

Irresistible 441

[Chapter 441 Give Me A Chance, Flora](#)

Warren's POV:

I mustered up whatever courage I could and finally spat out what I had wanted to say for a long time.

Flora gave me radio silence for a long time, which almost drove me crazy.

Each passing second, my once expectant heart began to sink.

It turned out that I couldn't understand Flora after all.

Ever since she broke up with me, I had never been able to figure out what was going on in her mind. She had always ignored me since then.

I couldn't understand why she changed so much. When we were in the forbidden forest, we got along quite well.

Perhaps there was some kind of misunderstanding.

I gently took Flora's hand and took a calming deep breath.

"Can you just give me another chance, Flora?"

Flora didn't shake my hand off. For a moment, I saw her expression soften.

It gave me a small flicker of hope, because it was possible that she still had feelings for me.

But not even a second later, Flora's eyes turned cold again. She sneered, "We're done already and you know that. Let go of me."

I was going to say something more, but Flora stopped me with one cold look. "In fact, we were never together to begin with. What's there to start over from?"

Flora's tone told me how serious she was. I let go of her hand and tried not to act rashly.

Scoffing, she wiped the hand I held on her clothes, as if my touch was something to be disgusted by.

A bitter taste filled my mouth. I still didn't know what I had done wrong. It was getting more difficult to understand Flora.

I had never felt so uncomfortable getting pushed away like this before. It was as if Flora had completely shut me out of her heart.

But I didn't know what for. I wanted so badly to ask her why, but I just didn't know how.

There was a lot I wanted to say, but when I opened my mouth, I said something completely different.

"Okay. Thank you, Flora." Whatever was left of my courage had been finally crushed.

Flora furrowed her eyebrows. "For what?"

"For saving me that day." I smiled bitterly, although I felt a pang in my heart. "I'm sorry for bothering you all this time. It's all my fault and I'll never do it again."

I said all those things hoping that Flora would finally relax. I just didn't want her to avoid me anymore.

As for the chance to start over, I may not have it now but I would make my way to it in the future.

But even after what I said, Flora seemed to become even colder. "No need to thank me," she said. "I would have done that for any of my classmates."

"Why didn't you visit me even once at the hospital, though?" I couldn't help but ask that question. I did not buy for a second that she saw me as just a classmate.

Flora rolled her eyes. "I'm not your doctor. Why would I visit you? Besides, we were just pretending to be a couple. We agreed to end the relationship when everything was settled."

Clenching my fists silently, my heart shattered to hear her speak those heartless words so coldly. How could she not care about this at all?

"Thank you for agreeing to be my pretend boyfriend for a while, but it's over now. On top of that, I also saved your life. I think I have the right to say that we should have nothing to do with each other anymore."

"No, I refuse to accept this." I interrupted Flora. I couldn't bear to hear her speak about disassociating from me any longer.

But because I was afraid of worsening the situation, I quickly added, "We should get out of here first. Let's talk about other things later on."

Flora pursed her lips and didn't retort. She curtly nodded her head and followed me to find an exit.

Soon enough, we eventually came upon a narrow sewer entrance, but it was completely blocked by mud.

I shrugged and got to work with my hands anyway, tearing the mud from the sewer's lid.

After a while, we were finally able to crawl out of the sewer.

Flora and I stood still for a short rest before heading to a nearby area to check. We hoped to find Sylvia and the others. But other than the exit we came out of, there was nothing else in sight.

"How about going back to the hole in the wall? Maybe they already got out of the sewer and are waiting for us there by now," Flora suggested.

I nodded. "Okay."

[Chapter 442 The Unlucky Guy Who Got Poisoned](#)

Harry's POV:

My body felt too heavy to move.

My limbs felt like they were being pressed into the earth by a boulder.

Even my eyelids seemed too heavy to lift.

It was as if my soul was about to separate from my body while I tried to get up.

My breath grew heavier and harder.

I could only recall that I had gotten swept away by the water current and bumped into something along the way that made me choke, rendering me motionless.

I was practically doomed. As my consciousness slowly drifted away, I vaguely saw a petite figure grab my hand and drag me ashore.

