

Irresistible 451

[Chapter 451 About To Catch Them In The Ac](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The room Geoffrey had prepared for Rufus was in a villa in the western wing. Red roses were lined the path.

I walked behind Geoffrey with a straight face. I just wanted him to tell me where Rufus was located, but he insisted on taking me to his room in person.

It was obvious that he wanted to catch a good show.

I had driven Flora and the others away because I didn't want them to see such a scene. Although I didn't want to believe that Rufus would really cheat on me, it was difficult for me to figure out why he and Ashley had stayed in the same room for over four hours.

"How far is it?" I couldn't help but ask.

Geoffrey gave me a smile and said, "We're almost there. Relax. Just a couple more galleries."

Growing more and more irritable, I didn't reply to him.

"Sylvia, I think you're overthinking. Rufus wouldn't do that to you," Yana said in my mind in an effort to comfort me.

"I know he wouldn't, but I can't help but wonder. It has been four hours, Yana, but they haven't come out. Don't tell me they've just been chatting for four hours straight." I was on the verge of breaking down and I couldn't help but think of the worst case scenario.

"Well, I mean, it's possible..." Yana continued falteringly. "Maybe they have become confidants."

"Confidants?" I sneered coldly. "It'd be even funnier if my mate had a female confidant."

"Don't be angry. Forget what I said." Yana sighed. "Geoffrey was the one who said it had been four hours. Maybe he's lying and that slave has already left."

Despite her reasonable words, my mind was in a mess and I couldn't calm down.

After trying to persuade me for a long time, Yana finally pulled out her trump card. "When Alina made it look like you were having an affair with Warren, Rufus still trusted you. What about you? You don't know what the truth is, yet you already suspect Rufus."

After being silent for quite a while, I muttered, "I don't suspect him. It's just..."

My voice trailed off. My feelings were complicated and I couldn't describe them. It felt as though my one and only treasure had been taken away from me.

The thought of Rufus and Ashley staying alone for four hours made me mad with jealousy.

Yana fell eerily silent for a while. Suddenly, she asked in a low voice, "Is it possible that Rufus has killed that slave? After all, the full moon is nearing..."

My eyes flashed. Yana could be right. It was almost the night of the full moon, and Rufus had been in a very agitated state lately. If a strange female approached him, he could've lost control and twisted her neck.

That would've explained why the slave hadn't left the room yet.

Thinking of this, I instantly calmed down and even began to think of ways to deal with the aftermath of murder.

But I couldn't help but feel guilty for suspecting Rufus.

I thought I was a good mate to Rufus, but now that something had happened, I realized that I wasn't doing enough for him.

No matter what, I needed to trust Rufus unconditionally.

"You're right, Yana. I shouldn't have thought too much." I nodded. "I will be more rational and put more trust in Rufus in the future."

Finally, we made it to the luxurious villa. Rufus' room was on the second floor.

Even from where I stood, I could smell a familiar scent. It was Rufus. The smell was coming from the room on the second floor, indicating that he was there.

But the smell that should've belong to me and me alone was closely intertwined with another strange smell...

It was a special scent of vampires, like rotten wood soaked in blood, thick and barely breathable.

It happened to be the same smell as the one from the vampire slave Ashley.

"Humph," I sneered. Ignoring Geoffrey, I rushed into the villa first.

Damn it! Despite my epiphany just now, I could no longer be reasonable. Now I just wanted to tear that shameless couple apart.

[Chapter 452 Walk In On Them](#)

Rufus' POV:

I turned on all the lights in the room. Now, I could clearly see the panic on the slave's face. She quickly knelt on the floor with her forehead to the carpet and kept sobbing uncontrollably.

I was so annoyed that I snapped, "I'm not going to kill you for the time being. Calm down already."

The slave raised her head and looked at me dubiously.

I was even more annoyed. Damn it! Why did Geoffrey have to send me a fool?

"I won't kill you, but I need you to be on my side. Help me investigate this pack. Play along and deceive Geoffrey about what happened tonight, okay?" I explained to her patiently. "If you understand what I'm saying, just nod."

The slave nodded and wiped her tears with her sleeve. At long last, she had calmed down.

I looked away and said coldly, "Then you know what to do. Hurry up."

The slave instantly understood what I meant. She took off her coat, tore her clothes in disarray and pinched her own skin, leaving red marks of intimacy.

