

## Irresistible 421

### [Chapter 421 A Bit Of Red Hair](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I lapsed into silence as I mulled over Leonard's words.

But before I could overthink, Leonard introduced his wolf to me. "His name is York. You might've noticed that he's a cold, arrogant wolf. It refuses to listen to me whenever he's in the lead, but he's very reliable."

I couldn't help but giggle, remembering the expression on the giant wolf's face just now. He was exactly like how Leonard described him. And I did feel that he was more reliable than Leonard.

"He is very strong," I praised sincerely.

Other than Rufus', it was the strongest wolf I had ever seen. I wondered just how strong he was at his prime.

"And what about your wolf? What's her name?" Leonard asked gently.

I smiled. "Her name's Yana. She's a crybaby."

But she was also a singer— albeit a bad one.

Leonard also smiled. "Yes, I saw. But I also saw that she has a strong will. She's just as stubborn as you."

"Is that a compliment?" Yana exclaimed in pleasant surprise. "It sure sounds like it!"

Then Leonard continued, "York liked her very much, which is saying something. He rarely ever praises anyone the first time they meet."

Hearing this, I was stunned. I didn't expect that the aloof giant wolf would be fond of Yana.

Yana was very happy to hear that and grew confident. "Who said I was a crybaby? I can defeat a kid with just one punch!"

Yana's good mood was infectious. I couldn't help but smile.

Leonard looked at me and his expression softened. In a sincere tone, he said, "Sylvia, you have to learn to trust and rely on your own wolf. The lycan bloodline is a special kind of power of werewolves. To put it bluntly, it's Yana's power. Only when Yana is strong can you fully grasp the lycan power."

I thought about how Yana blended seamlessly with nature just now, running like the wind, as free as the

child of jungle.

In that moment, it clicked. The seed that was planted in my heart finally sprouted.

Yana continued to gloat. "Leonard's right. He's a man with good taste. Allow me to sing a song to thank him and York!"

I felt helpless, but I didn't want to rain on her parade either. As she hummed a happy tune, I pictured the scene where a big wolf and a small wolf howled at each other.

"Can I try again? I want to tap into that lycan power," I begged Leonard with pleading eyes.

"Why not?" Leonard nodded.

Without hesitation, I turned into a wolf and ran through the forest again. This time, my human self took the backseat and gave Yana full control of our body.

Gradually, I became more and more skilled in controlling the power of my body.

After practicing a bit, I ran back to Leonard. He looked at me and nodded with approval, but there was obviously something stirring deep in his eyes.

Noticing that Leonard wanted to say something, I turned back into human form again.

Leonard approached me and handed me a handkerchief. "You're leaving for the border tomorrow, whereas I'm going back to my pack. The truth is, Sylvia, I don't have much left to teach you. The rest will depend on you."

After saying that, he fell silent. Then he looked at me with eyes full of wisdom and said, "This path is not an easy one. Never forget who you are and what you stand for."

Holding the handkerchief in my hand, I had mixed feelings. The reluctance to leave him emerged again.

"You can contact me if you need anything. Although I have only taught you a few days, you know what that ancient Chinese philosopher say? Teacher for one day, father forever." On second thought, Leonard waved his hand dismissively. "Never mind. I don't have the balls to be your father. But the sentiment remains the same: if you need anything, just call me."

I nodded, tears welling up in my eyes. "Please stop talking, or else I'll cry."

Leonard sneered in disgust, "And you called Yana a crybaby. Sure enough, you two are the same."

I smiled sheepishly and wiped the tear from the corner of my eye. "I can control myself. Yana, on the other hand, is already sobbing."

Hearing this, Leonard burst into laughter, which made Yana cry even louder in my head.

"I'm so sad. It's not funny!" she wailed.

### [Chapter 422 Infidelity](#)

Leonard's POV:

I looked at the smiling girl in front of me and couldn't help but sigh contentedly. Never in my wildest dreams would I have thought that I'd get to sit and chat happily with Sylvia one day.

"You and Edwin are on good terms," she said suddenly. Sylvia tilted her head and looked at me curiously. "You mentioned he grew up with you. Did you mean that you've never been separated?"

I nodded. "Yes. When we were young, we went to military school together and even fought battles together. We're not related by blood, but we might as well be brothers."

Sylvia pouted enviously. "How nice. Such a friendship is hard to come by. But he's a lot like Owen, am I right? They're both always so serious."

I shook my head and chuckled, thinking about how Owen and Edwin used to bicker with each other every day. "You couldn't be more wrong. They both just pretend to be serious in front of the younger ones like you. Neither of them is serious at all. Actually, they're both chatterboxes!"

