark horse and had performed really well in the competition thus far.

After finishing the lunch Harry brought for us, all of us except Flora prepared to go to the entrance of the forbidden forest to await orders.

Before leaving, Warren took one last look at Flora, who was lying in bed. He hesitated and walked back to her side. "What if I quit and stay to look after you?"

"Fuck off! If you quit, I will never talk to you again!" Flora threw a pillow at Warren's face and countered his proposal fiercely.

Despite her valiant act, I couldn't help but chuckle softly. But I could tell what Warren was thinking. If he passed the forbidden forest test, he'd join the army and be separated from Flora for a year, so he

wanted to quit.

After looking at the stubborn Flora for a while, Warren finally sighed and followed us to the entrance of the forbidden forest.

### [Chapter 307 The Dungeon](#)

Rufus' POV:

The dungeon had no windows, so I couldn't see the sun in the sky outside. I could only tell the time by the clock on the wall, ticking away idly. Pine incense was burning in the iron censer, dispelling the moist, dank air stench in the air.

While the room might've been dark and small, it was overall not that bad an environment. Even the guards outside were very polite with me.

All these things pointed to one thing: my father wanted to protect me.

Despite this, I wasn't allowed to go out or communicate with anyone.

I had no idea how Sylvia was doing. With every second that passed, I missed her more and more. It had only been a day since the last time we met. But I couldn't bear to be away from her and missed her so much.

In my frustration, I threw the paintbrush in my hand against the wall irritably. I couldn't remember how many times I had lost my patience in this dungeon. Before me was a canvass with a portrait of Sylvia smiling up at me.

I really wanted to storm out of here and take Sylvia away to a place where we could be alone.

"It's only been a day and already you're restless! When Sylvia joins the army, she'll be away on missions. By then, it'll easily be weeks or months before you see her again," Omar complained, stirring restlessly in my mind.

"In that case, I'd go with her," I replied lightly.

"But..." It seemed Omar was rendered speechless. "Do you have any idea what you look like now?"

I didn't answer him. Instead, I picked up the paintbrush from the floor and continued painting on the canvass.

"What a stalker!" Omar spat in disgust. "Pull yourself together! If you become king of this country, you'll have countless matters to attend to every day. You won't have the time to pine for Sylvia. Plus, you're too clingy. Be careful or else she'll grow tired of you."

"Omar," I warned in an ominous tone. I knew Omar was right, but I refused to listen to it. And why should I listen when all he had to say was that Sylvia would grow tired of me?

"I'm telling the truth and you know this..." Despite its bold words, Omar's tone faltered. "But I think Sylvia's also clingy. You two are similar."

All of a sudden, Omar chuckled. "Rufus, you're hopelessly in love. I can't wait for the day Sylvia beats you up."

Hearing this, my heart yearned for Sylvia even more. I glanced at the clock on the wall and pushed the canvas away.

"What do you think you're doing, Rufus?" As I got on my feet, Omar got a little flustered. "Are you planning to escape this dungeon? Oh, no way. Just wait for Sylvia to save us!"

Ignoring him, I called the guard over.

"The selection competition should be over by now. What're the results?" I asked him promptly.

The guard saluted respectfully and answered, "Yes, Prince Rufus. The competition's over. Miss Todd performed well and won first place."

The corners of my lips tugged upwards as a sense of pride rose from my heart. Of course she had won first place. She was my mate after all.

Omar seemed pretty happy, too. "Awesome! Sylvia is just awesome!" Rufus, when you get out of here, you'd better reward her handsomely!"

I scratched my head sheepishly. Omar's words were getting more and more unreasonable.

Just then, we heard voices from outside, as well as the sounds of weapons colliding. It sounded like someone was trying to break in.

"Just let me see him!"

I could tell that this voice belonged to Amos, Blair's confidante. He sounded anxious. My heart tightened in my chest. Did something happen to Blair?

"Let him in," I ordered the guard promptly.

"Prince Rufus, that's against the rules..." The guard said weakly.

"Give us five minutes. No one else has to know." As I spoke, I looked at him coldly.

This was enough to send shivers down his spine. He immediately relented and let Amos in.

Amos immediately collapsed to the floor as soon as the door was closed behind him. He looked like he was in a lot of pain.

