

Irresistible 401

[Chapter 401 Midnight Frigh](#)

Harry's POV:

John raised her eyes and said in a flat voice, "I'm the Crescent Pack's Alpha's son."

My eyes widened in shock. I couldn't believe my ears. Crescent Pack was a very powerful pack. Not only was it prosperous, but it was also known as the home of several military talents. Many of the best generals hailed from that pack.

It had never crossed my mind that John had such noble origins.

When we were in the military school, she had kept a low profile, so everyone assumed that she was also an Omega like Flora.

I had heard rumors that the Crescent Pack's Alpha's son was a wild and irritable werewolf, but I hadn't expected him to actually be a she-wolf to begin with.

Doubts ran amok in my head as I studied John.

She was nothing like the gossip had portrayed "him" to be.

"What's going on? Is there something wrong?" John watched me and asked in a calm voice.

My lips parted and I hesitated before finally giving in to my curiosity. I asked her about the rumors. "Everyone says that you are vulgar and useless. But I can see that is not the truth. Has there been a misunderstanding?"

John shot me an inscrutable smile, causing goose bumps to break out all over my body.

This was the first time she had smiled at me, and it was terrifying.

She replied in a low voice, "It's not entirely wrong. Indeed, I used to be a loser."

"But you are awesome now..." I dithered. Praise for her was on the tip of my tongue, but my words sounded inexplicably inappropriate to my ears.

John's grin widened. She was smiling, but it didn't reach her eyes. Instead, I could see darkness lurking behind them.

I quietly rubbed my arms, a frisson of fear uncoiling inside me. I hastily ended the topic and rushed towards the bed with my phone.

"I'm going to sleep. Take your time."

John didn't respond. A few minutes later, she turned off the light and went to bed too.

The darkness enveloped me in an infinite sense of security. I blinked my eyes and relaxed. Not long after, I felt my thoughts begin to wander.

Feeling groggy, I could make out that I had come to a pink villa.

Numerous framed wedding photos were hung inside. In them, I was the groom, but the she-wolf's face was blurred.

I realized that I was married. As happiness lightened my heart, the scene suddenly shifted and I was walking up to a huge bed.

I was naked and was going to have sex with my mate, who had a shapely figure.

The atmosphere felt so intimate and real that my entire body and even my mind were excited.

I reached out my hand to touch my wife's soft breast, but it was very hard and flat without any mounds and valleys.

"Why did you stop?" the person in my arms asked in a strange yet familiar voice.

I involuntarily trembled, but my mate suddenly lifted her head. It was John's expressionless face.

I was so petrified that I jumped off the bed and ran away. As soon as I exited the room, a little girl suddenly rushed out and wrapped her arms around my legs, calling me dad.

The little girl's melodious voice softened my heart.

My lips curved up into a smile and I crouched down to hug my daughter. However, when the little girl raised her head, I was greeted with John's expressionless face again.

"Ah!" I shot up on the bed, cold sweat trickling down my back. After a few minutes, I came back to my senses. Fortunately, it had just been a dream.

I heaved a sigh of relief. I turned around, wanting to get out of bed and get some water.

However, when I turned my head, I saw John's face. She was seated at the head of my bed and was watching me passively.

Even more outrageous was that I had been sleeping on the upper bunk.

As I opened my mouth to scream, I felt the cold tip of a dagger pressed against my throat.

"Be quiet." John's tone was calm, but her eyes glinted murderously.

[Chapter 402 Oversleep](#)

Sylvia's POV:

In the morning, I dragged Flora and Harry to the training ground.

Flora never got enough sleep, and Harry was still groggy. Both of them tilted their heads and were about to doze off while standing there.

After Jerome arrived, Flora perked up a bit. Harry, on the other hand, remained listless the entire time. He had huge bags under his eyes. Those who didn't know better would probably assume that he had done something bad last night.

After the morning training, Flora, Harry, and I were on our way to have lunch in the canteen as usual.

Flora walked beside me and scanned Harry thoroughly. "What's wrong with you today? You've been lethargic the entire morning. Jerome was furious when he saw you like this."

