

Irresistible 371

[Chapter 371 A Proper Lady](#)

Leonard's POV:

I did not expect Sylvia to be so rude. After interrupting me, she simply turned around and left.

It was unbelievable. No one had ever dared to do that to me.

"Clearly, she is uneducated! I wonder how her parents raised her." I frowned. Even though her unyielding spirit somewhat reminded me of a younger version of myself, I was never arrogant enough to turn my back to my seniors whenever they lectured me.

Licking his tongue, Owen shrugged. "Well, your temper really isn't for everyone."

I glared back at him. "Why didn't you say anything a while ago?"

Owen flicked his nose. "Not everyone is as ladylike as Alina, you know that. You've taught her well."

I snorted arrogantly and glanced at Alina, who was quietly standing aside.

With satisfaction, I nodded. Ever since she came to the imperial city, I did notice a change in her behavior. But still, her presence remained to be outstanding. After all, I the one who had raised her like a lady since she was a child.

When Alina was still little, I already selected for her a teacher to teach her the standard etiquette. Soon enough, she knew everything there was to know about how to act like a noble lady.

Indeed, I had spent a lot of my time and energy on Alina. Not only did I raise her to be a graceful lady, but I also wanted to train her to be strong-minded and fearless in the face of danger.

Later on, I realized that I hadn't yet fulfilled my goal completely.

While Alina turned out to be a perfect noble lady, I found that she was still far from becoming a qualified heir. She lacked a lot of things.

The manner in which she handled things was just not smooth enough. She was too timid and never tough.

Like a flower in a greenhouse, she wouldn't be able to stand the winds and rains of life.

But it did not deter me from arranging a path for her that would still make her life happy.

I allowed her to come to the imperial city because I hoped she would grow here.

She could have her own life and develop her strength.

Sylvia, however, was worlds different from Alina. Her eyes were so clearly filled with such a fighting and resistant spirit. Even her walk was very telling of her determined attitude.

It seemed that she was always ready to fight with anyone who bumped into her, which gave me headache.

Just by looking at Sylvia for the first time, I already knew she was not as meek as she appeared.

When I scolded her just now, the disagreement was still very much evident in her eyes, even though she obviously tried to restrain herself.

I also thought that she would be able to control her temper, but it turned out she was not very tolerant at all.

When she got angry, she looked like a little cub who wasn't allowed to get milk. Although she tried to hide her claws, she failed to realize that each and every emotion she felt was written all across her face.

She honestly had good character, but it was her temper that needed to be worked on.

I chuckled to myself.

After thinking of Sylvia, I looked over at Alina again and felt that Alina lacked that vitality Sylvia had.

Seldom did Alina ever make trouble. Unlike her peers, she didn't make too much noise as well. Back in our pack, she only had Warren by her side. They were both quiet and got along with each other.

That was good. Being too lively could be a problem at times. And then, I thought of Martin's silly boy, Harry, and felt relieved.

I patted Alina's head and forced out a loving smile. "It's important for a she-wolf to be gentle and ladylike, not fierce."

When I said that, Sylvia's lively face appeared in my mind.

I then withdrew my hand and put on a serious expression again. "Do not be like that, Alina."

[Chapter 372 Blind Matchmaking](#)

Leonard's POV:

Alina nodded obediently as usual.

But then Owen disagreed. "So what if she acts like Sylvia? The girl is quite lovely."

I glared at Owen, hoping to wipe the smile off his face. "No, she's not. She makes me restless just looking at her. Imagining Warren acting like Harry."

Owen rolled his eyes and shut up.

The nerve of this old man! He would always wear a straight face in public, but he was very different in private. He liked to instigate trouble and watch from afar.

I turned to Alina, who was still standing quietly aside. "What brings you here today?"

"Warren just regained consciousness. I came here hoping to take care of him," Alina said softly, making her sound just fragile.

Owen smiled in relief when he heard what Alina said. He tried not to make his smile too obvious, but I could still see the mischievous glint in his eyes.

I gave him a sharp look, which made the smile on his face disappear immediately.

"Are you and Uncle Owen here for Warren as well, Father?" Alina asked with curiosity.

Just when I was about to say yes, Owen interrupted.

"No, no. Your father and I were just passing by."

Alina furrowed her eyebrows in confusion. "Why? Where are you heading?"

