

Irresistible 481

[Chapter 481 The Hostage](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The vampires lost their composure. They scrambled to regroup to deal with me and Layla.

Layla was a good soldier. Not only was she beautiful, but also a skilled, merciless fighter. She moved swiftly and was fierce when she delivered blows.

Faced with vampires, she refused to show them any mercy. I had only seen this kind of extreme fighting method once before—in John. The only difference now was that Layla really wanted all of these vampires dead.

With Layla by my side, I felt reinvigorated and fought the vampires back fiercely.

But, truth be told, the vampires' special power was giving me a major headache.

How could there be so many vampires with a light-related special power?

The colorful lights gathered together, like dancing neon lights.

I squinted at the dazzling lights, barely able to even open my eyes.

When I was in a daze, pink lightning suddenly struck me. It was a male vampire. Not only his special power was pink, but his coffin was also pink.

He looked like a lazy vampire. Leaning gracefully against the coffin, he held up a glass of red liquid and took a sip. From time to time, he'd wave his hand to attack me with his special power.

"Knute, can you take this a little more seriously?" The blonde vampire jumped at the pink coffin and slapped the lid hard. She was so angry that her entire face twisted.

Knute shrank his head guiltily. "You got it, sister."

While they were busy talking, I quickly transformed into my human self and smashed the pink coffin in the middle with an iron bar.

Then I gave Knute a defiant glance and muttered audibly, "Loser."

"You bitch!" Knute lost his patience. He smashed the glass hard and jumped out of the broken coffin, baring his fangs at me.

Layla, who was behind me, pulled me out of the way in time and subdued Knute's move.

As the battle went on, one of the vampires seemed to be unable to stand it anymore. With a ball of powerful blue wildfire in his hand, I could tell he was about to attack me.

But before he could strike, a fellow vampire suddenly stopped him.

"Don't act rashly. We need her alive."

What? It turned out that they didn't want to kill me.

Hearing this, I nearly burst into laughter and attacked them more ferociously.

The vampires, on the other hand, couldn't go all out, so they couldn't defeat Layla and me.

But we were outnumbered, so we couldn't defeat them either.

Just then, I heard scuffling from the other side of the wall. It sounded like... a battle!

Instantly, my energy was renewed. I had a hunch that it was Rufus.

He must have found out about Geoffrey's plot. Now, as long as we could stall these vampires, I could wait for Rufus to come save me.

Since vampires didn't want to kill me, we had the upper hand.

As long as I could keep fighting them off, they couldn't do anything to me.

All of a sudden, the blonde vampire suddenly shouted, "Stop! We can't go on like this."

I took this as an opportunity to take a breather, all the while looking at the blonde vampire vigilantly. I could feel that she had something up her sleeve.

"Hey, are you okay?" Layla, who was standing behind me, asked in a low voice.

I nodded. "I'm fine. I just don't know what she wants to do."

Layla looked in the direction I was staring and sneered. "If you can't defeat us, just admit it. No need to play so many tricks."

The blonde vampire snapped at Layla impatiently, "Do you really think we won't hurt you?"

As she spoke, she suddenly yanked Felix, who had been caught by vampires again, and said with a devilish smile, "Let's change the rules."

I promise this will be very interesting."

My heart sank. I had a bad feeling about this.

[Chapter 482 Being Captured](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"What now? You vampires are so freaking bitchy." Layla rolled her eyes as she snapped at the vampires.

Glendon curled his lips and pulled the blonde vampire behind him. His sharp eyes swept over Layla thoroughly and he said, "You're special. I would have preferred it if you didn't speak."

Layla played with her hair that hung loosely around her face and winked at him. "Thank you. You're quite handsome, but unfortunately, you're also brainless."

I couldn't stop the laugh that burst from within me. I hadn't expected Layla to be as sharp-tongued as Flora.

Glendon smiled, not losing his temper at her insult. He turned his head and said in a casual voice, "It's alright if you don't surrender."

I fixed my gaze on him and sneered, "Are you vampires willing to let go and leave?"