Harry narrowed his eyes, dragged his tired feet, and said in a weak voice, "I didn't sleep well last night."

"Why do you have a scratch on your neck?" Flora grabbed his collar and asked, noticing the small slightly bloody cut on his neck.

I also regarded him with confusion. It looked like he had got scratched by some sharp object.

Harry looked uneasy and explained, "I cut myself while shaving this morning. The razor blade was just too sharp."

I felt even more baffled. Harry had been harping about how he had bought the latest shaver in the market just a few days ago. The brand was represented by his favorite football player. There was no way he had already lost interest in it.

So why was he suddenly using the razor again?

As I opened my mouth to question him some more, John approached us from the other side. He told Harry softly, "Didn't we agree to have lunch together?"

Harry quivered and gave an awkward smile. "I'd almost forgotten. I'm sorry."

He turned to look at Flora and me. "I have an appointment. I'm leaving now."

Then he left with John.

"Wow, when did they become so chummy?" Flora watched Harry and John in bewilderment as they walked away.

I shook my head.

"I don't know. Maybe this is how friendship works between men."

In the afternoon, I went for my training with Leonard as usual. I was more nervous today than yesterday.

On the way, I pondered about what to tell him later.

When I arrived at the training gym, it was still empty.

Today, I decided to check behind the door as soon as I entered, but I didn't spot Leonard.

I looked around warily, continuously guessing how he would test me today.

The only place for a werewolf to hide in this training gym was behind the door. I carefully swept my eyes over the room, but didn't see Leonard.

Was he hiding outside the window?

I slowly approached the window and threw it open in one quick movement. I wanted to take him by surprise. But the only things outside the window were a few wild flowers and weeds swaying in the wind.

As I was about to turn around, I suddenly sensed something behind me, similar to what I'd felt yesterday.

He was going to play the same trick again. I inwardly smiled with disdain.

I slowed down my breathing, clenched my fists, spun around, and abruptly shouted, "Gotcha!"

"Meow!"

A tiny white cat stood behind me. It was so terrified that its tail stood up straight and its emerald green eyes widened. Then it fainted.

I was stunned. I hadn't expected that a cat would approach me from behind. I crouched down and wiggled its paws to make sure it was okay.

At this moment, Leonard rushed into the gym. I looked up at him awkwardly.

I didn't say anything, but just stared at him quietly.

He gave a dry cough and said, "Sorry, I overslept."

I was speechless.

[Chapter 403 Start Training](#)

Leonard's POV:

I was actually a little surprised to see Sylvia here today. I had assumed that yesterday's reprimand would hurt her ego and she wouldn't come back here again.

Sylvia had always been an unruly and proud girl. After several encounters, I could sense that she detested me a lot.

But today, not only had she come here, but she also remembered what I had told her yesterday and had been quite alert.

I was both amused and gratified.

It looked like she could distinguish right from wrong.

I had wanted to reach here earlier today, but had been struck by my recurring health problem in the morning, so I was tardy.

I wasn't in the mood to give Sylvia an elaborate explanation, so I lied that I had overslept. Noticing that she wanted to roll her eyes but had restrained herself, I was involuntarily intrigued.

Most of the werewolves around me were serious and steady. Few of them were as bubbly as Sylvia.

I stayed quiet for a long time and didn't know what to say.

Clutching the unconscious cat in her arms, Sylvia looked embarrassed. "Can I wake it up first?"

I nodded and replied, "Leave it to me."

I called my subordinate and soon a vet came to pick up the cat.

Sylvia followed me and began talking. "I thought about what you said after I went back yesterday."

I turned around and looked at her seriously. "Tell me, what were you thinking about?"

She looked a little uncomfortable. She fiddled with the hem of her uniform, looking uneasy but sincere. "I know I don't have the best attitude. Maybe I don't have the mindset of a soldier yet, but I believe I can slowly shift my mentality."

I listened to her silently.

"I know I was wrong." She was visibly thin-skinned. When she talked about her mistake, she was so embarrassed that her face had turned a bright shade of red. "I will change. I have made up my mind. And I hope you won't deny me because of your first impression of me. I will prove myself to you."

