

## **Irresistible 431**

### [Chapter 431 Outrageous](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The charcoal stone soon turned black, looking harmless.

But then a local soldier threw a piece of beef onto it. We all instantly heard a sizzling sound and the beef was roasted in a matter of seconds.

Seeing this, the group of local soldiers began to jeer at Ashley to start dancing.

Ashley hesitated slightly, but finally she lifted her injured foot.

Harry clenched his fists. He was so angry at the scene that he let out a string of expletives. "Fuck!"

But his voice was drowned out amidst the chaos.

Flora nearly rushed to the vampire slave to put a stop to this, but I stopped her quickly. "Calm down. Geoffrey is looking at us."

Something told me that we needed to look into this matter further, but we needed to do it subtly. We couldn't attract attention to ourselves now, lest it alert the enemy.

Besides, everyone here seemed to hate Ashley with a passion. It wasn't appropriate for us to stop them without knowing why they hated her.

The music and the drumbeats picked up the pace, as though it was urging Ashley to step on the stone.

I could see that Ashley had broken out in cold sweat. She stepped one foot on the edge of the iron tray where the charcoal stone lay, while the other foot dragged behind her hesitantly.

"Hurry up!" one of the soldiers shouted impatiently.

Gritting her teeth, Ashley stood on tiptoe and twirled around gracefully.

"Bravo!"

"Go on. Show us more ass!"

"Hurry up! Don't try to make us feel sorry for you. You owe us for last night!"

The soldiers burst into laughter.

The deafening cheers all around me made me want to explode. I clenched my fists tightly. It took all of my willpower not to rush over and tear these fiends in werewolf clothing apart.

But fortunately, I didn't have to.

"Enough. I don't like this show. She can leave now."

Rufus' words made Geoffrey sober up immediately. He looked at Rufus with fear in his eyes and asked, "Are you dissatisfied, Your Highness?"

Rufus cast a cold glance at Geoffrey in a domineering manner, which made Geoffrey shrivel on the spot.

The man had no choice but to wave to the guards, hinting at them to take Ashley away.

A hush fell over the banquet hall. Nobody dared to make a sound.

Geoffrey played ignorant and kept trying to flatter Rufus.

"Your Highness, if you need anything, just tell me, okay?"

But Rufus' eyes were as cold as ice. I could tell he was doing everything he could to suppress his anger. He put his glass down and said loudly, "Let's call it a day. Everyone, go get some rest."

After saying that, he gave Geoffrey a bone-chilling glance. "I need to talk to you alone."

I breathed a sigh of relief and shot Rufus a grateful look before hurrying to take Flora and others away.

When we came out, it was already dark. Jerome led us to our temporary accommodations.

Flora and I put down our luggage and quickly changed into casual clothes, ready to sneak out.

However, as soon as we walked out of the residence, we were stopped by a masked figure.

Both Flora and I were startled. Just as we were about to fight back, the figure held a finger to his mouth.

"Shh, it's me. Calm down."

The figure took off his black mask, revealing Warren's familiar face.

Flora punched him angrily. "Why would you wear black at night? Did you want to scare the living shit out of us?"

"Keep your voice down. There are soldiers patrolling the area," Warren lowered his voice and whispered cautiously.

I looked at him helplessly. "How did you know that we were going to sneak out?"

#### [Chapter 432 Investigate Discreetly](#)

Sylvia's POV:

A trace of embarrassment flashed across Warren's face. He scratched his head and cleared his throat awkwardly. "I noticed that you guys looked agitated back at the banquet, so I figured that you'd plan something tonight."

Hearing this, I too felt a little embarrassed. Warren was sitting right next to Harry at the banquet. I guessed it was really obvious when I discussed with Flora and Harry.

Flora pursed her lips and started grumbling under her breath. Her voice was too low to be heard clearly, but I could tell from the look on her face that she was very unhappy.

Just then, we saw several patrol guards coming towards us from a distance. Warren immediately pulled us into the shadows.

"Are you planning to conduct a secret investigation?" Warren asked in a voice barely above a whisper.

"Yes." I smiled sheepishly. Then I explained everything to him honestly. "There's something wrong with this pack. We just wanted to see what was going on."

"Then I'm going with you," Warren said resolutely.

