

Irresistible 491

[Chapter 491 Sacrifice](#)

Flora's POV:

The three vampires tried to run away, extreme panic written on their faces. Their feet were still tied to long chains which made various tinkling sounds as they ran, creating somewhat a song of death.

Despite the beast's clumsy body, it still moved fast. It was able to lock on its first target, the only female vampire.

Seeing this, the woman cried desperately while running, but no one could save her now.

The audience watching this cheered and hollered for the beast.

The female vampire could not run fast enough to save herself. Soon, the beast tore off her arm and the whole place was filled with her resounding screams.

But the cheers of the audience was much louder.

As expected, the woman's thin arm was not enough to satisfy the beast's cravings.

Next, the beast targeted the other two male vampires.

The men also gave it their all to stay alive, but it was not enough to fight against the beast. Not long after, they were in the mouth of the beast, being brutally torn to pieces.

The stage was filled with blood splatters, but the audience didn't seem to care at all. They even sounded dissatisfied that it was ending so quickly, jeering at the vampires to keep fighting the beast.

Some of them booed and called the vampires trash.

Surprisingly, I was able to make out some familiar faces in the audience. It didn't make me happy that they were the ones applauding the loudest either. These were the werewolves Sylvia and I met on the streets the other day. They were very friendly and hospitable, giving us free food. Compared to how they appeared now, they looked so different.

I was trying my very best to restrain myself, but I was too disgusted by what I saw and turned to Geoffrey. "You're a crazy man!"

Geoffrey took a puff from his cigar and shrugged indifferently. "It's fun being crazy."

Just then, a loud noise came from the stage. The beast had broken out of the iron cage, holding someone's heart in its hand.

"It's coming down here! The beast is going down!" The crowd screamed, but their voices still sounded excited instead of panicked.

While I was trying to make sense of the situation, another iron cage fell from the ceiling, firmly surrounding the stage.

This way, even if the vampires had an opportunity to run from the beast, this second cage now took that away from them.

The female vampire's hands and feet were ripped off. She simply lay on the ground, using her head to drag the remains of her body. She no longer cried for help. Her face was fully covered in blood.

The audience was still not satisfied.

"Go, get up! Use your special power!"

Someone in the crowd taunted and elicited laughter from others.

Warren couldn't take it anymore. With a serious expression, he snapped at Geoffrey as well. "This is too much. It has to stop."

Geoffrey only chuckled and ignored Warren.

He put down the cigar and turned to Rufus. "What do you think, Prince Rufus? Isn't this wonderful? No vampire has ever been able to escape from Teeth."

Rufus lifted his eyes and smiled coldly. There was a murderous glint in his eyes. "Yes, wonderful. Do you know what will be even more wonderful? If you can perform there yourself."

Geoffrey burst out laughing. "Prince Rufus, you are quite the jokester. I'm too old for that. I'd better leave this kind of performances to the youngsters."

Rufus simply chuckled without saying anything, but I could already feel the tension building up.

"This was just a fair exchange. Those vampires were considered trash even by their own kind that they gave them up to me. This is just a fun addition to the benefits of living inside the wall, aside from the wealth, resources, and security. Who are we to refuse such a profitable business as that?"

[Chapter 492 A Be](#)

Flora's POV:

"Bullshit!" I snarled and couldn't help but curse. "You are playing with lives purely for your entertainment. Don't make it sound like anything else!"

Geoffrey didn't seem to take my words seriously at all. He just took a glass of wine from the waiter and continued to drink it casually. From the way he was acting, it was as if he viewed himself even higher than Prince Rufus. "I'm sure you're aware that vampires have a strong healing ability. Even if their bellies are cut wide open, they'll still be able to heal. They can endure torture fairly well. There's no need for you to sympathize with them. Even though that vampire girl lost her limbs, she will stay alive like a cockroach as long as her heart is still beating."

"You'd just better let them die completely." Warren shook his head. His disgust for Geoffrey was unmistakable now.