"No way!" Sylvia shook her head in disbelief.

Later, she asked a lot of more questions about Edwin. Gradually, I began to sense that Sylvia was after something.

"Edwin must be a father, right? Does he have a child around the same age as Warren?" Sylvia asked with great interest.

I looked into her clear, doe-like eyes and felt conflicted. I wanted to say something but stopped on second thought. "Why do you ask?"

Sylvia stammered, "I... I'm just... Curious."

Her unnatural expression confirmed my guess. My eyes went wide with shock.

Damn it! How could Sylvia have a crush on Edwin?!

I awkwardly cleared my throat and quickly changed the topic. "When you have time, you should practice fighting with Rufus. He's the strongest werewolf in your generation, even better than me in my prime. I'm already a thing of the past."

Sylvia nodded in agreement. "Rufus has been giving me some tips."

"He's been integral to maintaining the empire's stable development over the past few years. The vampire race has come to fear Rufus. It can be said that he's the werewolf race's trump card," I sincerely praised Rufus.

After spending just a few days with Sylvia, I thought that she and Rufus were a perfect match.

What the hell was wrong with her? Why was she interested in Edwin?

If Rufus knew this, there would only be trouble. Rufus would never tolerate an unfaithful mate.

I continued praising Rufus deliberately, hoping that Sylvia would give up on Edwin.

As we chatted, the sun dipped in the horizon. It was time for us to go our separate ways. But before we parted, Sylvia suddenly invited me to dinner at Rufus' palace.

"I really appreciate all your help these days. Please come," Sylvia begged.

I couldn't help but sigh internally. She was such a good girl. I really hoped that she would forget about Edwin.

Just then, Sylvia smiled and added, "Oh, and please take Edwin with you."

I nearly failed to keep my composure. How dare she?! How could she invite Edwin to Rufus' palace? Did she want Rufus to know of her infidelity?

I replied as vaguely as possible, saying I'd go to the dinner but not promising whether I'd bring Edwin or not.

Sylvia nodded and bounded off happily. She probably thought I was bringing Edwin.

I closed my eyes and pressed my fingertips against my aching temple. To my surprise, when I brought it up with Edwin, he insisted on going with me.

I couldn't help but roar, "What exactly is your plan?"

Edwin glanced at me calmly and teased, "I'll make sure you won't eat anything that you shouldn't eat."

This rendered me speechless.

Once upon a time, I attended another pack's banquet. There, a particular dish was served—spicy rabbit head. I loved it so much that I couldn't help but eat a lot of it. As a result, my stomach bled and I was

sent to ICU.

From then on, whenever there was a banquet, Edwin would go with me no matter what.

Things would've been fine if he was coming with me just for this reason.

But when I saw him dress up so carefully for the dinner with Sylvia and Rufus, I couldn't help but feel that something was off...

### [Chapter 423 The Paternity Tes](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Since we were already going to the border tomorrow, Jerome decided to give us half a day off, allowing us to freely do whatever we wanted.

I headed back to the army camp and filed an application for a leave. After that, I went to find Rufus in the royal palace.

As soon as I got to the palace, I was greeted by a busy scene.

Several servants politely addressed me, holding fresh flowers in their hands.

"Miss Todd, you're here. Prince Rufus is still in a meeting and hasn't come back yet."

"I see. I'll wait for him then. Thank you." I gave them a nod and left them to do their work.

The palace was lit brightly today and all the windows were wide open. Under the eave, an exquisite wind bell hung and swayed. Whenever a breeze rushed by, the bell made a pleasant sound that echoed through the bell.

I rocked the bell with my finger a couple times. Behind me, I noticed a dining cart pass by. It was stacked with freshly cleaned tableware and new scented candles. I assumed these were for the banquet tonight.

I gladly offered my help, but the servants just looked at me strangely and refused, saying it was not appropriate for me to do such a thing and Rufus wouldn't be happy when he found out about it.

In order not to make things difficult for them anymore, I had to give up offering help.

After waiting for quite a while, Rufus finally came back.

As soon as he arrived, he whisked me away into the walk-in closet and dressed me up like a doll.

Hair pins, necklaces, bracelets, brooches and rings were all stacked onto my body. When I started to feel like a Christmas tree, I held up my hand and stopped him. "Enough jewelries. This is just a meal."

Rufus frowned at my remark and thought for a second. Finally, he put down the jewelry and obeyed.

I didn't know whether to cry or to laugh. I shed most of the shining things on me and then put a simple but elegant diamond bracelet on my wrist.