I hesitated and glanced at Flora. The reason why I didn't tell Warren about it in the first place was because I was worried that Flora would feel awkward if the two of them were forced to stay together.

As though she had read my mind, Flora snorted. "I implore you not to. You're a straight-A student back in school and we definitely don't want to get you into trouble."

"I'm not scared." Warren looked at Flora seriously. "We're a team. We need to stick together."

Flora couldn't seem to find a retort at first. After a long while, she managed to squeeze out a few words. "That's not it... I mean..."

I stood in the background and watched them argue. The more I looked at them, the more I felt that they didn't act as though they had broken up.

"Flora, why on earth are you angry with me? Just talk to me!" Warren begged in a low voice. "We need to make things clear!"

Flora frowned and thought for a while. "Fine. We can talk, but not right now. Don't follow us."

"No. You're just looking for excuses to avoid me again!" Warren saw through Flora's ploy easily. "If you don't want me to go, then I'll put a stop to this. I'll report what you to Prince Rufus."

"Why, you—!" Flora narrowed her eyes at him and hissed angrily. "Unbelievable!"

"I'm just trying to reason with you, Flora. You're the one who refuses to listen to me." Warren looked serious, but his words made him sound like a rascal.

After saying that, Warren raised his hand and seemed to want to touch Flora's head, but Flora grabbed his hand and bit it.

"Screw you!" She spat his hand out and cursed.

Warren rubbed his bitten hand helplessly.

I looked away, at a loss as to what to do. I felt like I shouldn't be here. This was none of my business.

It seemed that they had just quarreled and Flora dumped him in a fit of rage.

"Then hash it out here. I'll wait for you at the appointed place," I said half-jokingly.

Hearing this, Flora ran to my side immediately. "No need! There's nothing to discuss. I'll go with you right now."

Glancing at the time, I smiled at her meaningfully. "It's not too late. You can chat for a little while longer. I have a feeling Harry will be late anyway."

"But I don't want to talk to him!" Flora stuck out her lower lip like a child and started dragging me away. "Come on! Let's go!"

"And what about you, Warren?" Caught off guard, I was forced to follow Flora as she yanked at my arm. "Let him come with us."

"Oh, don't mind him. Or better yet, tell him to stay here." Flora snorted and stomped her foot like a restless donkey.

I turned around to look at Warren, only to find out that he was right behind us.

I couldn't help but giggle softly. This couple was really confusing...

[Chapter 433 The Appointed Place](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The three of us arrived at the appointed place. We waited for what seemed like an eternity, but there was still no sign of Harry.

"Did that idiot forget about our mission?" Flora was going crazy. She kept scratching her arms and whining, "The mosquitoes are eating me alive!"

The climate here was much hotter than that of the imperial capital, so we all wore plain loose T-shirts.

Our meeting spot was in front of a remote wasteland. Not only were there countless mosquitoes, but also plenty of unidentifiable bugs. They liked to crawl on our skin and bite us, but fortunately, they weren't poisonous.

Warren and I didn't seem to attract these bugs and mosquitoes. Flora, on the other hand, was different. Just like Harry, she attracted these insects like honey attracted ants. We weren't standing there long before her arms were covered in swollen red spots.

Warren offered his thin coat to her for the nth time. "Put it on. It'll protect you from the bugs."

Flora pursed her lips and looked at the coat wordlessly. She seemed to be hesitating.

I couldn't keep watching her suffer so I took the coat from Warren and draped it across Flora's shoulders. "If you want to fall asleep tonight, stop being so stubborn."

Flora tightened the coat around her body but said nothing. She had finally given in to Warren's kindness. Unable to look him in the eye, she lowered her head and mumbled, "Thanks."

Warren smiled at her dotingly. "You're welcome."

I cleared my throat awkwardly and once again felt that I shouldn't have been here.

Just as we were about to lose our patience, Harry finally showed up. He was followed by John, which took us aback.

Flora and I exchanged confused glances.

Harry and John had been almost inseparable the past few days. Even when Flora and I talked with Harry, John would sit next to him, even if he didn't say anything.

It all felt a bit strange. Was John a gay and he was into Harry?

The more I thought about it, the more plausible it seemed. I recalled how Harry had desperately tried to avoid John before. Was it because Harry knew that John was a gay?

But these days, it seemed that Harry had stopped avoiding John...

