

Irresistible 31

[Chapter 31 Confrontation](#)

Rufus' POV:

The queen's hall was brightly lit. The servants were on their knees, fearing that they would be implicated.

I casually walked in.

Just then, a teacup shattered at my feet.

"What's making you angry, mother?" I smiled at her.

"How dare you question me?" My mother dramatically slumped on the sofa with a grumpy look on her face.

I walked over and sat beside her, ignoring her tone.

Like my father, my mother, too, liked smashing things when she got angry.

"You can leave now." I waved my hand, gesturing for the servants to leave.

My mother glanced at me and waved the fan in her hand to get some air. "Get rid of that she-wolf."

"She has a name. It's Sylvia." I stretched back and cracked my knuckles without taking her words seriously.

"I don't care what her name is. She is a slave, after all." My mother snorted and threw her fan aside.

"You are a prince of the royal family. Protecting a lowly she-wolf like this will only ruin the dignity and reputation of our family."

"Sylvia is my mate. I've accepted her," I said frankly.

My mother's face darkened even more.

I arched an eyebrow and examined her face. She was seething with rage. I poured her a cup of warm tea and slid it toward her. "Mother, I hope you understand."

Laura threw the cup onto the floor. "Ridiculous!"

She sprang to her feet and scowled at me. The corner of her mouth sank, revealing the wrinkles. "I will never allow a she-wolf of humble status to be your mate. My daughter-in-law must be a she-wolf from a noble bloodline."

I sneered at her. I had never expected my parents to accept Sylvia like I do. After all, bloodline and status were more important to them than anything else. But it didn't matter because I didn't need their approval.

"You are the heir to the lycan king. Do you want such a she-wolf to lead all the werewolves with you in the future? Everyone will laugh at you!" My mother's chest was heaving with rage. She took deep breaths and turned to look at me. "Richard has become more arrogant and aggressive off late. He has even begun to interfere in political affairs. If you don't marry a mate from a powerful background, he will trample you!"

My heart sank at her words. I felt sorry for my mother because she didn't know the truth. She didn't know that I was cursed, nor did she know that my father had decided to give up on me and let Richard inherit the throne. But I didn't intend to explain anything to my mother because it would only make things worse.

"Alina is a good choice. I want you to marry her. Her father is an Alpha and belongs to the lycan bloodline as well. Only such a she-wolf deserves you," my mother tried persuading me to marry Alina yet again.

"Mother, stop it! Don't try persuading me. I only want Sylvia in my life," I said, staring into my mother's eyes. When I said that, my thoughts instantly wandered to Sylvia. If she heard what I said, she would panic like a little rabbit.

"But don't worry. I've promised father that I won't make our mate bond public until we prove that Sylvia's mother is innocent," I continued, ignoring my mother's reaction.

"You've already made up your mind, haven't you?" Her face turned livid, and her lips trembled. I could tell that she was trying her best to control her emotions.

"Yes. So please quit persuading me and send Alina back."

"You!" My mother shook her head fiercely.

"Prince Rufus!"

Just then, a piercing scream from the hallway caught our attention. Maya ran in breathlessly.

"What happened? Why are you in such a hurry?" I asked, frowning.

"Please save Miss Todd. A group of werewolves at the Royal Military School have besieged her. I... I couldn't stop them. They were all bullying Miss Todd..." Maya cried anxiously.

My heart leaped to my throat. Before Maya finished her words, I immediately stood up and rushed to

the Royal Military School.

Chapter 32 Counterattack

Sylvia's POV:

I was surrounded by all sorts of noise. Although they were dressed in gorgeous clothes, their mouths spouted the most vicious of words. Their eyes were full of hatred, as if they were nailing me to the cross in their minds.

Several she-wolves pulled on my dress. The accessories keeping my hair up had already fallen out. I crossed my arms over my chest, trying not to let my dress fall.

I tried pushing them away and escaping from this siege, but more and more werewolves just kept appearing. They all had ferocious smiles on their faces, like famished predators finally seeing prey again after a long time.

My body had frozen up. With my fists clenched, I was preparing to fight back, but I stumbled on my high heels and fell to the ground.

My dress was an absolute mess and my hair had just fallen loosely down my shoulders. I looked completely miserable and disheveled, like a helpless, broken boat being tossed around by the ocean's violent waves.

Maya had disappeared to somewhere. It was good she was not here. It was better that I suffer this humiliation alone.

"Are you always horny whenever you see a man, bitch? Well, you deserve to get played by men anyway!"

"You think you look so good in that dress? Do you really think it makes you a lady? Take it off! You don't deserve to wear that!"

"I mean, just look at her face. She's practically born to be a tramp!"

The she-wolves took turns insulting me with so much gusto. It was as if I had dug up the graves of their families with how much anger they were venting at me.

The male werewolves stood on the side to watch the show, some even whistling obnoxiously.

Holding back my tears, I tried to get up but Cherry quickly pulled my hair and grabbed my face forcefully.