As I watched Sylvia, I remained silent for several minutes, feeling a long lost joy rise in my heart.

I indeed had looked down upon her because of her identity as a slave. But I had to admit that she was talented.

However, talent was often accompanied by overconfidence, arrogance even. So ever since I had been in formal contact with Sylvia, I had been subduing her, so that she got the chance to recognize her true self and understand that the mighty in this world didn't succeed because of luck or talent, but because of persistent efforts.

Now I felt that Sylvia was worthy of my rigorous training.

Rufus had good taste. Since he had chosen such a wonderful mate, Ethan must be overjoyed.

Sylvia's POV:

Leonard remained silent for a long time and just watched me seriously.

I was nervous. Had I said something wrong?

I opened my mouth, planning to explain some more, but he scoffed, "It doesn't matter. I'm only here to teach you for a month under the orders of the lycan king. What you learn in this time is your business."

I pouted angrily and muttered in a low voice, "I think a month is too long."

Leonard didn't say anything more but began the day's training.

He instructed me to do a series of punches in the air first. I was confused, but followed his orders.

After several dozen punches, he stopped me.

"Do you know you have the lycan power?"

I nodded and said, "Rufus has told me about it, but I still don't know what it is."

As I finished saying this, Leonard suddenly threw a lightning quick punch in my face.

[Chapter 404 Weak Legs](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I didn't even get a second to react. I just stood there and let Leonard's fist get close to my face.

His fist stopped mere inches in front of my nose.

Although I could see that he didn't really mean to hit me, I was still filled with a feeling of fear and powerlessness.

Unable to get a grip on myself, my legs turned to jelly and I collapsed to the ground.

Leonard chuckled and explained, "I had no intention of actually punching you. Don't be scared."

When I came to my senses, I stood up in embarrassment, still feeling very weak.

Leonard didn't even touch me right now, but I still felt like I had been attacked by an invisible force. And in the face of his charge, my fight response didn't get even remotely triggered. My body only reacted with surrender and overwhelming fear.

The last person who had evoked similar feelings within me had been Rufus.

"What the hell was that?" I asked Leonard in bewilderment.

He'd better not tell me it was magic, otherwise, I was fairly certain I was going to start doubting everything.

His face softened as he smiled. He slowly said, "That was the lycan power."

"It was so strong." I looked at him in surprise.

The last time I fought with Rufus, I had yet to hear about the lycan power. I had just assumed that he was very powerful.

Leonard nodded and explained, "There is probably less than one with the lycan power among every million werewolves. A werewolf with a lycan bloodline is destined to be a leader. Not only is the innate strength and speed of a lycan bloodline far beyond ordinary werewolves, but they also have the capability to suppress the blood power of ordinary wolves, compelling them to feel surrender and fear in their hearts."

Things finally clicked into place. "So my legs subconsciously went weak right now. Was that because I

surrendered to your lycan bloodline?"

"Exactly. You will get a better understanding if you ask Rufus to spar with you more often," Leonard replied.

"What about me?" I raised my hands and looked at them. "Can I also use the lycan power?"

"Yes, you can."

"Really? But I didn't feel anything special about myself, except that I had a little more strength while fighting." I waved my fist, perplexed.

"In the elite team selection competition, you used incredible power in the last punch you had thrown at Toby." Leonard watched me with a smile. "That was when the king and I discovered that you had the lycan power."

A sudden realization dawned on me. "No wonder the king instructed you to train me."

I had been wondering why a powerful man like Leonard would suddenly consent to train me. I finally knew the reason now.

Leonard narrowed his eyes and said, "In general, the lycan bloodline is inherent. A werewolf with this bloodline is significantly better than ordinary werewolves. For example, Rufus led the army of werewolves to fight against vampires and won the battle at the age of fourteen."

I scratched my head, puzzled. "But why didn't I discover that I was born superior to ordinary werewolves?"

My past life was so mundane that there was not one special thing about it.

"And could my punch be a coincidence? I haven't generated similar power since then."

Leonard seemed to be at a loss for words at my questions. After several minutes, he answered, "It was not a coincidence."