"It seems that citizens of the imperial capital are far more compassionate than I thought." Geoffrey's tone sounded strange. He leaned back on the couch and placed his arms on the backrest. "But I understand. You all grew up in a perfect greenhouse with absolutely no problems or threats. You would never understand that what I'm doing right now is nothing compared to what the vampires did to our people during the war. Maybe Prince Rufus would understand. After all, he is the strongest male werewolf of the empire, the army's leader in countless battles. Don't you understand where I'm coming from, Prince Rufus?"

"You cannot achieve true victory in exchange for innocent lives. A true leader would simply retreat instead of coming up with senseless reasons to excuse killing the innocent," Rufus answered casually.

Suddenly, Geoffrey's smile was wiped off of his face. His expression became sinister. "Well, it seems that you really don't want to cooperate with me."

Rufus chuckled and looked straight at Geoffrey. "Why? Are you going to be upset?"

After a few seconds of a staring contest, Geoffrey smiled again. "Anyway, the show is about to end. Why don't we continue watching instead? It would be a waste to miss out on great entertainment."

The vampires on stage were all dismembered and mangled. The woman only had her head left. The two other men did not look any better.

"Trust me. This is the only way to keep our border safe," Geoffrey said with confidence.

I clenched my fists and gritted my teeth, "You are evil. This cruel method should not even exist at all. You are the one who deserves to die! Along with that wall, you both need to go down!"

But Geoffrey still had that mocking smile on his face. "Fine. If none of you are convinced, let's make a bet."

"What kind of bet?" Warren asked in a cold voice.

"Outside the wall, there are only about a thousand werewolves. Inside, there are tens of thousands. If

you can get more than half of the werewolves inside the wall to agree with you-- to abolish the system-- then I will personally tear down the wall myself. But I will only give you three days."

"And how will we know if you won't find a way to rig it?" I raised an eyebrow. I refused to believe Geoffrey would make it so simple.

Geoffrey held up his hands. "If I really wanted to cheat, then I wouldn't even be making this bet with you."

"What about Sylvia?" Rufus asked.

"Whatever the result will be, Miss Todd will be fine. That I can promise you," Geoffrey said. "Heck, if you win, I'll even willingly step down and bear all responsibility! But if you fail, then you are no longer allowed to interfere with anything here. You will leave and pretend nothing has happened."

[Chapter 493 Collect The Opinions Of The Citizens](#)

Rufus' POV:

"You have to promise us that you won't send anyone to interfere. If you use your prestige as an Alpha to order the citizens to side with you, it'll be difficult for us to join the bet," Flora said seriously.

"Don't worry. Just as I said just now, if I wanted to interfere with you, I wouldn't even have offered to bet with you in the first place. On the contrary, I'll even order my people to cooperate with you. If I make things difficult for you in any way, I'd lose the bet." Geoffrey looked sincere yet confident. After all, he even bet at the risk of his position as Alpha.

"Don't you dare go back on your word, Geoffrey." Flora also spoke with confidence. Then, she looked at me expectantly, as if she was asking for my consent.

For a moment, I was hesitant and fell silent.

The truth was, when I saw the attitude of the audience towards the killing show, I knew that things were not as simple as I had thought.

Besides, Geoffrey was no fool. He wouldn't bet on something he wasn't sure of. Since he was the one who suggested the bet, it meant that he was certain that he would win.

But now that Sylvia was still in his hands, I had no choice but to play his games.

"Prince Rufus, what do you think? It's not a bad deal, if you ask me." Geoffrey also turned to me expectantly.

I pursed my lips. "Okay."

"Good. I know that Prince Rufus is looking at the bigger picture."

Now that I had agreed to his proposal, Geoffrey smiled complacently. Then he raised his glass and clinked it with mine. "Then I hope we'll have a pleasant cooperation."

After reaching an agreement with Geoffrey, I left this dirty place with Flora and Warren.

Tomorrow was the night of the full moon. Since Sylvia was not with me this time, there was nothing I could do but lock myself in a room. Therefore, I had to entrust the task of collecting opinions of the citizens to Flora and Warren.