There was bitterness written all over Cherry's face. Her thick black eyeliner made her expression look all the more upset, and it didn't help that her voice was so unpleasant and high-pitched. "Listen here, you

little bitch. Don't even think for a second that you will live a better life here at the imperial palace. You are going to stay a slave. You're nothing but a slut, just like your mother. Look, your mother never even knew who your father was because she slept with random men. Who knows? Maybe you'll be an even greater slut than your mother."

When I heard Cherry's words, my mind went blank. My vision turned red and I found the strength to shove Cherry to the ground.

"Do not talk about my mother that way!" Without thinking twice, I slapped her hard across the face. I thought I could endure this beating tonight, but I was not going to tolerate any slander about my mother. Cherry had crossed the line.

"Bitch, let go of me!" Cherry shrieked. She tried to grab my hair again to push me away, but she couldn't.

I glared at Cherry and slapped her with my hand a few more times. "Did your mother never teach you manners? I think it's time you've learned your lesson!"

"This she-wolf! She's crazy! Damn it, hurry up and get her off of me!" Cherry cried out to the others.

My body felt like an overbearing force was just flowing uncontrollably out of it. I had lost all reason and the only thing on my mind was to beat Cherry up. I was determined to make those who insulted my mother pay the rightful price.

Some of the other she-wolves grabbed my shoulders and tried to pull me away.

"Fuck off!" I turned to them with wild eyes. "Don't touch me unless you want to die like her!"

They were frightened and stopped in their tracks, looking at each other. For a moment, no one dared to stop me.

I pulled Cherry up from the ground by her hair. Her face had gotten swollen and red from all the slapping, but she still didn't seem to run out of curses. In my anger, I slapped her once more. I didn't care about anything anymore. Since I was at a low point in my life, I didn't care what I did with it. If I had to die today, at least I died overcoming my enemies.

"You bitch, I'm going to kill you!" At this time, a male werewolf in gold uniform was rushing up to me. He waved a golden flask in his hand, his weapon of choice to smack my head with. "How dare you beat up the goddess of my heart? You're going to die tonight!"

I simply turned my head and pushed him away.

He fell to the ground and looked at me in disbelief. "What? How did you do that?"

Murmurs filled the air. I heard mocking voices from the crowd, but they were directed at the male werewolf on the ground who couldn't even get close to the slave girl. I sneered and chuckled, finally calming down.

At this, the werewolf's face darkened as he glared at me.

"I will kill you today!" He stood up and roared, running toward me again.

I shoved Cherry to the ground and turned to him, ready to fight. Just as he was close enough, I was going to take the opportunity to kick him in the groin, but the hem of my dress had gotten caught. I had lost my balance and stumbled to the ground.

The werewolf grabbed my hair with his fist and pinned me to the ground.

"Maybe if you kneel and call me master, I can let you go," he snorted. He pulled on my hair so hard that I thought it was all going to come off.

I gritted my teeth painfully. "Since when did a dog like you learn to speak like that?"

"You bitch!" The werewolf's eyes widened with anger and I saw him look at the tear on my dress. I could tell he was up to no good.

I struggled against his grip in desperation, but he had gotten too firm of a hold on me.

Just when I was about to transform into a wolf, a man with golden hair and dressed in military uniform appeared, stopping the farce with his men.

[Chapter 33 Prince Richard](#)

Richard's POV:

"Stop!" I commanded. The army behind me swarmed around the scene. "It is improper to cause such a ruckus right in front of the Royal Military School gate!"

As soon as I appeared, everyone quieted down with fear and respectfully bowed their heads. I always enjoyed the incomparable honor my identity had given me.

But there was one she-wolf in heavy makeup who didn't seem afraid of me. She was staring at me with her mouth gaping open, her cheeks swollen.

Since she dared look me in the eye, I asked her name.

"I apologize for what happened, beautiful lady. May I know your name?" I walked over to her and asked gently.

She gave a shy smile and answered in a low voice, "My name is Cherry Brook. I am the daughter of the Gamma of the Black Moon Pack."

I would have preferred she didn't smile. Smiling only made her swollen cheeks even rounder like two butt cheeks on her face, which I found quite funny. Obviously, she had gotten beaten up just now.

It was difficult to hold back my laughter. "Can you tell me what happened?"

"She started it!" Gritting her teeth, Cherry pointed at the girl opposite her. "She was a slave in our pack. I was just going to catch up with her, but all of a sudden, she starting beating me up!"

Cherry grew more aggrieved by the second, with tears even forming in her eyes.

A slave? Could this be the infamous slave that Rufus had brought back?

I turned to the she-wolf Cherry was pointing at. Her hair was all messed up, but there was a stubborn look on her face.

As soon as I got back today, it didn't take long for me to hear about what my very serious older brother had done. He had brought home a female slave and even gave her an introduction suited only for high-profile individuals at the palace gate.

I was absolutely surprised. This wasn't something I imagined the cold and brutal Rufus would ever do. I knew this because I had already tried to lure him to his death with many beautiful she-wolves, hoping to get him assassinated in bed. But all my attempts had failed. He never seemed to find a she-wolf he could treat differently. It even came to a point wherein I almost suspected his sexual orientation. But how could Rufus fall in love with a female slave now all of a sudden?