Owen clasped his hands behind his back and lied. "We came to the city center to survey how the werewolves of the imperial capital city live."

I couldn't help but rub my forehead. Did he seriously think he sounded convincing? This man was already familiar with every corner of the imperial capital city. What was a survey going to add to that?

But I knew what Owen was trying to do. He had always thought that Alina and Warren could make a good match.

In fact, many werewolves in our pack believed that Alina and Warren would eventually end up together. Most especially Owen. He had watched Alina grow up and secretly regarded her as his daughter-in-law already. Unfortunately, it came as a surprise to everyone when Queen Laura suddenly brought Alina to the imperial capital city to become betrothed to Prince Rufus.

At that time, Alina didn't seem to object and even looked a little happy, so I allowed it as well. But Owen

was deeply saddened by this for a long time.

When Prince Rufus then announced his mate bond with Sylvia to the public, Owen was clearly the happiest man in the room. He even liked Sylvia for it.

As for Alina and Warren, Owen already planned for them to confirm their relationship after returning to the pack.

I couldn't care less about that. Young kids could make those decisions for themselves. Warren was also raised under my care, so I approved of him.

I just didn't think that Alina was ever interested in Warren back when they were in the pack. She just saw him as a friend. Now, it seemed different. She looked like she developed feelings for Warren.

"You should go and check on Warren," I said.

Now that the two had feelings for each other, I was more than glad to pair them up.

"Yes, Father."

After bowing to me, Alina entered the ward.

Once she was out of earshot, Owen leaned over. "What's wrong with you today? No matter how dissatisfied you are with someone, you would never usually meddle in their businesses. Why did you say so much to Sylvia today?"

"Did I?" I pretended not to know what he was talking about, refusing to admit my strange behavior.

Whenever I saw Sylvia, I just couldn't help but talk to her. She reminded me of someone, but I couldn't remember who it was anymore. My intuition was telling me that I might have forgotten someone who was very important to me.

"You did. You haven't scolded anyone like that for a long time. In fact, I think the last person you scolded that much was Warren. I could never forget that, but Warren really grew up before our eyes. He is no longer the naughty boy you would have to hit with a rattan to get to obey." Owen couldn't help but laugh, ruining the serious expression on his face.

I sighed and smiled. "You're right. That just means we're getting old."

"Well, do you think Sylvia is talented?" Owen went back to the topic.

I snorted. "I didn't say that. I'm only doing this because the lycan king forced me to train Sylvia."

[Chapter 373 Can't Go Back To The Pas](#)

Alina's POV:

Warren was staying in a VIP ward, with a separate living room and bathroom.

When I entered the ward, I didn't immediately go to the bedroom. Instead, I leaned against the door and eavesdropped on the conversation in the corridor between my father and Uncle Owen.

Although it sounded like my father was scolding Sylvia, I knew my father; he never bothered to talk to anyone he didn't like, let alone lecturing them earnestly.

Which meant that his attitude towards Sylvia was indeed different...

But a little while later, I heard him say that he was paying special attention to Sylvia only under the orders of the lycan king. Hearing this, I couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

I hated that bitch, Sylvia, from the bottom of my heart. She took away everything that should've belonged to me. Naturally, I didn't want my father to side with her.

It wasn't until the voices in the corridor faded away that I went to the bedroom.

The window was wide open. A gentle wind blew the curtains, bringing with it some fresh air.

Warren was leaning against the headboard, deep in thought. His injuries were so serious that he had lost a lot of weight. His head was almost completely wrapped in thick bandages, covering his usually sharp features.

I walked to the window and closed it before sitting down next to Warren's bed.

Only then did Warren look up at me. In a flat tone, he asked, "What happened outside just now? I heard a ruckus."

I smiled and casually came up with an excuse. "The family of the patient next door quarreled with a doctor, saying they weren't satisfied with his treatment plan."

Warren nodded absentmindedly. He didn't seem to doubt my explanation. He didn't say anything more.

Awkward silence ensued. I quietly wondered how things became like this between me and Warren.

In the past, he had always come up with various topics to make me happy, even though he himself was not a talkative werewolf.

I couldn't help but feel a little disappointed and sad, wanting to relive the good old days.

"Let me peel you an orange. I know they're your favorite." I made an effort to break the silence.

Warren didn't respond. He proceeded to tinker with his phone, as though he hadn't heard me just now.