That evening, Rufus and I headed to the banquet hall and welcomed the guests--Leonard and Edwin. Edwin looked like he had shaved his hair.

Seeing him bald almost made me break down. Rufus gently squeezed my hand for support.

I took a deep breath, hoping to calm my mind.

What a coincidence! Just when Rufus and I agreed on the plan of getting a piece of Edwin's hair for the DNA test, he decided to get a buzz cut. I couldn't do anything about it now.

Leonard and Rufus talked to each other. Edwin was seated opposite me. He quietly cut into his steak.

I chewed on my food absent-mindedly. My eyes then wandered onto his glass.

His saliva would also do! However, Edwin hadn't touched his glass. I had to find a way to make him drink somehow.

I raised my glass and attempted to toast with him. "Mr. Edwin, it really is nice to meet you."

Edwin placed his knife down and smiled gently, bringing out his own bottle. "Sorry, but I'm actually allergic to alcohol. Do you mind if I toast with tea?"

I felt my insides turn numb. How could I have not noticed he had a bottle with him all along?

Edwin brought out his own small glass and filled it with the tea from his bottle. He then raised his glass and nodded at me. "Miss Todd, you are as beautiful as they say."

I forced a smile and clinked glasses with him. "Thank you for coming to dinner today."

Edwin smiled and didn't reply anymore. He resumed to eating his dinner.

Throughout the night, I tried everything I could think of to get something from Edwin that could be used as a sample for the DNA test. Leonard must have noticed this. He looked at me strangely. There was a complicated mix of emotions in his eyes.

I didn't mind it. Instead, I clutched the brooch in my hand, trying to come up with a way to stab Edwin's finger.

But before I could figure out a way, Leonard announced that they were leaving already. Apparently, there was an urgent meeting in his pack that needed to be dealt with.

There was nothing I could do but bid them goodbye.

Our plan had failed.

When Leonard and Edwin had gotten far enough, I couldn't help but slump into Rufus' arms. "What am I going to do, Rufus? How can I confirm if Edwin really is my father now?"

Stroking my hair, Rufus gently said, "Be patient, good girl. There will be more chances in the future."

#### [Chapter 424 Before Leaving](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Early the next day, I came back to the team with a sore body, feeling a little depressed. The sex with Rufus last night was so rough that I almost couldn't pull myself out of bed today.

When I got to the training ground, I spotted Harry waving me over. I hadn't seen him that excited in a long time.

I walked to him and asked, "What's with all this energy?"

"Not telling you." Harry blinked and averted my gaze by adjusting his military cap.

Not long after, I figured out why Harry was happy. Warren was back.

I was quite surprised. Since Warren was still injured the last time I talked to him, and now this mission was moved earlier, I didn't think Warren could make it.

Jerome didn't seem to expect to see Warren today either. He made sure that Warren was cleared by the doctors and that all his injuries were fine before allowing him to return to the team.

Compared to the obvious excitement on Harry's face, Flora actually looked sad.

"He's back too soon..." Flora muttered. She didn't seem to be happy about Warren's return.

It made sense she was this way, since the two of them had just broken up. The unease between the two would be inevitable.

Warren voluntarily stood beside Flora. When Jerome saw this, he frowned. "What are you doing? Flora is much shorter than you. Why are you standing beside her?"

Harry burst into laughter.

Harry's laugh was exaggerated, which was warranted. Flora was the shortest, while Warren was the tallest. With the two of them beside each other, the team looked like a valley between mountains.

Embarrassed, Warren stood in his place. It seemed that he didn't want to leave anyway.

"What are you doing still standing there? Go to the other side!" Jerome yelled, attracting the attention of other soldiers on the training ground.

It was only then that Warren obeyed, although rather reluctantly.

While Jerome talked about the do's and don'ts, I noticed Warren's head frequently poking out of the line to look at us. His eyes seemed glued to Flora and he wasn't being discreet about it at all.

I tugged on Flora's sleeve. "Are you sure you broke up with Warren?"

"Yes, I'm sure." Flora nodded and turned back to listen to Jerome. I had never seen her so attentive like this. She was clearly acting weird.

Warren poked his head out once again and I had to ask Flora again, "Are you sure the break up was mutual? I don't think Warren wants to break up with you at all."

Flora scoffed in disgust, not even glancing at Warren. "Don't worry. It's been settled already. Besides, Warren isn't the type to obnoxiously pester an ex-girlfriend."

She was right about that, at least. With Warren's pride, he wouldn't risk his dignity just to pester her.

At that, I dropped the topic.