"Remember, no matter what you see or hear in the city this time, just ignore it and focus on your task." I was afraid that something unexpected would happen again, so I reiterated to them to keep a low profile.

"We know. No matter what happens, we need to get Sylvia back first." Flora nodded with understanding. "Don't worry. We'll get the job done."

"Well, I believe in you two." I couldn't help but smile slightly, feeling satisfied that Sylvia had such good, trustworthy friends.

Then I patted Warren on the shoulder and said, "I'll send a group of my most trusted subordinates for you to command. We're in a foreign place, so be careful."

"But what about the rest of the army? Geoffrey had asked us not to reveal the secrets of this city. But it was no small feat to call on the citizens, so it'll be difficult to keep a low profile." Warren looked at me with a trace of worry in his eyes. He sighed and added, "We can't afford to make any mistakes. Geoffrey may change his mind at any given moment."

I thought for a while. "There aren't many troops left. I've sent a group of soldiers to other areas to assist in the reconstruction. As for the remaining soldiers, I was planning to send them to the suburbs to help with the reconstruction of the local farmlands. That way, you can discretely talk to the citizens there."

"I'm not worried about anything other than Geoffrey. He looked so confident. He must be sure of the result." Flora's tone was dejected, her earlier confidence ebbing away as she spoke. "This place is his territory after all. I doubt he will play fair."

"There's nothing we can do but wait and see," I said calmly. "If he wants to go back on his word, then I'll retaliate in kind."

[Chapter 494 Sticky Situation](#)

Flora's POV:

Warren and I were itching to take action once we received the task from Rufus.

As usual, Warren walked me back to my accommodation. I walked in front of him calmly and listened to his incessant nagging.

On the way there, we ran into Harry and John. The two of them had the same hairstyle, which was, in a word, messy.

Lately, John had stuck to Harry like glue. It seemed that he was going to be assimilated by Harry.

With a slice of pizza in his mouth, Harry rubbed his sleepy eyes and looked at Warren and me in surprise. "Have you two reconciled?"

I wanted to hit him on the head, but I gave up on second thought. Warren and I were about to embark on a mission together. We needed to put aside any personal grudges first.

Not knowing how to respond, I grabbed the other slice of pizza from Harry's hand and stuffed it into my own mouth. "Enough questions."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Where's Sylvia? And where'd you two go this morning? I didn't see you. Did you go on a secret mission without telling me?"

I choked on the pizza I was eating and coughed awkwardly.

Seeing this, Harry put two and two together. "You're hiding something from me! You don't love me anymore. You used to take me with you wherever you went, but now you have the audacity to hide things from me."

Ignoring him, I swallowed the mouthful of pizza and looked for an excuse to get out of this sticky situation. "We got up at five o'clock in the morning and went for a run. If you want to join us, I'll wake you up at half past four tomorrow morning."

'Oh, in that case, no thanks." Harry's eyelashes fluttered guiltily. "I can cheer for you from my room, though."

I pursed my lips in disgust. "Do whatever you want."

"By the way, John and I are going on a sudden mission to the suburbs. What about you guys?" Harry suddenly asked.

Despite my guilty conscience, I nudged Warren and said, "We also have a mission, right?"

"Yes, but it's different from yours. We have to stay in here to catch all the fleeing poultry," Warren lied through his teeth emotionlessly.

Harry looked at him in disbelief. "What a weird task! But it sounds worse than going to the suburbs."

"Yes, yes, I envy you," I echoed hastily.

However, Harry was unconvinced. "But I still want to be with you. We're a team! We shouldn't be separated, right?"

"But we're not conjoined twins," I retorted impatiently.

"Then..."

Harry pouted and wanted to say something more, but John started to drag him away.

"What are you doing? I'm not done yet!" Harry protested, but he didn't try to resist John.

Harry seemed to listen to John obediently these days. Although his obedience was mixed with some reluctance.