My lungs were filled with water, which made it impossible for me to breathe. I thought I was going to die of suffocation.

Swimming was one of my strengths, but I never expected my own skills to fail me one day.

Just when I thought I was about to die, I felt something soft press on my lips and blow air into my mouth.

My chest rose up, and my eyes shot open.

I saw John's face up close and was startled. I coughed out violently the water that I had swallowed.

With no expression on her face, John wiped her mouth and watched me.

I hurried to my feet and clutched onto my clothes. "What were you doing?"

But as soon as I heard my voice, I wanted to slap my voice. Why did my manly voice turn squeaky?

John stood up and approached. "You saved me just like that before. What are you so scared of? Now we're even."

"No... Bullshit! That was different!" Shivering, I stepped away from her. "Don't get any closer to me!"

John refused to listen and walked toward me. "What do you mean that was different? We just both saved each other's lives."

"Oh, there's a big difference, alright! For one, I thought you were just a regular guy classmate!" I shouted at her. The image of her lips against mine made me feel uneasy, like ants crawling all over my body.

John finally stopped two steps away from me and chuckled.

This made me even angrier. "How can you laugh? I'm furious! Who would have ever thought that my own roommate was actually a she-wolf and a killer who tried to fucking kill me?!"

That terrible night flashed through my mind again. I opened my eyes one midnight and found a knife to my neck.

If I hadn't repeatedly promised John to never reveal her true identity and her plan to sneak into the school with an ulterior motive, I would have been long dead.

But now, I didn't think I was much different from a dead werewolf anyway.

John even forced me to ingest poison that night, saying that she would provide the antidote after she fulfilled her task.

What if she didn't fulfill her task? I would have died.

From then on, John had watched over me day and night.

I felt that I had lost any form of privacy. I couldn't even eat my fried chicken in secret anymore.

"Do you know how hard it was for me? Do you think I even wanted to know about your secret? If I could just lose that memory by hitting my head against a wall, I would have done that!" I pulled my collar down to show her my heart. "Can't you just let me go, John? I promise I won't rat you out. Don't you know what kind of werewolf I am?"

While I was rambling, John interrupted me.

"Joanna. That's my real name."

[Chapter 443 The Silly Mate](#)

Joanna's POV:

After hearing my real name, I watched as the expression on Harry's face shifted several times.

It was as if I could read all the thoughts clearly on his face.

This absolute fool of a man!

I couldn't help but complain in my heart.

But no matter what I said, this fool was still my mate.

I had known Harry was my mate ever since I met him for the first time.

But I had my wolf scent sealed away using special means, which was why Harry wouldn't be able to tell that I was his mate.

At first, I was extremely unwilling to accept that this pompous, narcissistic peacock was my mate. I was even a little angry at some point, which was why I often beat him up.

I had already made up my mind not to have anything to do with this fool.

While in school, I would hide from him as much as possible.

But I couldn't help being attracted to him, mainly because of his stupidly exaggerated laughter.

His laugh could be heard from miles away, just like a rooster.

My attraction got so bad that his laughter would eventually make me giggle as well.

I thought it was shameful to have him as a mate.

So, I loathed him even more.

I could live without having to interact with Harry forever. However, I didn't expect that this fool would save my life back in the forbidden forest. Worse, he found out about my secret.

It was also quite hilarious that he thought he was hiding my secret well. When in reality, that fool obviously dodged my eyes from that day on. If I got any closer to him on purpose, his face would turn a

bright red.

Even an idiot would see that he was hiding something.

With the kind of education I had received since I was a kid, I should have simply killed him to keep his mouth shut. But whenever I looked at him, I just couldn't have the heart to do it.

The same happened now. I definitely didn't have to fish him out of the water, but I did it anyway.

But now with Harry's pitchy voice ringing in my ears again, perhaps I should have left him in the water instead.

I had never seen such a noisy man before.

Most of the men I had met didn't talk much, like Warren.

Not only was Harry talkative, he was also the stupid kind.

"Why'd you tell me your real name?" Harry slowly backed away from me.

I laughed to myself, "Why? What's wrong? So what if I told you my real name?"