"Oh." I nodded, still confused.

"Your power is indeed not steady yet. For the present, we don't know the reason for this issue. The reason why the king asked me to train you was because he wanted you to gain a firm grasp over your power," Leonard said lightly.

"Then let's begin. Train me." I was instantly infused with energy. "What should I do now?"

With his hands clasped behind his back, Leonard looked at me coldly and said, "Don't be so eager. Calm

yourself. Let's do some basic training first. Start with punching the sandbag."

"What?" I pursed my lips, feeling as if a basin of cold water had been poured over me. "I thought you would teach me some secret skills."

"Don't rush yourself to get instant success and benefits," Leonard chided me with a smile he couldn't conceal.

"Got it," I replied dejectedly.

[Chapter 405 Create A Desperate Situation](#)

Leonard's POV:

I took Sylvia to the eighth floor, which had a variety of equipment for basic strength training.

"Come on, start punching the sandbag. Don't stop unless I tell you to." I tossed the boxing gloves to her and sat on the sofa on one side to enjoy my coffee.

As Sylvia grudgingly pulled on the gloves, she glanced at me and muttered, "There is even coffee here..."

I calmly took a sip of my coffee, feeling very content in my heart. This type of training program was pretty good. With an excellent student, I didn't have much to do, and coffee was available too.

Sylvia started a series of basic training exercises under my instructions. Seeing her so reluctant had me intrigued.

"What are you doing? Haven't you eaten lunch? Use more force." I sat in a relaxed position and urged her on every now and then.

Sweat trickled down her forehead. I could hear the thumps when her fists connected with the sandbag.

In fact, she had already been well-trained in basic strength and skills over the past few months of school. I had ordered her to do the strength training right now just to exhaust her extra energy.

I had learned from Rufus that every time Sylvia displayed her special power, she was either extremely furious or in a desperate situation.

Her special power was unlikely to surface under normal circumstances.

At present, the first thing I needed to do was to remind her of the feeling of that power, so that she could control it.

For that, I had to create a desperate situation for her first.

After the fifth round of training, Sylvia was so tired that she fell to her knees.

I slowly walked up to her and handed her a clean towel. "Are you tired?"

Sylvia was too out of breath to speak. She nodded and wiped her sweat with the towel.

I smiled kindly and said, "No, I don't think you're tired enough. Come on. Now ten sets of push-ups."

Sylvia almost rolled her eyes when she heard what I said, but she finally obeyed and began doing them.

Although she was extremely fatigued, her movements were still regular, but her bright eyes were fixed on me in particular, shining with an inexplicable intensity.

Well, it looked like I was starting to push her limits.

I was very satisfied with the result.

But it was still not enough, because I wanted to make her so tired that she had no strength left to be fierce also.

"Don't slow down, or you'll have to do another set!"

Sylvia didn't respond. She gritted her teeth and sped up.

After another round of training, she instantly lay down on the floor, her face twisted with weariness.

"How about a set of frog jumps? I don't think you've done enough," I said.

Sylvia was losing her temper, her face bulging like a steamed bun. "Are you torturing me on purpose? I have trained so much!"

"Was that too much for you?" I frowned and pretended to be very disappointed. "Since that's how you feel, forget it."

Sylvia was so enraged that she stood up, placed her hands on the back of her head, and began jumping around the room.

I tried my best to hold back my laughter and said, "Do the movements properly. Don't be in such a hurry."

Sylvia glared at me, but her pace slowed and she began jumping forward at a consistent speed.

By the end of this set, I had managed to drain away every bit of her strength.

"How are you feeling?" I asked happily.

Sylvia lay on the floor with her eyes shut, gasping for breath. "I don't even have the energy to transform into a wolf."

Good. I could execute my plan now.

"Come and look out of the window." I stood up and asked her to approach me.

Sylvia struggled to get to her feet, leaned against the windowsill, and looked out. "What do you want me to look at?"

"The view from the eighth floor."

As I spoke, I kicked her out.

[Chapter 406 Perfect Solution](#)

Leonard's POV:

"Fuck!" Sylvia cursed and disappeared from my sight.

