

Irresistible 391

[Chapter 391 Visiting](#)

Rufus' POV:

I looked at these newbies gloomily. They were all young werewolves who had just been recruited. At a glance, I knew that they were all still very stubborn and disobedient.

Originally, Blair was supposed to train them, but now that Blair was in a coma, I needed to step in for him.

"How many left? Did I tell you to stop counting?" I shouted coldly.

"F... four hundred... fifty... No, thirty left..."

a soldier answered breathlessly, his face red from the effort. I had punished him by making him do push-ups.

The rest of them didn't dare to make a sound, for fear of being implicated.

My cold gaze swept across them and I warned, "This is what happens when you're lazy. If any of you dare to slack off again, don't bother to come back."

A short soldier raised a hand falteringly. "Sir," he squeaked nervously, "could you please let us rest for a second? Captain Blair didn't train us as hard as this..."

"And that's why you all are so damn lazy." I glanced at him indifferently, my voice as cold as ice. "You haven't learned anything other than to slack off."

The soldier's mouth immediately snapped shut, his little body shaking like a leaf.

"I don't care how Blair trained you before. That's all in the past now." I looked at them expressionlessly. "While he's still on leave, I'm going to be the one training you. Got it?"

None of the soldiers before me dared to so much as nod. The only sound that could be heard was from the panting from soldier behind me who was still counting push-ups.

"F... four hundred... sixty-seven..."

"Alright. You're done here," I said to him flatly.

The punished soldier nearly cried out in relief. Without so much as wiping the beads of sweat on his forehead, he immediately got to his feet and rushed back to his teammates, as though he was scared I would change my mind.

"Your team is going to carry out a mission at the border soon, so you can't slack off—not even for a minute. I'll train you doubly as hard today."

As soon as I finished speaking, the soldiers couldn't help but bitch and moan all over the place.

Just then, a soldier standing at the edge suddenly got excited, his eyes flashing cunningly. He pointed at the periphery of the training ground and said loudly, "Sir, look! Isn't that your mate over there? She must've wanted to visit you!"

Sure enough, when I turned to look in the direction he was pointing, I saw Sylvia standing there. She was standing on tiptoe, waving at me happily with a bright smile on her face.

Her warm smile was infectious. I couldn't help but smile back at her.

The soldiers cheered happily, urging me to go see her.

I looked at them helplessly, knowing exactly what was on their minds. I decided on a compromise. "Rest here for fifteen minutes. If I'm not back by then, ask Deputy Captain Tori to supervise your training in my place."

"Take your time, sir. You need to focus on your mate."

"He's right! You'll see us every day, but not your mate. Take your time!"

"Go on! I'm sure your mate is anxious to see you!"

The soldiers all chimed in, cheering at me to go see Sylvia.

"Be quiet!" Only then did they all fall silent.

I snorted with satisfaction. Before leaving, I said, "Train hard. If I catch you slacking off again..." I let my voice trail off ominously. They got the message.

Then I strode to Sylvia and pecked her on the forehead. "What brings you here, honey?" I asked smilingly.

Sylvia was still smiling, but it looked forced. She took my hand and didn't say anything. She just let her gaze fall to the floor pitifully.

I immediately sensed that something was wrong. "What's the matter?"

Sylvia shook her head and stuck out her lower lip, looking like an aggrieved child. "I just want a hug."

Hearing this, my heart skipped a beat. I instinctively looked around and found that everyone in the area was secretly looking at us, watching our every move.

Holding back the impulse to kiss her right then and there, I coughed dryly then scooped her up onto my shoulders. With Sylvia in tow, I trotted towards the dormitory hurriedly.

[Chapter 392 Why Do You Come](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I was so startled by Rufus' sudden action that I gave out a short cry.

There were screams and cheers all around us, and it made me feel a little embarrassed.

I held Rufus' shoulder, wanting to throw a tantrum. But when I saw that his ears had turned red, I couldn't help laughing.

His handsome face remained calm, but his ears got redder and redder.

"Rufus, your ears are so red," I deliberately whispered to him.

He turned to me and said, "Stop it." His tone was stiff, and he was frowning.

He looked so serious that I had the urge to tear his disguise. So I snorted and scratched his ear with my hand.

Rufus slapped my butt, and it created a crisp sound. "I said stop it."

I bit my lower lip and didn't dare to do anything anymore. My face turned red and hot.

How could he slap my butt in front of so many people? That was so embarrassing!