"On TV shows, it never ends well for that character who knows too much..." Harry stumbled.

I quietly watched him for a few seconds before reaching out my hand to his neck.

Startled, Harry jumped away. "What are you going to do?"

I withdrew my hand and sighed. "There's a caterpillar on your collar."

At first, Harry was doubtful, but he looked down anyway. As soon as he saw it, his handsome face paled. "Get it out! I hate caterpillars! Please, Joanna!"

Other than not killing him, telling him my real name was becoming a bigger regret for me.

This bumbling fool!

I shook my head and killed the caterpillar directly on his neck. Once it was dead, I flicked it away. "Don't ever call me by my real name in front of others."

"What about when no one is around?" The fool looked up at me.

I thought carefully. "I guess you can, but only if you speak softly. God knows how loud your normal voice can be."

Harry nodded obediently and then tiptoed over to me. "What about the poison you made me take? Will it harm my body? After I take the antidote, will there be side effects too?"

"Don't worry. You're not going to die," I replied.

"Oh, that's good to hear..." Harry sighed in relief and looked at me with those beautiful eyes. "I knew you weren't that bad."

Slightly guilty, I averted his gaze. The truth was that there was no poison. It was just a bowl of water that I asked him to drink. Still, this fool believed me.

[Chapter 444 A Secret Tes](#)

Harry's POV:

Joanna gave me a complicated look.

I didn't know why, but I had a feeling that she hated me very much.

Plus, she always wore a helpless look, as though she carried with her some unspeakable secrets.

I stole a glance at her. She was fair and pretty, I guess. But she was far from adorable.

In fact, I had never seen such a cold and brutal she-wolf who could played with dangerous weapons like it was nothing.

I couldn't help but sigh. Joanna heard me and frowned. "What made you sigh?"

"Nothing. I just look up to you, that's all." I gave her my most charming smile in the hopes that she'd let down her walls and reveal some information. "You must be tired. It's not easy for a she-wolf to disguise herself as a man and deceive everyone."

Joanna looked at me wordlessly. Suddenly, she smiled again.

Every time she smiled, it sent a shiver down my spine.

"Why are you smiling?" I hugged myself and trembled slightly, goose bumps forming on my skin.

Seeing how uneasy I was, Joanna smiled even more brightly. She patted me on the head and said dotingly, "Nothing. I just think you're cute."

Oh, my God! I could hardly keep my cool any longer. What the hell did she want to do?

I pouted, wondering if she was just a sadist who enjoyed torturing me. How could there be such a

hateful she-wolf?

"Well, since I'm so cute, why don't you tell me your secret?" I segued smoothly. I blinked at her and pretended to look sweet and innocent. My tone was extremely soft.

Joanna's smile widened. She mimicked my voice and asked softly, "What do you think, Harry the cutie?"

I tried to laugh but it came out sounding unnatural. "What's the matter? We're already so familiar with each other."

In the blink of an eye, Joanna's smile disappeared and was replaced with a cold, fierce look. "Just drop it. Don't think that I don't know what's on your mind."

Then she reached up and started feeling the wall, looking for a way out.

Refusing to give up, I stubbornly followed her. "I'm on your side. What if I know your target? I might be able to help. Besides, you've been lurking around for so long yet you've gotten nowhere. Am I right?"

Joanna snorted and didn't even look at me. "If you know so much, then why ask me?"

"Hey, John, just tell me!"

I called her by her fake name subconsciously. Hearing this, she turned around and glared at me murderously.

But earlier, she didn't want me to call her by her real name. Why couldn't she just make up her mind?

I swallowed and quickly retracted my statement. "Err, I meant, Joanna... Just tell me..."

Joanna couldn't stand my pestering any longer. She looked at me seriously and said, "If you want to live, don't ask too many questions."

I reluctantly shut up, though I still felt very conflicted.

If Joanna's existence could harm my friends, I wouldn't tolerate her—even if it would cost me my life.

But now my life was in her hands. How on earth could I bargain with her?

Perhaps it was because I was sulking that Joanna's tone softened. She explained, "Don't worry. My target isn't anyone you care about, but an evil werewolf who deserves to die a miserable death."