Biting my lower lip, I swallowed my complicated emotions and called out his name.

Finally, Warren came to his senses and looked at me weirdly. "What's wrong?"

I forced a smile and held up the orange in my hand. "How about an orange? I'll peel it for you."

"No, thanks. Eat it yourself." Warren looked down at his phone again.

My fingers clenched around the orange in my hand. I felt angry, but I couldn't lose my temper. After all, I was the one who had ruined our relationship. I couldn't blame Warren for treating me like this.

"Wait. Where are your ear stud?" I noticed that he wasn't wearing the ear stud I had given him. He wasn't wearing it the last time we met, too. Maybe he had taken it off a long time ago.

These days, I had devoted all my attention to Rufus and didn't give a damn about those details. But now...

Warren didn't even look up from his phone. "I took it off."

"What? Why?" My growing dissatisfaction reared its ugly head. I had gifted him that ear stud for his sixteenth birthday. He used to wear it every day.

"I don't want to wear it anymore," Warren answered coldly. His reason was so simple yet straightforward, which made me unable to refute.

I could've accepted it if Warren hated me and unleashed his rage, but I couldn't stand being ignored by him.

"Is your phone really that interesting?" I couldn't hide the dissatisfaction in my tone.

"Mhm."

Without raising his head, Warren tapped away at his phone screen, as though he was chatting with someone.

"What's so important that you won't even talk to me?" I couldn't force a smile anymore. My expression darkened and I was about to lose my patience to his indifference.

Although Warren didn't answer my question, he finally looked up from his phone.

He raised his head and locked eyes with me. After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "Did you really take care of me when I was in a coma? The entire two days?"

[Chapter 374 Falling In Love With Someone Else](#)

Alina's POV:

Warren's question really pissed me off.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean? Do you think I lied?" I suddenly stood up and looked into his eyes coldly. "When you were unconscious, I took care of you day and night. I didn't sleep a wink for two days straight. I didn't dare to leave the hospital for fear that no one would be there for you when you woke up."

I squeezed out a couple of tears and said in a sobbing tone, "I know I wronged you before, but you can't just accuse me of lying!"

Despite my tearful face, Warren's expression remained indifferent.

The calmer he was, the more embarrassed I felt. I felt like a joke.

Suddenly, panic seized me. Did he know something?

The truth was, during the two days Warren was unconscious, another she-wolf had taken care of him. She was in Sylvia's court trial before. I think she was her roommate.

I thought Sylvia was the one who sent her, so I drove her away. Coincidentally, Warren woke up not long after that she-wolf left.

And when he did wake up, he groggily muttered a name. I hadn't heard him clearly—I thought he was calling Sylvia's name again, which made me so angry.

What angered me even more was that when Warren finally opened his eyes and saw me, he looked nothing but disappointed.

Obviously, I was not the she-wolf he wanted to see.

This fact broke my heart. Only then did I realize that he was drifting farther and farther away from me.

Could I have misunderstood the situation? Was the she-wolf I drove away secretly Warren's girlfriend? But Warren could never settle for such a girl. He had better taste than that. Although that girl wasn't ugly, she looked poor. Obviously, she didn't have a powerful background or any notable status.

Moreover, if Warren wanted to be with her, she needed to get Uncle Owen's approval first. Uncle Owen would never let his son be with an ordinary she-wolf.

And Warren had loved me since childhood. Yet he was so cold to me now. Surely it was all Sylvia's fault.

That she-wolf was Sylvia's roommate. Maybe they were working together to plot against me.

Now that I thought about it, they probably bewitched Warren!

I subtly pinched the palm of my hand to squeeze out a few more tears. Never in my wildest dreams would I have expected Sylvia, who had been trampled underfoot by me before, to one day surpass me. Not only was her mate bond with Rufus announced in such a high-profile manner, but she was also granted a military rank.

Sylvia's streak of good luck was driving me crazy with jealousy. How could a lowly slave like her earn the approval of the lycan king? Was it just because Rufus was on her side?

How dare Sylvia get Warren to distance himself from me?!

As my hatred towards Sylvia mounted, I gritted my teeth and racked my brains to come up with ways to make trouble for her.

"Master, maybe Warren already knows that you sent Tom to kill him. That'd explain why he's so cold to you now," my wolf Elva suddenly suggested.