"Don't be afraid. I've already asked Owen to establish safeguard measures on the first floor. Besides, we are only on the eighth floor. If at all you fall, you will probably just break a few bones and that's all." I chuckled and peeked out of the window.

However, there was nothing downstairs.

"Fuck! Where is Owen?" My heart leaped to my throat.

I had asked Owen to prepare protective measures downstairs, but I couldn't see anything, and Owen was also missing.

Sylvia tried to grab the windowsill to stop herself from falling. However, she jerked up as her hand slid down, and she plunged down in slow motion. It was a horrifying sight.

If she fell down, her internal organs would suffer serious damage even if she managed to survive the fall. If anything happened to Sylvia, Rufus would lose his mind. I couldn't believe I was the reason for her injury.

A ball of anxiety and fear settled in the pit of my stomach. Just as I was about to transform into my wolf form and jump down to save Sylvia, I saw a strong aura bust out from Sylvia's body. I squinted as a strong gust of wind blew upward. Sylvia's slender hands turned into wolf claws and pierced the outer

wall of the building, slowing her momentum.

Then, she kicked the wall and safely landed after making a beautiful turn.

I was surprised to witness the sudden turn of events. Sylvia performed better than I had expected.

She had managed to penetrate the reinforced concrete wall by merely turning her hands into wolf claws when she was in danger. It looked like she had excellent control over her wolf form.

Her lycan power seemed strong and pure.

She was extremely powerful and agile even though she didn't summon all her strength.

If Sylvia fully activated the lycan power in her body and teamed it with rigorous training, she would eventually turn into an outstanding general with strong combat capacity.

I held back my excitement and turned into my wolf form. Without thinking further, I jumped out of the window and descended by gripping the windowsills on each floor. Soon, I landed in front of Sylvia and turned into my human form.

Sylvia hadn't withdrawn her wolf claws yet. The invisible aura was still fuming around her.

"How are you? Are you okay?" I asked concernedly, examining her to see if she had hurt herself during her descent.

Sylvia's hair looked messy. Her clothes were dirty, and her claws were stained with blood. Besides that, she seemed fine.

Although Sylvia was in human form, her fangs were exposed. She snarled at me, panting for breath. It seemed like she hadn't come to her senses yet.

"Do you feel any discomfort? Let me see your claws," I said, raising my voice a decibel higher.

This time, she finally heard me. Her head snapped up at me as she returned to her senses.

Her bright eyes gleamed with a murderous will.

The way she glared at me reminded me of Rufus.

No wonder they were mates. They both had the same murderous aura.

"Why did you do that?" Sylvia asked coldly.

My face flushed with embarrassment, and I felt guilty. I could sense her anger because she sounded

disrespectful for the first time.

"I just wanted to help achieve your full potential," I explained. "Even though something went wrong during the process, you managed to solve it."

"You could have told that to me earlier." Sylvia pursed her lips. She still looked unhappy, but her face seemed to soften a bit.

"No. If I did, you'd be mentally prepared and wouldn't have managed to summon your power. Think about it. You have never successfully summoned your lycan power during your daily training, have you?"

[Chapter 407 The Kidul](#)

Leonard's POV:

Sylvia remained silent. Her expressionless face seemed quite frightening.

She was a stubborn girl, and I had to coax her.

I cleared my throat and said, "You know, I could have saved you even if you couldn't manage to use your lycan power."

Sylvia glanced at me, her face softening a little. But she bit her lip and continued to remain silent.

I tried my best to force a smile at her because her reaction seemed to frighten me. "How could I let you get injured? I even asked Owen to wait downstairs and protect you. But I don't know where he has gone to."

"Really?" Sylvia asked, cocking her head.

"Yes." I nodded, smiling.

Sylvia's chest puffed with a snort. However, she slowly withdrew her fangs and wolf claws.

I closed my eyes and breathed a sigh of relief. Coaxing the girl seemed like an easy task. If it were Alina, she would have broken down, crying.

I still remembered that time when my leopard had bitten Alina's dog to death. She had cried for two days straight. It baffled me that such a tiny girl could generate that many tears. Later, I had no choice but to find a similar dog for her.