The six members of our team now formally joined the army. Jerome gave us a number each, which was going to be our future code names as well.

We were all excited, especially Harry who was smiling from ear to ear.

It was soon time to leave. Rufus had brought his own team to meet us.

Surprisingly, Leonard came with Rufus. He took Edwin to see me off.

After saying goodbye, Leonard took out a dagger and gave it to me.

The dagger had beautiful, intricate engravings on it. When the blade was unsheathed, it reflected a cold light.

When Edwin saw the dagger, he was shocked.



## Chapter 425 A Gift From An Elder

Sylvia's POV:

"Isn't this dagger very important to you? You've always carried it around with you, haven't you?" Edwin asked Leonard in surprise.

Leonard waved his hand disapprovingly and sighed, "This dagger used to accompany me in every battle and has saved me several times. To me, it was like a talisman. However, I can't go on the battlefield anymore. It's time to hand it down to the younger generation."

I hadn't expected this dagger to be so precious. For a moment, I was unsure if I should accept it or not.

Leonard chuckled and placed the dagger in my hand. "This is a gift from your elder. Take it."

Mixed emotions flowed through me as I held the dagger in my hand. This was the first time an elder had given me a gift, and it was very special to me.

"Although it looks a little old, it's still sharp. Don't underestimate it." With his hands clasped behind his back, Leonard looked congenial.

"Thank you," I said in a soft voice.

Leonard nodded with a smile and replied, "You are my student. You don't need to thank me. I have also given you this dagger as a weapon of self-defense. Sometimes, a small weapon like this can also have unexpected advantages. Make good use of it and it can be your good assistant on the battlefield."

Happiness spread through me. This gesture meant that Leonard had completely accepted me.

I swung the dagger randomly in the air. Unexpectedly, Edwin raised his hand at the same time, and the sharp blade slashed the back of his hand.

Blood gushed out instantly.

I hastily put away the dagger, unsure of what to do. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to happen. You..."

Edwin covered the back of his hand and smiled at me. "It's not your fault. I was careless."

Leonard immediately instructed his subordinate to summon the military doctor. Although the cut was not deep, it was still bleeding.

I rummaged in my pocket, wanting to find a handkerchief to cover Edwin's wound, but came up empty.

At this moment, Rufus, who was standing behind me, extracted a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to Edwin to cover the wound.

The military doctor also arrived in a few minutes and tended to Edwin's gash. Rufus took back the handkerchief and winked at me discretely.

For a moment, I was confused, and then Rufus' meaning hit me. My heart soared with joy.

I had assumed that it would take forever for me to get an opportunity to get Edwin's blood for the paternity test, but now, I had obtained it without much effort.

"Ahem!" Rufus gave a dry cough, reminding me to restrain my excitement.

I instantly understood what he meant. I suppressed my smile and glanced at Edwin guiltily.

Werewolves' healing power was naturally strong, and Edwin was powerful in his own right. The military doctor applied two band-aids with pink strawberry patterns on his hand.

"Can you change it for something... less pink?" Edwin stared at the band-aids on his hand with a complex expression.

The military doctor looked a little embarrassed. "The regular ones have been used up. As you know, soldiers are injured often in daily training, so the band-aids are consumed very quickly. How about I apply the ones with the yellow pigs for you?"

"No, thanks," Edwin's tone was monotonous, his expression stony.

After the military doctor left, Edwin seemed to be unable to stand the band-aids for one more moment. He quickly removed them and slipped them into his pocket. He did this stealthily, as if he was a thief, fearing that Leonard would catch him.

But I saw it, and I was taken aback.

Noticing my gaze, Edwin immediately pretended to be serious and coughed as if nothing had happened.

Leonard and Rufus had also done talking. It was time to leave.

Leonard touched my head. It was the second time that he had done this. His expression was a little sentimental. "I don't know when we will meet again after we go our separate ways this time. Take care."

I was very reluctant to leave him. My lips twitched and I said, "When I finish my mission and return, I will visit you as soon as I get the chance."

He gave a relieved nod.

"And Mr. Edwin," I added

Leonard's smile abruptly froze. He coughed and urged, "Well, you should go now. Edwin and I are leaving too."

Then he hastily left with Edwin.

The exchange was so strange. I scratched my head, feeling a little baffled.

When the army was ready to set out, Rufus took me to a corner, plucked a strand of hair from my head, and handed it to one of his men along with the handkerchief stained with blood for a secret paternity test.

"Remember, inform me as soon as the result arrives. Don't let anyone find out about it," Rufus ordered his man in a frosty voice.