Scratching my chin, I watched them walk away. "Warren, don't you think they've been acting strange lately?"

Warren thought for a while and replied, "Not really. But John seemed to have figured it out. I think he knows something has happened. He's really perceptive."

Pursing my lips unhappily, I chose to shrug it off for now. I just hoped that Sylvia was safe and unhurt.

"Do you want to eat a proper meal?" Warren asked, glancing at the half-eaten pizza slice in my hand.

"No. Let's go back." I wolfed down the remaining pizza then took Warren back to the room to prepare for the petition.

The more time we wasted, the more danger Sylvia was in.

We had to hurry.

[Chapter 495 A Strange Place](#)

Sylvia's POV:

When I woke up, I found myself lying on a soft bed in the dark. I could smell a faint fragrance on the quilt.

The room was pitch black. I couldn't see a thing.

"Layla?" I shouted warily into the darkness.

There was no response, just the sound of a clock ticking.

It seemed that the vampires had taken Layla to a different place.

I lifted the quilt and got out of bed. That was when I realized that the clothes I was wearing were a bit tight. But I couldn't see what exactly I was wearing.

Also, I noticed that the wound on my shoulder seemed to have been treated.

Touching the thick bandage that covered the wound, I couldn't help but frown.

What the hell were these vampires up to?

I couldn't see anything, so I groped around blindly in the dark.

It turned out that, other than the bed, the room was empty.

My hands then brushed against a window. I wanted to open the window and find out what time it was based on the light outside, but the window didn't budge. Apparently, there were wood planks nailing it shut.

I tried to smash the planks with my fist, but they were very solid.

After a few tries, I gave up and decided to look for a light switch. After groping around the room for a while, I found no switch.

Feeling a little depressed, I sat on the floor and tried to think.

I missed Rufus. He was probably anxious to see me. If this was all part of Geoffrey's plan, I wondered how he would make things difficult for Rufus.

Especially now that the full moon night was coming, I was worried about Rufus' condition.

Ever since we became a couple, I had spent every full moon night with him. Now, I couldn't be there for him. I just hoped that the gift I had left to him would be useful.

I wouldn't have acted so impulsively if I knew I was going to end up in here.

"Don't worry, Sylvia. We'll find a way out of this," Yana comforted me softly.

I sighed, "It's my fault Layla was captured, too. And I don't know where they're taking her."

"Layla's a strong she-wolf. She can protect herself. Just thank her when you see her again." For whatever reason, Yana was exceptionally calm today. I felt like she had grown a lot and become my rock.

"You're right. Thank Moon Goddess you're with me, Yana," I said sincerely.

"Don't worry. I'll always be here for you. I can defeat a vampire with one punch. I'm going to beat them all up."

I was just about to praise her for her maturity, but to my surprise, she started acting childish again.

While listening to her nonsense, I got up from the floor and continued to fumble in the dark.

"Look for the door. I doubt this room is doorless," Yana snorted sarcastically.

"I know. I'm looking for it."

I felt the wall inch by inch. Finally, my fingers brushed against something.

"I found the door!" I told Yana excitedly.

But, of course, the door was locked.

I slammed on the door and tried to call for help. It didn't matter who came; I just needed to figure out the current situation.

Sure enough, the sound of hurried footsteps came from outside.

Then came the sound of keys jingling. It seemed that someone outside was looking for the key.

A few seconds later, I heard the key being inserted into the door.

I was so nervous that I took a few steps back and stood vigilantly, ready to spring into action.

With a sound of lock turning, I heard the door creak open. But all I saw was two glowing red pupils, nothing else.

I held my breath subconsciously and stared into this pair of eyes. Goose bumps formed all over my body when I realized that this pair of eyes seemed to have no whites, just pure redness.

Whoever it was seemed to be looking me up and down. Then she spoke in the voice of a middle-aged female.

"My master is still sleeping and dinner is still being prepared. It will start at eight o'clock sharp. Please

wait patiently. Don't make a sound, or else you'll face unimaginable consequences if you wake my master up ahead of schedule."