"You mean... Was that lycan power?"

Sylvia's voice snapped me back to reality. Her eyes widened as she looked at her hands. She looked

surprised yet curious.

My heart softened. Regardless of how strong and arrogant Sylvia looked, she was just a simple girl. The awe on her innocent face looked pure.

"How did you feel when you summoned all your strength and let the lycan power burst out of you?" I asked gently.

Sylvia frowned and thought for a while. "Well, my body suddenly grew light, and I felt a light force burst out of my body."

I smiled. "That's right. Remember that feeling. When you get familiar with it, you will eventually be able to control your power."

Sylvia nodded with a puzzled look on her face. It was her first time, and it would take a while to get familiar with it.

Just then, Owen hurriedly ran over to me. He wasn't even wearing a coat.

"Where the hell have you been?" I couldn't hold back my anger. "An accident almost occurred, you know!"

I wanted to say that Sylvia almost died, but noticing her staring at me, I quickly changed my words.

Owen walked toward me, his poker face softening a little. He looked aggrieved. "I went to the bathroom and forgot to take my coat."

With that, he leaned closer and whispered in my ear, "Didn't you say that you would give me a signal before pushing her down?"

That was when it dawned on me. I had completely forgotten about the secret signal.

I guiltily coughed and looked away. "Forget it. Thankfully everything is fine now."

Owen stood beside me and looked at Sylvia. "She looks horrible. It looks like you've tortured her."

'Gosh, why is he saying that aloud? Does he want to get me in trouble?'

"By the way, I just got the news that Edwin was coming. He should be at the royal palace any time now," Owen added.

I frowned, feeling a little surprised. "Didn't I ask him to look after the pack? Why is he coming?"

"He probably heard that you had postponed your return to the pack and is worried about your health. I

think he is here to check on you." Owen smiled. "Edwin is airsick, so instead of taking the plane, he drove here. Took him several days to get here."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Then, you better go and pick him up. Otherwise, he will have something to complain again."

Owen nodded. Then, his eyes widened as if something had occurred to him. He turned to Sylvia and said, "I just met Prince Rufus. He wanted me to tell you that he'd be waiting in the training ground for you after your class. He has something important to tell you."

Considering it was something important, I dismissed Sylvia at once.

[Chapter 408 The Last Farewell](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Rufus would never call me during training sessions unless there was an emergency.

I ran to the training ground as fast as I could and saw Rufus. He was wearing his military uniform. It seemed like he had just come from the training as well.

"What happened?" I asked, gasping for breath.

Rufus wiped the sweat on my forehead and looked at me. "Lena has been exempted from a death sentence because of her meritorious testimony."

My eyes widened in surprise. Most of the werewolves involved in Mateo's case were sentenced to death, except a few, who couldn't stand the torture and committed suicide before the trial.

"But they have exiled her. She will have to remain at the border and never return." Rufus eyed me with concern. "She is leaving the royal palace now. Lena wants to see you for one last time."

"Why does she want to see me?" I bit my lip, not knowing what to do.

So many years had passed, and a lot had changed. We weren't the same as before. I would never get to see the gentle and kind Lena in my memory.

I wasn't a saint to be okay after knowing she once betrayed my mother. The pain had left an indelible scar in my heart. I couldn't just forget everything and move on.

If it weren't for Lena, my mother wouldn't have died.

But when I thought of how well Lena had treated me when I was a child, my sensibility and reason began to fight against each other.

I knew Lena was not evil. She just had her own selfish motive, like every other ordinary werewolf.

"Don't worry, Sylvia. It's reasonable even if you choose not to see Lena." Rufus smoothed my brows and comforted me.

I pursed my lips and thought for a while. Then, I finally made up my mind. "I'm going to see her."

Lena had received her deserved punishment. I would be seeing her for the last time today.

I wanted closure and to bury my past forever.

After hearing my answer, Rufus took me to the royal palace's back gate.

I could see the soldiers escorting Lena from afar. There were several other sinners, along with Lena, who had committed other crimes and were exiled. The long troop extended outside the gate of the palace.