"Of course not." The evil grin on his face widened. "You can leave whenever you want, while we continue to hunt here. Anyway, there are so many werewolves outside the wall who we could make our blood slaves. We will kill one every five minutes. I have to I like this plan better."

As soon as he finished speaking, the vampires around him dispersed. Obviously, they were going to hunt.

I was agitated and wanted to stop them, but Layla thwarted me, "Calm down. You can't save everyone. Keep your wits about you."

"I can't just stand by and watch as all the werewolves here are massacred!" I bit my lower lip hard, feeling like I was a fish on the chopping board that was about to be slaughtered.

Glendon whistled. "It looks like an entertaining show is about to begin."

"This is not what we had agreed on," Felix, who was standing next to the blonde vampire, suddenly exclaimed. "It's past five o'clock. According to our agreement, you have to stop hunting and can't kill anyone till next month's hunt."

The blonde vampire clicked her tongue impatiently. "So what if we break our agreement? These two

bitches wasted so much of our time and harmed us."

"And my coffin!" The owner of the pink coffin covered the big bruise on his forehead and tugged the female blonde vampire's hand with a sad expression. "Sister, you have to avenge me. That coffin was a limited edition."

Glendon scoffed and threw his arm around the blonde vampire's shoulder. "Don't worry. Your brother-in-law will get you your revenge."

The female vampire's face twisted with disgust, but she didn't move Glendon's arm away.

He smiled and raised his chin at us. "Since we have scores to settle with the werewolves here, let's start with this little guy."

As soon as he finished speaking, he stretched his arm out to grab Felix.

Felix was smart enough to make a dash in my direction.

However, Glendon still managed to grasp his hair.

"You... let me go. You'd promised me that if I helped you, you wouldn't hurt me!" Felix struggled painfully.

Glendon chuckled and tightened his hold, as if he was trying to rip the scalp off Felix's head. "It was just a partnership I'd made with a weak prey. Who was going to honor it?"

"Liar! You despicable liar!" Felix, who was very close to death, finally released a helpless cry like a child. "Help!"

Even though I knew I was walking into a trap, watching Felix die this way just wasn't an option. I rushed towards him and pushed Glendon off him.

The blonde female vampire took this opportunity to stab me in the shoulder.

I pressed down on my bleeding wound and had every intention of attacking her in return, but I was instantly encircled by the vampires.

[Chapter 483 What About Me](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Glendon yanked Felix's collar and stepped back. Seeing how I was surrounded by vampires, he smirked and gloated. "I didn't think you'd believe me so easily. Wasn't being fooled once more than enough?"

I refused to listen to his bullshit. Instead, I looked coldly at the vampires surrounding me, ready to fight

at any given moment.

All of a sudden, Felix suddenly screamed again. When I looked back, I saw that Glendon was excitedly strangling Felix's neck. In a crazed tone, he cried, "If you dare to resist, I'll kill this little guy right here, right now. Once he's dead, tens of thousands of werewolves will follow."

I understood what Glendon really meant. By killing Felix, the peace agreement between the vampires and Geoffrey would be terminated at once.

The vampires wouldn't have to hesitate anymore and could kill us werewolves as they pleased.

I weighed the matter carefully. Finally, I gave up struggling.

The blonde vampire handcuffed me then shoved me hard. "You should've done this earlier."

Layla was about to leap into action and save me, but the blonde vampire pressed a dagger against my neck and threatened her, "Take one more step and she dies."

Layla paused. Then, she burst into laughter. "What's wrong? Is that a threat?"

"Try me and you'll find out." The blonde vampire pressed the dagger even deeper into my neck, its blade piercing through my collar.

Layla stiffened slightly. Finally, she said in a somewhat stern tone, "Then what about me?"

The blonde vampire smiled, withdrew the dagger, then turned to her fellow vampires and said, "Capture her."

Soon, Layla was in handcuffs, too.

I felt a little guilty. I lowered my head apologetically. "Sorry, Layla. I was too impulsive."

Layla smiled gently. "It's okay. I'm not surprised you made such a choice. Anyway, I guess we'll have to wait and see how this fiasco will play out."