Oh, my god! Had Harry been "changed" by John? Harry was a silly man. He would easily fall for someone as long as they said something soft and sweet to him.

Although I had no opinions against gay people, watching my straight friend turn into one was still too bizarre an experience. I eyed the two boys with complicated feelings, at a loss for words.

"What's going on?" Flora spoke for me. She tilted her head and looked at them questioningly.

Harry didn't dare to look at us. He turned his head unnaturally and said lightly, "We met on the way, so we decided to come together."

"I see. Then let's get going already." Flora didn't think too much. I figured she was anxious to get this show on the road. Warren, on the other hand, looked at John with displeasure.

Finally, our team had converged successfully. The five of us snuck out secretly.

However, as soon as we made it past the gate, we saw a group of soldiers escorting the slave Ashley in the distance.

We hurriedly hid behind a wall and waited for them to pass us.

When the escorts approached us, I overheard one of the soldiers shouting, "I wonder what Alpha Geoffrey is thinking. How could he offer this humble slave to Prince Rufus? How could he let a noble man like Prince Rufus be stained by such a lowly vampire slave?"

"But you have to admit that this bitch is a ten out of ten. She's probably prettier than Prince Rufus's mate. Maybe the prince will like her..." another soldier said with a knowing smile, his obscene eyes still fixed on Ashley's scantily-clad body.

"You're right."

The soldiers' laughter faded away as they passed us.

The expressions of Flora and the others changed subtly and they looked at me gingerly.

Even I had to admit that my mind was in a mess. But I thought about how Rufus had asked me to trust him no matter what. This helped me quickly regain my composure.

"Sylvia, do you want to follow them?" Flora asked carefully.

"No need. I trust Rufus." I shook my head confidently. "The mission at hand is more important. Let's get out of here first."

#### Chapter 434 Treacherous And Cunning

Rufus' POV:

After ordering everyone to leave, only Geoffrey and I were left in the banquet hall.

Geoffrey seemed to be frightened of me. He kept dabbing the sweat on his forehead with a handkerchief.

I looked at him indifferently, tinkering with my cuff links idly.

Geoffrey grew more and more flustered under my watchful eye. Finally, he couldn't help but blurt, "Your Highness, what did you want to talk to me about?"

"Do you think the army came here just for the post-earthquake reconstruction?" I asked lightly.

Geoffrey dabbed at his forehead with a trembling hand. "I don't understand what you mean."

I sneered coldly. "If it weren't for the data we retrieved after the disaster, I wouldn't have known that there were so many werewolves that went missing in the Red Maple Pack."

Geoffrey averted his gaze but continued to play dumb with me. "What're you trying to say? No werewolf has gone missing. Maybe you're just talking about the pack's normal coming and going of werewolves."

"'Normal coming and going', huh?" I was so close to losing my patience with this man.

Geoffrey nodded and then sighed dramatically. "Over the past few years, more than a few natural disasters took place at the border, so more and more residents have moved out of the Red Maple Pack."

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath to suppress my anger. "What's with the huge wall?"

"Red Maple Pack has applied classified management. I believe those who have made great contributions to the pack and those who come from noble clans should enjoy better treatment, so as to motivate ordinary werewolves to work harder." Geoffrey's tone was unusually firm, as though he didn't think there was anything wrong with the existence of the huge wall.

I finally tore my gaze away, too disgusted to look at him any longer.

The problems of the Red Maple Pack were definitely not as simple as what Geoffrey had just described.

Geoffrey was a cunning old fox. He was by no means as compliant as he put on. Since he wanted to play dumb with me, I decided to play along with him.

But I knew that Geoffrey would have his guard up against me now. Although he'd be respectful to me on the surface, he'd definitely send his men to keep an eye on me. So I couldn't take any action. I could only hope that Sylvia would investigate the matter in secret for me.

At the beginning of the banquet, I had given Sylvia some hints. She was a smart girl. Hopefully, she'd understand my cryptic messages.

There was nothing more I could glean from Geoffrey. I could only wait until after I met with Sylvia tomorrow to know what she had found and discuss our next move.

Not wanting to waste another second with this old scumbag, I stood up from my seat and walked out of the banquet hall.

But Geoffrey and a group of werewolves followed me. Geoffrey even said he'd escort me back to my room.