Rufus quickened his pace. He was almost trotting to the dormitory.

He lived in a single room. The room was neat, and many oil paintings were hanging on the wall. I was looking at the paintings and was about to appreciate them when Rufus threw me on the bed.

Before I could react, he pressed his body against mine and kissed me.

Rufus kissed me passionately and aggressively, plundering my breath.

The atmosphere heated up sharply, and I felt the obvious change in his body. Also, something against my abdomen was slowly growing.

My whole body felt weak under Rufus. My tongue was sore and numb, and I could hardly breathe.

"Hmm..." I groaned and nudged his shoulder, trying to get him to let me go.

Rufus reluctantly let go of my lips, bit my tongue, and sucked it hard.

I was panting, so I tried to calm myself down. But my eyes were fixed on Rufus, unwilling to look away.

Just like me, his breathing was disorderly. And his deep eyes were full of possessiveness.

I looked up and couldn't help touching his eyes, fascinated by him.

Rufus grabbed my hands and put them behind his waist. Then he lowered his head, buried it in my neck, and said in a low and hoarse voice, "Stay still."

I obediently acted as a pillow, feeling his burning temperature.

"Why didn't you kiss me when we were at the training ground just now? Didn't you say you wanted to be aboveboard?" I couldn't help but start teasing him again.

"We're in the army. I need to pay attention to my image," Rufus responded lazily in a depressed tone.

After saying this, he pulled my slightly open collar and bit my collarbone. He was like a big dissatisfied dog that couldn't get his treats.

My heart melted in an instant. I couldn't help hugging him and rubbing my body against him. "Rufus, you are so cute. Show me your wolf ears. I want to see them."

Rufus' body stiffened even more. He hurriedly grabbed my hands and said, "Stop it. I have to go back to training in a while."

"Okay," I replied, pouting. But I had no choice but to stop.

"Wait for me here. I'll just take a quick shower."

Rufus let go of my hand, turned around, and rushed to the bathroom. He looked embarrassed and anxious at the same time. It seemed that if he stayed one more second, the beast imprisoned inside him would rush out of the cage and become out of control.

Feeling both sorry and amused, I knocked on the bathroom door and asked, "Do you need some clothes?"

"No, it's okay." There was a low gasp from the inside. It sounded restrained and forbearing.

A few minutes later, Rufus came out, still a little wet.

I took a towel and wiped his hair. He quietly sat down and let me do it.

After drying his hair, I helped him fasten the buttons of his shirt one by one.

Rufus looked at me and said, "Why did you suddenly come here today? You don't usually come to me during training time."

[Chapter 393 Martyrs' Cemetery](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Upon hearing Rufus' words, I pouted and looked at him gloomily. "You can always see through me."

Rufus cupped my face in both hands and pecked me on the lips. "Is it because of Leonard?"

I didn't say anything. I just nodded with righteous indignation. But when I suddenly thought of Leonard's words, I knew he made sense. So I shook my head dejectedly. "Not really. It's mostly because of myself."

"Tell me about it." Rufus wrapped his arms around my waist and let me sit on his lap.

I briefly told Rufus everything that happened. But after listening to me, he flicked me on the forehead with a long face.

"Leonard is right. You deserve to be penalized."

I covered my forehead and looked at Rufus in confusion. "But why? I don't understand."

My experiences from my childhood to adulthood taught me not to lose. Because if I did, I would be ridiculed, bullied, and humiliated by others. I could only gain respect from others and continue to survive if I won.

Rufus stared at me for a while and said, "Come with me. I'll take you to a place."

I was confused, but I still followed him until we arrived at a magnificent manor.

It was in a remote place, and I didn't see anyone along the way. Only soldiers were guarding the entrance.

I only found out that we were at the cemetery of martyrs when we entered the gate. No wonder I didn't see anyone here.

The neatly arranged white tombstones turned slightly yellow after being baptized by wind and rain. And

the wildflowers and weeds on both sides were growing messily, some of which had covered the stairs.

My heart sank, but I still followed Rufus until he stopped in front of a tombstone.

The inscriptions were already blurred, but the photo was still vivid.

In the photo was a handsome werewolf with a bright smile and youthful face.

"His name is Chasel. He was only eighteen when he died, and he was on duty," Rufus said to me lightly, introducing the werewolf in the photo.

"He's too young..." I murmured in surprise. His life had just begun, but it had already come to an end.