I turned around and refused to look at her. After a while, I heard the sounds of rustling blankets behind me. The slave must've gone to bed.

My tightly knitted brows were relaxed somewhat. It seemed that the slave was actually smart when she was thinking straight.

"Just lie there. I think Geoffrey will send someone to check on me in a few hours." As I thought about this, I couldn't help but sneer. If Geoffrey wanted to play tricks on me, then I'd play tricks on him in return.

The slave couldn't speak, so she nodded and ducked under the blanket, not daring to show her head.

Good. I wasn't in the mood to talk to her anyway. I sat down on the sofa and planned to wait for dawn.

Just then, I suddenly caught a whiff of Sylvia's scent.

I was so shocked that I leaped out of the sofa and looked around in a panic. Omar shouted, "Hurry up! Get this slave out of here!"

This brought me back to my senses. I rushed to the bed and pulled the slave out from under the covers. "You need to get out of here."

The slave looked stunned and didn't seem to understand what was going on. She stared at me blankly and didn't budge.

Both my blood and my energy seemed to flow into my brain at the same time. I nearly lost my patience with this damn stupid slave.

But Sylvia's scent was getting closer and closer. I was running out of time. I rudely yanked the slave's arms and tried to drag her off the bed.

"Let me make myself clear. Get out if you don't want to die."

The slave was so frightened that she burst into tears again. As I tried to pull her away, she reached for the edge of the bed and clung to it tightly, unwilling to go. For a moment, even I couldn't move her.

She looked at me pleadingly, as though she was scared out of her wits that I was about to kill her.

"Let go! I'm not going to... Fuck!" I didn't know how to explain the situation to her in so short a time.

"It's too late, Rufus. Sylvia's near. Hide the damned vampire," Omar suggested hurriedly.

"It will be even weirder if I hide her!" I was exasperated. If I had known what was going to happen, I would have thrown the slave out earlier.

While I was trying to drag her away, the door was suddenly kicked open.

The slave cried even more bitterly. I didn't know if she was doing it on purpose. She made it look like I really had done something bad to her.

My body instantly went stiff and I didn't dare to look at the door.

I held my breath as Sylvia's ghostly voice sounded from behind me. "My dear Rufus, what are you doing?"

[Chapter 453 Excellent Acting Skills](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I couldn't wait for pleasantries. I kicked the door open impatiently.

I was greeted by a bizarre scene. Ashley, wearing disheveled clothes, was cling to the bedside while Rufus was pulling her arm. My eyes lingered over her bare skin, which was covered with more bruises than I could remember.

The marks of intimacy seemed to tell me how intense their sex was before I got here.

My mind went completely blank. All I wanted to do in that moment was to kill someone.

"What the fuck?! Did Rufus really sleep with this vampire slut?" Yana was also going crazy. "That vampire looks like she just had hot sex. Urgh! I should never have trusted Rufus!"

I was at a loss for words as I approached Rufus. My hands itched to destroy everything in sight.

Geoffrey, who was following me from behind, immediately stepped forward and dramatically covered his eyes with his hands. "Oh, dear. I'm sorry to have bothered you while you were in the middle of something, Prince Rufus."

Geoffrey's exaggerated reaction only made me feel angrier.

Rufus' shirt was crumpled and stained with sweat. Panic was written all over his handsome face, as though he was wrought with guilt.

"Sylvia, it's not what you think it is. I... It's..."

He even stammered falteringly.

Ignoring Rufus, I turned to Geoffrey and asked through gritted teeth, "Can you take Ashley away first? I need to talk with Prince Rufus in private."

Rufus' POV:

Of course I didn't dare to say anything at this time. I nodded at Geoffrey, telling him with my eyes to take the slave away.

Geoffrey immediately understood and called a guard.

The slave whimpered and grabbed my arm in fear. I quickly swatted her hands away, as though she was poisonous.

I was really pissed off. How could this damned vampire be so fucking stupid?

Geoffrey asked in surprise, "Prince Rufus, are you dissatisfied with her service?"

He must have asked this on purpose to test me. What the fuck was going on? Did he want to ask me for feedback? If it weren't for my identity, he would have asked me for more grisly details.

Suppressing my anger, I simply said, "Take her away."

Geoffrey hurriedly smiled. "Okay, I'll take her away right now."

The slave was rudely dragged away by the guard. On second thought, I was afraid that something bad would happen to her, which would affect my plan. Finally, despite being glared at murderously by Sylvia, I plucked up the courage to say, "Keep her for later."