"Well, that's a relief," I replied perkily, pretending to be comforted.

Joanna didn't say anything more and continued to look for an exit.

I was watching her quietly when a thought occurred to me.

What if she was lying to me?

Right now, I had no choice but to pretend to believe her. But I secretly swore to myself that I'd never let her out of my sight. I couldn't let her harm my friends.

The sewer was very long and tortuous. It took us about ten minutes of groping around in the dark before we found an exit.

Despite finally having found a way out, my troubles were not over.

Being short and slim, Joanna climbed out of the manhole without a hitch.

I, on the other hand, was wider in girth. My hips got stuck because the manhole was too small.

Joanna had to pull me out as though she was harvesting a carrot. It took a long time before I got out.

Our faces were flushed and we were both panting from the effort.

Shame! What a shame!

I felt so humiliated. Absent-minded, I followed Joanna back to the wall to reunite with the team.

[Chapter 445 Regarded As Thieves](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I waited by the wall with Flora and Warren for a long time. Finally, Harry and John arrived.

The two looked much worse than the three of us, especially Harry. He walked with bare feet and looked like he had been pulled out of black mud.

We briefly explained to each other what had happened, then the five of us headed back the way we came. We were able to successfully get into the wall through the hole.

Unfortunately, the leading guard on duty had found us and regarded us as suspicious werewolves.

Obviously he didn't believe that we were just out for a walk to enjoy the moon. On top of that, we also looked very dirty. To him, we must have looked like thieves who came out in the middle of the night to steal some things.

The head guard brought out handcuffs for us. Not wanting to cause a scene, we chose not to resist.

Still, none of us knew where we were going to be taken and what was going to happen to us if we got caught.

After some hesitation, we decided to expose our identities.

"We work for Prince Rufus. You can't arrest us. If Prince Rufus finds out about this, then we warned you!" Harry threatened them.

The head guard snorted. "Oh, sure. And I'm the lycan king's personal guard! Are you serious? Do you really think I'm some kind of idiot? Quit lying. I think you are all thieves!"

"No, you are the thief! Your whole family are thieves. You don't believe the truth? Fine!" Flora rolled up her sleeves in anger. "Call Prince Rufus and see if we are lying!"

"That's right. Call Prince Rufus here!" Harry echoed.

The leading guard still didn't seem to believe us. He scratched the back of his ear, mocking sarcastically, "For a bunch of thieves, you lot sure are confident! Why do you think Prince Rufus would want to see any of you? Besides, he's probably having a good time in bed right now. He won't have time for you."

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

He snorted and ignored me. "Whatever. I think you're just a group of beggars who snuck in from outside the wall. You look terrible! Even the doorman looks more dignified than all of you!"

"You!" Flora was so angry that she took off her shoe and threw it at the guard's mouth. "Shut your filthy mouth!"

The guard was stunned and covered his mouth in disbelief.

In pure Harry fashion, he refused to be outdone and kicked the guard with his own dirty foot as well.

The guard almost vomited in disgust. "Guards! Arrest them all!"

We were hoping to get out of this situation peacefully, but now we had created a scene.

Soon, we found ourselves about to wrestle with the guards.

But because we were all handcuffed and outnumbered, it wasn't long before we were subdued.

Touching the small wound on his forehead, the head guard snarled in anger, "Kill them. Even if you were really part of the Royal Army, you still went against the military rules for sneaking out in the middle of the night. On behalf of Prince Rufus, I am giving you your punishment."

"No, fuck you! Let go of me!" Harry continued to struggle against their grip, trying to get up from the ground.

Flora was completely pinned down by the guards and groaned in pain.

Warren managed to shake off the guards around him and rushed to Flora, kicking away the guards on top of her. But soon enough, other guards had subdued Warren as well.

On the other hand, I was forced to kneel. I tried to break away, but it was useless too. I was left with no choice but to use my trump card.

Raising my head, I looked the head guard straight in the eye. "I am the mate of Prince Rufus. Whoever dared to hurt us today will pay their price."