I sneered internally. Was he planning to monitor me himself?

Geoffrey didn't leave until he saw me enter my room with his own eyes.

There was no light on in the room. Sitting on the sofa in the dark, I mulled over what I had seen in the Red Maple Pack, and my mind gradually became clear.

My wolf, Omar, suddenly burst into laughter. "Rufus, I'm relieved."

I didn't say a word. I closed my eyes and just listened to Omar's nagging.

"I can't believe that you've finally learned how to use tactics. You're getting wiser and wiser, my friend. Before, you used to deal with things through sheer brute force. You're gradually becoming more qualified to be a king. I'm proud of you, Rufus."

I opened my eyes, Omar's words echoing in my mind. With a bitter smile, I replied, "I've known how to use tactics before, but I just felt that life was hopeless and I didn't want to fight for anything. But since I talked with my father, I have decided to take responsibility. No matter who takes control of the empire in the future, I won't let this country go down a path of destruction."

Just then, there was a knock on the door. I could smell Sylvia's scent from outside.

Frowning slightly, I was confused. Why was Sylvia still here? Didn't she get my hints?

[Chapter 435 The Strange Sylvia](#)

Rufus' POV:



I opened the door and sure enough, Sylvia was standing outside.

She was holding a bottle of red wine and two glasses, looking at me with a smile.

I let her into the room. Although I was a little surprised, I was still happy to see her charming smile.

"What brings you here, honey?"

Sylvia put the wine and the glasses down then turned around to hug me. With a smile on her beautiful face, she batted her eyelashes and said, "Nothing. I just missed you."

I leaned my forehead against hers and sighed. "I thought you'd get my hints."

Sylvia was stunned. She looked at me blankly and blinked in confusion, as if she had no idea what I was talking about.

Her reaction made me feel a little strange. "What's wrong?"

Sylvia shook her head and stared at me with her big clear eyes. Pouting like a child, she asked, "But, Rufus, didn't you miss me?"

I smiled and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "Why are you so clingy today?"

"Maybe because I got nervous in such a strange place." Sylvia leaned her head on my shoulder and sighed sadly. "Rufus, are you mad at me because I came to you without your permission?"

"No. Don't be silly." I chuckled. In that moment, I found myself wishing that Sylvia could rely on me more.

Sylvia raised her head and stuck out her lower lip. "Do you want a drink?"

Without waiting for my answer, she turned around and poured two glasses of wine on the table. "I stole them from the banquet. I wanted to have a little wine so that I could fall asleep faster."

"We still have work to take care of tomorrow. So no more drinking tonight." I couldn't help but frown. Why was Sylvia acting unusually active tonight?

"We'll only have a little. It'll be fine." Sylvia raised her glass and took a sip. Then, she immediately wrinkled her nose. "It's a little bitter. Here, taste it."

As she spoke, she put the glass close to my lips. However, she suddenly lost her balance and spilled half the contents of the glass onto my clothes. My thin shirt was drenched in red wine.

Sylvia quickly put down the glass and fetched some tissue to wipe my shirt. "You're soaked! How about you just take it off?"

Before she could reach for the hem of my shirt, I grabbed her hands and stared at her. "You are seducing me, Sylvia."

Sylvia chuckled and leaned against my chest submissively, her hot breath faintly brushing against my collarbone.

"You're different tonight, Sylvia," I said in a low hoarse voice.

Sylvia smiled and wrapped her arms around my neck. Her body rubbed against mine like a seductive snake. "Do you like it?"

I didn't say anything. I just stared at her red lips longingly and felt restless.

"Do you feel anything strange?" I asked Omar internally.

"A little," he admitted. Omar was clearly also confused. "Perhaps it's because Sylvia got drunk at the banquet. Maybe that's why she's acting weird."

"Do you think so? But at the banquet, I kept a watchful eye on her. I didn't see her drink any alcohol."

Sylvia couldn't hold her drink, so I had told her not to drink outside except when she was with me.

"Could she have drank with Flora and the others after the banquet?" Omar posited. "But she has Sylvia's scent. You must be overthinking. Who would be so bold as to pretend to be Sylvia to seduce you? That'd be a death sentence!" I lowered my head to look into Sylvia's eyes. She clung to my body and stared at me with lustful eyes.

The restlessness in my heart was getting more and more uncontrollable.