"What happened?" I squatted down next to him and began checking for injuries immediately. It didn't take long for me to find what I'm looking for. There was a deep gash in his abdomen, and his clothes was stained black with the ominous dark blood. It looked like he was poisoned.

### [Chapter 308 Jailbreak](#)

Rufus' POV:

Amos was in so much pain that he couldn't speak. His face was deathly pale, and his lips had turned bluish-purple.

"Just hold on. I'll call the doctor." I stood up, wanting to call the guards in.

But he reached out to stop me. "No need, Prince Rufus. Do you have any cigarette?"

I picked up the cigarette box from the table and took one stick. Then I put it into Amos's mouth and lit it for him.

Shaking, he took a long drag on the cigarette and said, "Thank you, Prince Rufus. One drag is enough."

"What exactly happened? Who did this to you?" I asked with a frown, taking the cigarette away from his mouth.

"After you were imprisoned, Prince Richard took charge of dispatching all the troops in the palace," Amos said in a weak voice.

"Was it my father's arrangements?"

"It was Prince Richard who took the initiative to propose it to the lycan king. King Ethan couldn't embarrass and refuse him in front of everyone, so he had no choice but to agree." Amos's face darkened, and his breathing quickened.

I put the cigarette in my hand back to his mouth. But this time, he didn't even have the strength to take a drag. It was only then that I realized that he was dying.

"This time, Prince Richard has arranged all our men to protect the students in the forbidden forest instead of his own people. I vaguely felt that something was wrong, so I secretly left the team and followed him." Amos paused, gasping for air. He was too weak to speak and began to spit out black blood.



I held his head and tried to wipe his mouth. But he stopped me by blocking my hand.

"It's dirty. Please don't touch it." Amos could hardly open his eyes at this moment. He tried to catch his breath and continued, "I overheard Prince Richard and Gamma Mateo's conversation. They have buried a lot of explosives in the forbidden forest, preparing to eliminate all the dissidents at once."

I thought of Sylvia right away, and my heart started to get anxious.

Amos's thin voice trailed off as he had no strength left in him anymore. He struggled to take out a dagger and stabbed his leg fiercely. He sobered up momentarily because of the pain but soon his eyes darkened again.

"I was about to report to King Ethan when someone hit me with a poisonous weapon. Prince Richard's men chased me all the way here near the dungeon, so I decided to come here to find you." Amos was on the verge of dying when he said this. But he still struggled to open his eyes and look at me. "Prince Rufus, only you can save them now."

Then he lost his breath after this last sentence. I closed Amos's eyes, stood up, and hurried out. But when I got to the door, I was stopped by the guard.

"Price Rufus, where are you going?"

"I have to go out," I responded with a cold face. I walked past him without even looking at him.

The guard stood in front of me fearlessly and said, "If you escape from prison, it will be a more serious crime. Prince Rufus, please think twice before you do anything."

"Get out of my way if you don't want to die. I don't have time to waste on you," I warned him coldly.

"Prince Rufus, please don't make things difficult for us. If King Ethan blames us, we will definitely lose our lives." After saying this, the guard summoned the other guards outside to block me.

"I'll say it for the last time, get out of my way! I'll take full responsibility for whatever happens."

I was about to lose my temper. If they didn't let me go and insisted on blocking me, I might have to turn to violence at any moment. Thinking that Sylvia was in imminent danger made me angrier.

The guards all took a step back one after another. But they still didn't give up. "How about we report to King Ethan first? Prince Rufus, please wait for a moment."

"You're telling me to wait?" I sneered coldly. By the time they finished reporting, the forbidden forest would have been blown up.

I stopped talking nonsense with them and kicked the guard in front of me away. The rest of the guards

were so scared that they didn't dare to go forward.

"Come on! Just fight with me," I said, looking at them indifferently.

### [Chapter 309 The Test In The Forbidden Fores](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The forbidden forest was still shrouded by mist. A large flock of crows flew out above us, cawing.

Harry shivered. He rubbed his arms, trying to warm himself up. He couldn't help complaining, "Why is it so cold here? I should have listened to you and worn more clothes."

I looked at his thin denim jacket and ripped jeans, feeling a little helpless. Before we set off, we asked him to change into thick clothes. But he would rather be frozen to death in his fashionable clothes than be wrapped in a bloated military coat.

While we were talking, the referee brought a few soldiers over to frisk us, making sure we didn't hide any weapons. During the test in the forbidden forest, no one was allowed to bring any weapons.