"Yes, sir." The subordinate obeyed the order and left quickly.

As I watched the man's receding figure, an inexplicable wave of panic suddenly swept over me.

I was afraid I would be unable to face the truth I would be presented with.

#### [Chapter 426 Set Off](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I tried my best to suppress the uneasiness in my heart. I needed to concentrate on the mission right now.

This was a covert operation, which meant we couldn't take any military aircraft. Only military vehicles.

It was almost noon when we boarded the vehicle and left. Under the scorching sun, Harry felt the need to drink a lot of water to keep himself hydrated.

"You might be drinking too much. There might not be toilets on the way," I reminded him.

After getting on the vehicle, Flora didn't look too well either. She leaned her head on my shoulder and yawned every minute.

Warren sat opposite of her and looked at her from time to time. After a while, he finally brought out a fan from his pocket and fanned Flora.

Flora felt the wind and opened her eyes. When she realized it was Warren, she snorted coldly.

I coughed, trying to buffer the awkwardness between them.

It didn't seem that Warren knew about the break up. It just appeared that Flora was only angry with Warren.

After a while, Jerome set up a computer. He projected a map onto the white screen. There were many red dots on the map.

"This is where we are currently headed." Jerome pointed at the biggest red dot. "This place lies along the border of vampire territory. There are about five packs in the area. The biggest one is the Red Maple Pack. The other four are vassals. Everyone, please turn your attention to the dots."

I brought out my notebook and wrote down the important locations. Flora also took out her notebook, though she moved rather sluggishly.

"Sir, why are some areas colored dark blue and others light blue?" Harry asked.

I noticed that as well. There were more dark blue areas in the map.

Jerome took out his laser pointer and pointed at the blue areas. "That's what I'm about to explain. There was an earthquake that took place in this area a few days ago. Our mission is to help with the reconstruction. The dark blue region represents the heavily damaged areas. The light blue region was also affected, but significantly less. We will spend most of the time working in the dark blue region. Once we arrive, I'll divide you into several groups and assign each group to a different area."

No one was familiar with the area we were going to. Other than the army already stationed at the border, the only other people who were there were the natives. Werewolves rarely came to the area because it was simply too remote.

I came from a relatively small pack, and even I felt that this place was remote.

But I couldn't help but grow curious. Warren mentioned that twenty percent of the empire's oil was imported from the Red Maple Pack.

To me, it meant that the place must be doing well economically. Lucy's pack was also rich in oil, which was why it was ranked in the top ten of economic wealth. The werewolves that came from that pack were rich.

But from what Jerome said, this border area seemed to be poor and underdeveloped.

Flora continued to act aloof and refused to talk to Warren. But when she heard Warren talk about the Red Maple Pack, her interest was piqued as well.

"Go on," Flora's curious eyes lit up.

Warren smiled at Flora and continued, "Since this area is adjacent to vampire territory, the werewolves

living there are often harassed by vampires. This place even used to hold the highest death rate in all of the werewolf empire."

Flora exclaimed, "That's miserable! What happened after?"

"Five years ago, the werewolves and vampires finally came to a peace agreement. That was the only time the situation improved," Warren explained calmly.

Then, he continued in a low voice. "In fact, the earthquake wasn't actually that serious. The search and reconstruction is almost finish. I don't think we're needed for that."

"Then why are we going there?" Harry whispered.

We leaned forward, looking at Warren with anticipation.

Warren sighed and leaned forward as well. "Something was wrong when they counted the casualties after the disaster. It turned out that a large number of werewolves had gone missing during the years, and they never reported. The army must have been sent there to investigate."

#### [Chapter 427 The Border](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The destination was very far away. According to the weather forecast, we would also experience heavy rains on the way, so it would take us about two days to arrive.

Unexpectedly, the weather was actually pretty good and we managed to arrive at the Red Maple Pack in the afternoon of the second day, which was ahead of time.

As soon as we got off the vehicle, we were all shocked by what we saw.

The whole place was a mess.

Hooligans squatted in the corners and stared at each passer-by like a predator to a prey.

When we walked by them, they even waved their daggers at us, indicating that they weren't afraid of people in military uniforms.

On top of that, there were also werewolves who lit up a fire on the street. An old man was getting burned in the fire. His body was already charred black and he couldn't scream anymore from the pain. If we had arrived any later, he would have died.

It was even worse to find out that it was the old man's own son who set him on fire. While his father burned, the son was laughing wildly.

If we hadn't seen it with our own eyes, we would have never believed how bad this place had become.

After taking the mad arsonist away, we encountered another boy, about twelve or thirteen years of age, who was getting bullied and robbed by a group of older werewolves.