My heart skipped a beat. "No, I doubt it. Tom works for me but I never asked him to kill Warren."

"That's true, but the queen gave Tom the order in your name. Even if it wasn't your intention, what if Warren believes otherwise?" Elva said.

My mind was in a mess. "Tom never would've told him, right?"

But Elva didn't like Tom one bit. She snorted with disdain. "Are you kidding me? That guy has a big mouth, and he's arrogant and complacent. He might've said something to Warren."

"Then what should I do? If I ask Warren about it when Tom didn't even say anything, then I would expose myself! Besides, it had something to do with the queen. I can't just confess voluntarily, lest I implicate her." I felt panic rising in my chest.

After our brief quarrel, Warren didn't talk to me anymore. He leaned against the headboard and closed his eyes quietly.

Looking at his handsome side profile, I hesitated. Should I ask him...?

After struggling in my mind for a while, I forced myself to calm down and sighed. "Let's stop quarreling, okay?"

Warren didn't give me a response. If his quivering eyelashes hadn't given him away, I would've thought he had fallen asleep.

I tried my best to sound casual and asked about his wounds. "What happened to you in the forbidden forest? This is the most injured you've ever been. Uncle Owen was scared out of his wits."

[Chapter 375 Guilty](#)

Warren's POV:

The agitation in Alina's tone made me feel somewhat guilty. Those tears in her eyes didn't seem fake either.

Still, I knew Alina wasn't as innocent and harmless as she appeared. In order to get Rufus, she had told all kinds of lies in the past.

Growing up, I never saw Alina do any sort of housework as well. She spent most of her time living like a lady, listening to concerts and having afternoon tea, not taking care of others.

When she claimed to take care of me day and night with no sleep at all... It was hard to believe, honestly.

The truth to me was still unknown.

I still remembered that it was Flora who had gone above and beyond to save me until I fell into a coma.

While I was unconscious, I was able to vaguely feel that someone had been accompanying me all this time and taking care of me, and that person never stopped talking.

I thought it was Flora.

But when I opened my eyes, I saw Alina with me.

There was an inexplicable disappointment that I felt.

Ever since I woke up, all I could think about was Flora. I wanted to see her right now.

I closed my eyes and thought about it, but I just got more upset.

Alina seemed to notice the shift in my mood and started to ask about what happened in the forbidden forest that day.

Deep inside, I sneered. She was clearly afraid that I found out what she had done, but she was already too late.

I finally opened my eyes and gave her a cold look. "You ask too many questions. What do you really want to know? Quit beating around the bush."

An awkward smile appeared on Alina's face. "Don't be like this, Warren. I'm asking because I care about you. What about your companions? How are they?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Which companion are you talking about? Tom?"

Alina froze. "Is... Tom the tall man with tattoos?"

She was obviously pretending not to know Tom.

I leaned back on my bed and watched her put on this show. I didn't say anything for a few moments.

"Tom's dead now."

"Dead?" Alina's eyes widened, breaking her character. The shock on her face immediately exposed her.

I scoffed and didn't want to talk to her anymore.

With the witness dead, Alina would never admit to everything she had done. At this point, I was tired of listening to her excuses.

It was just better to feign ignorance than to quarrel with a hopeless case like her.

"Truly a pity indeed. All of a sudden, Tom was acting crazy and tried to kill me. Unfortunately, he died before I could ask who sent him." As I spoke, I carefully observed Alina's reaction.

After hearing my side, Alina looked relieved. Tucking her hair back, she regained her usual elegant composure again.

"Okay, I guess that's enough talking about them." Alina smiled softly, looking at me with affection. "I'm going back to the pack with my father. Are you coming too?"

"No, I'm not going back there that soon. You go ahead," I said coldly. I then looked down at my phone and was upset that I still hadn't received any messages.

"Why not? Is there still something you have to do in the imperial capital city? Why don't you just go back home with us?"

I heard Alina's questions, but didn't respond to her. I was glued to my phone, sending a crying cat emoji to someone. That emoji reflected my mood right now quite perfectly.

"Didn't you only come to this city for me, Warren? Now, you--"

"Enough already!" I could not stand to hear her speak anymore. "What are you trying to say, Alina? I'm not some dog of yours who waits at your foot for orders. Understand?"

[Chapter 376 No Response](#)

Warren's POV:

"What... What do you mean?" Alina looked at me with teary eyes, pursing her lips. "I just want us to go back to the way we were. But if you don't want to see me, just say so. I can go."