After the frisking, the referee put an electronic device on us.

We could press the button of this electronic device in case of danger. Then the troops secretly protecting us would come to rescue and take the contestants out of the forbidden forest. But this would also mean that the contestants had quit the competition willingly.

After all the preparations, the referee announced the commencement of the test. After entering the forbidden forest, the six contestants who qualified for the test must find the blue cornflower and return within two hours.

It was the rainy season at this time, so everything on earth was coming back to life. All kinds of insects and beasts came out of their nests one after another.

So not long after we entered the forbidden forest, we encountered two hungry black bears.

They were twice as big as the ordinary ones, and they ran extremely fast. Obviously, they had mutated.

Harry wanted to avoid direct contact with the black bears to save his strength, so he hid in a tree. But he obviously forgot that black bears could climb trees too. Before he reached the top of the tree, the black bears had already caught up with him.

He had no other choice but to deal with them with force.

At this time, Warren took out a wooden sword which was only as long as his forearm, out of nowhere. Before we could come to our senses, he attacked and knocked out one of the black bears quickly.

"Fuck! Where did your sword come from? They forbid us to bring any weapons, right?" Harry exclaimed surprisingly. He stared at Warren with admiration in his eyes.

"It's not a weapon but an ornament," Warren said coldly with a solemn expression on his face, brandishing the sword.

The wooden sword didn't have sharp edges because it hadn't been sharpened yet. It was indeed not a weapon.

After such an episode, it was much easier for us to deal with the other black bear. The six of us worked together to deal with it. The process was simple and efficient.

After dealing with the black bears, Harry began to feel relaxed. "The forbidden forest isn't that terrible. I won't be afraid, even if there are another ten black bears."

I knocked his head angrily and said in a serious tone, "Don't take it lightly. We are still at the entrance of the forbidden forest. It's safer than the other parts of the forest because the troops secretly protecting us have cleaned this up in advance. We have to be more careful later."

Harry rubbed his nose and replied obediently, "I get it."

Then we continued to go deep into the forbidden forest. Fortunately, we didn't encounter any giant beasts anymore. However, there were too many kinds of bugs and insects in the forbidden forest. Our exposed skin was soon densely packed with red bug bites, and none of us was spared.

Harry was the most miserable one. The holes in his ripped jeans were so big that bugs crawled in. He was stung, so his legs were swollen, itchy, and painful.

When we reached a fork in the road, Tom suddenly proposed that we split up. Otherwise, our time would not be enough.

We had a short discussion and eventually agreed with his suggestion.

"I'll go with you," Tom said to Warren.

Warren stood aside and replied indifferently, "Whatever. I don't care."

In that case, I reasoned that Harry and I should be together. After all, Harry held a grudge against John for a long time, and it simply wasn't safe to leave them two in the same group alone.

But at this time, Peter said that he wanted to go with me.

"If everything goes well, I believe that you will be our future captain. I want to get acquainted with you

in advance. After all, I'm from Class C, and I never had any contact with anyone in Class A before." As he spoke, Peter scratched his head embarrassedly and smiled. Then he took the initiative to choose a track.

I glanced at Harry hesitantly. Peter seemed sincere. If I refused him, he might feel humiliated and we might have a conflict in the future. So I agreed to go with him.

Harry was obviously unhappy, but he had no choice but to leave with John.

After we separated, the weather began to turn cloudy. Then the rain started to pour out lightly. The road became muddy, but we could still walk forward. Everything seemed to be smooth since we entered the forbidden forest.

I didn't know why but I still felt a little uneasy.

### [Chapter 310 A Disappointmen](#)

Sylvia's POV:

After passing through the dense reed marsh, Peter and I arrived at an open mountainous field.

The view was filled with boulders of various shapes and forms. Beautiful flowers of all sorts bloomed everywhere. The deep and tranquil sound of the mountain spring filled the air. It was peaceful.

But even then, I began to feel more and more restless. Being in crisis mode, where nothing was predictable, made me absent-minded to the beauty around me.

"Well, this place looks nice." Poking his head out, Peter naively looked around with no hint of alert on his face whatsoever.

I chose not to say anything, but I stayed on high alert and made sure to pay close attention to the surroundings.

"You know, you're quite different from what I imagine you'd be like. I always thought powerful individuals acted arrogant, but you seem like an easy-going and kind-hearted person. I actually thought you were going to refuse teaming up with me," Peter commented.