[Chapter 446 Imprisoned](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The guard in the lead clicked his tongue with disdain. Obviously, he didn't believe a word I said. "One of you claims to be a soldier of Prince Rufus, and another to be his mate. How ridiculous!"

The arrogant guard sneered at us, even going so far as to call me a bitch.

I was getting impatient. If I had known they were going to treat us like this, I would've fought them off. Now we were stuck in a dilemma.

Just then, a soldier beside the leader tugged his boss's sleeve and whispered, "Prince Rufus did announce his mate bond in a high-profile manner some time ago. I heard that his mate was indeed a member of the army. It was the talk of the town and was all over the Internet."

The leading guard hesitated. "Really? I doubt it. How could the heartless Prince Rufus have a mate?"

The soldier's expression was a little anxious. Gesturing at me, he replied. "It's true that he has a mate, but I'm not sure if it's that she-wolf."

The leading guard looked me up and down carefully.

Calmly, I looked back at him without flinching.

Finally, he waved at the soldier reluctantly. "Forget it. Take them to the prison first and I'll report it to Alpha Geoffrey."

So the five of us were locked up. The one good thing to come out of this was that the soldiers who locked us up took our handcuffs off. At least our hands were free.

After all the soldiers left, Harry sat on the ground dejectedly. "I can't believe that I'd be sent to prison one day. I'm the son of an Alpha for Moon Goddess' sake!"

"Me neither," Warren echoed expressionlessly.

Flora rested her head on my shoulder. She was so tired that her words were slurred. "I'm not afraid. I'm just worried about what they said about Prince Rufus—that he's having a good time in bed right now."

Hearing this, everyone fell silent.

We all recalled seeing the soldiers send Ashley to Rufus' room.

"Would Prince Rufus really go for her? I'd hate to think so, but I did see him drink a lot at the banquet. He could've gotten drunk and looked for sex after." As he spoke, Harry looked at me worriedly.

"Never. I trust Rufus." I shook my head firmly.

Besides, the night of the full moon was approaching. Rufus had a bad temper these days. He gave off an aura that prevented strangers from approaching. If a stranger dared to get close, he'd probably tear them apart.

Today at the banquet, I could see that he was trying his best to restrain his anger when facing Geoffrey.

"But what if Geoffrey tried playing some tricks? He could've asked that vampire slave to drug Prince Rufus with an aphrodisiac. Prince Rufus would have no choice but to surrender..." Harry posited. I had to admit that what he said was possible.

Realizing this, my heart sank.

"We need to get out of here. Maybe we can catch them in the act," Harry said happily, as though Rufus had really betrayed me.

I didn't say anything. The image of Rufus sleeping on the same bed with another she-wolf reared its ugly head in my mind.

God damn it!

But before we could come up with a solution, we suddenly heard the sound of hurried footsteps. The leading guard burst inside with other soldiers. This time, he was not as arrogant as before. He looked at us with a complicated expression.

"Come out. The Alpha wants to see you."

Then he ordered his man to unlock the door.

[Chapter 447 A Wall Made Of Gold](#)

Sylvia's POV:

When the soldier unlocked the door, he was about to handcuff us again.

"No need." The leading guard stopped him reluctantly. Then he looked at us and spoke in a much more polite tone. "I misunderstood you earlier, so I had no choice but to handcuff you. Now, it's not necessary."

I could tell that he was scared. Geoffrey must've given him a piece of his mind.

Harry rolled his eyes at the leading guard indignantly. "I told you not to do anything stupid. Now, look at what you've done."

The leading guard forced a smile, but his eyes showed his true emotions. Gritting his teeth, he dared not to say anything rash.

When Flora walked past him, she sneered with disdain. "Humph. Coward."

"Let's go. The Alpha is waiting." The leading guard couldn't hurt us, so he could do nothing but suppress his anger. He was even forced to swallow his pride and bow to us, which was incredibly satisfying.

"He looked down on us and accused us of being thieves. If anyone here's a thief, it's him," still fuming with rage, Flora whispered to me unhappily.

"Well, calm down. Try to see things from his perspective. What we did earlier really was suspicious," I comforted Flora softly.