I said that to tell Geoffrey not to hurt her, and at the same time, I comforted the slave by indicating that our cooperation was still in effect.

Sure enough, as soon as I said that, I could feel Sylvia's gaze piercing through my heart.

Although she didn't say anything, her cold expression made me want to run away and hide.

I pretended to be calm, telling myself that I could just explain everything to Sylvia after the others left. She'd understand.

The slave stopped struggling after hearing what I said. She looked at me and seemed to have understood what I meant.

Geoffrey winked at me and smiled ambiguously. Then he left with the slave in high spirits.

As soon as the door was shut behind them, I relaxed.

It was the first time that I had been so flustered in my life. I coughed and tried to find the words to explain everything.

Sylvia stared at me coldly. I felt even more flustered. She had never looked at me like this before. It was as though she was looking at a stranger.

"I can explain—"

But she interrupted me mid-sentence.

Sylvia had turned into her wolf form and pounced on me.

[Chapter 454 The Fight Between Mates](#)

Rufus' POV:

The white wolf swung her bared claws at me. I didn't dare to fight back, so I had to dodge her attacks awkwardly.

"Babe, listen to me! It's not what you saw!" I tried to explain, but it was obviously futile.

The white wolf howled and became angrier, her eyes flashing fiercely. She jumped on my back and scratched me.

My thin shirt was ripped to shreds. I turned around to grab her. But she retreated quickly, so I wasn't able to catch her.

The petite white wolf leaped onto the table, her snow-white hair shining under the light. She raised her head and snorted at me.

"The situation was complicated, okay? Can you calm down and listen to me first?" I begged her pleadingly.

The white wolf bared her sharp, white teeth, as though she was warning me.

I reached out my hand and petted the wolf on the head. "Don't be angry, babe. Just give me a chance to explain."

I don't know what I said to make her angry, but she suddenly pounced on me again.

I wasn't able to dodge properly this time. In the blink of an eye, I was covered in several scratches and bites.

The room was also turned upside down.

In the end, I had no choice but to turn into the form of wolf too to subdue Sylvia's wolf.

The white wolf bit my neck hard, her round eyes filled with ferocity and anger.

I took this as an opportunity to wrap my limbs around her waist to steady her.

But the white wolf didn't appreciate it. She pushed me away and scratched my face.

Although it only felt like a tickle, I pretended to cry out in pain.

The white wolf paused and slightly loosened her mouth, as if she really thought that I was hurt.

So I took advantage of her distraction to lock her waist and pressed her under my body. The white wolf howled and tried to swipe at my face with her paws.

Truth be told, the unyielding spirit of the white wolf aroused me.

But she kept fighting me. I had no choice but to lock her in place with brute force, rubbing her neck with my head, begging for her to calm down.

The white wolf had no choice but to turn back into her human form. So I followed suit.

Sylvia and I looked at each other, panting and out of breath.

She frowned and struggled under my grip. "Let go of me," she said coldly.

"Not unless you promise to calm down and listen to me." I refused to let go of her.

Sylvia just looked at me quietly with calm, indifferent eyes, which made me panic.

I couldn't help but rest my forehead on hers. In an aggrieved tone, I pleaded, "Stop being so cold to me, Sylvia. Nothing happened between me and that vampire."

"So why did you stay with her in this room for four hours?" Sylvia spat angrily. I could feel that she wanted to rip me to shreds.

I hurriedly explained, "It was all an act to convince Geoffrey."

"Wow! Really?" Sylvia sneered sarcastically. "Let go of me already!"

I hesitated. "I'll let you go, but you can't fight with me again. Let's talk like two civilized people."

"Fine." Sylvia nodded calmly.

I was so happy to see that she had finally calmed down. I couldn't help but lower my head and peck her on the lips.

Sylvia didn't respond. She remained expressionless.

I didn't think too much and let her go.

Almost immediately, Sylvia turned into a wolf and pounced on me again.

Caught off guard, I fell to the floor awkwardly. The white wolf reared her cute face in front of me. Narrowing her eyes at me, she slapped me on the mouth with her paw, as if to teach me a lesson for kissing her.

I was stunned.

[Chapter 455 Fawn Over Her](#)

Sylvia's POV:

After slapping him, I returned to my human form and pressed the giant silver wolf under my body.

The giant wolf was listless and lowered his ears humbly, letting me do whatever I wanted to him.