"I want it. Give it to me." Sylvia's red lips parted and she gently pushed me backward.

I didn't resist and fell on the bed behind me.

#### [Chapter 436 The Hole In The Wall](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The five of us slipped out successfully and made it to the foot of the huge wall.

The buildings near the wall looked quite different from the prosperous city center. Simply put, they were all a little shabby.

Even the streetlights flickered and were dim, and broken electric poles were lying on the side of the

road, looking desolate.

I looked around curiously as we waited in the dark for the patrolling soldiers to leave.

"The only exit is sealed. We have to find another way," Warren whispered in a low voice.

"How about scaling the wall? I've noticed that those soldiers patrol on a regular route. They pass by about every fifteen minutes. We can try to climb over the wall during the fifteen minute window," I suggested.

Climbing over the wall was easier said than done. I had underestimated its height when I suggested this.

The wall was easily as high as an eight-storey building. Moreover, the wall was so smooth that it looked impossible to climb it with bare hands.

Warren gave it a try and sprinted towards the wall, hoping the momentum would carry him over it. However, it seemed that whoever had designed the wall had foreseen that someone would attempt to climb it. So they built it to be very smooth and even had a layer of wax over it. It didn't take long before Warren failed and slid down the wall, landing with a thump.

In the end, we had to give up on the idea of scaling it.

"What should we do now? We can't just give up..." Harry wrung his hands anxiously. "What if we made a werewolf ladder?"

"It's useless. The wall is so high that we wouldn't reach the top at all. And it'd be too conspicuous. The patrols would catch us easily," John said very calmly. He pursed his lips and racked his brains for a solution. "But you're right. We can't just give up."

"Yeah..." I looked up at the sky and felt complex emotions. "Now only the world outside the wall could be the breakthrough. We have to find a way out even if it means biting the bullet."

"In fact, we're not prisoners. What if we go through the door in the daytime?" Harry suggested.

"No way. Geoffrey looks like a cautious man. He'd never allow us to act alone. He'd probably ask the local unit to follow us. Basically, it's useless for us to go out during the daytime with his men. We might not find anything." Warren shook his head without hesitation.

After hearing Warren's analysis, I felt even more depressed. He had spoken what was on my mind.

We would be restricted if we went out during the daytime. Geoffrey would definitely find out what we were up to, and maybe it'd even draw his attention.

We walked along the edge of the wall dejectedly. Just as we were about to give up, John suddenly

stopped us.

"Check this out. This part of the wall looks damaged."

Warren squatted down beside John and looked at where John was pointing at.

"The bricks seem to be a little loose." Warren tried pushing the loose bricks on the wall, which shook slightly.

"Woah! How'd you spot it?!" With a surprised look on her face, Flora got close to John and tried pushing the loose part of the wall as well. "You're awesome!"

John shrugged casually. "The wind here sounds different from the other spots."

I couldn't help but applaud him in my heart. I gave John a thumbs up and said approvingly, "Amazing! I wouldn't have sensed any difference!"

"Really? I don't believe it. Let me have a look." Like a detective specialized in exposing lies, Harry squeezed past Flora and Warren with his strong and tall body. Without any hesitation, he raised his fist and swung it at the wall.

Fortunately, John stopped him in time.

I couldn't bear to see Harry's silly behavior. I pressed my palm on my forehead and sighed heavily.

"What the hell are you doing? Get your hands off of me!" Harry swatted John's hand away and blushed...

But then John's hand flew up to clamp Harry's mouth shut. "Shh, be quiet. I think I hear something from the other side of the wall."

Hearing this, we all squatted and pricked our ears.

After a while, sure enough, a rustling sound came from the other side of the wall.

We held our breath and waited quietly.

Soon, the loose bricks were pulled out from the other side. In their place was a head that looked back at us in surprise. It was the bullied boy we had bumped into in the afternoon.

The boy was obviously stunned to see us. The six of us looked at each other silently, and the atmosphere grew a little awkward.

Soon he came to his senses and hurried to retreat.

Fortunately, I moved fast and quickly caught him by his hair. "Stop him!"

#### [Chapter 437 A Boy Living In The Sewer](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The boy yelled in pain, but he did not give in. He struggled madly to pull away.

But I gripped his hair tightly and followed him into the hole in the wall. The others also followed suit.