Richard's POV:

"Stop!" I commanded. The army behind me swarmed around the scene. "It is improper to cause such a ruckus right in front of the Royal Military School gate!"

Out of curiosity, I couldn't wait to talk to the slave and find out what was so special about her. Unfortunately, this wasn't how I was expecting to meet her for the first time.

I took one careful look at the slave. She was beautiful indeed. Even as she just stood there and didn't say a word, I couldn't help but feel an itch. I could see why Rufus would fall in love with her.

Still, I intended to use the foolish she-wolf Cherry to teach this slave a lesson. After all, Rufus liked this she-wolf. Humiliating her and giving her the punishment of a slave would be like spitting and stepping on Rufus' face, which made me happy.

Sylvia's POV:

Unlike Rufus, Richard had softer facial features. His golden hair was so long that it fell all the way to his waist. I thought he could be even more beautiful than some women I knew. There was a pinkish birthmark in the corner of his eye, which gave his delicate face a little edge.

Although his eyes looked a bit intimidating with the birthmark, he also had on a gentle smile that I felt was inconsistent. It was like finding a perfectly green tree in the middle of snow. It didn't make sense. I felt uncomfortable already the second I saw him. I just had a feeling that there was something hypocritical about this man.

Right when he arrived, everyone fell silent. No one dared to make a sound.

When he asked Cherry, she immediately got to accusing me of starting trouble. The other werewolves echoed her story and shamelessly backed her up.

I sharply turned to Cherry and said, "No, you started it. But in the end, you couldn't even defend yourself against a slave. How dare you play the victim now?"

"Quit lying!" Cherry rushed over to me and raised her hand to hit me. "I'm going to teach you a lesson myself, you fucking slave!"

I smirked and casually blocked her hand mid-air, ready to fight back. However, Richard's men quickly came up behind me and clamped my hands behind my back.

I raised my head to look at Richard with anger in my eyes. "Why are you on her side? As a prince, shouldn't you be smart enough to listen to both sides of the story first?"

Richard looked at me with one of those hypocritical smiles.

"Well, even if Miss Brook did start it, so what? You should have just taken it in and not fought back." Richard paused and slowly walked up to me. "After all, Miss Brook is the master. You are just a slave."

He looked at me with contempt. "As a slave, resistance is the biggest sin you can commit."

A chill ran down my spine. This was the moment I realized that justice did not exist for people without status and power.

Richard turned back to Cherry and smiled. "Miss Brook, if you are still not satisfied, you may continue to teach this unruly slave a lesson."

He took two steps back to give Cherry some space.

"Most definitely. Thank you, Prince Richard!" Cherry was clearly overjoyed to hear this. She raised her hand again and walked up to me. "It's time you learn how to be a slave again!"

I wanted to dodge and fight back, but two of Richard's men were firmly holding me down. There was nothing I could do but to watch as Cherry prepared to slap me. It was a very humiliating moment.

Just as Cherry's hand was about to come into contact with my cheek, I heard the sound of a bone snapping, followed by Cherry's shrill scream.

Cherry's wrist had been gripped by another strong hand.

I looked up to see what had just happened. He stood in front of me, the light behind him making him look like an angel sent from heaven. His familiar scent made me swallow a lump in my throat. It was my prince, Rufus.

There was a murderous look in his eyes. "Who dared to hurt my people?"

[Chapter 34 Weakness](#)

Richard's POV:

Unfortunately, Rufus came before I could do anything.

He grabbed Cherry's hand and snapped her bones. Then, he effortlessly crippled my two attendants. After assaulting our people, he took off his suit jacket and wrapped it around the disheveled slave, pulling her into his arms.

He pursed his lips and glared at us, trying not to reveal his emotions. I could tell that he cared about his slave a lot.

"Hello, Rufus," I greeted him.

Rufus glanced at me with piercing coldness which sent a shiver down my spine.

But I didn't stop. I walked up to Rufus and deliberately provoked him, "You know this slave? She seemed very disobedient."

"Richard!" Rufus' face darkened. I could see the anger blazing in his eyes.

"Rufus, I think you must have misunderstood me. I didn't know that she was your slave." I stepped closer and looked him in the eye. "But it's true that she made trouble in front of the Royal Military School. Father handed me the most important task of taking charge of the Royal Military School. I can't ignore the chaos, can I?"

I pretended to be helpless. Rufus looked at me and remained silent.

Hearing my words, the werewolves began to echo with me.

"That's right, Prince Rufus. It's a misunderstanding. We didn't know she was yours."

"Yes. Besides, this slave is so strong and powerful that she overturned many werewolves at once."

"Yes. She has hurt several werewolves."

"If we knew she belonged to you, we wouldn't have fought back."

The law couldn't punish many offenders. As long as everyone gave a unified testimony to blame the ignoble slave, Rufus had no choice but to endure the loss regardless of how angry he was.