Rufus led me to the group.

As soon as we got close, the escorting officer stopped us. "You can't see the prisoners now. We fear something might go wrong."

"We only need ten minutes. I'll take responsibility," Rufus said coldly.

After a moment's hesitation, the officer finally compromised. "Hurry up then. We'll be leaving soon."

Then, the officer brought Lena to us.

To my surprise, Lena's gray pupils were dim; she was half-blind. Her eyes were red and swollen, with traces of puss in the corners.

Lena squinted to get a clear view of me, and her face broke into an ecstatic smile. "I didn't expect you to come and see me, Sylvia."

My heart broke at the sight of her. She looked weak and pitiful. "Your eyes..." The words choked in my throat.

Lena raised her cuffed hands and touched her eyes. "Well, I had been crying a lot."

She smiled bitterly. "I deserve it. I'm guilty, Sylvia. I have ruined your life and your mother's. I don't know how long I'll live, but I have no regrets now because I finally got the chance to hear your voice again."

I wrung my fingers together, not knowing what to say. I couldn't comprehend the strange emotions simmering in my heart.

"You will be happy, Sylvia. I wish you all the happiness in the world. I..."

The officer dragged Lena away before she could finish her words.

My heart sank as I watched her leave. It felt strange.

Rufus stood beside me and held my hand in silent support.

After a while, just as Rufus and I were about to leave, we bumped into a stranger.

He looked at me and shouted in surprise, "Olivia?"

[Chapter 409 An Old Friend](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Olivia was my mother's name. Ever since she had passed away, I'd rarely heard her name being mentioned.

I looked up at this man in surprise.

The man looked to be in his forties. He was well maintained and elegant. It was obvious that he was an eminent personality.

He stared at me in shock. It sounded like he had mistaken me for my mother.

It wasn't his fault. I did look a lot like her when she was young. Was he a friend of hers?

"Did you know my mother?" I asked him.

His expression became more peculiar. He watched me and was lost in thought for a long time.

Rufus pulled me behind him and asked in an annoyed voice, "Are you here for Leonard?"

The man snapped back to his senses and nodded. "Yes, I'm here for Alpha Leonard."

His voice was low, and he liked to speak softly.

I blinked and my gaze bounced between the two of them. "Do you know each other?"

"He's one of Leonard's people. I've seen him before," Rufus replied lightly.

This stoked my curiosity further. "How did you know my mother?"

The man had regained his composure and answered me mildly, "When I was young, I had a chance to

fight a battle with an alliance of other packs. I had met your mother there, but we weren't actually acquainted with each other."

I scratched my head. He remembered my mother even after so many years though he had only seen her once. Was he a secret admirer of hers?

But that didn't seem to be the case. The man had not displayed any other emotion besides shock.

The hair on the back of my neck prickled with a strange feeling. When I accidentally spotted Lena, who was at a distance, I noticed that she had frozen in her tracks and was staring at the man with a disturbed expression. When she became aware of my gaze, she spun around and walked away in panic.

Something was wrong. Obviously, Lena knew the man. But the escort team had left the palace gates and I didn't get a chance to question her.

I shifted my attention back to the man again and wanted to ask him more about my mother. However, Leonard joined us unexpectedly.

He hurried towards us with Owen, a big smile splitting his face when he saw the man.

This was the first time I had seen Leonard smiling so openly. He patted the man on his shoulder and called him Edwin.

It turned out that he was Edwin, the same man Leonard and Owen had been talking about earlier.

Leonard gave a simple salute to Rufus. The two of them talked business for a while before shifting the topic to me. They discussed the result of today's training.

I couldn't interrupt, so I had to listen quietly.

"Sylvia, let me introduce him to you." Suddenly, Leonard turned to look at me and pointed at Edwin. "This is my good friend who grew up with me. He is also an elder who is responsible for all the internal affairs of our pack. In the following month, he will supervise your training with me... oh, and Owen, too."

A huge pressure instantly settled over me. It was difficult enough to deal with Leonard alone, and now two more people had joined him.

I gave Rufus a pitiful look, wanting him to save me.