"Then yes, you should go." I was not in any mood to deal with her right now.

"You!" Alina's eyes widened, as if she didn't believe that I would actually drive her away. "Do you have any idea what you're doing?"

I smiled mockingly. "Give it up, Alina. I know what you really care about."

"What are you talking about?" Alina pretended not to understand.

I looked away and felt my heart harden. "You don't have to worry about anything. The evidence was gone when I fell off the cliff."

Before, I would always take our childhood friendship into consideration. That was why I never wanted to completely cut her off. Besides, doing that would put my father and Alpha Leonard in quite an awkward situation as well.

But when Alina tried to kill me, I knew in that moment that everything was going to change.

She was the one who tipped the scales and severed our friendship herself.

"What evidence? Warren, what are you talking about? I just came here to accompany you as your friend. Why are you being so cold to me?" The audacity of this woman to question me after everything she had done! She even looked like she was about to break down.

Sighing, I looked at her seriously. "Listen up, Alina. The ring your father gave you is gone. Because of that, I can't accuse you of what you've done. You don't have to pretend to be kind to me or test me again. Do whatever you want to do with your life. It's none of my business anymore. If you really want to leave the imperial capital city, it's up to you. It has nothing to do with me. I don't care."

Basically, I was telling her to quit bothering me.

Alina turned red in anger as tears streamed down her face. "If I knew this would happen, I would have never come at all. You are so ungrateful! I didn't eat, drink, or sleep just to take care of you. And this is

how you repay me? Did I even mention anything about the evidence when you woke up? No. It was you who kept bringing it up. If you hate me so much, just say it. I won't pester you anymore."

I chuckled. "Okay, calm down."

"Calm down? How can I calm down when you're being so heartless?" Alina began to sob, continuing to pin the blame on me.

She was crying so loud that it was giving me a headache. My mind was in a mess now and I had no idea what to say to her.

"Okay, enough! Stop crying already!" I raised my voice in frustration. Alina never really was the type to reflect on her own actions.

She wiped her tears and hiccupped.

"I'm tired already. You should just go." Without looking back at her, I lay back down and pulled the quilt over my head, pretending to fall asleep.

Seeing this, Alina cried even louder. But I stayed silent in the quilt and just waited. After a couple of minutes, I heard some footsteps and the door slamming shut.

Alina finally left.

Relieved, I sat up on my bed and dialed a familiar number.

No one picked up.

Frustrated, I lay down on the bed and opened Flora and I's chat history. I saw that all my messages had been sent to her, but she hadn't replied at all.

How weird. She didn't even come to see me once.

Did I do something wrong?

But I remembered that Flora and I were on good terms before I fell into a coma. There didn't seem to be any issue between us then.

I sent Flora another emoji of a kitten acting cute while rolling over on the ground.

I waited for ten minutes, but there was still no response from Flora. At some point, I even suspected that she had blocked my number.

[Chapter 377 Lost Contact With Her](#)

Warren's POV:

I refused to give up calling Flora. But this time, there was no response because her phone was out of the service area.

What was going on?

I frowned as I searched up what a caller would hear if their number was blocked by the person they were calling.

Just as expected, the Internet had different answers. I scrolled and read through some for a long time, but I was still not sure. The more answers I read, the more annoyed I got.

I tossed and turned irritably on my bed. On one toss, I accidentally tore my wound open and it was so painful that I broke out into a sweat.

But compared with the pain in my heart, this wound was nothing in comparison.

Damn, what on earth could Flora possibly be busy with? Why hadn't she come to see me? No matter how busy she was, I knew she would try to come.

"Send her another message," my wolf Salt suggested to me.

"It's useless now. She hasn't replied to any of the messages I sent before. What more now?" I stared at my phone for a long time. If I could crawl into the network cable and find Flora, I would and ask her why.

After thinking for a little longer, I messaged Harry and asked him on Flora's whereabouts.

But Harry also didn't reply. What the hell were these two doing that made them too busy to even look at their phones?

Finally, I asked Sylvia. But she didn't reply to me either.

Frustrated, I threw my phone away and slumped into my bed like a dead fish.

"Maybe Flora is just really busy?" Salt said gingerly.