Rufus looked at the tombstone with a complicated expression. He seemed to be lost in thought for a moment. Then he said, "He was also a squad leader like you. During the first war between the vampires and the werewolves, the werewolf race was completely defeated. For them to survive, Chasel led his teammates to surrender. Then they became traitors in others' eyes and mouths."

I listened to Rufus intently without saying a word.

He continued, "At that time, everyone scolded them for being shameless traitors. But this group of 'traitors' was the one who successfully poisoned the blood the vampires fed on before a crucial battle, allowing the werewolves to gain their first overall victory."

"Then what happened next?" I asked. I was so shocked that I couldn't help covering my mouth.

"Until now, no one knows what they went through that day. What I only know is that when my father and his troops found them, there was no complete corpse on the scene."

I felt extremely sad. I couldn't imagine how desperate their families and loved ones must be when they saw the incomplete corpses.

Rufus then took me to the next tombstone.

In the photo was an ordinary-looking she-wolf. Unlike Chasel, she had no military rank on the inscription. She was just an ordinary logistic soldier.

"She was the most inconspicuous one in army before. She was not outstanding at all. But during the battle, she rushed to the vampires alone with explosives tied to her body and dragged the enemy. No one had expected that she could make the werewolves of the entire pack escape successfully with her own efforts. It was such a devastating sacrifice." Rufus told me the heaviest story in the lightest tone, but his face was covered with a layer of haze.

Rufus took me to more tombstones and introduced them to me one by one. They were heroes and

heroines from different places. Noble or ordinary, each of their stories shocked me deeply.

When we reached the last and newest tombstone, I saw a familiar face.

[Chapter 394 The Essential Meaning Of Life](#)

Sylvia's POV:

We were now in front of Dylan's tombstone. I only spent two hours with him in the forbidden forest. Now, we were separated forever.

Dylan's parents also attended the trial last time. They were already in their prime, and the sadness of losing their only child made their hair turn white overnight. Although Dylan was awarded many honors and titles later, it couldn't make up for the pain caused by his death.

Their son was dead, and everything was meaningless.

"I don't need to talk about Dylan. You know him," Rufus said, gently wiping my tears.

It was only then that I realized that my eyes were already wet. I sniffed. I was so depressed that I felt like I was about to suffocate. "How are Dylan's parents now?"

After our quick meeting last time, I had been wanting to visit Dylan's parents. It was just that I still couldn't find the time.

"They returned to their pack with Dylan's belongings. They said they wanted to go back to where he grew up. They will probably spend the rest of their lives there with the things Dylan left," Rufus said with a sigh and touched my head. "Don't worry. I'll send someone to see them from time to time. The royal family is responsible for the martyrs' families, especially Dylan's. When he saved your life, it was equivalent to saving my life."

I sobbed and took a deep breath. "Dylan also said that he would raise a wild wolf like Rin. But unfortunately, he died without even leaving a last word."

"Do you still remember the time when you cut your hair and begged to be admitted to the military academy? Do you know what I thought at that time?" Rufus suddenly asked, looking down at me.

"What were you thinking back then?" I seriously thought about his question and asked nasally, "Did you think I was overconfident?"

Rufus shook his head, leaned over, and whispered in my ear, "I wanted to lock you up and keep you by my side forever."

His tone was serious and firm, and there was an apparent possessiveness.

What he said made my heart skip a beat. "Why?"

Rufus straightened up, reached out, and touched my eyes. Then he sighed and said affectionately, "Because of your eyes, Sylvia."

"Why my eyes?" I asked, looking at him in confusion.

"When I first saw you, you were tied to a bed, trembling helplessly like a cornered beast. But despite your situation at that time, your eyes told me that you wouldn't admit defeat or accept your fate. As long as you were given even the slightest chance, you would do whatever it took to move forward, even if you would have to die with your enemy." After saying this, Rufus smiled bitterly.

I opened my mouth, wanting to say something. But I was at a loss for words, so I just shut it back.

"For me, your character is not suitable for the army. A soldier has to do everything for the empire, and I don't want you to be like it. Sylvia, I'm afraid. I'm afraid of losing you." Rufus brushed my face with his fingertips and looked at me calmly. "You used to be alone and fight only for yourself. But now you have a lot. Sylvia, think about your mate and your friends."

I was a little at a loss to know what to do. I took Rufus' hand and said, "Before, I didn't think too much. I thought it was right to rush forward regardless of anything, because that was how I survived for years."

But then, I realized how stupid and reckless that idea was.