[Chapter 496 The Mysterious Housekeeper](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Although I didn't quite understand the situation, I didn't ask any questions. I just took note of what she said.

"My name's Nicole. I'm the housekeeper here. If you need anything, just knock on the door gently. There's no need to shout."

"Oh, okay..." I replied in a low voice and observed Nicole quietly, although I could only see her red eyes in the dark.

It looked like Nicole didn't mean to hurt me. She even talked to me with respect, as if she was entertaining a guest.

"Actually, I'm a little hungry now. Is there anything I can eat?" I asked softly, trying to test her attitude.

"Wait one moment."

After saying that, Nicole disappeared behind the door and locked it. A few minutes later, she came back and handed me a plate.

"Eat this first. Dinner will be ready shortly." As soon as I touched the edge of the plate, Nicole withdrew her hands abruptly, as if she was afraid that I would touch her.

I didn't say anything. I just took the plate. The food was still warm, and I could smell that it was fried steak.

"Anything else?" Nicole asked politely.

I hesitated for a moment. "Where is the other she-wolf who was with me?"

"I don't know. She is not a guest here and doesn't deserve to step foot in this castle." Nicole grew serious. I could tell from her tone of voice that I shouldn't ask any more questions.

"Then..." Holding the plate of warm steak, I hesitated.

Nicole didn't say a word. She waited patiently for me to continue.

"Could you stay with me until I finish this steak? I'm not used to eating alone," I said matter-of-factly.

Nicole fell silent, as though she was rendered speechless.

But in the end, she stayed and accompanied me.

I sat on the floor face to face with her. She watched me eat, her unblinking red eyes staring straight at me.

I didn't mind. I took a bite of the steak and chewed it thoughtfully. In between mouthfuls, I would ask her some questions, trying to glean some information from her. "I get the feeling that this castle is huge. This room alone is too big for me."

"Yes," Nicole replied perfunctorily.

I sighed internally. She should've been called a "secret-keeper" instead of a housekeeper.

"Does your master usually sleep for so long every day?" I ventured.

"It depends."

"Who else lives in this castle besides your master?"

"You will find out at dinner."

"I see..."

"You're done eating, right? I should go now." Nicole interrupted me and stood up, intending to leave.

I put down the plate and followed her. "I'm not used to this darkness. Can you turn on the light for me?"

"I'm afraid no light is allowed to be turned on before eight o'clock in the evening," Nicole said without looking back.

"Oh, I see," I stopped walking dejectedly.

The door, which was about to be closed, stopped. In the darkness, I could tell that Nicole was deep in thought.

"Wait a while. I'll get you a candle and some matches," she finally compromised.

"Thank you!" My eyes lit up happily.

Vampires' had exceptional night vision since they lived in darkness. But werewolves were different. We were blind without light.

Soon, Nicole brought me a candle and a box of matches. "I'm making an exception for you. Please don't make any trouble before dinner. Just stay here."

"Okay!" I smiled at her sweetly.

[Chapter 497 Looking For Clues](#)

Sylvia's POV:

After the door was locked again, I quickly took out a match and lit up the candle. Then I looked at the clock on the wall.

It was already five-forty in the afternoon, so there were still more than two hours left before the so-called dinner.

A whole day had passed. I wondered what Rufus and the others were up to.

With the feeble candlelight, I began to look around the room. It was more luxurious than I thought. But it was relatively empty. There was nothing else in the room other than the shelf at the head of the bed covered with dolls.

I picked up a doll and looked at it closely. Perhaps this room used to belong to a young girl.

Just then, I noticed that there was a large mirror in the room. To my surprise, I was wearing a medieval-looking purple dress. The hemline of the dress was very fluffy, with layers of lace trim on it, and the sleeves were decorated with small, delicate pearls. What surprised me even more was my hair—it was permed curly and hung gently on my shoulders.

I fiddled with the wisteria necklace around my neck, feeling a little strange.

No wonder I felt so heavy just now.