When we all made it on the other side, the five of us easily subdued the boy.

The boy only came up to my shoulders. He gnashed his teeth and looked at me defiantly, like a wild cat. He was very fierce. "What do you want?"

"We should be asking you the same question! What do you want, kid?" Flora demanded with her hands planted firmly on her hips. She almost looked imposing.

The boy pursed his lips stubbornly, refusing to answer her question.

After thinking for a while, I loosened my grip on his clothes. "Don't worry. We don't work for Geoffrey. We're not here for you."

The boy stared at me with his bright eyes, as if he was considering whether to take my word for it or not.

"If we were really Geoffrey's men, do you really think you'd be standing here safe and sound?" I pointed out softly, trying to relax his vigilance.

The boy hesitated and seemed to want to say something but stopped on a second thought.

At this time, we heard the patrolling guards from the other side of the wall. Flustered, the boy looked at us helplessly. "Can you at least block the wall hole first? If the patrols find out, I'm dead meat."

"On it." Harry strode to the wall and started picking up the bricks on the ground.

Flora and I also squatted down to help. Very soon, the wall was restored to its original condition.

The boy breathed a sigh of relief. He looked around and finally relaxed his vigilance.

"We can't talk here. Come with me."

The five of us didn't say anything. We exchanged glances wordlessly then followed the boy.

The boy led us through narrow, dirty alleys. The place reeked of rotten food, piss, and shit.

Harry gagged and almost vomited at the stench. Flora, on the other hand, couldn't keep it in and puked in a corner.

I too could barely stand it, despite having living in a dirty place like this one when I was a slave.

But the smell of this place couldn't compare. It was on a league of its own.

Fortunately, I didn't eat much tonight.

The boy silently led the way. He walked very fast and didn't wait for us, even when Flora was retching all over the place.

We had no choice but to shrug off the discomfort and follow the young boy.

Finally, we came to a garbage dump. It turned out that the boy's home was in the abandoned sewer behind the garbage dump.

There were a lot of paper boxes and containers piled up at the entrance of the sewer. The black-stained pipe was covered in gunk and dirt. The iron sheet at the entrance could barely block the harsh wind.

The boy flicked a switch and the light went on, showing us what his home looked like inside.

Harry was shocked. "You call this a house?"

Although it was cleaner than outside, the situation wasn't much better. The interior walls were black and uneven, and every nook and cranny was covered with dirty moss. A bed made of cartons was soaked through thanks to a leak from the ceiling.

The boy rushed to the bed and held up the wet thin quilt. Then he took out several broken cups from a corner. He glanced at us and slowly put the cups back.

Frowning slightly, he decided to go straight to the point. "Tell me, what exactly are you up to?"

#### [Chapter 438 Two Extreme Worlds](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"We want to find out what's going on in this city." I looked at the boy and answered his question seriously.

The boy smiled at me bitterly. "It's just like what you see: it's a city of two extreme worlds divided by a wall."

The five of us exchanged wordless glances and waited for the boy to go on.

"By the way, the name's Felix. I've lived outside the wall since I was born. I've always known about the world on the other side of the wall. Everyone there is rich and happy, so they don't need to kill and plunder to survive. Every child there receives a good education and lives a good life."

As Felix spoke, his eyes took on a different light. He looked almost as though he was yearning for what he talked about.

My heart inexplicably ached and I felt at a loss. I had felt the same yearning Felix felt when I was still a slave, so I understood where he was coming from.

Felix looked at his dirty hands and said in a depressed tone, "I also want to be clean every day and not have to worry about my next meal."

Flora was a little angry. She puffed out her chest indignantly and asked, "Was it Geoffrey who built this wall?"

"I guess so. The wall has been there for as long as I can remember," Felix said in a low voice. "Maybe this is the way Geoffrey runs things."

"And does everyone accept his system? Why don't the werewolves outside the wall rebel?" Frowning slightly, Warren looked very confused. Perhaps what we had seen today had exceeded his cognition.

Truth be told, it was also beyond all of us.

Felix's emaciated face stared back at us, his eyes filled with sadness and a trace of maturity for a boy his age. "It's not that simple. Everyone's fate has been decided since they were born. We weren't given a choice regarding resources and education. The wall widened not only the gap between the rich and the poor, but also the gap in strength. Werewolves outside the wall were born at a disadvantage, while the rich kids on the other side hold all the power."