"If one day you end up here as a cold corpse, have you ever thought about what will happen to me? Do you have the heart to see my life turn into a living hell?" Rufus frowned. When he spoke again, his voice was deep with a hint of grievance that was not easily discernible. "So take your own life seriously, Sylvia."

[Chapter 395 I Take This Place](#)

Rufus' POV:

"Of course, I don't want you to live such a kind of life." Sylvia held my hand and looked at me with her bright eyes. "Just as you said, I used to have nothing to be concerned about in the past. But now I have you, and I will never leave you alone."

She paused for a while, and her pretty face twisted again. "But I don't think there is any conflict between that and me serving my country."

I knocked her head helplessly. "You still don't get it. When you become a real soldier in the future, you will have not only me and your friends, but the citizens who trust and respect you, and the responsibility to defend the land."

She nodded and said, "That's right. But to protect all these we care about, we must pay with blood."

"But you have to understand that losing once is not terrible. What is terrible is that you will never have a chance to win again. There are many games in life, but you must never gamble with your own life," I said in an unprecedentedly heavy tone, putting my hands on Sylvia's shoulders. "Otherwise, I can't accept the possible consequences, Sylvia."

Sylvia fell silent. Then after a while, she raised her head and looked at me. This time, she no longer looked confused. "I understand, Rufus. I now have the ability to love and the man I love. But before that, I have to learn to love myself first, so I won't joke about my own life anymore."

I calmed down. But I couldn't help but make her promise. "Sylvia, promise me that before you do anything that may endanger your life in the future, think about me first. Okay?"

"Yes, Rufus, I promise." After saying this, Sylvia tiptoed and kissed me on my lips. "Nothing is more important than you. Without you, all the things I pursue are just meaningless."

I sighed and held her tightly in my arms. My heart was overflowing with my love for her.

I felt the same as her. Without her, my life was also meaningless.

"I'm going to apologize to Leonard tomorrow," Sylvia said in a low voice, then buried her head in my arms.

I touched her head, feeling relieved. "Although Leonard looks fierce, he is softhearted. Communicate with him more when there is a chance."

"No," Sylvia refused with a long face. She grimaced as if she was having a headache. "I guess every time I communicate with Leonard, he will only scold me. I'm really scared of him."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Don't worry, honey. I'll talk to him next time and ask him to scold you less."

"No, don't do that." Sylvia reached out and covered my mouth. "I don't want to make a mountain out of a molehill. Anyway, it's not a big deal, so just let it be. And what he said makes sense after all."

Sylvia was afraid of Leonard. It was as if she was a mouse afraid of a cat. This was my first time to see her so cowardly. When she saw my father for the first time, she was not this scared.

I kissed her forehead lovingly. "Don't worry. I'll always back you up."

"I can do whatever I want then?" This time, Sylvia smiled, and the deep dimples beside her lips showed. She looked at me with her bright and beautiful eyes, her face flushed like a sweet peach.

I touched the tip of her nose and looked at her dotingly. "Yes, you can do whatever you want."

Sylvia giggled coquettishly in my arms, acting like a spoiled child.

Suddenly, she popped her head out and looked in another direction. "What's that over there? There seem to be a lot of empty tombs."

I was silent for a moment. Then I explained, "Those are the tombs chosen in advance by many generals who are still alive."

Sylvia seemed to think of something, and her smile faded away. "Have you chosen yours too?"

"Yes," I replied with a nod.

"But you're a prince..." Sylvia wanted to say something. But on second thought, she stopped.

I knew what she wanted to say, so I kissed her hand and smiled at her. "Since the first time I led the army back from war, I no longer treated myself as a prince."

I was telling her the truth. From the moment I joined the army and went to the battlefield, my identity as a prince meant nothing.

"Take me to your tomb then. I want to see it." Sylvia held my hand and walked towards the empty tombs.

I shook my head in amusement and went with her.

After seeing it, Sylvia nodded with satisfaction. Then she pointed at an open space next to my tomb and said in a domineering tone of voice, "I'll take this place. When I die, I'll be buried next to you."

I frowned as I subconsciously felt uncomfortable about this topic.

[Chapter 396 The End Of The Day](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I gave Rufus a meaningful look. "Now you know how I feel, right? So you should also take care of yourself. Don't think for a second that I don't know what kind of a man I fell in love with."

After all, Rufus shouldered way more responsibilities than I did. Also, I had heard of his fighting style. He was known to be crazy on the battlefield.