He swept his big tail on the floor and then wrapped it around my waist affectionately.

I looked at him unhappily and bit down on his ear—hard.

The giant wolf let out a light cry, and his big tail tightened the grip around me.

Finally, I patted the wolf's tail and said calmly, "Let go of me. I'm going to get off."

The big tail slowly unraveled and lay on the floor lifelessly.

Now that I had vented my anger, I felt calm. I sat up and said flatly, "You can explain now."

Rufus turned into his human form and sat up. His hair was in a mess, and there were several teeth marks on his chin. His clothes were also disheveled and torn.

He ran his fingers through my hair helplessly and sighed. "I'm glad you're not angry anymore."

I glared at him and snorted, "I have to listen to the criminal's statement before sentencing him to death."

Rufus didn't take my cold attitude seriously. He smiled and pecked me on the cheek, acting like a spoiled brat.

Irrked but helpless, I sat in his arms and waited for him to explain.

When he reached the part where he mistook Ashley for me, I began to feel uncomfortable again.

"I wouldn't have mistaken anyone else for you," I said begrudgingly.

Rufus immediately lowered his head and took my hand. "Ashley's a vampire, remember? Her special power is to create illusions. I soon found out that it wasn't you."

I frowned and recalled what the soldiers had said back at the banquet.

"But the werewolves from this pack mentioned that Ashley's special power hadn't been awakened yet. If Geoffrey had sent her to seduce you, wouldn't that mean Geoffrey knew about her special power beforehand?"

Rufus thought for a while and pondered, "Maybe Geoffrey doesn't know about her special power and had only sent her to seduce me. Or maybe Ashley has kept her special power a secret, unbeknownst to the werewolves of this pack."

If this was true, then Ashley was even more suspicious. She could have escaped with her special power, but she had decided to stay here as a slave and let the werewolves trample on her mercilessly.

Did she have any unspeakable difficulty that she'd choose this life over freedom?

I recalled how scared Ashley was before she left. Her tears looked genuine, and she seemed to see Rufus as her lifesaver.

Thinking of this, I looked down at Rufus' strong arm, which Ashley had touched.

Rufus noticed my troubled gaze and asked in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

"Where else did she touch?" I asked him in a hoarse voice.

Rufus gently cupped my cheek and stared at me intently. "I didn't touch her, nor did she touch me, except for the last part where I tried to drive her away. And it was because I was afraid that you'd misunderstand me that I pulled her arms in a hurry. Everything I did was part of my plan to deceive Geoffrey, including the words I said before the slave was taken away. My plan is to get the slave to help us investigate this pack, I have a hunch she'll be our trump card. I promise you this: I have never nor will I ever do anything to betray you. I love you so much, Sylvia. Please stop hating me, okay?"

Rufus' tone sounded more and more aggrieved.

I pursed my lips. Of course I knew that I was the only one he loved. But the moment I kicked the door open and saw them together, my heart was shattered. My sanity was also on the brink of collapse.

"It's not that I don't trust you, Rufus. I just care about you too much," I murmured under my breath.

When it came to love, everyone was a lunatic to some degree. Logic would be tossed out the window, replaced only with raw emotions. I couldn't imagine what would happen to me if Rufus didn't love me anymore. Maybe I would lose my mind.

Rufus lowered his head and kissed my forehead lovingly. He sighed and whispered, "I know, love. I understand. You don't know how flustered I was just now. I was afraid that you would never talk to me again."

I snorted, "Then don't do it again. Although nothing happened between you two, I just can't stand the thought of you sharing the same room with another female for four damn hours."

As I spoke, I got close to Rufus and sniffed carefully. Sure enough, although it was nearly gone, I caught a faint whiff of Ashley's unique smell.

This upset me again.

[Chapter 456 In The Bathroom](#)

Rufus' POV:

All of a sudden, Sylvia pulled me up domineeringly. I looked at her in astonishment. "What's the matter?"

She looked unhappy again. Did I say something wrong?

But before I could figure it out, Sylvia had pulled me into the bathroom.

Despite the awkward situation, even I had to admit that Geoffrey was good at setting the mood. Even the bathroom looked romantic and fancy.

Under the warm, dim lighting, I saw that the bathtub was covered with a layer of rose petals. Condoms of various flavors were placed in a conspicuous location. Obviously, these had been prepared beforehand.