The boy was already very thin, which was most probably a result of malnourishment. He seemed to be protecting something in his arms while the group of hooligans tried beating it out of him. His nose was bleeding and one of his eyes was swelling up so much that he could barely open it.

One of the bullies, who had golden hair, obscenely threatened to make the boy get under his crotch, opening his legs up.

The onlookers on the street seemed to have grown numb and accustomed to such a scene. They simply turned a blind eye.

I, however, could not stand it and rushed over to kick one of the bullies away.

Harry and my other teammates followed suit and subdued the hooligans in no time.

"Behave yourself!" Harry seized the man with golden hair and warned, "If you move another inch, I'm going to feed you to the dogs!"

Harry kicked the bully in his crotch, causing his face to twist in pain.

The other hooligans didn't seem to be afraid. Instead, they spat back, "Damn it, bad luck!"

They didn't seem to care that one of them had gotten caught. They just threatened the boy one last time before finally leaving.

I walked over to the boy, trying to help him up, but he immediately pushed me away. "Get out of my way!"

I stared in confusion. What happened?

The boy's nails were dark red, almost black, from blood, but all he held in his hands was a piece of bread. That was what he had been protecting. The bread was already black and moldy all over. Clearly, it was way past its expiration date.

My heart ached for him. I fished out some biscuits from my pocket and handed them to him. "Here you go."

The boy clutched his bread and looked at me warily.

I moved my hand forward again, smiling. "Take it."

The boy slowly reached out his hand. Just when I thought he was going to take the biscuits, he suddenly slapped my hand. "No way!"

He then scurried away.

"How ungrateful!" Flora exclaimed, stunned.

I frowned as well. I knew something was wrong about this place the moment I set foot.

The werewolves here didn't respect or welcome us at all. They treated us coldly.

Even ordinary passers-by had hostility in their eyes.

At first, I thought I was just imagining it, but the boy's reaction just confirmed what I had thought.

Something must have happened here.

#### [Chapter 428 Outside The High Wall](#)

Sylvia's POV:

All of us felt a little dispirited. Rufus walked in the front of the group and continued to lead us to the center of the city.

The closer we got to the center, the more dilapidated our surroundings became.

A flag of the empire was smeared with black paint and wrapped around a dog's head. Rows of dogs' heads with missing eyes had been mounted on spikes and placed on the outer wall of the city center.

The restless breeze brought a strange pungent smell with it. This place looked like it was a paradise for criminals, and werewolves' lives seemed to have become the cheapest currency.

Crimes were being committed constantly.

I used to think that I had experienced the darkest point of humanity, but looking at the degradation of this locality, I realized what I had been through was nothing. This place was like a bottomless hole, and no one knew how deep that hole was or what lay at its end.

As soon as we crossed the city center, we encountered the local army. The soldiers were chasing away the ordinary werewolves in the street with electric batons in their hands. Some older werewolves couldn't stand the electric shocks directed at them and fainted on the spot. The werewolves shoved each other, screamed, and scattered in all directions.

Throughout our walk, Rufus had been in a bad mood. At this moment, I could sense that his rage had

almost reached its breaking point.

"What the fuck is the difference between them and the hooligans?" Harry roared.

I was starting to understand why the ordinary werewolves here detested the army so much.

They were supposed to be civil servants and protect the citizens, but they were actually abusing their power and murdering these werewolves. They were so corrupt.

Rufus stopped the soldiers with a frosty expression.

The soldier-in-charge was astonished. "You... you are the reinforcements from the imperial capital? Why... why have you arrived so early?"

Rufus said in a low voice, "Where is your Alpha? Take me to him."

The soldier-in-charge recognized Rufus. The color drained completely from his face. He hurriedly dispatched a man to inform their Alpha.

"This way, please. I'll take you to Alpha Geoffrey." The soldier-in-charge bowed in apology to Rufus while guiding us forward.

Rufus eyed him indifferently without saying anything. His intimidating demeanor made the soldier break out in cold sweat.

"Alpha Geoffrey is preparing a welcome banquet for you. We didn't expect you to get here so soon." The leader smiled awkwardly and tried to get on our good side.

Harry snorted disdainfully.

Flora and I also wore matching stony expressions. We didn't respond to the soldier-in-charge. Layla, on the other hand, peppered the soldier with several questions from time to time. However, he was very cunning. He didn't give a straightforward answer to any question and talked in circles.

Layla smiled. After a point, she got bored and fell silent.

The soldier walked with us for just over ten minutes. Finally, we arrived at a colossal wall that was about thirty meters high.