Ever since we had been paired up, Peter had been in the mood to be talkative. Even when we were in a supposedly dangerous situation, he would just stand aside and watch me solve the problem, with his hands in his pockets. It was as if he was just on a relaxing hike in the forbidden forest and I was his bodyguard.

Suddenly, a dark shadow flashed by in the corner of my eye. I immediately pushed Peter out of the way and jumped onto a huge rock.

"What was that?" Peter's eyes were wide with shock. If I hadn't pushed him just now, he would have been killed by whatever that was. He followed suit and also climbed on top of the rock behind me as best as he could with trembling legs.

I put a finger to my mouth, telling him to be quiet, and held my breath to not make any sound. As I waited and observed the surroundings, I finally discovered the culprit. It was a thick root!

The roots of a tree normally stayed quietly under the ground, but these ones seemed to come to life and crawled out of the earth. They slithered like snakes on the ground, prepared to attack at any moment.

I squinted my eyes and saw the huge tree from which the roots stemmed from and muttered under my breath, "I'm afraid we've just encountered the most terrifying being in the forbidden forest. This tree... It's mutated."

"Mutated? Then... What do we do now?" Peter's expression shifted.

I couldn't answer Peter's question as I was lost in my own thought.

Mutation was a unique phenomenon that occurred in the forbidden forest. Usually, it would only happen in the forest's innermost parts and affected plants in large numbers. Not only did the mutants develop the intelligence and ability to move, but it also grew to have a strong instinct to attack werewolves. Once a werewolf would enter its territory, these plants would attack him as a group, tearing their prey into pieces. It was for this reason that King Ethan had also forbidden ordinary werewolves from entering this area of the woods.

However, we were only in the outermost area of the forest, where there should have been no mutated plants. Fortunately, when I checked, there seemed to be only one tree that had mutated around here.

I observed the slithering roots and was relieved to find that they were not actually moving that fast, which meant that we still had a chance of getting out of here alive. As long as we made use of the rocks behind us, we could be able to get far enough out of their range of attack and away from the mountain.

I gave Peter some instructions to follow where I step and jump from boulder to boulder. But Peter just couldn't keep up. He was so frightened by everything going on that he fell off a rock and almost dragged me into the tree's range of attack.

"Ah, that was so scary! It almost hit me!" Shutting his eyes, Peter screamed as he jumped and clumsily landed on a rock. I couldn't help but roll my eyes. This werewolf might have been weaker than I thought.

I jumped back onto the rock where he was sitting and pulled him up. "Grab on to my clothes. When I say jump, jump with me."

"Okay." Peter nodded nervously, obviously without a clue what to do next.

"You need to focus, or else you could die."

"Okay."

Fortunately, Peter was able to follow and did not slip up again. We were able to leave safely and in one piece.

The trip went much smoother after. We were able to find the blue cornflower we needed in the center of the swamp.

Upon estimating the distance, I surmised that the flower was about five to six meters away. There were stones on the marsh, but they were too small to walk on. Though my plan seemed a little risky, I decided that I could jump all the way to the center of the swamp instead.

The rain grew heavier, which meant that the wind also blew stronger, making the swamp even more dangerous by the second.

"Maybe we could use a long vine. One end is tied around your waist, and the other I can hold on to from here. If ever you fall into the swamp by accident, I could pull you out," Peter suggested.

"That's actually a good idea." I nodded approvingly. Peter might not have been the best at fighting, but he did have some good ideas to make up for it.

I found a long and thick vine on the ground and wrapped it around my waist. After making sure it was on as tight as it could be, I looked at Peter to check that he was holding on to the other end of the vine.

"Be careful, okay? If you can't get the flower, it's fine. Your safety is still of utmost importance." Peter wrapped the vine around his hands. "Don't worry, I'll be holding on to the vine from over here."

"Alright." I nodded again without hesitation.

After taking a deep breath, I ran a few steps toward the swamp and jumped. Thanks to the training I'd received, my skills were able to get me all the way to the center of the swamp.

"Good going, Sylvia!" Peter cheered from the other side.

My lips curved into a tight smile. I caught my breath and soon walked up to the flower to take it. But all of a sudden, I was pulled back with a great force by the vine around my waist. The force had caught me completely off guard and caused me to lose balance, falling into the swamp before I could stop myself.