I didn't know what to say. Glancing at Felix, who was beside me, I saw that he seemed to want to say something, but stopped on a second thought.

The blonde vampire walked up to him and ruffled his hair playfully. "Well done!"

Felix ignored her and fixed his eyes on me. After a while, he finally asked, "Why did you save me?"

"Why else? She's obviously playing saint!" The blonde vampire sneered with disdain. "This little guy had betrayed you, and you risked your life to save him. That's just stupid."

I looked at Felix indifferently and said flatly, "Don't think too much about it. I did that for the sake of the innocent werewolves on the other side of the wall. I would've saved anyone else."

It wasn't just about Felix. If I resisted and even fought back, these vampires would have the excuse to slaughter every werewolf that crossed their path.

But if I surrendered, they would have to stop killing since the agreement they had with Geoffrey clearly stated that the hunt should end by five in the morning.

"Even so, you didn't have to do this for me. You could've just surrendered after I died. After all, I had betrayed you." Felix looked conflicted.

I kept silent for a while. In a low voice, I replied, "I just thought about how Alva is still waiting for her brother."

Felix was stunned, tears welling up in his eyes. He opened his mouth, but no sound came out.

I sneered coldly. "If you want to thank someone, thank your sister."

Just then, a flare was shot into the sky. It was from Glendon. He walked to the blonde vampire and said, "We can't delay any longer. It's almost dawn. We have to retreat."

Vampires' strength would weaken in the daytime. They usually only took action at night.

In the blink of an eye, all the vampires regrouped.

Then, the blonde vampire slowly walked towards me with an evil, toothless smile on her face.

[Chapter 484 The Cunning Old Fox](#)

Rufus' POV:

Geoffrey had sent a lot of men after me.

But they didn't wield any weapons. It was clear to me that they were just trying to stall for time, preventing me from saving Sylvia.

I was getting more and more irritable. I was so anxious that my instinct to slaughter everyone nearly reared its ugly head.

It was Warren, the constant voice of reason, who stopped me. He said that I had to take the interests of the whole into consideration.

Fuck the interests of the whole! I just wanted to see Sylvia safe and sound!

Thinking about Sylvia, I channeled all of my energy into my fighting and attacked the damned guards with all of my might.

But there were so many of them. With every minute that passed, I grew more anxious.

All of a sudden, the sounds of fighting from the other side of the wall stopped.

Flora and Warren seemed to have noticed this, too. We all exchanged nervous glances.

Geoffrey, who had been standing outside the encirclement, suddenly spoke up.

"Everyone, stop. That's enough." Geoffrey beckoned at his soldiers to retreat.

I had a sinking feeling that something bad was about to happen.

Sure enough, Geoffrey asked his men to open the gate to the outside.

I immediately rushed out of the gate as fast as I could. Warren and Flora followed closely at my heels.

To my horror, outside the wall was a complete mess.

Blood stained the ground. Seeing this, I almost lost control of myself.

"Calm down. It might not be Sylvia's." Warren grabbed my arm urgently.

"Let go of me. I won't hurt him, at least not yet." I cast Warren a cold glance.

Warren looked deep into my eyes to see if I was telling the truth. Finally, he nodded and let go of me.

Taking a deep breath, I walked to Geoffrey as calmly as I could. "Where is Sylvia?"

"How would I know? Prince Rufus, she's your mate, not mine." Geoffrey smiled that same infuriating smile and pretended to know nothing.

I couldn't control myself any longer. In a flash of red anger, I grabbed him by the neck and shook him.

"I'll ask you one last time. Where is Sylvia?"

Geoffrey remained stubborn. "Think hard before you kill me. If I die, you'll never find your Sylvia again."

"You said you didn't know where she was just now, but all of a sudden, only you know of her whereabouts?" I couldn't stand it anymore. Gritting my teeth, I tightened my grip around his neck. This cunning old fox was toying with me!

"Wait, Prince Rufus. Someone's over there!" Flora called me and pointed to a corner nearby.

Warren quickly walked over and pulled out someone hiding in the corner. It was a dirty, young boy.