It was said that in order to get to the enemy's leader, he'd break into their camp—alone.

As crazy as it sounded, the story was true.

When he came back, he was so seriously injured that he had blacked out into a coma for three whole days. He almost didn't survive that ordeal.

Even back when I was still with my pack, I had heard of his crazy deeds. And at the time, I didn't have any feelings for him. I just saw the infamous Prince Rufus as a crazy man, like how the rumors painted him to be.

But things were different now. I loved him. Whenever I thought about his wild escapades from before, I couldn't help but feel worried and scared.

Rufus seemed to read my mind and smiled helplessly. "Don't worry. I've changed."

"Good boy," I patted his head the way he usually did with me. "Although we're bound to die sooner or later, I'm not scared, knowing that I'll be reunited with you after death."

Rufus opened his mouth and seemed to want to say something, but in the end, he only sighed.

I stroked his eyebrows and said gently, "Stop frowning. It's a good thing if we die together, isn't it?"

"Then I won't allow you to die so easily. Otherwise, you won't be qualified to be buried in this cemetery." Rufus wrapped his arms around my waist and looked at me with a helpless smile.

I nodded seriously. "You don't have to worry about that. I will cherish my life!"

Rufus chuckled and finally compromised. "Fine. I'll register a spot for you later."

"Thank you, sir!" I saluted him playfully with a twinkle in my eye.

After that, Rufus took me back to my dormitory.

Since it was getting late, Rufus didn't return to the training ground. Instead, he headed back to the imperial palace to deal with other government affairs.

As soon as he left, Flora came back. I didn't know where she had been to. Her face was all black and covered in dirt.

"Sylvia! You're here!" She was very happy to see me and broke into a big, toothy smile. Her pearly whites were a stark contrast to her dirty face.

"Where'd you run off to all day? Were you training?"

Flora wiped the sweat off her forehead with the back of her hand. "I went to dig up mines."

"Mines?" Wasn't that dangerous? Why was she so excited over something like that?

"Yup! Jerome wanted us to have mine clearance training in the afternoon. It was so exciting. I felt like we were digging for treasure." Flora held my arm and squeezed it, immersed in retelling the tale of how they spent their afternoon. "Jerome tasked us to eliminate the fake mines they planted, but I accidentally dug up all the real ones. The instructor praised me for doing such a good job."

"Are you sure he was praising you?" Squinting, I couldn't help but interrupt her.

Flora nodded her head adamantly. "A hundred percent sure. He also said that I had permed his hair into a fashionable curly hairstyle."

"Haha!" I couldn't help but burst into laughter. I could imagine just how angry Jerome was at Flora.

"Anyway, let's get something to eat, or else I'm going to die from starvation!"

Flora dragged me to the canteen, her face still as dirty as the floor beneath us. Along the way, many werewolves looked at Flora curiously. But obviously my friend was blissfully unaware of their gazes and enjoyed her meal in ignorant bliss. She had a big appetite these days because of the hard training. Sometimes she had more than three meals a day.

But she was also gaining weight because of this. Her little double chin made her look even younger and cuter than usual.

After eating, Flora and I chatted about our days.

As we were on our way back to the dormitory building, we found Harry squatting at the door with a quilt wrapped around him. He looked like a homeless beggar.

[Chapter 397 The Homeless Harry](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"What happened to you?" I looked at Harry, bewildered.

Harry stood up and pouted, looking like a sad, homeless puppy. "There's an empty bed in your room, right? Let me stay with you. Look, I've brought my pillow and—"

But before Harry could finish his sentence, Flora bonked him hard on the head. "Are you insane?! This is the girls' dorm!"

Harry blinked his watery eyes and whined, "Aren't we supposed to be friends? I don't even see you as she-wolves anyway!"

This only made things worse. Flora stomped her foot and flicked his forehead. "Wake up, you idiot!"

"What's wrong with your room?" I asked, struggling to stifle my giggles.

Harry tinkered with the corner of his quilt and said falteringly, "I... I don't want to share a room with John."

Flora clicked her tongue with disdain. "He beat you a few times, so what? Why do you hate him so much? You're too judgmental."

"I'm not!" Harry protested loudly. "How could I take such trivial things seriously? It's just... Well, I..."

"Just what?" Flora snapped impatiently. Then, she seemed to catch a whiff of something and sniffed Harry suspiciously. "You ate fried chicken behind my back!"