We were all shocked by this massive wall in front of us. I looked around and realized that it seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see. I couldn't figure out how far it extended.

A silver-gray low door, that looked like it was constructed from a heavy metal, was present in the center of the wall.



There was no one guarding the door, and no civilians were seen around.

At this moment, it slowly swung opened, and a middle-aged man with a ruddy complexion rushed out from within.

"Prince Rufus! I'm extremely sorry that I didn't come outside to receive you earlier!"

I guessed that this man was Alpha Geoffrey.

He was flustered as he apologized to Rufus.

Rufus frowned and seemed a little annoyed. "Lead the way."

"Yes, yes." Geoffrey wiped the sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief and quickly took us across the wall.

To our utter surprise, the world behind the wall was completely different from what we had just witnessed outside.

The streets here were pristine, and the buildings were tall and immaculate. A variety of luxuriously decorated shops dotted the sidewalks. Everyone was well-dressed in the latest fashion. They had a friendly demeanor towards us. Their faces were overspread with smiles and we received a warm welcome.

Seeing this, we were all shocked and glanced at each other speechlessly.

The gigantic wall was like a divisive line, forcefully splitting the same sky into halves, one half as holy as heaven, and the other as depraved as hell.

Everything here was just so strange.

#### [Chapter 429 Temporary Soldiers](#)

Sylvia's POV:

We marched in silence. The initial excitement present when we had set out had long vanished.

My heart clenched painfully as I thought back to the boy with the moldy bread.

Geoffrey took us to his house, which was a huge manor.

The banquet was held in this resplendent palace. When I entered it, I felt like I was transported back to the imperial palace.

Flora and I exchanged glances and we instantly knew what was running through the other's minds.

The werewolf race had a strict hierarchy, including a stringent etiquette system. For example, the cars used by an Alpha to get around were not allowed to be more expensive than those used by the lycan king. Apart from this, there were also strict rules and regulations regarding the standard and architectural style of the residence of an Alpha, which could not be broken.

It was obvious that Alpha Geoffrey had gone against these stated rules.

Geoffrey asked us to take our seats, giving Rufus the chair at the head of the table.

The long table decorated with aromatic flowers was laden with scrumptious food.

As my mind flashed back to the werewolves who were stealing to fill their stomachs beyond the colossal wall, I lost my appetite. The rage burning inside me made me want to destroy this excessive display of wealth in front of me.

I peeked at Rufus, who was standing across from me. His face still betrayed no emotions. He didn't say anything and sat down like everything was normal.

"Take a seat," he ordered.

The other soldiers obeyed his command and quickly found chairs to sit down on.

However, the six members of my team didn't move a muscle. We all stood stock-still at the table with wooden expressions.

Harry snorted, his face a mask of fury. He seemed to want to say something, but before he could voice his thoughts, Rufus reprimanded him harshly.

"What are you doing?" Rufus shot us a cold glare and tapped the table with his slender fingers. "Soldiers are not allowed to disobey an order given by their superiors. Those who break a rule will be punished according to military regulations."

No one dared to protest now. Harry and the others quietly sat down at the table.

I met Rufus' eyes and looked away immediately. I had understood his meaning.

Rufus had covertly given us the hint that I was the only one from our elite team who had been granted a military rank. The rest of them were contractual soldiers.

And since I had been a slave before and didn't have a formal address registered anywhere, it was particularly vexatious for me to go through all the formalities for enrolling myself in the military. So far, the procedure had not been completed.

That meant I was not an official soldier either.

To outsiders, it looked like Rufus had scolded us, but in fact, he had indicated that our elite team didn't have to stick by the military rules, because we were not real soldiers yet.

However, we hadn't figured out the reality of the situation yet, so we would have to keep our impulses under control.

The banquet soon began. Flora and Harry were sitting on either side of me. Both of them were only picking at their food.

Rufus sat at the head of the table with a stern expression. Geoffrey, on the other hand, sat on one side of him with a big smile on his face as he tried to butter Rufus up.

When no one was paying us any attention, I pulled Flora and Harry closer to me and whispered, "Rufus just said that soldiers aren't allowed to disobey a military order. But we are not real soldiers, not yet; so those rules don't apply to us."

Flora's eyes widened and she said in a low voice, "You are right!"

"So we..." Harry covered his mouth to hide this pleasant surprise as his eyes danced with excitement.

I nodded with a smile. "Yes, we'll sneak out to investigate together when it's dark."

"Okay!" Flora was eager to start the probe.