Rufus glared at everyone. The other werewolves quieted down in an instant. They held their breaths and dared not to look up.

Finally, Rufus turned around and looked at me. "Don't do it again."

Richard's POV:

Unfortunately, Rufus came before I could do anything.

With that, he picked the slave in his arms and left, not bothering to look back at me.

I was in a good mood, so I didn't care about his attitude.

I looked at his back as I saw him walk away, holding his slave in his arms. My heart bubbled with excitement and joy because I found that the omnipotent Prince Rufus finally had a fatal weakness.

Sylvia's POV:

Rufus carried me in his arms. I buried my head in his chest and didn't utter a word on the way. I hadn't recovered from the humiliation. Although my anger had subsided, I was still confused and depressed. Surviving in this world wasn't easy.

I closed my eyes and let the tears tumble down my cheek. I quickly turned my head to make sure Rufus didn't notice I was crying.

"I'm sorry," Rufus said.

I didn't respond because I didn't know what to say. He didn't do anything wrong. It was all my fault. Being weak was my greatest sin.

"It was my fault this time. I'll make sure no one bullies you in the future," Rufus promised.

My mind was in a mess; I didn't know how to react. I leaned closer and nestled against his chest.

Rufus carried me into the room and gently put me on the bed as if I were a fragile porcelain doll.

"I want to be alone for a while." I pleaded.

Rufus nodded. "My room is right next door. Call me if you need anything."

He reached out to touch my head but immediately withdrew his hand. There was undisguised restraint and forbearance in his deep eyes.

"Rest well."

He left the room.

I took a deep breath and tried to vent my emotions. Tears streamed out of my eyes like a torrent.

I couldn't suppress the sadness building in my heart. I clamped my mouth because I didn't want Rufus to hear me cry. I was already embarrassed today and didn't want him to sympathize with me.

"My dear, don't cry. I feel bad too." I could hear Yana cry in my mind.

"It's nothing. I want to vent my emotions." A burp escaped my lips. I couldn't understand why Yana was crying more miserably than me.

"My heart breaks when you cry." Yana hadn't stopped crying. Her voice seemed to have become husky from all the crying.

"I'm not crying now. You stop it too, okay?" I coaxed her helplessly.

"I... I want to be stronger. Those who bullied you deserve to die," Yana sobbed.

"Besides, Rufus cares a lot about you. He was so nervous that he didn't notice his disheveled clothes and

hair when he came to you. He is the forever elegant Prince Rufus. No one would believe even if we told them he had done such a thing."

Yana started chattering again.

I rubbed my temples and let out a weary sigh. "It looks like I have become a burden to him. The incident today made me realize how weak I am. Even though Rufus protected me this time, others would continue to regard me as a slave whom they can trample on at will."

"They went too far this time. You didn't provoke them in any way," Yana barked.

"The law of the jungle applies to the whole world. I will get into trouble even if I don't provoke anyone, simply because I am weaker. Avenging my mother's death seemed like a distant dream now." I couldn't help but laugh at my incompetence.

I stroked my long hair as I remembered how my mother gently combed my hair and took care of me when I was a child. I used to have silky golden locks. But they had turned rough and lifeless after years of neglect.

I got up from the bed and asked softly, "Yana, do you want to be stronger?"

"Yes!"

I went to the table to pick up the scissors.

"Sylvia! What're you doing? Calm down," Yana screamed in horror.

Just then, Rufus pushed the door open and stormed in.

[Chapter 35 Stay With Me](#)

Rufus' POV:

I stood at the door of Sylvia's room, leaning against the wall, smoking indifferently. The cigarette seemed to ease my mind for a bit. Sylvia was not in a good condition. Although she said she was fine, I could see that she was merely trying her best to control her emotions.

The thing I wanted was right in front of me. But I couldn't touch it or claim it as mine.

"It's not like you, Rufus," Omar said.

"Why? What's wrong with me?" I asked as I took out another cigarette and put it in my mouth.

"You never cared about such things before."

I took out the lighter and lit the cigarette. "I brought her back but couldn't protect her well."

"None of this is your fault, Rufus. Your mate is very determined. Perhaps she doesn't need your protection but a chance to rise," Omar explained his analysis.

I puffed out a ring of smoke as I thought about what he said. I recalled that when I saved Sylvia from Shawn, Sylvia was fighting against Shawn's men on her own. The unyielding look on her face was deeply etched in my mind; she looked terrifying.

Just then, the loud bang from the room snapped me out of my reverie.

"Rufus, I feel that Sylvia's wolf is very emotional now," Omar reminded me.
Rufus' POV:

I stood at the door of Sylvia's room, leaning against the wall, smoking indifferently. The cigarette seemed to ease my mind for a bit. Sylvia was not in a good condition. Although she said she was fine, I could see that she was merely trying her best to control her emotions.

I immediately threw the cigarette into the trash can and pushed the door open. My heart leaped to my throat when I saw Sylvia holding a pair of scissors. I quickly ran to her as panic wracked my nerves.