Harry licked his lips and smiled like a mischievous fox. "I left some for you, on the condition that you let me sleep in your room."

Hearing this, Flora hesitated. Finally, she snorted and wrinkled her nose. "First, tell us why you hate John so much. Does he bully you in private?"

"What? No!" Harry puffed his chest indignantly. "I'm the one who bullies others, not the other way around."

"So why don't you just kick John out of your room?" Flora rubbed her chin, lost in thought. "That way you wouldn't have to stay in our room or share a room with him."

"Don't be unreasonable, Flora. John has already settled down in their room. Harry can't just drive him out." Before Flora could retort, I clamped my hand on her mouth. "Besides, I doubt Harry could kick him out even if he wanted to."

"How dare you, Sylvia!" Harry snorted in exasperation.

Flora and I burst into helpless giggles.

Seeing that Harry was getting more and more gloomy, we finally stopped laughing. But now that I thought about it, I felt that something was off. Squinting at Harry suspiciously, I mused, "When we entered the forbidden forest for the test, your attitude towards John was normal. But ever since you left alone with John, you've been acting weird."

Now, whenever we mentioned John's name, Harry would instantly clam up and he'd try to change the topic immediately.

And recalling how I found them in the forest both wet—and Harry was even shirtless—I felt that

something was really, really off.

"What exactly happened when you and John were alone in the forbidden forest?" I asked Harry again.

Harry's eyes darted around anxiously but instead of answering me, he sat at the door and stuck out his lower lip. "If you don't take me in, I'll sleep at your door so that everyone can see how heartless you are."

Flora stepped in and said seriously, "As long as there's enough fried chicken, there's room for negotiation."

"Okay, okay." Harry immediately cheered up. "I'll buy fried chicken for you for the rest of your lives."

"No need. Just enough for this month." Flora waved her hand, acting like a big boss.

Harry's eyes formed two crescent moons. "Don't worry. I'll be here for a few days at most. I'll just move back to my room as soon as Warren comes back. I just don't want to be alone with John."

"Okay." I nodded and agreed, thinking that it was a good deal.

But as soon as I opened the door, I found Layla coming out of the bathroom fresh from a shower, stark naked.

I was so startled that I kicked Harry who was about to follow me into the room away.

[Chapter 398 A Strange New Roommate](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Harry howled in pain. I quickly yanked the confused Flora inside and locked the door behind us.

"What's the matter, you guys?" Layla tilted her head and looked at Flora and me questioningly.

Flora's eyes landed on the naked Layla and her face turned red. All of a sudden, blood started gushing out of her nose.

I covered her nose in a hurry, which made Layla even more confused.

"What the hell? Why's my nose bleeding?" Flora finally snapped out of it and stomped her foot in frustration. She looked like she was in denial. She muttered to herself with chagrin, "How embarrassing!"

The naked Layla walked over and asked with concern, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah..." I didn't dare to look at her. Face flushed with embarrassment, I stammered, "Wh-why don't

you put on some clothes?"

Layla wrapped the bath towel she was holding around her body. With an indifferent shrug, she said, "Just had a shower. And we're all girls here, so why bother?"

I bit my lower lip agitatedly. How could I have forgotten that it wasn't just me and Flora anymore and we just got a new roommate?

Harry banged on the door indignantly.

"What the hell, you guys? Let me in! Open this door right this instant! I know you can hear me! Open the door!"

As Flora stuck a piece of tissue into her nostril and shouted, "You pervert, get out of here!"

"What about the fried chicken? Fried chicken, Flora!" Harry banged the door incessantly.

Layla sat down on the edge of the bed and wiped her hair, with her legs crossed casually. She looked at us in confusion and asked, "Is he planning on sleeping here?"

Flora nodded honestly.

I wanted to explain, but to my surprise, Layla smiled without qualms.

"Okay. I don't mind."

Then she turned around and pulled on her clothes.

I was floored. I didn't expect her to respond like that. Layla was so beautiful that she looked like an unattainable goddess. But the more I got to know her, the more she seemed quite extroverted and approachable even.

Because we were good friends with Harry, she didn't mind him moving in. Even though Layla wasn't close to him at all...

While I was pondering over this, Layla's sweet voice interrupted my thoughts.

"That is, as long as he doesn't mind becoming our sister."

Did she mean she was going to castrate Harry?!

Her words sent a shiver down my spine, and I silently thanked God that I had kicked Harry out just in time. Otherwise, Harry would've needed to kiss his manhood goodbye.