"What could she be so busy with that she can't even check her phone for several days?" I knew that Flora liked surfing the Internet. She usually replied to my messages almost instantly. I let out a weak groan, feeling like I had lost all my strength.

"Maybe she just received too many messages and yours got buried underneath. Remember, Flora risked her life to save you that day. She must have feelings for you." Salt tried to comfort me. "I could also feel that Flora's wolf didn't dislike me as much."

Still, it didn't mean that Flora's wolf actually liked Salt.

I recalled the time in the forest and remembered that Flora never left me alone in dangerous situations. She promised to share life and death with me, even going so far as to risking her own life for mine.

I was almost sure she had feelings for me.

Thinking of this, I felt a little bit more relaxed. Maybe Salt was right that Flora was just too busy right now that she couldn't visit or reply yet.

But I couldn't deny the fact that I felt horrible about it. When Flora would come back, I would definitely ask her to put our chat box at the topmost part of her phone.

Depressed, I stuffed my face into the pillow. As much as I wanted to leave the hospital right now, my wounds still didn't allow me.

If Flora wouldn't be able to visit me here, the next time we would see each other would probably in the army already. When I received the notice to join the army, I asked a friend to confirm that Flora had also been recruited.

Was that what she was so busy with all this time? The army thing?

Perhaps so.

I tried my best to calm down.

I must focus on recovering as soon as possible, so that I could join the army and see Flora every day.

Unfortunately, I didn't know how much time it would take for me to make a full recovery.

A horrific thought then entered my head.

What if by the time I got out of the hospital she didn't have feelings for me anymore? I worked hard to get her to like me.

I sat up from bed and got my phone again. This time, I was going to call up my friend and ask him to send Flora some desserts, maybe check on how she was doing as well.

After that, I lay back down and opened Flora's Facebook page to see if she had posted anything recently. Maybe I could find out what she was so busy with.

Immediately, I saw a group photo on her feed.

In the photo, Flora was smiling brightly. Beside her stood a tall and handsome man who had his arm around her shoulders. The photo was also captioned, "Thank you, my hero."

I noticed that the photo had been posted just ten minutes ago.

Her hero? I was supposed to be her hero!

In my anger, I almost fainted. Was this what she was busy with all this time?

I threw my phone away again and tried to get out of bed, hoping to look for Flora myself. But I had forgotten that my feet were still wrapped in thick bandages and unable to move. The moment my feet touched the ground, a piercing pain shot up my body.

I lost balance and fell straight down.

[Chapter 378 Daily Life](#)

Sylvia's POV:

After being scolded by Leonard, I went to see Rufus.

The moment I saw him, I threw myself into his arms without saying anything.

Rufus also held me in his arms and kissed me. Then he asked, "Are you depressed because of Leonard?"

"I'm more than depressed. He makes me almost doubt myself now," I muttered.

I thought Leonard was a fair and just man. But he belittled me before knowing me. And it really made me frustrated, and it wavered my confidence.

I was even more convinced that Leonard disliked me. And if I really let him train me, I might only feel worse.

"Can you change the arrangement and stop him from being my trainer? I really don't want to do this." I got out of Rufus' arms and looked at him, pouting. The more I thought about Leonard, the more aggrieved I felt. "I can practice more in private."

Rufus hugged me again and shook me gently. "Leonard is sharp-tongued, and it's his nature. Just don't take it to heart. I'm sure he didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

I didn't say anything. I was unwilling to compromise. Alina also did something wrong today, but Leonard didn't scold her. Clearly, he spoiled his daughter very much.

Rufus sighed and asked, "Sylvia, do you know how many senior military officers in active service were trained by Leonard?"

I grabbed his hand, but I still didn't say anything.

"Three-fifths." What Rufus mentioned was an astonishing number.

I looked up at him, a little surprised. "That many?"

Rufus nodded and explained patiently, "Yes. Those military officers were all Leonard's students when he was young. They are far more capable in both combat and military strategies than those selected in the military academy. Although there are many talented men among them, most of them got high positions, not only because of their caliber but also Leonard's training."

Actually, regardless of personal factors, Leonard was indeed a respected senior. Being trained and guided by him was the dream of many students in the military academy.

"So Sylvia, this is a good opportunity for you. I don't think you want to miss it," Rufus added softly, trying to coax me.

I was in a dilemma. I bit my lower lip, lost in thought. Then I said, "I'm not afraid of Leonard's scolding. I'm just afraid that he will deny me."