I picked up the hemline with one hand and counted the lace. There were four layers in total.

I pursed my lips and tried to come up with a way to take it off.

If I needed to run, this dress would weigh me down.

As I stared at my strange reflection in the mirror, I caught a glimpse of a crevice in the wall. It was a hidden door.

I held the candle close to it and gently pushed it. The hidden door swung open, which surprised me.

I carefully poked my head in and saw that inside was a floor-to-ceiling wardrobe. It seemed that this was a cloakroom.

I walked inside carefully, my toes kicking the heavy hemline of my dress.

The cloakroom was complete. There was even a vanity table. Curious, I pulled open a drawer and found nothing but a few lipsticks.

I explored some more and found that the wardrobe was full of clothes of the same style as the dress I was wearing.

"Wow! There are so many beautiful dresses!" Yana exclaimed excitedly. "Sylvia, I want to see that pink one up close!"

I humored her and reached for the dress. When I got a better look at it, my cheeks flushed a bright red and I quickly put it back.

It turned out to not be a proper dress after all, but a pair of sexy underwear.

"How raunchy!" Yana grew even more excited. "Let's see if there's anything else! Why don't you wear something like this and show it to Rufus? I'm sure he'll like it!"

"How do you know he'll like it..." I couldn't help but blush. Whenever I made love with Rufus, he'd make me wear his shirt. Then he'd carry me to the desk, thrusting in and out passionately.

"I just know it." Yana smiled playfully. "I'm sure Rufus won't be able to restrain himself."

"Oh, stop it, will you?" I interrupted her immediately to stop her from fantasizing. "We're running out of time. Help me look for more clues."

"There are only clothes here. I don't think we'll find anything useful," Yana concluded.

"Let's at least try to look for something!"

I squatted down and rummaged through the wardrobe. Not only were there a lot of clothes, but a lot of shoes, too.

But I soon grew certain that the previous tenant of this room liked dolls very much, because there was a variety of dolls in every corner of this room.

Just when I was about to give up, I caught a glimpse of an intricately carved name plate in the corner.

"Ashley Maurice."

[Chapter 498 Ashley's Name Plate](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I reached for the name plate and looked at it. It couldn't be a mere coincidence that two vampires had the exact same name...

But those local werewolf soldiers had said that the slave Ashley was an abandoned vampire. How on earth could she have come from the Maurice clan?

The Maurice clan was one of the biggest, most powerful vampire clans. They were so well-known that even I knew about them, since my mother had mentioned that name when I was young.

Several wars between vampires and werewolves had been started by this clan, together with other forces.

After the werewolf race and the vampire race signed a peace treaty, the Maurice clan withdrew from the public eye. I hadn't heard anything about this clan in years.

So why was there a name plate with that clan's name here in this wardrobe? It was very likely that this was the old castle of the Maurice clan.

I slipped the name plate into a hidden pocket in the dress I was wearing and retreated from the wardrobe.

"Do you think this Ashley Maurice is the same Ashley we saw in Geoffrey's pack? That vampire slave?" I asked Yana curiously.

Yana thought for a while. "I believe so. They should be one and the same vampire, so this castle probably isn't that far from the pack."

"I'm really confused. The local soldiers all said that Ashley was a loser without any special power and that was why she was abandoned by her kind, but if she is really of Maurice descent, then how could she have ended up a slave?" As I talked to Yana, I kept searching the room for more clues.

Members of big clans were usually united, at least on the surface. No matter how serious the internal conflicts were, they had to maintain dignity when facing the outside world.

If Ashley really was a member of the Maurice clan, her clansmen should have protected her and she wouldn't have become the lowliest slave in a werewolf pack.

"There must be a very complicated story behind all this," Yana said in distress. "I really want to go out now. It's getting too stuffy here."

"Hold on a little longer. It's almost time for dinner," I comforted her.

As I spoke, I silently took a mental note of the layout of the whole room. After making sure that there was nothing else to see in the room, I blew out the candle.

"Why'd you do that?" Yana whined.