"Then why don't you just leave? I'm sure even a smaller pack could offer a better life than this." Harry gestured at his surroundings in disbelief.

Felix shook his head. "We can't leave."

"Why?"

Everyone asked in unison. Although the existing rule of law had strict hierarchy, it wasn't out of the norm for ordinary werewolves to choose to live in another pack, as long as they were not slaves.

And Felix had mentioned that he was just an ordinary werewolf, not a slave.

But Felix didn't seem to want to talk about it.

"I've already told you what I know about the wall. If you want to change things, you'll have to tear the wall down first." Obviously, Felix didn't want to talk about leaving here.

But despite him explaining things, I felt as though I had more questions than answers.

The biggest question was why the werewolves outside the wall couldn't just leave. Since they were all members of the werewolf race, they had the absolute right to choose a life they wanted.

Felix was probably hiding something from us.

But if we forced Felix to tell us, he would definitely lose his trust in us, so we had no choice but to look for answers elsewhere.

So while the others continued to question Felix, I began to look around.

Although the place was messy and dark, it was spacious.

The uneven walls were soaked in water, and the air was filled with the smell of mold and damp paper.

My eyes landed on the wet quilt, which Felix had moved to the only dry place in the entire room—the head of the bed.

I walked to the bed, making a mental note to bring Felix a dry quilt the following day.

There were many pictures of food on the wall beside the bed. Among them, a particular name drew my attention.

"Alva?" I turned to look at Felix in confusion. "Who's that?"

Felix immediately went stiff.

#### [Chapter 439 The Cunning Boy](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"No idea." Felix's tone was a little unnatural. He turned his face away from me deliberately. "Somebody else must've carved it. After all, anyone can come here."

Harry sneered and slapped Felix on the shoulder lightly. "You're a really bad liar, did you know that?"

I pursed my lips and shook my head helplessly. After all, Felix was still just a child. He wore his emotions on his sleeve.



Obviously, Felix knew whoever this Alva person was.

But it was clear that he didn't want to tell us.

Felix shook off Harry's hand unhappily. He looked at the old clock on the table. It showed that it was already past midnight.

"Wait for me here. There's something I need to show you," Felix said suddenly.

We didn't think too much. We just asked him to come back as soon as possible. A few minutes later, something felt off.

"Could he have made a run for it? What's taking him so long?" Harry asked.

I frowned. On second thought, I remembered that there was indeed something wrong with Felix's expression. But we weren't familiar with culture on the other side of the wall, so we didn't think too much.

"Let's look for him." Flora rolled up her sleeves, looking a little peeved. "Damn it! How dare he trick us?"

But it was too late to chase after him now. Felix had disappeared.

Just as we were about to head in the direction where Felix left, a strange loud noise came from the depths of the sewer, like the sound of pouring water.

Damn it! The sewer wasn't abandoned at all!

"Run! They're draining the sewer!" I shouted.

Warren reacted quickly and grabbed Flora's hand, running out with her in tow.

I followed Harry and John closely, preparing to guard the rear of the team.

But it was too late. After making it out of the mouth of the sewer, the violent current of water came at us like a fierce beast.

We were separated in the blink of an eye.

I immediately transformed into a wolf and grabbed the rim of the sewer pipe so that I wouldn't be washed away by the current.

The others had disappeared from my sight. I called their names a few times, but there was no response. They were probably swept away.

I didn't know if there was any other exit. I needed to escape first before trying to find them.

I turned back to human form and opened the vent lid.

As soon as I poked my head out, I saw Felix climbing out of another exit.

I immediately climbed out of the vent and grabbed him by the collar. "Stop!"

I was a little angry because I had really wanted to help him. But he didn't appreciate my kindness at all. He even lied to us, claiming that it was an abandoned sewer!

Felix struggled to get rid of my grasp.

His face was covered in black mud, and his eyes were particularly bright and innocent-looking. His thin body looked weak and frail. But his real power lay in his mouth.

"I didn't expect you to be so capable," he spat angrily. "I advise you not to meddle in other people's business. Don't come out tomorrow. Just stay within the walls and go through the motions. Go back to the imperial capital with your friends when it's time. You don't need to be hypocritical. This isn't a place you insignificant soldiers can handle."