I stood in front of the bathtub, bewildered, when Sylvia suddenly pushed me in. I fell into the bathtub with a splash and was instantly immersed in the strong scent of rose petals.

Without saying a word, Sylvia turned on the shower head and sprayed water on me. I didn't resist but looked at her curiously. "What's going on?"

Sylvia didn't answer. Instead, she pursed her lips. I couldn't read her expression. Soon, my clothes were drenched and clung to my body, outlining my figure. I stretched out my hand to touch her, but she took a big step back.

"I don't like it when you have the scent of another woman on your body. So, you'd better not come out until you're one hundred percent clean." Sylvia looked at me seriously.

I didn't know whether to cry or to laugh, but it made me happy to see her act so possessive. I reached out to take the shower head from Sylvia's hand. I was going to say I could take a bath by myself, but she refused to give it to me. She grabbed my hand and held it tightly.

"Let me wash every inch of your body."

At first, I was stunned. Then, I felt a burning desire in my crotch area.

I swallowed and said in a hoarse voice, "Then we have to take off our clothes..."

Hearing that, a small smile played at the edges of Sylvia's lips and her eyes twinkled mischievously.

She tossed the shower head away and began to take off her clothes slowly. Her slender fingers started unbuttoning her shirt, her little pinkies slightly raised.

She was wearing tight-fitting jeans today, which outlined her perfect figure. Very soon, she shrugged off her shirt, revealing her plump breasts caged in her bra.

I stared at her intently and felt like time itself had slowed down.

Noticing my gaze, Sylvia winked at me playfully. Then with a click, she had unbuttoned her jeans. But she didn't take off her pants immediately. Instead, she stepped into the bathtub and straddled on my waist.

Her half-opened jeans gave me a glimpse of her lace underwear. I wrapped one hand around her waist to feel her temperature.

Sylvia finally broke into a smile. Then she leaned over to me and whispered in my ear, "Let me help you with that."

As she spoke, she began to take my clothes off in a painfully slow manner. Her cold fingertips touched my bare skin from time to time.

My breathing was completely uneven, and the desire buried deep in my body reared its ugly head.

"Won't you need shower gel?" I asked hoarsely. My hand reached behind her back and groped for her bra clasp.

"What's the rush?" Sylvia's beautiful lips brushed past mine. Her familiar scent aroused me even more.

Sylvia reached for the shower gel and poured some onto her hand. Then, she proceeded to rub it all over my body, including my very hard cock.

The water was warm, filling the entire bathroom with a steamy, romantic atmosphere. Sylvia touched my face and asked with concern, "Are you feeling cold?"

"Hot, actually," I shook my head and answered in a hoarse voice.

Sylvia chuckled and continued to rub the shower gel over my stomach.

I nearly lost my patience and got on top of her, but she stopped me casually.

"You're not clean yet. Be good, or else..." Sylvia pouted and coaxed me in a soft voice.

[Chapter 457 The Temptress](#)

Rufus' POV:

Sylvia put her hand in my hair and tugged, forcing me to sit right in front of her plump breasts. Her smooth, pink nipple brushed past the tip of my nose and then brushed against my cheek. I couldn't stand it anymore and opened my mouth and put the whole nipple inside, biting at its tip gently.

"This side, too..." Sylvia shifted slightly to feed the other nipple into my mouth, and I obediently licked and sucked at the two of them evenly.

Sylvia let out a small gasp and began to thrust her ass out subconsciously. My huge manhood that pressed against her belly quickly grew bigger and bigger. I couldn't wait to break through the cage and put my cock inside her body.

The slight friction could not bring me enough pleasure. I couldn't help but grab her ass and bark, "Take your jeans off."

Sylvia blushed. Although she was holding the reins just now, she obediently raised her buttocks, pressing her breasts into my face even more. "Do you want to help me take a bath?"

"Okay, I'll help you." I reached up and cupped her plump breasts in my hand, rubbing her nipples hard. When I was about to explore her most intimate area, she suddenly stopped me.

She sat up and moved backward, with her hands behind her back. The pink nipples like two little cherries stood straight up. She stuck out her lower lip and shook her head. "No. I'll help you get clean first."

Sylvia's hand reached for the tip of my penis. Her soft fingertips swept over me like feathers, which made me feel numb.

I moaned with pleasure and felt my desire reaching its peak. "Honey, I was wrong, okay? Stop teasing me..."