I knew she didn't like darkness, so I explained to her patiently, "The candle might be useful later, so I need to save it."

"Oh, I see. Maybe it'll come in handy when we escape!" Yana came to her senses at once. Her cunning tone made me chuckle.

"Yes, so calm down, okay?"

"I promise I won't be nervous. I'm a very brave wolf now!"

"Good! Yana, you're the best."

I praised my wolf happily, and what would've been a dull waiting period became less boring with her around.

I sat on the edge of the bed and rested idly. Then I stood up and walked back and forth in the dark room.

"What're you doing, Sylvia?" Yana asked curiously.

"I'm taking note of the size of the room." I leaned against one wall and walked slowly to the opposite wall, counting the steps.

"How's that useful?" Yana was clearly confused.

"If we can find out how many floors and how many rooms this castle has, we can calculate its overall size."

I found myself hoping that the castle would be dark all the time. That way, it'd be convenient for me to make my escape.

By listening to the clock tick, I knew roughly what time it was. It wasn't until it was almost eight o'clock did I sit back down in bed, waiting as though nothing had happened.

"It's been so long. When will they come?" Yana started squirming in my mind anxiously.

"Wait just a little longer. Why don't you take a nap? I'll wake you up when someone comes," I suggested.

But just then, I heard the sound of familiar footsteps.

[Chapter 499 The Castle](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I heard the sound of the key unlocking the door, and soon, the door swung open.

A dim light in the corridor streamed inside the dark room. I squinted at the sudden light. When my eyes adjusted, I saw a woman outside.

She was wearing a black suit dress. A pair of spectacles sat on the bridge of her nose, connected to her dress by a chain. She looked like she was in her early forties, but even I could tell that she must've been beautiful when she was young. When she started talking, I immediately recognized from her voice that she was the housekeeper, Nicole.

"It's time for dinner. Come with me." Nicole's tone was flat and emotionless.

"Okay."

I quickly straightened my dress and followed Nicole obediently.

The whole castle was dimly lit with dark yellow lights. I casually looked at my surroundings as we walked, and soon, we made it to a winding spiral staircase

I touched the carving on the railing and found that each stair tread was carved with a different pattern. Put together, the patterns should make a complete painting.

I walked slowly on purpose.

I had carefully counted the rooms I had passed by on the way. I estimated that there were four rooms on this side of the gallery, while the number of rooms on the other side would remain unknown for the time being.

The banquet hall was probably on the first floor, and from the top of the spiral staircase, I could see that we were on the fourth floor. Judging from the crystal ceiling right above us, this was the top floor.

"Please hurry. My master is waiting," Nicole turned to me and urged.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just not used to this dress." I smiled at her apologetically. Then, I picked up the hemline of my dress and quickened my pace to walk past her.

"There's no need to walk. We can take the elevator." Nicole's voice sounded from behind me.

"Oh, I see," I said perfunctorily, but I didn't stop walking until I reached the first floor.

Nicole had no choice but to follow me.

I didn't stop until I found the door to the banquet hall. I looked around quietly. Although the style of this castle wasn't over-the-top and extravagant, it still exuded a sense of luxury and refinement. A simple wooden shelf with antique vases on it alone looked extremely expensive.

To my surprise, there seemed to be no guards here. I found no one guarding the place when I was running all the way downstairs just now.

I figured that the gate should be on the other side of the banquet hall, since the entrance to the staircase was facing two corridors.

I had chosen one of them at random and soon arrived at the banquet hall.

Before I could get a closer look, I felt someone grab my wrist. It was Nicole.

She was clearly angry. In a low, threatening voice, she said, "Don't run around like this again, or I can't guarantee what will happen to you."

"Okay. I was just bored." I stopped obediently and looked at her sincerely. "I promise I won't run around again."

Nicole didn't say anything more. She just turned around and pulled the bell at the door. Then the door to the banquet hall was opened.

"You can go in now," Nicole said coldly. She didn't even want to look at me now when she spoke.