Soon, we were led to a luxurious meeting room.

This was probably where Geoffrey usually held his meetings.

Although I had known that Geoffrey lived an extravagant life, I was still shocked to see that one of the walls in the room was made of solid gold.

The wall was inlaid with many colorful gemstones. When the lights were turned on, they sparkled dazzlingly.

"How rustic!"

Even John, who seldom expressed his feelings, couldn't help but comment sarcastically.

Geoffrey really had no taste.

But before we could look at the wall carefully, Geoffrey entered the meeting room with a smile. Instantly, his eyes landed on me.

"Miss Todd, I've heard so much about you. It's an honor to see you here."

"You know me?" I asked, bewildered.

Geoffrey shook his head and smiled. "No. I wasn't able to attend the annual military parade because our pack is too far away. I have, however, heard about you and I've seen your photos."

"Oh, I see." But his enthusiasm caught me off guard. I had no idea what to say.

"When you first came here today, you were with the rest of the soldiers, so I didn't recognize you," Geoffrey explained patiently.

"Aren't you worried that I'm an impostor?" I narrowed my eyes at him.

Geoffrey waved his hand confidently. "I believe that no one would dare to pretend to be Prince Rufus' mate, unless they want to die."

That made sense. "Since this is all just a misunderstanding, can you let us go?"

"Of course!" Geoffrey burst into laughter. Then he turned around and patted Harry on the head dotingly. "I remember you, Harry. I visited your pack ten years ago. At the time, you were still a little boy, clinging to your father's leg and crying all day long."

"Oh, uhm, really?" Harry scratched his head awkwardly.

That was when I noticed the leading guard standing next to Geoffrey. All the color had drained from his face and his body trembled like a leaf.

Geoffrey gestured at us to sit down. Then he turned to the leading guard and announced his execution.

The leading guard was so frightened that he knelt on the floor and begged for mercy. "I didn't mean to offend the distinguished guests. I really had no idea who they were. Please forgive me!"

Geoffrey pounded his fist on the table loudly and snapped, "How dare you try to defend yourself? You're lucky Prince Rufus isn't here, or you'd have been ripped to shreds on the spot by now!"

[Chapter 448 Meaningful Words](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Although Geoffrey was vehemently scolding the leading guard, I felt that he was implying something else.

With a straight face, I eyed Geoffrey warily as my mind raced.

As his scolding came to a close, Geoffrey ordered his men to drag the leading guard away and execute him.

But before they could drag him away, I put a stop to this farce.

"Forget it. It was the five of us who broke the rules in the first place. He was just fulfilling his duty. He's not in the wrong."

As I spoke, I cast a cold glance at the sniveling leading guard.

He didn't seem to expect that I would intercede for him. His eyes went wide in bewilderment, but then he quickly nodded to me in thanks.

I looked away from him and turned to Geoffrey. "I think it'd be better to avoid bloodshed tonight."

"If that's what Miss Todd wants, then I'll spare his life." Geoffrey raised his eyebrows and gave me a friendly smile. Then, to the leading guard, he growled, "Get out of my sight."

The leading guard yelped with joy and hurriedly crawled out.

Then Geoffrey asked the maids to bring us coffee and exquisite desserts. He said that he wanted to catch up with us.

I held the cup of coffee in my hand and didn't say anything. I had a gut feeling that he wanted to ask us some questions, like where we had been tonight.

Sure enough, after asking Harry about his father, Geoffrey turned to me to ask about our whereabouts tonight.

"Why didn't you take anyone with you? Why did you go out alone? Our pack isn't that big, but one can still get lost easily if they're not careful."

Although Geoffrey had a smile plastered on his face, his tone was somewhat aggressive.

I pursed my lips and forced a polite smile. "Well, truth be told, we were a bit bored and we felt that we'd get cabin fever if we didn't go out for a walk. We planned to go take an evening stroll to enjoy the night scenery, but we didn't expect that the place would be empty. So we grew bored once again and came back."

"That's right. It was so lively in the daytime, but so quiet at night!" Harry mused aloud.