"No." Sylvia crawled to me like a temptress, her breasts swaying from side to side with every movement. She didn't stop what she was doing. She splashed water on me, "cleaned" me, and her fingertips would brush past the tip of my penis from time to time.

My mate was such a naughty little devil!

I took a deep breath to calm myself down. Blue veins stood out on my forehead. "Honey, give it to me already," I begged with difficulty.

Sylvia's red lips gently touched the corner of my mouth, and she moved her head slightly for her warm tongue to the tip of my ear. "Okay."

After getting her permission, I immediately turned over and pressed her under my body. Very soon, I pulled her jeans down to her knees.

I touched the entrance of her pussy and found it was already covered in a sticky liquid.

Sylvia arched her back and grabbed my arm with urgency, her fingernails digging into my skin. Panting, she whispered, "I want it."

I leaned over and pressed my lips against hers, sucking on her tongue hard. Then I inserted my index finger into her pussy, thrusting it in and out slowly. The squishy sounds of her liquid told me that she was hungry for more.

"No, I don't want your hand..." Sylvia said breathlessly. She brought her legs together, rubbing the tip of my swollen penis with her foot. "I want this."

I smiled dotingly and happily obliged. I pulled out my finger, parted her legs, and rubbed my penis against the entrance of her pussy. Before she could react, I suddenly thrust my cock inside her violently.

"Ah!" Sylvia arched her back and screamed with pleasure. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders, as if she was grasping at the last plank for dear life amidst the stormy ocean.

Her tight passage seemed to suck my penis desperately. I gasped and sweat dribbled down my forehead.

"Hmm... Fuck me, babe..." Sylvia moaned, arching her back to receive me further.

"Okay."

As soon as I finished speaking, I cupped her ass and forced myself into the depths of her pussy. Sylvia screamed and her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

"You're so tight, honey..." As I spoke, I pulled back and thrust into her body again.

Sylvia was hit so hard that she didn't even have the strength to look up at me. Her soft breasts were pressed against my chest and she licked my collarbone desperately, moaning softly. It was making me go crazy.

Suddenly, she bit my collarbone hard. "Can we... change positions... Argh!"

I obeyed and turned her over quickly so that we were in the position for doggy style. Holding her waist with both hands, I ordered, "Raise your ass."

"Okay..." Sylvia obediently stuck her ass out in front of me. Biting her lower lip, she looked at me longingly. "Hurry up..."

I parted her butt cheeks and tried to insert my penis into her hole. I finally got it in after two tries.

"There we go." I moaned, thrusting my penis into her violently.

"E... Enough! No more!" Sylvia lurched forward.

I grabbed her swaying breasts and rubbed them hard. I started thrusting faster and faster.

After a long while, I gritted my teeth and shot out sperm into her body for the first time tonight.

Sylvia's whole body was pink and her eyes were closed, her mouth slightly parted as she panted. It seemed that she hadn't recovered from the climax.

I lowered my head and kissed her eyelids. Then I lifted one of her legs and started the next round.

[Chapter 458 The Whole Story](#)

Sylvia's POV:

After another round of sex, Rufus and I took a warm bath—for real this time.

I leaned against Rufus' chest under the shower head, lost in thought.

What happened tonight was so strange that I still couldn't wrap my head around it.

Rufus kissed me on the forehead and murmured, "What's on your mind?"

"This pack." I raised my head to look at Rufus. "I feel like we've gotten ourselves involved into a complicated maze."

"Well then, we can always find the exit," Rufus said softly.

When I thought about the boy who lived in the sewer, I couldn't help but sigh. I told Rufus what had happened outside the wall tonight. "Seeing Felix and his home reminded me of my dark past... The endless curses and humiliation... I was always hungry. I knew nothing but suffering back then."

"That's all in the past, Sylvia. You have me now." Rufus hugged me tightly.

"I know. Thanks, honey." I gave him a gentle peck on the lips. Then I touched the tip of his nose with mine and smiled. "I can't help but feel that this was fate. Maybe it was love at first sight."

Stroking my waist, Rufus' gaze softened and he said affectionately, "So, we're redeeming each other?"

"Sort of." I chuckled and leaned against his chest again. "I don't even want to think back the path I had taken. What if I took one single wrong step? Maybe I wouldn't have met you."

Rufus chuckled. "Impossible, Sylvia. I would've found you anyway. The Moon Goddess brought you to me."

Although Rufus was usually aloof and quiet, he was actually quite the sweet talker when we were alone.