"Sylvia! Put them down!" I shouted. I thought she was going to hurt herself, so my mind suddenly stopped working, and my breathing faltered.

Sylvia lowered her head and ignored me. Before I could react, she clasped her long locks and cut them with the scissors in one swift movement.

I gasped in shock and continued to stare at her. She ambled toward me, holding her cut locks. Her flawless face seemed to glow, and her delicate nose was slightly red. As she looked at me, I saw her eyes were puffy and bloodshot. It seemed obvious that she had cried hard.

I restrained my impulse to hold her in my arms. "Don't play with scissors!"

I was flustered and anxious when I saw her waving the scissors toward her neck.

Sylvia didn't answer. She clenched the cut locks and stared at me in silence before she finally made up her mind. Sylvia placed her right hand over her heart and bowed before me.

"Prince Rufus, please allow me, Sylvia Todd, to study in the Royal Military School. I'm willing to pay any price for that. Please give me a chance, Prince Rufus."

Her trembling yet resolute voice echoed in this narrow space. I looked at her in a daze.

After a long time, I finally gathered myself to speak. "Stay with me. I will protect you. What happened today won't happen again. I promise."

Sylvia looked up at me with determination; her eyes were begging me.

I looked away. I didn't dare to look at her. "If you enter the school, I won't be able to protect me all the time."

'So stay with me.' I couldn't bring myself to say the last sentence out loud.

"Prince Rufus, I don't want to be a burden to you," Sylvia croaked.

I closed my eyes and let out a weary sigh. "Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes." Sylvia was firm with her decision.

The determination in her eyes softened my heart. Perhaps Omar was right. He knew our mate better than anyone.

The beautiful canary wanted to break out of the cage. I didn't know if I should chip its wings and keep it with me or fulfill its wish to behold the blue sky. I was in a dilemma.

[Chapter 36 Let Her Fly](#)

Sylvia's POV:

My heart was pounding. Rufus was staring at me helplessly. I didn't know if he was thinking about what I said. But going to the Royal Military School was my only way out. I had to fight for this opportunity.

I licked my chapped lips, took a deep breath, and looked at him. "You..."

Before I could finish my words, Rufus suddenly pulled me into his arms. My nose collided with his chest as his pleasant scent greeted me.

My breath caught in my throat, and my skin prickled with goosebumps.

My mind was racing a mile a minute as I wondered what I'd do next.

Rufus lowered his head, his hot breath blowing against my neck.

"Why do you want to go to the military school? Huh?" he whispered into my ear.

The hair on the nape of my neck stood up, and my body tingled. It felt as a soft feather was brushing against my ear.

"Say something," he said softly.

His low, magnetic voice was like a current surging through my body, making me tremble unconsciously.

The intimacy made me weak in the knees. I quickly pulled back, trying to keep a safe space between us. But he held my shoulders, stopping me from stepping back.

"I want to be stronger. I don't want to be a pushover anymore," I said, swallowing my emotions.
Sylvia's POV:

My heart was pounding. Rufus was staring at me helplessly. I didn't know if he was thinking about what I said. But going to the Royal Military School was my only way out. I had to fight for this opportunity.

"The Royal Military School only trains elites. Every student is carefully selected from the packs." He stood up without taking his hands off my waist. "What makes you think you are qualified?" he asked, staring into my eyes.

His arrogant question felt like a long sword ramming into my heart.

My face turned pale as anger surged through my veins. I had thought Rufus would be different from others. But I didn't think he, too, would look down upon me. I was both dejected and depressed. His words broke my heart into a thousand pieces. I stepped back, trying to free myself from his hold, but he held me in place, making it impossible to move.

"Look, you can't even get rid of my control," Rufus said ruthlessly.

My anger and frustration were in sharp contrast with his calmness. He smirked at me as if I were a mouse, trying to escape from him--the cat himself. I summoned my strength and glared at him. My

anger reached its peak as his words continued to ring in my ears. I tried to break free and even fought with him.

But Rufus always guessed my next move and effortlessly dodged my attacks. His close combat skills were perfect. Every time I thought I could defeat him, he would suppress me the next moment. I felt like a prey struggling to escape the hunter's net.

I tried my best, but Rufus pinned my hands behind my back and pressed me against the table. My heart sank as I realized how weak I was; I didn't stand a chance with Rufus.

"Do you realize where you stand? This is the difference between you and a military school student." I heard Rufus' calm voice from behind.

I wasn't willing to give up, so I tried wriggling out of his hold. However, my inability to fight back infuriated me. I didn't want to live like an ant all my life and let the bullies trample me.

"Do you still want to study there now?" Rufus asked again.

I remained silent because I knew Rufus would laugh at my answer. However, I've had enough; I wanted to work hard for myself and become stronger.

"Yes, I do. I realized how small and insignificant I am, and that's why I want to study. I don't..." The words choked up in my throat. I gulped and dropped my gaze to the floor. "I don't want to live on like this."

My voice was barely above a whisper, almost as if I was talking to myself.