Then he finally broke free from my grip and ran off.

I didn't want to chase after him, nor did I want to ask more questions. Now I only cared about the safety of my companions.

#### [Chapter 440 The Huge Water Current](#)

Flora's POV:

The forceful water current came straight at me, giving me no time to react.

When it propelled me away, I felt as though I was pulled into a familiar yet strange embrace. I sensed it was Warren, but didn't dare open my eyes and confirm it.

As I held my breath, I could feel the water clogging my lungs and ears.

The embrace enveloped me in a sense of security. One big hand on my waist held me tightly in place, and my head was protected by the owner of the embrace.

We were swept and tossed in every direction by the water current.

I was feeling uncomfortable from holding my breath. I involuntarily grabbed his clothes, wanting to borrow some strength from him.

The sewer had a winding trajectory, and the space between the walls was narrow. Every time we passed by a vent, I could hear the shrieking wind.

But I was in no state to dwell on it, because at this moment I was so distressed that I thought I was going to die.

I had once fallen into a river when I had been playing outside as a child. As a result, I still had a phobia of deep water. Whenever swimming training was scheduled, I would do my best to avoid it.

My face began to contort from the prolonged suffocation. I stuck my head out of the water to pull in a breath, but a wave suddenly crashed into me, making me choke.

Before I could collect my bearings, another wave surged into me.

My legs flailed and I struggled to breathe. I could feel my head spinning from the lack of oxygen.

A pair of soft lips pressed into mine at this moment.

I couldn't focus on anything else. I greedily sucked the air from him.

Finally, the swirling current subsided and the water level dropped. Now it only reached up to my chest.

When I opened my eyes, I was greeted with Warren's magnified face, and our lips were fused together.

My face was burning and I pushed him away hurriedly. This made me lose my balance and I stumbled backward.

"Watch out!" Warren grabbed my hand and pulled me forward. My forehead bumped into his chest.

A groan of pain escaped his lips. I didn't know what to do, so I tried to push him away again.

Warren held on tightly. In a low forbidding voice, he said, "Stop moving, Flora."

I was stunned for a moment, then noticed that the water in front of his chest was tinged with a faintly red hue.

"Are you injured?" I was shocked and flustered. I hastily checked his chest.

Warren looked down at his injury and said carelessly, "No, my old wound has reopened again. It's not a big deal."

It suddenly occurred to me that he had been hurt severely last time. His ribs had been fractured and one of them had almost pierced him in the heart.

When Warren had returned to the team, he had repeatedly assured the army that he had made a full recovery, so I didn't question him any further.

It was now beginning to dawn on me that his wounds had not healed at all.

I instantly lost my temper and glowered fiercely at me. "Why did you rejoin the team before you recovered completely?! Why are you playing with your life? If you want to die, you should have informed me earlier. I wouldn't have gone to the trouble of saving you back then."

It had been very difficult for me to pull him back from the jaws of death, but here he was ruining his health like this.

The more I thought about it, the more furious I became. I took a big step back, wanting to put distance between us.

But Warren mirrored me and took a big step forward, drawing us closer.

I glared at him, too enraged to say anything at the moment.

He looked a little aggrieved. "Don't be angry."

"I'm not angry. We are not close to each other anymore. You can do whatever you like. It is none of my business even if you die," I replied coldly.

Warren's hair was still wet and his clothes were disheveled. But he looked sexier now.

As my mind flashed back to the kiss a few minutes back, my skin felt itchy.

I forced myself to look away.

A few seconds later, he called out my name with a sigh.

I didn't respond. My mind was muddled. I just wanted to get out of this damned place as soon as possible.

"I'm not playing with my life," Warren whispered. "I just didn't want to stay away from you."

Then he fell silent, and so did I.

I was the first one to run out of patience and break. I glared at him again. "Why did you stop speaking? Is that all you have to say?"

With a smile in his eyes, Warren said gently, "You broke up with me out of the blue. You even blocked me and posted a photo with another man on your social media. I thought if I didn't chase after you, I

wouldn't get a chance."

My heart was pounding wildly. Even though I was drenched in cold water, I still felt the temperature around me soar quickly. It took me several minutes to speak again. "A chance for what?"

Warren held my hand and whispered in my ear, "A chance to start over."