"Isn't this the boy we saved that day we found the hole in the wall? He took us to the sewer!" Flora exclaimed in shock.

Warren asked him coldly, "How long have you been hiding here? What have you seen?"

"Did you see the beautiful lady who gave you biscuits the other day?" Flora added excitedly.

The boy was so scared that he didn't dare to look up. "I... I happened to be hiding here when the hunt was over. I saw the vampires attack a she-wolf, but they didn't kill her. They just knocked her out and took her away."

Flora quickly took out her phone and showed the boy a photo of Sylvia. "Is this the she-wolf you're talking about?"

The boy looked at the photo carefully and nodded. "Yes, it was her."

Flora breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank Moon Goddess."

Knowing that Sylvia was still alive, my sanity came crawling back. I threw Geoffrey to the ground.

"Cut the bullshit. What do you want?"

[Chapter 485 Negotiation](#)

Rufus' POV:

Geoffrey didn't even bother to tidy up his messy hair and clothes. Instead, he pretended to be humble and knelt down in front of me. "Prince Rufus, I went through all this effort..."

"Can you just drop the act? It's pissing me off!" Flora cut Geoffrey off. She was just as anxious as me.

"Cut the crap and tell us what this is all about!"

I somehow managed to restrain the bloodthirsty killing intent in my heart and stared at Geoffrey coldly. "I'm giving you two minutes to explain yourself. If you don't tell us what you want by then, I'll kill you myself."

Geoffrey nodded slowly. "Okay, Prince Rufus."

I pursed my lips impatiently and waited for him to continue.

Geoffrey cleared his throat and smoothed his oily hair before he started speaking. "If you can promise

not to interfere in the affairs of this pack and report nothing out of the ordinary when you get back, I can promise you that everyone you brought here will make it out of this ordeal alive—including Miss Todd."

"That's it?" I surveyed him calmly.

"Yes. That's it." Geoffrey smiled again. "I've heard a thing or two about what happened in the imperial city. Prince Richard is out of the picture. If everything goes well, you'll be the next lycan king, Prince Rufus. I'd never be so stupid as to go against the future king, right? So that's it. I really wouldn't do anything to hurt Miss Todd. On the contrary, I vow I will treat her well."

I chuckled. "Do you expect me to grateful?"

"Well, it would be great if you are."

It seemed that Geoffrey was not only ambitious, but shameless, too. Being Alpha wasn't enough for him. He also wanted manipulate my power to his benefit.

"I'll think about it only after I am sure Sylvia is safe and sound." Even if he wanted to negotiate with me, he needed to prove he had a bargaining chip.

Geoffrey chuckled and didn't answer me right away. Instead, he walked to the boy and fished out a candy from his pocket. "Here you go."

The boy hesitated and took the candy carefully.

It was just an ordinary piece of candy, but the boy seemed to cherish it very much and didn't eat it right away.

Geoffrey patted the boy's head. He continued, "In my years as Alpha, my political performance never declined. The border has always been safe, and our pack has paid the most in taxes every year. I believe that in the future, I will definitely be an asset to you. Now, you do realize that only a small portion of our pack's werewolves are sacrificed in exchange for the peace and development of the entire race. What's the harm in that? Those who achieve greatness should not care about details."

Even Warren couldn't stand Geoffrey's bullshit any longer. "Peace between werewolves and vampires doesn't depend solely on you. Don't use your ambition as an excuse."

"You're a monster." Flora was also disgusted. She spat on the ground and then continued, "Those who were sacrificed by you were also werewolves. They're citizens of our empire, not your personal property. You can't just do whatever you want to them!"

Geoffrey sneered and pointed at the boy with disdain. "Can't you see? They're all just garbage! Only useless nobodies live outside the wall. Sacrificing themselves is the greatest contribution they could

make to the werewolf race. They should be proud of it! It's better to add some heroic color to their own lives than to simply die of starvation or disease, isn't it?"

[Chapter 486 Exchange Of Conditions](#)

Flora's POV:

Geoffrey's shamelessness really crossed the line.