With a straight face, Warren added in a very serious tone, "It looked much more interesting here than in the imperial capital."

"I also thought there'd be more to see after the banquet." Both John and Warren tried their best to look like they enjoyed a good nightlife.

Flora, on the other hand, was busy stuffing her cheeks with the delicious desserts. "Yes. Not only is this pack beautiful, the werewolves are also good-looking! I just wanted to see if I could shoot my shot tonight!"

Geoffrey smiled at all of us helplessly. "Ah, youth. I was also restless when I was your age."

I sipped from my coffee silently.

"But you all should know that our humble pack is nowhere near as prosperous as the imperial capital city. In the evening, almost nobody goes out on the streets. If you're looking for some more fun, I'll have someone take you out tomorrow," Geoffrey offered sincerely. Then he turned to apologize to me, but I could tell he wasn't sorry from the look on his face. "I have to say sorry for one more thing."

"What is it?" I frowned slightly. Somehow, I had a sinking feeling that I wouldn't want to hear his next words. My gut told me that it had something to do with Rufus.

Sure enough, Geoffrey sighed and said, "I didn't know you came here with Prince Rufus. Worried that the lycan prince would feel lonely tonight, I specially arranged for a slave to serve him. If I had known you were here, I wouldn't have done such a thing."

Rage surged within me as he spoke. He even had the audacity to bring that up and pretend to be sorry. I really wanted to twist his head off.

But I had to consider the welfare of my team. Suppressing my anger, I forced a smile and shrugged it off nonchalantly. "It's fine. Other than me, Prince Rufus wouldn't get close to any she-wolf."

"What?" Geoffrey looked surprised. "But the slave has been in Prince Rufus' room for more than four hours now and hasn't come out yet."

Hearing this, I lost my composure on the spot.

[Chapter 449 Sleeping With Another Woman](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The tension in the room was so thick, one could've cut through it with a knife.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on me.

Flora even stopped scarfing down food. She looked at me nervously and whispered, "Don't listen to his nonsense. Prince Rufus isn't that kind of man."

Geoffrey shook his head with distress. "Men just can't control their nature."

"Why don't you just shut up?" Flora flew into a rage. "Did you do this on purpose?"

"Flora, enough." Warren pulled Flora back to her seat and tried to comfort her in a soft voice.

I bit my lower lip, not wanting to admit that my mind was in a complete mess.

Geoffrey didn't seem to care about what Flora said. His smile remained plastered on his face, but his words carried weight. "Don't get me wrong. I also believe that Prince Rufus is a righteous man. I guess the two of them just really got along and chatted for four hours..."

Damn it! What he really meant was painfully obvious.

I held back the insane urge to roll my eyes and gripped my cup of coffee tightly.

"Although Ashley is but a humble vampire slave, even I have to admit that she's beautiful. Besides, she's good in bed, too. Countless werewolves have fallen for her," a short and fat attendant added as he refilled our coffee.

"It's normal for men to have the occasional affair. Besides, Prince Rufus is a powerful man. I'm sure he has strong... urges."

I was so angry that blue veins stood out on my temples. I suddenly stood up from my seat and nearly pounced on that attendant.

"Shut up if you want to live!" Flora interrupted the attendant harshly. Fortunately, she stopped me in time. "Don't act rashly. Can't you see? Geoffrey wants you to resort to violence."

"Yeah. Don't listen to their bullshit. Prince Rufus is not that kind of person. They're just trying to provoke you," Harry added, shooting that attendant a murderous glare.

Warren, on the other hand, didn't try to stop me. He simply asked me in a low voice, "Who do you want to hit?"

Flora was so angry that she shoved Warren away. "What the hell!? You're going to get us in trouble!"

I took a deep breath and put on a smile again. "Don't worry. I'm calm now."

Flora retreated a couple of steps and murmured, "Sylvia, that's one scary smile..."

Just then, the attendant added, "I heard that Prince Rufus' mate used to be a slave, too. Maybe he's into slaves."

"That's enough!" Geoffrey winked at the attendant. "Leave us."

"Yes, sir."

I stood glued to my spot expressionlessly. Although the attendant seemed to look ignorant, it was obvious that Geoffrey had asked him beforehand to say such careless remarks.