Sulkily, I turned to the doorway and walked inside slowly.

The lights in the banquet hall were slightly brighter than the rest parts of the castle. There were already a lot of vampires sitting at the long table. When they heard the bell ring, they all turned to look at me.

I nodded at them awkwardly.

"Miss Todd, please come in."

The one who spoke was an elderly-looking vampire who sat at the head of the table. He was very old, with a thin, wrinkled skin wrapped around his bones.

Beside him sat a beautiful woman in a dark olive green dress. She looked at me quietly.

As for the other five vampires at the long table, they were all young men and women who looked about

twenty years old.

I sat on the opposite end of the table hesitantly. Food was already served on the table.

"Now that everyone is here, let's have dinner," the old vampire announced.

Then a servant came in and poured us ice cold red wine.

I didn't dare to make a move and waited for the others to eat first.

Soon, they all bowed their heads and began to pray under the guidance of the old vampire.

I didn't have any faith in this aspect, so I waited politely for them to finish praying.

Just then, the young girl sitting opposite the beautiful woman glared at me angrily.

"Why aren't you praying?"

[Chapter 500 Dinner Party](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"Ellis, don't be rude." The old man's voice was old and weak, but the girl immediately fell silent and lowered her head.

Except for the beautiful woman, the other young vampires all sneered and looked at the girl named Ellis with disdain.

Ellis trembled slightly under their burning gazes. Nervous, she smoothed the bowknot and ribbon on her head. Her beautiful face was pale as a ghost, and she seemed to be at a loss.

Amidst the tense atmosphere, I sat upright in my seat and looked at them silently, not daring to make a sound.

These young men and women all looked noble and beautiful, and upon a closer look, they all looked a bit similar. I guessed that they were related by blood. But... It seemed to me that they all disliked each other.

The beautiful woman didn't pay attention to any of them. Even though Ellis was scolded by the old man just now, her expression didn't change at all.

It seemed that the relationship between members of this family was a bit tense, to say the least.

The old man looked up at me, and his tone calmed down. "You are our guest, so there's no need for you to join the praying if you don't feel like it."

I nodded and didn't say anything, because I didn't know what to say. This place was too strange.

"My name is Hobson Maurice," the old man introduced himself after they prayed.

I was shocked. Hobson was the head of the Maurice clan!

Even those who didn't dabble in the politics of the empire would have heard of this name.

As one of the few pure vampires in the whole vampire race, Hobson was notoriously powerful.

If the werewolf race had their god of war, Leonard, the vampire race had their most terrifying devil, Hobson.

It was thanks to the existence of these two powerful warriors that the werewolf race and the vampire race reached a stalemate and signed the truce agreement.

But, to my surprise, Hobson was actually so... old.

The vampires were a race that almost never grew old. The more powerful a vampire was, the more they could maintain their youthful face.

Yet the Hobson before me looked quite old and frail.

"Miss Todd, you look shocked." Hobson stared at me with his eagle-like eyes. His hair was grey and his back was hunched. While he looked like a fragile old man, his aura was undoubtedly domineering and powerful.

"No, no. I'm just a little dazed after sleeping for so long." I quickly put on a straight face, pretending to know nothing about him.

"In that case, I'll ask Nicole to make some tea for you," Hobson said casually without pressing me further. Then he gently tapped the edge of his plate with a silver spoon, signaling that we could start eating.

I looked at the meat on the plate and hesitated slightly. I had no idea what the purpose of this dinner was, and I didn't know what Hobson thought of me, let alone whether he wanted me to live or die.

When I was hesitating, Hobson fixed his sharp eyes on me again.

"Why aren't you eating? Are you dissatisfied with the hospitality of the Maurice clan?"

Hearing this, all the vampires who were eating like robots at the table instantly turned to look at me.

The beautiful woman's eyes flitted to the untouched meat on my plate then quickly looked away. It seemed that she was not interested in me.

The other young men and women, on the other hand, looked very excited. Their red eyes lit up, as though they were watching their prey fall into their trap.