I wrinkled my nose in disgust. "Shouldn't a leader have a conscience? Not only do you use werewolves' lives as a bargaining chip, but you've also made your pack a living hell. You make me sick."

"Little girl, there's no need to get so worked up." Geoffrey shrugged off what I said without batting an eyelash. He shrugged, as though he was helpless. "You're too young. If it weren't for this wall, the vampires would have already invaded the city. Besides, the werewolves outside the wall are all weak. It's simply survival of the fittest. It's better for them to die than to live and waste air and resources."

"What the fuck are you talking about, old man?" Angry beyond belief, I turned to the trembling Felix and couldn't help but yell at him. "Don't you have anything to say for yourself?"

Felix looked terrified. He squatted on the ground and hugged his knees tightly, rocking back and forth. In that moment, it was as though he really was useless rubbish, just as Geoffrey had said.

I rushed over and pulled Felix to his feet. "Say something! What are you so afraid of? You were so talkative before! Why won't you say anything now?"

Felix felt as weightless as a ragdoll when I pulled him. "Don't hurt me please!" he yelped in fear.

"Why, you—!" My eyes turned red with anger. It was the first time that I had been so angry in my life.

When Felix showed us his sewer home, I was under the impression that he was a tough boy. Little did I know that he was actually a coward.

Warren walked up to me, gently pulled my hand away from the boy, and patted my back comfortingly. "He's just a child, Flora."

I shot Felix one last glare before turning around. I didn't want to talk to him anymore.

Geoffrey smiled complacently. "I know it's a foreign concept to you right now, but it doesn't matter. Why don't you all go back and get some rest? After all, you haven't slept all night. We shall meet again tomorrow to continue this conversation."

"No. You have to tell us where Sylvia is first." I couldn't go back like this. A shameless werewolf like Geoffrey might stir up trouble again.

"Don't worry. Miss Todd is safe now, I promise."

Now Geoffrey had his bargaining chip, he acted very calmly. "By the way, I hope you can keep your mouths shut about what happened tonight, or else I cannot guarantee Miss Todd's safety."

"Fuck you! I'll smash your head to pieces! Shame on you, you scumbag!" As I spoke, I rushed towards him. I was blinded by anger. At the thought that Sylvia might be injured and locked up in a dungeon, I couldn't help myself. "Fight me if you have the balls!"

Rufus, who had been silent for a long time, stopped me. With an unusually calm expression on his face, he said, "Let's go back first. We can talk about this tomorrow."

"No!"

I raised my fist to punch him. However, Warren held my wrist and pulled me aside. "Calm down, Flora. The problem won't be solved with violence."

Reluctantly, I withdrew my fist and snorted loudly.

"Call me if something happens," Rufus said briskly. Then, he left.

Looking at his lonesome and arrogant back, I felt very sorry for him. Rufus should've been suffering tens of thousands of times more than anyone else at the moment.

God damn it! Fuck Geoffrey! This was all his fault.

I gave Geoffrey a ferocious glare then turned around and left in a huff. Warren hurried to catch up with me.

As I was walking back to my accommodation, I suddenly felt sick. I rushed to the road side and threw up.

Damn it! Geoffrey was making my stomach churn.

[Chapter 487 Unaccustomed To The Climate](#)

Flora's POV:

Warren was frightened by my sudden vomiting.

Rubbing my back, he seemed to be in panic. "What's wrong? Did you eat something wrong today?"

I couldn't even speak a complete sentence. My stomach ached so much and I vomited so hard that I cried. "Tissue..."

Warren immediately handed me a handkerchief and I grabbed it to wipe my mouth.

After a while, I finally felt better. I let go of Warren's hand, but I still felt dazed.

"Are you okay?" Warren looked at me with concern.

I shook my head and waved my hand. "I'm fine. Maybe I was just pissed off by Geoffrey."

"You can throw up from anger? Seriously, Flora, are you still in good health or not? You haven't been eating properly the past days." Warren smoothed the wig on my head. "I'll find a doctor for you."

"No, thanks. Maybe it's the climate here that I'm not used to." I waved my hand and suddenly realized something. I raised my eyes. "How did you know that I haven't been eating properly?"