Flora frowned and gave me a meaningful look, indicating that we should just give up.

In the end, Harry couldn't move in with us.

Harry stubbornly kept knocking on the door for a little while. Finally, the knocks stopped.

Now that Harry had left, I chatted with Flora and Layla with ease.

Layla was a talkative she-wolf and a master when it came to conversations. She controlled the topics like a natural.

It only took a few minutes before she got to know me and Flora better.

But on the other hand, Flora and I still didn't know a thing about her. She didn't even tell us which pack she was from.

Flora and I exchanged wary glances, and I knew she was thinking what I was thinking.

Although we were all she-wolves here, I always felt awkward staying in the same room as Layla.

Flora was also very strange. She always engaged with others naturally, but now she had become as awkward and reserved as me. She didn't try to strike up a conversation with Layla at all.

Later that evening, when we were all settled in bed, I quietly took out my phone and wanted to send a message to Flora.

As soon as I opened our chat box, I saw that Flora had sent me an embarrassed emoji first.

Flora then sent me a lot of messages, all about how she felt about our new roommate.

She said she didn't know why, but every time she got close to Layla, she would feel inexplicably nervous and even a little scared.

I frowned slightly.

Why? Flora had exceptional intuition that was always accurate. Her instincts hadn't failed us yet.

If she felt something was wrong, then there might've been more to Layla than what met the eye...

[Chapter 399 An Orphan](#)

Harry's POV:

I kept knocking on the door for what seemed like an eternity, but neither Flora nor Sylvia responded. So

I had no choice but to leave, quilt and pillow in tow.

And as luck would have it, it started to drizzle outside, as though the weather wanted to reflect my mood.

I felt like a homeless orphan. As I walked away, I'd looked back at Sylvia's dormitory again and again.

A military officer passed by and felt sorry for me, so he gave me a raincoat.

The quilt was wet by now, but I didn't want to let it go. I looked up into the rainy skies, hoping for a miracle.

But damn it! I had almost made it back to my dormitory building, yet Sylvia and Flora hadn't come to my rescue yet.

I had no idea why those two damned girls changed their minds out of the blue.

The more I tried to figure it out, the sadder I became. They had already agreed to take me in, but they went back on their words.

They got my hopes up. I had thought that I wouldn't have to face John alone tonight and planned to celebrate, but in the end, my plan failed.

I stood outside the dormitory building, dawdling for as long as I could. The thought that I had to face John upstairs made my head pound.

I hadn't slept properly in so long. Every time I tried to close my eyes at night, I'd dream that John had become a ghost in water chasing me.

It just kept haunting me!

"What're you so afraid of? She's just a she-wolf," my wolf, Lvan, said coldly.

"It's just that I don't want to face her alone!" I said defensively.

The last time I was alone with John on a mission, we encountered a landslide and fell into water. I managed to rescue her and wanted to give her CPR, but then I found out that John was actually a she-wolf.

At the time, I was so flustered. I had been single for years now and it was the first time I saw a werewolf of the opposite sex half-naked.

After struggling with it for a while, I finally decided to feign ignorance.

And that was the beginning of my misery. Hiding a secret like this was too fucking painful!

Ever since then, I had been avoiding John. Wherever she went, I'd run the opposite way. But as fate would have it, she was assigned to my dormitory room. Such bad luck!

"You're such a coward!" Lvan cursed, as if I wasn't living up to his expectation.

"Why do you think John disguises herself as a man?" I squatted under a tree and squinted at the light upstairs. Just then, the window of my room suddenly swung open and John poked her head out. Startled, I quickly hid under my quilt.

Lvan snorted, "If you're so curious, just ask her. Stop being such an idiot!"

I sighed, stood up, patted the dirt off of my buttocks, and turned around. To my surprise, an instructor was standing right behind me.

"What are you doing here?" the instructor asked expressionlessly.

"Oh, I'm enjoying the view..."

"On a rainy day? Please. Go back to your dormitory!"

"I will, later..."

I wanted to muddle it through, but the instructor insisted on sending me to the door to my room.

I stood there wordlessly for a while. After the instructor left, I squatted at the door of the dormitory, at a loss.

It was dark outside. Soldiers coming and going all looked at me curiously.

Finally, I stopped one at random.

"Bro, do you have a vacant bed in your room?"

The man shook his head and looked at me questioningly. "No. Don't you have a place to stay?"

"Not really..." I was at a loss as to how to explain.