Rufus curled his fingers into a fist, brought it to his mouth, and coughed, as if he was covering up a laugh. "This is a good thing. It will yield better results this way."

"Yes. I wanted Rufus to supervise you too. But Rufus is too tender towards you. All you have to do is give him a forlorn look and his heart will melt."

Leonard's words made me blush. I didn't dare meet Rufus' eyes anymore.

Recalling the last time Rufus had trained me, I couldn't help complaining inwardly, 'Rufus is not soft-hearted when he trains me. He is just as strict and fierce as you are.'

Then Leonard glanced at Edwin and asked inquisitively, "What were you talking about with Sylvia just now? I thought you knew each other."

[Chapter 410 The Pas](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Edwin didn't add anything important. He just admitted that he mistook me for someone else.

"Who did you mistake her for?" Leonard asked, raising his eyebrows. "I'm sure I know everyone you know."

Hearing his words, something struck me, and I answered, "Edwin and I were talking about my mother, Olivia Todd. Did you also know her?"

Leonard frowned and contemplated for a while. Then he shook his head and said, "No."

He looked at Owen in confusion. "Did you know Sylvia's mother?"

Owen monotonously said, "No."

"When did you meet her?" Leonard turned his attention back to Edwin.

Edwin coughed and seemed a little embarrassed. "We met in a battle."

"Which battle? Then I must know her too." Leonard was even more perplexed. "I have fought every battle beside you. Why don't I have any memory of this?"

Edwin hesitated for a moment. Finally, he was left with no choice but to say, "The Blood Moon Battle, when we attacked the second vampire king."

Leonard pondered and asked, "The Blood Moon Battle? Didn't that take place over a decade ago?"

"Yeah," Edwin replied with an inscrutable expression on his face.

"I remember there being such a battle, but I just can't recall the details." After thinking for a while, Leonard still couldn't seem to recollect anything. "I'm really old. I've forgotten many events."

Edwin said with a smile, "That battle wasn't too complex, so it's natural that you don't remember it."

"Really? But I recall that the werewolf race had suffered major losses in that battle," Owen chimed in.

Edwin froze for a moment and avoided meeting Owen's eyes. "You remember it wrong. You were not present for that battle. Warren had just been born back then."

Owen clapped his hands, as if a light bulb had suddenly gone off in his head. "I remember now! I was going to accompany you, but Warren was born on the same day we were going to leave."

"That's right," Edwin replied with a relieved smile, regaining his composure.

Hearing the conversation between the three of them, I was even more baffled.

I covertly tugged Rufus' sleeve and asked him, "Do you know anything about this battle?"

"I've heard a little about it, but I didn't pay much attention to the details. There are records in the history books of the empire. I'll dig up some information for you later," Rufus whispered to me.

I nodded. Several thoughts swarmed my mind at once. My intuition told me that Edwin would be an opening leading to the truth I was seeking.

Leonard was still questioning Edwin about the Blood Moon Battle. He sighed and said, "The more the memories elude me, the more I want to know about it."

"It was not an important battle. Forget it," Edwin advised.

Unwilling to give up, Leonard sighed, "Why do I have such a poor memory now? I have forgotten numerous things from the past."

"That's normal. I'm the same as you. I once called Warren in the middle of the night to wish him a happy birthday on the wrong day," Owen echoed with a chuckle.

I couldn't stop the laugh that burst out of me. I finally knew who Warren had taken after.

Leonard sneered in disgust, "That's different. You're suffering from Alzheimer's disease."

Owen touched his nose and casually said, "I'm old. It's normal for me to have Alzheimer's disease. But it's just an occasional lapse. It's better than memory decline and failing to remember anything like what you're having."

The topic was quickly diverted from the battle and my mother. The three kids refused to be outdone by each other. They insisted on competing with each other and figuring out who had the better memory.

In the end, Rufus stood up to bring an end to this crazy scene.

It was getting late. The three kidults also got to their feet and said goodbye to us.

Rufus took me to the army. I followed him absent-mindedly, my gut telling me that something was wrong. Both Edwin's attitude of avoidance and Lena's shocked eyes had left a deep impression in my mind.