Just when I felt hopeless, Rufus let go of me. I turned to look at him in surprise. He was staring at me tenderly, his lips curled up in awe.

"Sylvia Todd, I allow you to study in Royal Military School."

Chapter 37 Admission

Sylvia's POV:

Rufus and I stood together at the gate of the Royal Military School. I felt like I was dreaming. I discretely pinched my arm, trying to make sure it was real. It hurt a lot, so this wasn't a dream at all.

I stole a quick glance at Rufus, who was calmly talking to a subordinate of his. I was still at a disbelief. I never thought going to this royal school would ever be a possibility for me. Not even when I had Rufus by my side. After all, he was still famous for his coldness and indifference. Even though he was my mate and had come to my rescue many times, I understood that our relationship was really nothing more than a mutual understanding that we needed each other.

"What are you waiting for? Let's go."

Once his subordinate took off, Rufus reached one hand out to me and patted the top of my head with the other. I came to my senses and followed him, my heart filled with indescribable joy.

The Royal Military School had been around for nearly a thousand years. It could be seen in its architecture that looked even more ancient than some buildings in the imperial palace. Although it looked less luxurious, it definitely looked more sacred. At the center of the school grounds, there was a huge statue of a man holding a machine gun.

"Cornelius Duncan, the creator of the empire," Rufus explained, seeing that I was looking at the statue.

The craftsmanship of the statue was nothing I had ever seen before. It was made of pure stone, but the carvings were so detailed that the skin and clothes of the statue looked soft and almost life-like. Of course, the fact that it had been well-preserved for over hundreds of years was a testament to its quality and sturdiness.

Sylvia's POV:

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"Is he your ancestor?" I blurted out my thoughts without thinking. I immediately thought my question was stupid the moment I heard it come out of my mouth. Obviously, they bore the same last name.

"Of course," replied Rufus. I could feel his gaze burning into my skin.

Embarrassed by my foolishness, I averted my eyes and quickly walked ahead. "Well, hurry up or we'll be late."

Eventually, Rufus and I finally arrived at the general office. A lot of werewolves were inside today. Most of them were students who had probably just finished the enrollment process and waited aside. It seemed that I had not come too early.

As usual, Rufus became the focus of the crowd right when he entered. Naturally, I got some attention too walking beside him. Many of the werewolves stared at me with curiosity in their eyes. Soon enough, I realized that a number of them were also the students I had encountered at the school gate before, including the she-wolves who attacked me. As soon as they saw me, they lowered their heads and whispered to each other. I overheard some insulting things about me.

"Prince Rufus." The dean saw Rufus and wiped the sweat off of his forehead. He seemed afraid of Rufus actually.

"I would like her enrolled in this school please," said Rufus straight to the point. He grabbed my wrist and raised it.

With wide eyes, the dean looked at me in surprise. "But Prince Rufus..."

He looked as if he was in a dangerous dilemma. Carefully, he turned to Rufus and said, "This lady has no record of qualifications online. She needs relevant certificates to be granted admission."

Rufus didn't say anything yet. I looked up at him, anxiously toying with his cuff link.

"Isn't a recommendation from me alone enough to qualify her?" Rufus' voice was flat and indifferent, which made the dean tremble with fear.

"No, sir. Of course it's enough. Since she has the recommendation of Prince Rufus himself, I suppose she must be very excellent and deserving of it. Well then, I shall go through the enrollment process for her right this moment." The dean smiled forcibly. He turned to his computer and typed away with trembling fingers.

Just as he was about to finish with my enrollment, a gloomy voice sounded in the room.

"Rufus, is that you? Why didn't you tell me in advance that you would pay a visit here?"

It was Prince Richard. He was neatly dressed in his military uniform, his long hair combed to perfection. With that creepy gentle smile on his face, he walked as the crowd parted for him.

Damn it. Now that Richard was here, I had a feeling my enrollment wasn't going to be as smooth as I had hoped. My heart sank.

[Chapter 38 Proof](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Richard walked slowly over to where Rufus and I stood. Once he got close enough, I realized that he was half a head shorter than Rufus.

"If I remember correctly, father was the one who put me in charge of the military school. Isn't it a little inappropriate for you to waltz in and demand admission like you run the place?" Richard's voice dripped with sarcasm.

Rufus chuckled. "Since when were you so interested in what I did?"

His eyes fell sharply on Richard. The atmosphere had quickly gone tense.

Richard laughed softly and squinted. "Oh, Rufus. Why so serious? You can't blame me for being curious now. It's rare to see you doing so much for a single she-wolf!"

Richard put on that gloomy smile. The dean and Richard's subordinates smiled along with him.

Richard noticed that Rufus wasn't going to respond to him, so he wiped the smile off of his face and turned serious. "Yes, of course Prince Rufus is qualified to recommend a student! However, it doesn't seem fair for all the other students who have worked hard to get through the difficult selection process, does it? I'm afraid that when this news gets out, it would cause a public uproar."

My heart sank. It was obvious that Richard was trying to sow discord in public. And because I had already made enemies of some students from this school, it was easy to find people to back this argument. They didn't want me in their school.