The man shrugged indifferently and left with his companions.

I envied him. God! I missed Warren. I really hoped he would recover and come back as soon as possible.

I paced back and forth in front of the door for a while before finally deciding to sleep in the corridor.

Just as I squatted down to make a makeshift bed, the door suddenly swung open.

John's cold eyes met mine. I froze on the spot.

We looked at each other for about ten seconds before John finally opened her mouth.

"Why didn't you just come in?"

I laughed awkwardly and held up my hands defensively. "I'm about to."

John glanced at my quilt in the corridor and said in a low voice, "I see."

Then she turned around and walked back inside the room.

I was so embarrassed that I picked up the quilt on the floor and followed her in.

[Chapter 400 In The Same Room](#)

Harry's POV:

My quilt was already drenched, but I didn't have any other quilt.

Sighing heavily, I pulled out my phone to apply for a new quilt from the logistics system, but then suddenly, a clean quilt was thrown over my head.

John had given it to me.

I pulled the quilt off my head and looked at her in confusion.

She shot me an indifferent glance and said, "The application won't take effect until tomorrow."

Without waiting for a response, she turned around and went into the bathroom to take a shower.

Hearing the sound of running water, my face began to burn inexplicably, and I even felt as though the quilt in my hands became piping hot.

I threw it away as though it was on fire.

"What the hell are you doing, Harry? She gave you the quilt out of kindness, but you just threw it on the floor. You're being rude." Lvan started to lecture me again.

I was so angry that I muttered under my breath and picked up the quilt from the floor. Then I threw it at the corner of the bed in a huff.

"Satisfied now?"

Lvan snorted complacently. "That's more like it."

I rolled my eyes in annoyance.

A few minutes later, John walked out of the bathroom while drying her hair. Her hair used to be short and spiky, but now it had grown out. The bangs on her forehead were soft and wispy, making her look more feminine.

But I didn't dare to stare at her, so I turned around and busied myself by making my bed.

Although the beds in the army were all bunk beds, they were by no means small. It was hard for me to put the bed sheet on the mattress properly.

This irked me even more. It was trivial things like this that I hated the most.

"Do you need help?" John's voice suddenly sounded from behind me.

I nearly jumped from fright. Instead, I froze and didn't turn around or say a thing. A faint fragrance came to my nose. It was John's body wash, and it smelled like sweet milk.

I almost broke down. I wanted to pinch John's face and scold her.

Damn it! If she wanted to pretend to be a man, she should do better than use milk flavored body wash!

Without getting any response from me, John kept silent for a few seconds then finally left me to my own devices.

Lvan snorted and cursed me again, "You really are an idiot!"

Ignoring Lvan's chastising, I continued to make the bed.

After tidying up my things, I took my clothes to the bathroom to take a shower.

But as soon as I entered the bathroom, I found John's things neatly sitting in front of the basin, and the clothes she had discarded were still in the laundry basket.

I slunk away, feeling weirdly embarrassed, so I decided not to take a shower.

I went back to the bedroom where John was drinking water. She glanced at the clothes in my hand and said nothing.

Honestly, I felt itchy all over because I didn't take a shower. I sat at the table miserably and looked at my

phone, twisting my body irritably from the itchiness.

Several minutes later, John, who was sitting opposite to me, finally couldn't help but ask coldly, "Do you hate me?"

"What?" I looked up from my phone in confusion.

"I've put away my things in the bathroom. You can go to take a shower now." Her voice was icy cold, but as she spoke, she lowered her eyes. She looked a little pitiful.

I knew she misunderstood why I was acting weird, but I didn't know how to explain.

I scratched my hair fretfully, trying to find the right words.

I couldn't let her know that I had already found out her little secret, which would make things between us even more awkward.

Finally, I said cryptically, "I don't hate you. You're overthinking it."

To this, John didn't say anything. She looked at me silently for a few seconds and then lowered her head to continue reading the book in her hand.

The tension in the air was so thick, you could cut through it with a knife. I licked my lips and wanted to say something to ease the tension. After all, we were going to be teammates from now on.

From the corner of my eye, I looked John up and down secretly. She was not only indifferent in character, but also in appearance. Her body language told me she didn't give a damn about almost everything.

I frowned and thought for a while. I suddenly realized that she was so mysterious and I didn't know a thing about her. We had been in the same class in the military school for so long, yet I didn't even know where she came from.

So I broke the silence and asked her directly, "Which pack are you from?"