From the bottom of my heart, I admitted that I was a self-abased she-wolf. My past life had frustrated me so much that I often doubted myself. My fragile and sensitive self-esteem always led me to make trouble.

"Sylvia, you have to stand firm. Always remember that a real strong werewolf never cares about what others think." Rufus looked at me solemnly. "I know how you feel and what you think. But they are not as important as your future."

I carefully pondered Rufus' words, and I was suddenly enlightened.

"I understand, Rufus. I will train with Leonard. I know I was wrong earlier." In the end, I was embarrassed.

Rufus suddenly laughed. "You understand so soon? There are actually many reasons I want to tell you, but it seems unnecessary now."

I couldn't help but act like a spoiled child. "Well, don't talk about them anymore. Go ahead with your work now. I have to go back too."

Rufus kissed me on the lips and said, "Okay, go ahead. Call me if you need anything."

"Okay, bye!"

After parting with Rufus, I went back to my dormitory to pack my things. I intended to report to the army ahead of time.

When my luggage was ready, I went to the teaching affairs office to go through the departure procedures. While waiting for the stamp, I took out my phone and checked some new information.

It was only then that I found out that there were a lot of posts about me on social media, saying that I relied on my connections to get the position and that I was the most successful slave ever.

I couldn't help frowning while reading the posts and comments. I already had a hunch.

It seemed that Alina was playing the same old trick again.

[Chapter 379 Break Up](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Alina's ploy didn't surprise me at all. It wasn't the first time that she tried to ruin my reputation.

But it was just as Rufus said: it didn't matter what others said about me. Life must go on.

In time, the truth would reveal itself. I would prove myself one day.

So the public's opinion of me didn't faze me at all. Alina's plan was futile.

I put my phone down and shrugged it off. Now, I needed to go back to my room to move my things.

On my way there, Flora called me. She spent quite some time cursing those who spread the rumor and then comforted me.

After getting off the phone with her, I received a brief message from Rufus. He was only reminding me of the time I was supposed to register as the new team leader.

Despite the brevity of the message, I couldn't help but smile. I was certain that Rufus must've heard about the rumors being spread about me. However, he didn't attempt to comfort me, nor did he try to take the post down like before.

Because Rufus knew I didn't need him to do these things.

He knew me well.

We were kindred spirits.

Love not only made me stronger, but it also made me content. This was the happiest I had ever been in my life.

Nodding resolutely, I gathered my things and left for the army alone.

As soon as I entered the gate, an officer came to receive me.

He gave me a brief rundown of daily life in the army and then he showed me my room.

Afterwards, he gave me a tour of the place. The military region was huge. The officer led the way and walked in front of me, explaining everything briefly. I tried to keep whatever he said in mind.

Previously, I had already thought that the military school was strict. Little did I know that the school would be child's play compared to the army.

The atmosphere here was serious, and every soldier we passed by looked especially vigilant and cautious.

The army was a place where no mistakes could be made. The smallest slip up could end in death on the battlefield.

I quickly understood the gravity of it and maintained a serious expression.

After the tour, the officer took me back to the dormitory building and left. I lugged my suitcase to the elevator and pushed the button to the fourth floor, which was where my room was. As soon as the elevator doors slid open, I saw Flora walking out of a room.

"Sylvia! I thought you'd be here soon. I was just about to go out to pick you up!" Flora was so happy that she skipped towards me like a little child.

I smiled back at her. I was really happy that we'd still be living in the same dormitory.

After we caught up with each other, we began to sort out our things.

A normal room in the army was equipped with two bunk beds, which meant that that there'd be four werewolves to a room. Flora and I shared one of the bunk beds. As for the other bunk, there was no one for the time being.

"Do you think anyone else is coming?" I asked, squinting at Flora curiously. If two more girls came, our room would be so lively.

"I doubt it. The last mysterious teammate is probably a male, so the other four members of the team will be in the male's dormitory." As she spoke, Flora was busy rummaging through her stuff. She had a lot of things to sift through. It looked as though she was looking for something.

"Looking for something?" I squatted next to her, offering my help.

Just then, Flora stood up excitedly, holding a box of tiramisu in her hand. She carefully took out a slice and handed it to me. "Eat this quick! I hid it in my luggage. The army is way stricter than the school. We can't indulge in this kind of thing after today."