Warren looked a little flustered. He touched his nose and said vaguely, "I just noticed it..."

I squinted at him with mixed feelings.

All this time, I had been pretending to be indifferent to him. I thought he would shrink back from how difficult I was being, but now it seemed that he was getting more and more obsessed with me. Had he been secretly observing me the whole time?

He even stayed outside my door earlier because we had just had a fight. If Prince Rufus hadn't suddenly appeared, I would have ignored him for a few more days.

"Maybe you should eat some simple food. Perhaps there is something wrong with your stomach from all the spicy food you've been eating since we got here." Warren sighed and continued to nag. "You should also put on more clothes. It might be hot at the border during the daytime, but it's cooler at night. Don't catch a cold."

While smoothing the fake bangs on my forehead, I became more and more confused.

I thought we were just pretending to be a couple before? Why was he pestering me now and acting like a real caring boyfriend? Had he fallen in love? But if he really loved me, why didn't he say anything when Alina drove me away from the hospital that day?

For a moment, I wanted to ask him about it. But I hesitated, afraid that he would think I was flattering myself.

Besides, Sylvia's condition was still uncertain, so I definitely was not in the mood to talk about other things.

I decided to let it be for now.

"I'm tired. I'll go back to sleep." Slumping my shoulders, I walked back clumsily.

I didn't care how I looked to Warren anymore. I just wanted to be comfortable.

"I'll walk you to the door." Warren followed me, took off his coat, and put it over my shoulders. "Have a good rest. There will be a hard battle tomorrow."

"Okay."

"Remember to lock the door. Don't open the door unless it's me."

I was speechless.

"Do you understand?"

"...Okay."

"If you feel uncomfortable at any time, call me. Don't be stubborn and endure it alone."

"Okay, okay."

Warren continued to nag all the way.

When I got back to my room, I tossed and turned all night. I thought about Warren and Sylvia. It felt like my mind was going to explode.

"Ginna, talk to me." I called out my wolf. I needed to talk to someone about Warren.

Yawning lazily, Ginna said, "No, don't think about him. If you even mention his name, I'll fall asleep."

"Don't you like him?" I asked.

"It's not that I don't like him. It's just that you probably won't be with him," Ginna said. Her words were slurring. She was obviously very sleepy.

"No, but..." I was in a dilemma. "Ah, forget it. Let's talk about what happened today instead. I think I was too impulsive. Rufus was the only reliable one during a critical moment."

Unfortunately, the only response I got was a long snore.

[Chapter 488 Waiting](#)

Rufus' POV:

The magnificent room was now a mess. All the furniture had been smashed to the floor.

The huge painting on the wall tilted to the side and finally fell to the floor with a crack, splitting into two.

I sat on the couch and smoked desperately.

The back of my hand was bruised and bleeding. I numbly stared out the window.

My emotions were so overwhelming that I felt like I was going to drown. I almost couldn't hold back the urge to murder and destroy everything in this place.

I put the half remaining cigarette into the ashtray and picked up my phone from the table. Seeing the photo of Sylvia on my screen, I couldn't help but feel depressed.

Looking at a photo of Sylvia was the only thing that could calm me down now.

"Sylvia's going to be fine. What you need to do now is rest. Don't be defeated even before you bring Sylvia back," Omar persuaded me.

I didn't say anything. I ran my finger through the screen and looked at the girl in the photo with affection. All I wanted was to keep her beside me forever.

"I don't think Geoffrey wants you as an enemy. He could be using Sylvia to get you to form an alliance with him," Omar continued. "Let's see what Geoffrey is going to do tomorrow. I have a feeling that this city has more secrets than it seems."

"Of course I know that. But whenever I remember that Sylvia is in the hands of vampires, I just want to slaughter everything in my way."

Vampires and werewolves had been at odds since the ancient times. Even if Geoffrey used vampires, it was merely a transactional relationship. It was hard to guarantee that vampires did not have a plan of their own.

"We could kill Geoffrey after saving Sylvia. This pack could use a new Alpha." Omar now began to mirror my restlessness.