I couldn't help but chuckle alongside him. "You are so good to me."

"Did you just find that out?" Rufus snorted, pretending to feel aggrieved.

We cuddled in the tub a little longer when I suddenly thought of the vampire slave. Looking at Rufus nervously, I said, "I messed up your plan tonight. What if Geoffrey tortures—or worse—executes Ashley?"

Judging from the scars all over Ashley's body, I could tell that Geoffrey was not kind to her.

"No. I hinted at him to take care of her." Rufus stroked my head and said in a helpless tone, "You were so insensible..."

I pouted like a little child. "I was just jealous, okay?"

"Okay, okay." Rufus looked at me gently. "Don't worry. I'll find an opportunity to get the slave here tomorrow. But you have to cooperate with me, okay?"

I nodded obediently. "I'm sure I'll be fine."

Then Rufus and I continued to talk about what we had seen outside the wall. "Unfortunately, we didn't get much useful information. Felix had his guard up."

"It's okay. There'll be plenty of chances. We'll stay here for about two more weeks. Take your time. Since you've found a secret passage, I'll try to come with you after the full moon night," Rufus suggested.

I felt relieved. No matter how complicated a situation looked, as long as Rufus was with me, I felt as though I could conquer anything. He was so strong and reliable, like a shelter that protected me from whatever hurled at me.

The atmosphere was warm and sweet. Touching Rufus' perfectly chiseled abs, I murmured, "What do you think I should do? I think John is gay and Harry seems to be a little bent by him."

Rufus raised his eyebrows with great interest. "What made you think that?"

"They've been acting so weird lately!" I complained to Rufus about their strange behavior.

Rufus smiled and said, "Maybe you're too quick to judge."

"Maybe..." I sighed. I wrapped my arms around Rufus' waist restlessly. Suddenly, I felt a bump on his back. "Your mole seems to have grown a little bigger."

But I wasn't so sure, so I asked Rufus to turn over.

"You must have remembered it wrong. I don't see anything different."

Rufus craned his neck to look at the mole carefully. Perhaps I was wrong.

Was I thinking too much? I didn't know why, but the existence of that mole made me feel really uneasy.

[Chapter 459 Acting](#)

Sylvia's POV:

By the time we climbed out of the bathtub, it was almost dawn. I put on my clothes and cuddled with Rufus for a while longer. Then, I had to leave, albeit reluctantly.

Before I left, we put on a dramatic act.

I violently opened the door and Rufus followed me, apologizing to me humbly.

"Sylvia, can you give me one more chance? Please! I beg of you!"

"Fuck off, you cheating piece of shit! I loved you and trusted you, yet you had the audacity to do this!" I cursed loudly and even shed tears.

Rufus didn't expect me to act so exaggeratedly. For a moment, he seemed stunned and didn't respond. Finally, he stepped forward and whispered, "You don't have to act so real. Just be casual."

I quickly pushed his face away and hissed, "Only by being more real will Geoffrey believe it."

Then, there came the footsteps of servants downstairs. I hurried to strike while the iron was hot and continued to curse at Rufus, "You fucking liar! You said that I was the only woman in your life. Yet you hooked up with someone else right when I turned my back! You scumbag! I'll never forgive you!"

My loud curses soon attracted many servants and soldiers.

"Will you drop it already? People are staring!" Rufus also joined in on the acting. With a cold face and a domineering aura, he said arrogantly, "I'm a prince, God damn it! I deserve more than one woman!"

"Why, you dirty— Shame on you! I was blind and couldn't see through your lies! Get out of my sight!" Then I slammed the door and left in a huff.

When there was no one around, my angry expression was immediately replaced with a smile. I walked to my accommodations in high spirits.

Rufus and I had put on a good show. Now, we could only wait for the prey to take the bait.

I had secretly left Rufus a small gift in his room. Chuckling to myself, I hoped that he wouldn't be too angry when he saw it.

But then I felt a little guilty. When I made it to my room, I pushed the matter to the back of my mind and quickly changed my clothes.

Today, Rufus ordered to gather all the troops together. He, the consulate beside him, and Geoffrey were supposed to check on the matter of missing werewolves, while the others would go help with the post-earthquake reconstruction.

But, in fact, the damages in the city were not too serious. We just needed to clean up some debris from collapsed public facilities.

Flora and I were assigned to the disaster area. At this time, the leading guard we had met last night suddenly showed up and greeted us.