Conflicted, I took the slice of tiramisu, not knowing whether to cry or to laugh. Finally, I crammed the cake into my mouth. After swallowing, I asked, "By the way, what's with the photo you posted?"

For the first time ever, Flora had posted a photo of someone of the opposite sex, which was treatment that even her real boyfriend never enjoyed.

"He's the military officer who received me when I came here. He was also a member of last year's elite team and is now a regular member of the army. Isn't he gorgeous?" Flora's eyes lit up excitedly. "He was so nice and eloquent! Not only did he help me with my luggage, he also took me to the canteen and we ate delicious food. He even said that I could ask him for help whenever I needed."

Hearing this, I couldn't help but cough stiffly. "Flora, did you forget that you have a boyfriend? Warren's still in the hospital—"

"Warren?" Flora interrupted me, pursing her lips unhappily. Her face clouded over and the smile from earlier disappeared. "We broke up."

[Chapter 380 The Next Boy Will Be Better](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"You broke up with Warren?!" My eyes went as wide as saucers.

"Yup." Flora shrugged indifferently. "We have nothing to do with each other now."

"But why? And when? I didn't see this coming at all!" Just a few days ago, Flora had risked her life to save Warren. She had even taken care of him in the hospital for two days straight without sleeping or resting.

So how could they break up in the blink of an eye?

It was too sudden, like a building that was already halfway through construction that suddenly collapsed due to a faulty foundation.

Flora rolled her eyes and muttered, "Just a few days ago. It was mutual."

"That's all you have to say? Were you the one who broke up with him? And did Warren agree?"

I narrowed my eyes at her curiously. I knew that Warren cared a lot about Flora. Whenever we were together in big groups, Warren's eyes were always fixated on Flora. And he'd always smile

subconsciously when he looked at her. Maybe he didn't even notice it himself.

So I doubted Warren would give her up so easily.

"Of course he did. He was actually happy to break up with me." Flora nodded firmly. "Which is good. I only chose to be with Warren back then because he was open-minded, free, and easygoing."

I couldn't help but frown. Warren? Free and easygoing? Open-minded?! Were we talking about the same man?

And how could Warren have been happy to break up with Flora? How could she be sure that he wasn't secretly seething with rage?

"Did you not take your relationship with him seriously?" I couldn't help but whine. "You guys were only together for a while! And you risked your life to save him!"

Flora shrugged again nonchalantly. "I just saved him because we were classmates. If it were anyone else, I still would've tried to save them."

Flora's reason wasn't convincing in the slightest. I was there that day. When she heard that Warren was in danger, she was scared out of her wits.

If it was someone else who was in such a situation, she never would've reacted the way she did.

Back when they first became a couple, I used to suspect that they were trying to deceive me. But later, I became more and more convinced that they actually did care about each other.

In particular, Warren was so fond of Flora that he would've plucked the stars out of the sky for her.

Now that things had come to this, something big must've happened. Flora was hiding something from me.

"Flora, what on earth happened between you and Warren?" As I spoke, I observed Flora's expression carefully.

"Nothing," Flora continued to eat her tiramisu, as though she really didn't care about it. "I just changed my mind, that's all. Now I have a crush on the handsome officer I met today. Now that I've met him, I realize that a quiet man like Warren isn't my type."

"If you say so." I couldn't help but feel sad and let out a long sigh. "Warren might be quiet, but everyone could see that he was genuinely good to you."

Warren was a dutiful boyfriend. Rain or shine, he always brought Flora breakfast.

As soon as Flora got sick, Warren rushed to her side to take care of her.

As their friend, I was so happy for the two of them.

"What choice did I have? I can't keep lying to myself." Flora patted me on the shoulder and spoke as though she had a lot of experience in the field of love. "We couldn't force our relationship. Since I don't love him, I needed to give him freedom instead of preventing him from meeting someone else."

Flora let out a long sigh. She pulled out a cheese stick from her bag and held it between two fingers, pretending it was a cigarette. She put it in her mouth and took a bite. "I believe the next boy will be better."

I was speechless. If Warren heard what she said, he would be so angry that he might have a heart attack on the spot.

"Then I hope you find the next boy soon, my friend." I really didn't know what to say, so I could only give her my well wishes. In the end, however, I couldn't help but add, "I hope you won't regret your decision."