"Let's wait and see. If Sylvia has not been hurt, everything could still be negotiable." After all, this was not only Geoffrey's problem now, but the whole pack as well. Their world view and values had been distorted for so long. It was difficult to change it in a short amount of time.

"If we can't solve the problem on our own, we'd better give up on this place. I feel that this pack is already rotten to the core. Even if we replace Geoffrey with another Alpha, who's to say they won't follow the old path again?" Omar pondered.

I pursed my lips in confusion. I thought of my father, the citizens, and the army, forgetting to answer

Omar's question.

Omar heaved a long sigh. "Forget it. Let's wait and see tomorrow. But if ever we don't kill Geoffrey, we must still teach him a lesson."

I played with my lighter and stared at the dancing flame. Slowly, I began to calm down. Omar didn't say anything more. He just stayed with me quietly.

It was not until dawn that I stood up from the couch. First, I secretly sent my confidants to the surrounding areas to look for traces of vampires and Sylvia. Then, I asked some troops to leave the city and go to other nearby packs for assistance, citing the reason as post-earthquake reconstruction.

After that, I sat still on the edge of the bed like a statue until noon.

At twelve o'clock, someone knocked on my door.

I removed my tie, changed into black casual clothes, and opened the door.

"Prince Rufus, the car is waiting at the gate." Geoffrey's subordinate was at the door respectfully.

I put on my sunglasses and tossed the room key to him. "Kindly clean the room up."

"Yes, sir."

[Chapter 489 The Casino](#)

Rufus' POV:

I arrived at the gate and saw Geoffrey's limousine parked right outside.

Flora and Warren also arrived the same time as I did. After exchanging a few simple words with each other, we got into the car.

Geoffrey was already in the front seat. When I got in, he turned to me and asked, "Were you able to rest well, Prince Rufus?"

I didn't answer his question. Instead, I turned to the window indifferently and said, "Let's just go."

Geoffrey simply smiled and turned back to the front.

After being on the road for half an hour, the car finally came to a stop in front of a huge casino.

The casino was not located in a very remote place, but the buildings nearby were not commercial. Most of the nearest buildings were private manors.

Flora got off the car first. She had a confused look on her face and asked, "What are we doing here exactly?"

"Please, relax. You will see Miss Todd sooner or later," Geoffrey said indifferently, gesturing to a waiter at the door.

Seeing this, the waiter hurried over and motioned for us to go into the casino.

Inside, it was an ordinary casino. It didn't look too unusual. Actually, it looked quite tame compared to the bustling casinos in other cities.

After walking for a while, I spotted a large door, glazed in a luxurious manner. A she-wolf in a skimpy bunny costume stood aside.

"Please come this way, distinguished guests." The bunny girl opened the glazed door and led us into an elevator. She swiped a card and pressed a button.

None of us said anything. It was only Geoffrey who occasionally said something to his men.

Warren, who stood by my side, glanced at me after seeing the elevator.

I nodded quietly. It seemed that Warren also noticed the same detail in this elevator that I did.

There were only 1 and B1 buttons in this elevator. The bunny girl had pressed B1.

Geoffrey suddenly chirped in, "Oh, don't be so serious, everyone. We're here because I just wanted to show you something interesting."

"We're not here to play around with you," Flora muttered. Although her voice was very low, the elevator was closed and she was heard clearly.

"You young werewolves shouldn't stay at home all the time. Occasionally, you have to loosen up a bit." Geoffrey shook his head playfully, pretending to be an elder to Flora.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened.

Colorful lights instantly flooded my view. Loud and sensual music blasted in my ear and I saw a lot of people dancing.

All kinds of perfumes and scents mixed together, causing the air to become putrid. I covered my nose, frowning slightly.

"This music is so loud, and the song is just lame!" Omar complained.

"We should only be here for a while. Endure it for now."

I turned around and reminded Warren, "Keep an eye on Flora. Don't scatter no matter what happens."

Warren nodded and grabbed Flora's hand to show that he understood.

Suddenly, the music stopped and the curtain on the huge central stage parted, revealing a tall and circular iron cage in the middle. We were too far to see what was inside.