Geoffrey walked up to me apologetically. "Sorry. This is all my fault. I didn't teach my men to be polite."

"I'm going to look for Rufus." I continued to smile. "Please tell me where his room is located."

"It's already so late. How about tomorrow? Maybe Prince Rufus has fallen asleep." Geoffrey still had the audacity to provoke me. Both his expression and his tone told me that Rufus was still having sex with that vampire slave, and I'd better leave them alone.

I tried to calm myself down with what was left of my sanity. "You don't have to tell me. I'll just check all the rooms one by one."

"Well, in that case..." Geoffrey looked embarrassed. "How about I send someone to inform Prince Rufus first?"

I stared at him coldly. "No, I want to see him myself."

[Chapter 450 The Vampire's Talen](#)

Rufus' POV:

The she-wolf in front of me trembled all over and knelt on the floor. Her cheeks were stained with tears, and her hair was messy. I could keenly see the red hand marks I left on her neck.

"Ashley?" I sat at the table and stared at her coldly. The rage that stirred in my heart was getting more and more uncontrollable.

The slave nodded timidly, her eyes wide with panic and uneasiness.

I snorted. Obviously, this was Geoffrey's doing.

When the slave pushed me to the bed just now, I had already known that something was wrong. The restlessness in my body wasn't from lust, but from the approaching full moon.

If she really was Sylvia, her scent would've comforted me. Although this fake smelled exactly like Sylvia,

her scent only served to irritate me even more.

The second I realized this, the woman in front of me started to change. It was Ashley, the female slave who had performed at the banquet earlier.

I almost strangled her to death. It was Omar who stopped me and was my voice of reason.

I took a deep breath and smelled something murky floating in the air. It was coming from the slave. It smelled so terrible that I nearly lost control of myself.

Fortunately, I managed to force myself to calm down, despite my eyes turning a devilish red. First of all, I needed to figure out how she made herself look and even smell like Sylvia.

Just then, the slave stumbled over to me and made random gestures. She had hinted that she couldn't speak from the beginning.

"You want a piece of paper and a pen?" I asked coldly.

The slave nodded vigorously. Fear seemed to overtake her because she began to cry again.

I squeezed my eyes shut and tried not to fly into a rage. Annoyed beyond belief, I reached for a pen and paper from the table and threw them to her.

The slave picked up the pen in a hurry and started scrawling on the paper with her trembling hand.

A few seconds later, she gingerly placed the note on the table and quickly retreated back to the bedside, fearing that I would kill her.

Snorting impatiently, I picked up the note and tried to read it. The handwriting on it was so messy that I could barely make out a word.

I narrowed my eyes and did my best to decipher each scribble.

In the end, I was able to glean from her messy note that she was a vampire whose special power had to do with hallucination. That was to say, the reason why she could look and even smell the same as Sylvia was because of this.

The note also mentioned that the reason why she couldn't speak was because Geoffrey had poisoned her. So, everything that I had heard earlier didn't come from Ashley's mouth. It came from my imagination.

I stared at the note for a long time before looking at her. "Do you know the secrets of this pack?"

With trembling lips, the slave nodded, and then quickly shook her head.

"What is it? Yes or no?" I pursed my lips unhappily and felt my patience running thin. If it weren't for the information she might have, I would've thrown her out by now.

Tears streamed down the slave's face. She nodded desperately, clasping her hands together and rubbing them, as though she was begging me not to kill her.

I ignored her and held the note over a lighter.

Fire engulfed the note. In the dark room, only the female slave's sobs could be heard.

I looked at what was left of the note in the ashtray and put my thoughts in order for a while.

Then I stood up and walked to the slave.

The slave was so frightened that she covered her face in her hands and shrank into the corner.

I continued walking to her expressionlessly.

She knelt on the floor, crying and kowtowing to me, stripped of any semblance of dignity. She opened her mouth and seemed to want to say something, but she couldn't make a sound.

The vampire slave looked up at me with wide eyes, looking extremely desperate.

But what was she afraid of?

I wasn't planning to kill her.