Sylvia's POV:

Richard walked slowly over to where Rufus and I stood. Once he got close enough, I realized that he was half a head shorter than Rufus.

Sure enough, those who had just been quietly watching aside began to chime in.

"It's true. She didn't earn an admission to the school, so why should she be allowed to enroll? Is it because of her appearance?" One of the she-wolves who attacked me yesterday echoed. She quickly

glanced at Richard and gained even more courage when her remark made him smile approvingly. She continued, "Plus, she is just a weak slave!"

"A slave? Slaves can't go to school with us! The Royal Military School is a prestigious place where the strongest warriors are trained. They don't just let anyone in to study here," another boy shouted. His hair was combed up like the crown of a pineapple, making him look pompous.

"That's right! Drive her away! It's an insult to us to give a slave admission to the school!"

"Go back to where you came from, filthy slave!"

More and more students shouted. The scene had grown chaotic in the span of a few seconds. I stood in the middle of the crowd, inching closer to Rufus for safety. My mind was at a loss and my heart stopped.

Rufus turned his attention to the crowd, which was enough to frighten everyone and bring back silence. I tugged on his sleeve and smiled, lightly shaking my head to tell him that I was unaffected and fine.

"You heard the students. Only the few elite who have passed multiple tests get selected for admission. Normally, one who hasn't even participated in any selection process is not even closely considered for admission, but..." Richard paused, shooting me a devious look. "If you really insist, Rufus, I can make an exception for her."

I clenched my fists, understanding what Richard really meant. If today ended with my successful admission into the school, it would also confirm that Rufus pulled some strings and technically cheated the process so that I could get in. If that were to get out to the public, Rufus' reputation would be tainted.

Biting my lip, this felt like a different kind of torture I had never felt before. I didn't want to get Rufus in trouble again for me. He had already done more than enough. But at the same time, the opportunity of education was right in front of me and a part of me didn't want to let it pass.

I scanned the crowd and saw the aggressive werewolf that first caught my eye.

"If I defeat him, is that enough to prove that I'm qualified enough for admission?" I pointed at the werewolf with pineapple-shaped hair and raised my voice, making sure everyone heard me.

Chapter 39 Challenge

Rufus' POV:

Right after Sylvia finished speaking, all the other werewolves in the room burst into hysterical laughter. Not only were they mocking her, but they were also gloating.

"Is she crazy? Is she seriously challenging Harry?"

"She must think too much of herself!"

"Look, Harry. This slave thinks she can take you down!"

"Come on, Harry. Show her how strong you are!"

They said many more different things, but they all agreed that this challenge was absolutely ridiculous.

I gave Sylvia a worried look, hoping she would see that I also disapprove of this reckless challenge. Although these werewolves had just been newly admitted to the school, they had all probably been trained since childhood. Sylvia was already at a huge disadvantage. Not to mention that the werewolf Sylvia happened to choose was the son of Sunset Pack's Alpha. I had heard of his talent in fighting, although he was a little too arrogant. His strength alone got him ranked at the top of this batch's applicants, so I supposed he had the right to be arrogant.

The laughter went on for a minute more until Harry himself walked out of the crowd and confidently accepted the challenge.

"I'll take on the challenge. I'd be happy to put a slave in their place anytime and show them our difference in strength!" Harry pounded his chest.

Rufus' POV:

Right after Sylvia finished speaking, all the other werewolves in the room burst into hysterical laughter. Not only were they mocking her, but they were also gloating.

I wanted to stop this, but I then saw the stubborn look on Sylvia's face. She did not want me to interfere at all.

"Excuse me, everyone, but can we arrange this later instead? The placement exam is about to begin." Finally, the dean stood up to intervene with anxiety written all over his face. He was sure this fight

wasn't going to end well.

I patted him on the back to commend his sensibility, but I didn't know why my touch seemed to make him tremble all over.

"What's the placement exam?" Sylvia tugged on my sleeve and whispered.

I lowered my head and replied, "On the second day of the new term, a placement exam is held. The test is divided into three parts-- speed, strength, and combat skills. The results of this exam is what determines which class the students will be put in, namely A to F."

"Maybe we should let this little slave take this exam too." Richard chimed in all of a sudden, his eyes glinting with mischief.

"Her name is Sylvia,"

I growled. I had already lost my patience and didn't bother addressing him this way. I didn't care about his feelings or that he would be embarrassed. I wasn't going to play along with his little show of being perfect brothers.

Richard's face darkened, but only for a split second. He put on a smile again before anyone could notice. I wanted to roll my eyes. He was so pretentious.

Richard flicked his nose, ignoring how I had just talked to him. "Fine. Sylvia," he turned to her and said. "If your score is enough to get you into Class C or above, I can make an exception and grant you admission into the school."

It may have sounded kind, but this was the least of Richard's intentions. Sylvia was going to be up against the elite students from packs all over the country. As if that wasn't enough, Classes A to C were the more exclusive sections, with fewer slots to fill compared with the lower classes. It was practically impossible for Sylvia to garner a score high enough to get into at least Class C.