But as soon as the curtain was opened, people whooped. The cheers were hysterical.

We didn't stand there for long as Geoffrey took us up the stairs. The two sides of the stairs were decorated with bright wall lamps. The strange lighting made me feel uncomfortable for some reason.

Paintings that depicted slaughters were decorated both sides of the walls.

I had seen this kind of painting more than once already in this pack. They were also the choice of decoration in Geoffrey's private house.

I couldn't help but once again look at the central stage surrounded by people. A bad feeling sat in my gut.

What could be inside that cage?

[Chapter 490 Fighting Against Beasts](#)

Flora's POV:

The winding passage led us to the top. The bunny girl ushered us to a viewing platform.

"Sit down. The show is about to begin." Geoffrey sat down first and waved at the seat beside him.

I felt a little uncomfortable and didn't want to sit. An unpleasant smell wafted in the air, and I felt disgusted all over again.

I gently patted Warren's hand, gesturing for him to let go of me. He had been holding my hand for so long and refused to leave me.

Warren tightened his grip as if he was unwilling to let go of me.

I glared at him, and he reluctantly let go of me and sat on the sofa with Rufus.

I walked to the edge of the viewing platform and saw a cage in the middle of the stage. A gigantic beast was locked inside.

The beast's butt was facing the viewing platform, so I couldn't recognize it.

"This is the specialty of this side of the border. I'm sure you wouldn't have seen it before." Geoffrey smiled proudly and pointed at the beast. "It's called Teeth. It's a kind of beast born in a polluted land."

"Why do you call it Teeth?" I was confused. "Does it have a lot of teeth in its mouth?"

Before Geoffrey could answer, the beast turned around.

My eyes widened in horror as I saw sharp teeth of varying sizes all over its face.

Minced meat was stuck between some of its teeth. It had a foul breath, and I could smell its stench even from afar.

"Ew!" I turned around and began retching wildly.

'Damn it! I was too naive.'

Warren strode over, put his arm around my shoulder, and gently rubbed my back. "Are you okay?"

I shook my head, grabbed his sleeves, and retched again. Fortunately, I didn't eat much in the morning and only spat out my bile juices.

The well-trained waiters next to us handed over a spittoon and a towel. Their faces bore no emotion as if they had witnessed the same reaction numerous times before.

I took the warm water from Warren's hand and gulped it down, but my stomach continued to churn. I wanted to eat something sour.

But I couldn't ask for it during such an occasion. I sat on the sofa listlessly and lost interest in watching the beast.

"Why are you showing us this?" Rufus asked coldly.

"Wait. The most exciting part is about to come," Geoffrey said slowly. Then, he made a gesture to the waiter beside him.

The waiter nodded in understanding and left.

A few minutes later, a passionate voice resounded across the place, and a host slowly walked to the stage with a microphone.

After a simple warm-up introduction, he commenced the show.

The werewolves downstairs immediately broke into an uproar.

I couldn't hear what they were shouting, but they were obviously excited.

"Silence! The performers will be on stage soon!"

Before the host finished speaking, a cage tumbled from the ceiling and landed on the ground with a loud thud. A woman and two men were locked inside. They were almost naked, and long shackles were tied around their feet.

And the worst part was, they smelled like vampires.

I cast an incredulous look at Geoffrey.

"It's interesting, isn't it?" Geoffrey took a drag on his cigar and grinned excitedly. "You hate vampires, don't you? I'm giving you a chance to vent out your anger."

"You lunatic!" I cursed.

Both Warren and Rufus glared at him. Rufus, in particular, was a picture of pure rage. One look at him sent a shiver down my spine, even though I was his ally. I couldn't understand how Geoffrey had the courage to provoke Rufus. He was courting death.

Just then, the host rang the bell beside the stage. After three rings, the cage containing the vampires was put in front of the beast, Teeth.

The beast growled loudly, waving its paws as if desperate to taste the vampires.

The host quickly hid under the stage. Then, he shouted into the microphone. "Let's count down together. Three...

Two...

One!"

The cage flew open, and the beast pounced on the vampires.