Harry turned to look at Warren, who was focused on cutting his steak, and asked in a low voice, "Are we also taking him along with us? Warren is the strongest of us."

I hesitated for a moment. I hadn't included Warren in our plans just now because he was Flora's ex-boyfriend. I was worried that she would be uncomfortable in his presence.

I fixed my gaze on her and raised my eyebrows, wanting to hear her opinion.

However, she turned her head and pretended she hadn't heard this exchange.

Her answer was clear--she didn't want Warren to come along with us.

#### [Chapter 430 The Female Vampire Slave](#)

Sylvia's POV:

After I reached an agreement with Flora and Harry regarding tonight's operation, they gradually calmed down and waited patiently for the banquet to end.

When the banquet reached its climax, Geoffrey suddenly stood up and clapped his hands. "Bring her over."

I glanced at Flora in confusion. "What's happening?"

"A special program, perhaps?" Flora craned her head, trying to see what was going on outside.

I could hear the sound of iron chains being dragged across the floor.

Curiosity was eating away at me, so I turned to look at Rufus questioningly. He just shook his head.

Just then, Flora suddenly pulled my sleeve and said urgently, "Sylvia, look at the door!"

I turned to look in the direction she was pointing and saw a beautiful golden-haired slave being escorted in by two guards. The metallic sounds were coming from the heavy shackles on her feet.

Not only was she shackled, she also wore an iron collar that must've weighed a ton around her neck. Her clothes barely covered her body. Her naked thighs were exposed in front of everyone.

"Allow me to introduce Ashley to you, Prince Rufus. She's a good dancer. She has prepared a special dance just for you," Geoffrey announced happily.

"How the fuck can she dance in that?" Harry frowned deeply.

Ashley wasn't wearing any shoes, and we could clearly see that the soles of her feet were covered in scars. Although she walked very slowly, she wore a big smile on her face, as though she wasn't in any pain.

When she made it to the center of the banquet hall, music started to play.

The Gothic-style music gave the hall a mysterious atmosphere.

Although Ashley was heavily chained, she still danced flexibly and lithely.

Her slim waist swayed to the music, and her every step matched the beat of the song.

I watched Ashley's dance quietly. She was gorgeous and looked mature, so I figured she must've been an adult already. But she didn't smell like a werewolf... Judging from her appearance, it was very likely that this slave was a vampire.

When this thought crossed my mind, I couldn't help but frown. Although the relationship between the vampires and the werewolves had always been very strained, we had reached a temporary truce.

Where we stood right now was located on the border of werewolf territory, not far from the vampires. Yet Geoffrey had the audacity to publicly enslave a vampire!

My frown deepened the longer I looked at Ashley. Every exposed part of her body was covered in scars or fresh wounds.

Anyone could tell that Ashley had a hard life here.

It reminded me of the time I was a slave.

Frowning deeply, I turned to a local soldier sitting opposite me. "What crime has this slave committed?"

The soldier looked intoxicated. He couldn't tear his gaze away from Ashley. When he heard my question, it took a while for him to answer. "Nothing. She didn't commit any crime. But she's still a vampire. Moreover, her special power hasn't been awakened yet, so she's just a loser. As long as we don't kill her, we can do anything to her."

The soldier's words made me feel incredibly uncomfortable.

I was right—Ashley was indeed a vampire. Although I didn't necessarily like vampires, I couldn't just sit and watch as these people deliberately humiliated and abused an innocent creature.

Just then, Ashley had finished her first dance. Another song started to play, and she began a new dance.

The soldier's lustful eyes lingered on Ashley's body. "She's so hot, but unfortunately, it's not yet my turn."

"Your turn? What do you mean?" I pursed my lips and asked.

The soldier sighed with pity. "Such a beauty isn't given to ordinary soldiers like me until the superiors are tired of playing with her. She might be a dancer right now, but at night, she's a sex slave."

Then his peer next to him chimed in. "Yeah. I have a friend who's one level higher than me and he'd fucked her once. He said that her pussy's damaged beyond repair. Poor girl. But she's just getting what she deserves."

After saying that, the two soldiers exchanged knowing glances. "It'll be our turn soon."

I didn't want to listen to them anymore, so I turned away in disgust.

Geoffrey kept trying to butter up Rufus. Rufus ignored him. His face was cold as ice, and he looked like he didn't even want to glance at Geoffrey.

As the banquet went on, the joyful music kept playing.

I thought today's show would consist of a few simple dances, but to my horror, a few soldiers brought in a huge slab of charcoal stone. It glowed red, as though it had been heated beforehand.

And it looked like Ashley was going to dance her last dance on it—barefoot.