"I believe this is a reasonable offer, right?" Richard turned to the crowd.

Sure enough, no one objected to this ridiculous offer. In fact, they were all smiling widely, confident that Sylvia did not stand a chance at passing at all.

Just when I was about to refuse, Sylvia stepped forward and accepted the challenge.

"Deal," she said with pure determination. I swore I even saw excitement flash in her eyes. It was at this moment where I was convinced she could be a fearless warrior, not even flinching at a challenge placed before her.

I swallowed my words and stared at Sylvia in silence. A string in my heart was struck, disrupting my thoughts.

[Chapter 40 Trip Her Up](#)

Cherry's POV:

After the medical staff treated my wound, I went to the square of the military academy.

The placement exam was about to start, so the center of the big square was crowded with people.

As soon as I got back there, I heard that Sylvia would also take the exam.

She must really be overestimating herself. Her mother was a Beta, so she naturally had excellent genes. But wanting to enter Class C was simply delusional.

The first round was the test of speed. When the starting gun was fired, everyone would turn into wolves and rush to the finish line.

I stood in the middle of the crowd in a good mood and waited for the competition to start. Of course, I was determined to win. Even if I couldn't enter Class B, I had to work hard to make it to Class C. I heard that Prince Richard often gave lectures in the three top classes—A, B, and C. If I could enter any of these classes, I would have more chances to get close to him.

I looked around casually. It was only then that I realized that the competition seemed very grand. Aside from Prince Rufus and Prince Richard, Queen Laura and Prince Rufus' "fiancee", Alina, were there too. It looked like the royal family took this placement exam very seriously.

I still had time, so I quickly took out my small mirror and retouched my makeup. With so many members of the royal families watching the competition, I had to maintain my most beautiful appearance even if I had to turn into a wolf later. The real hunter was always ready, waiting for an opportunity to catch the prey. And my beauty was my best weapon.

After retouching my makeup, I looked around. Then I saw Sylvia, the lowly slave, standing in a clearing not far away, and no one was around her.

Cherry's POV:

After the medical staff treated my wound, I went to the square of the military academy.

I smoothened my hair and walked to Sylvia coquettishly. "Hey, little slave! I heard that if you can't enter Class C or above, you have to leave. What a pity!"

Sylvia rolled her eyes and just ignored me.

She was indeed a bitch. Why was she still pretending to be pure and lofty? She was nothing more than a stray dog.

I gritted my teeth, crossed my arms over my chest, and squinted at her. "How dare you compete with us elites?! Have you forgotten that you're just a lowly slave? You'd better give up now. Otherwise, you will only embarrass yourself in front of so many big shots."

Sylvia continued to ignore me. She turned her back to me and focused on warming up. I was so angry that I wanted to rush over and tear her apart. But there were so many werewolves around, so I could only tease her verbally. I couldn't lay a finger on her. But it didn't matter. When the competition was over, she would go back to being a slave dejectedly. After all, she was such a loser. How could she enter even Class C?

But for some reason, I suddenly felt a little flustered when I saw her calm face at the moment. The scene when she pressed me on the ground and beat me violently in front of the school gate involuntarily flashed in my mind. At that time, she was so powerful and terrifying.

Could she really enter Class C? No way! I would never allow such a thing to happen.

I hurriedly left and found a few she-wolves who were close to me.

"You guys find a way to trip Sylvia up later. As soon as the starting gun is fired, use some dirty tricks to stop her. Don't let her finish the run," I said to the she-wolves coldly. "We must not let her enroll in this academy."

"Well, Sylvia is just a slave. I don't think it's necessary to trip her up. I'm sure she can't run that fast." One of the she-wolves was a little hesitant. "The queen and two princes are here, and Sylvia is Prince Rufus' person. If they discover what we are going to do, we will be punished."

"That's why you have to do it secretly. Don't make it too obvious." I still remembered Sylvia's fierce look the other day. The thought of it made me feel a dull pain on my face, and my pent-up anger burned even more. "Sylvia may not be as weak as we think she is, so we have to be careful. We can't let her succeed in any way."

The she-wolves exchanged glances silently. Seeing that I was about to lose my temper, they gritted their teeth and agreed. We all walked towards Sylvia and surrounded her.

Sylvia immediately became vigilant and wanted to leave. But at this time, the preparatory command sounded. So she had no choice but to stay where she was and got ready to start running. We kept an eye on her and got ready. We would never let her leave the starting line.

"Bang!"

When the starting gun resounded through the circle, I rushed to Sylvia and tried to trip her up. But much to my surprise, she disappeared in an instant. Obviously, we missed our target. Damn that woman! I didn't even get the chance to touch her tail, let alone attack her.

I turned my head and looked at the crowd in disbelief. It was only then that I saw a snow-white wolf with a few tufts of dark red hair on the top of her head running at the forefront, far ahead. That was Sylvia's wolf.

I was stunned for a moment. Then I exclaimed in shock, "This is impossible! How can she be so fast?"