"What's the matter?" I frowned. His smile was unsettling.

"Miss Todd, I just wanted to thank you for helping me last night. My name is Barlow."

"It was no big deal," I said lightly.

"No. You saved my life." Barlow smiled. There was a long scar that ran along the corner of his mouth. I didn't notice it last night. Now, under the sunlight, I could see it clearly. It was like a ferocious centipede clinging to his face.

"Was there anything else?" I asked hesitantly.

"Yes!" Barlow was very hospitable today. He was a head taller than me, but he squatted slightly so that we were eye level while speaking.

"What is it?"

"The Alpha ordered me to take you and your friends out for sightseeing today," Barlow said respectfully.

I frowned and thought for a while. Last night, we did talk about sightseeing. I thought Geoffrey was just being polite, but he had actually taken us seriously.

Anyway, now that the fact that I was Rufus' mate had been exposed, I'd better make good use of it.

I turned to Flora and asked, "Wanna come?"

"Yes!" Flora lit up like a firecracker. "But Harry and the others went on ahead. They might have arrived at the disaster area now."

"It doesn't matter. We can go first." I linked arms with Flora and said to Barlow, "Lead the way."

[Chapter 460 The Orphanage](#)

Sylvia's POV:

If there was one reoccurring theme in this pack's architecture, it was the low buildings.

I had not seen any tall structures ever since I got here. The highest one was probably the city hall in the center, which was only almost thirty meters tall.

The huge wall was likely the highest landmark in the entire pack.

Barlow was quite polite, but he seldom talked to us.

Meanwhile, Flora kept talking to him with great interest. "Are all the werewolves here always so hospitable?"

I looked at Barlow, curious to hear his answer as well. Flora and I received a lot of food from the citizens along the way. Each person had a friendly smile on their faces and showed no intention of rejecting us.

Barlow smiled proudly. "Not only do we have hospitable citizens, but we also have great public security. We don't even need to lock our doors at night."

"Oh, what about outside that huge wall? Isn't that the same pack too? It seems to be quite different over there," Flora blurted out.

Barlow's look turned suspicious instantly. "You've been outside the wall?"

"Not really. We only passed by it when we first arrived." I quickly covered up. "The buildings outside just look much older than the ones here. That's all. We don't really know much, since we just got here. We're just saying what we've seen so far."

There was relief on Barlow's face, and his smile returned. "Yes. In fact, it is quite similar outside and inside the wall. The only difference is the social classes that reside. Outside, it is the suburbs where once only few werewolves lived. As time went on, more and more werewolves who were at the lowest social class rushed out of the wall in search for jobs. Over the past years, our Alpha has made great efforts to help develop the economy outside the wall."

I simply smiled, not saying anything. Barlow's words sounded reasonable, but it still did not make sense to me.

If it were truly that simple, why were the werewolves outside forbidden from entering the wall?

What Barlow said was also the exact opposite of what Felix said. Felix was very clear when he said that the werewolves outside the wall had already been abandoned by Geoffrey.

Still, I chose not to ask Barlow what else happened outside the wall. I just followed quietly and observed what was going on here inside.

After a whole day of sightseeing, I couldn't find anything wrong.

But to me, it looked too perfect here. Even the imperial city couldn't achieve such good public order like there.

It was joyous everywhere, just like heaven. Being here, it was actually hard to imagine that hell was right outside the wall, within the same pack.

I wanted to walk by myself to investigate more, but Barlow was following us closely, making it difficult for me to find any opportunity.

Thankfully, Flora caught on to what I was trying to do and covered for me.

But Barlow was still cunning. While he tried to retain his respectful attitude, he suddenly became tougher when we said that we wanted to walk around on our own.

It seemed to me that Geoffrey had already warned him not to let us out of sight.

We had no choice but to go sightseeing with him. At least, we were able to get familiar with the place.

We walked from east to west of the city. When we passed by a building with pink and blue walls, we heard laughter come from inside.

"Is that a kindergarten?" Curious, Flora asked. She couldn't see much because thick branches blocked her view.

"It's an orphanage," Barlow replied casually.

"Wow, this orphanage is quite large." I approached the iron fence and wanted to look inside, but the orphanage was surrounded by densely packed trees.

It seemed that Barlow didn't want to stay too long at the orphanage. He only said a few words to introduce it.

A part of me grew suspicious. I walked to the small side door, hoping to walk in and take a look.