

## **Irresistible 501**

### [Chapter 501 Raw Meat And Human Blood](#)

Sylvia's POV:

My heart banged against my chest anxiously and my hands, which were resting on my knees underneath the table, clenched tightly.

"The food is delicious! Why isn't she eating? She has no taste," Ellis muttered under her breath.

Hobson coughed to warn her.

Forcing a smile, I picked up the knife and fork.

These vampires really seemed to treat me as their guest, so I doubted they'd poison my food.

So I sliced a piece of steak with the knife. Red blood instantly gushed out and pooled in my plate.

The meat was practically raw!

My hands froze. I slowly looked up at the others at the table and found that they were staring at me.

Pursing my lips, I took a deep breath. I stabbed the slice of meat with my fork and brought it close to my mouth. It smelled strongly of blood and raw meat.

I could already imagine what it would taste like—in a word, disgusting.

But it could be fatal to reject this food in front of all these vampires. After all, I was greatly outnumbered.

I squeezed my eyes shut and put the piece of steak into my mouth, intending to swallow it without chewing.

But I quickly realized that it wasn't beef at all.

Despite all the pairs of red eyes fixated on me, I couldn't help but spit out the mystery meat. I didn't want to know what kind of meat it was.

Disgusted with the lingering taste in my mouth, I picked up the red wine in front of me and gulped it down.

However, the strong taste of metallic blood exploded in my mouth, and the thick liquid went down my throat, like a dense spider web wrapping itself around my whole body.

I rushed to the nearest trash can and vomited.

It was not red wine at all, but human blood.

"This glass of human blood was specially processed and preserved. It came from a sixteen-year-old virgin. It's the most delicious of all blood." There was a rare smile in Hobson's calm voice. But he seemed to feel sorry for me because he then asked the servant to serve me a glass of real red wine.

I didn't dare to touch the glass in front of me, even if it supposedly wasn't human blood in it.

Hobson raised his glass and proposed a toast to me. "It's a rare delicacy, Miss Todd. Don't you want to try it again? Maybe you'll like it this time."

I put down the napkin coldly and refused his kindness. "No, thank you."

Hobson sighed. "What a pity."

I noticed that most of the contents in his glass had been drained. The others at the table were also enjoying the thick red liquid in the glasses.

Fighting the urge to vomit again, I lowered my head, but when I saw the red meat on my plate, I lost my appetite.

"Miss Todd, if you really don't want to eat this, I'll ask Nicole to bring you some cooked food," Hobson added, as though he was a generous host.

"No, thanks. I'm not hungry." I pushed the plate in front of me away, took a deep breath, and stopped beating around the bush. "Why did you kidnap me?"

Hobson also put down his knife and fork and looked at me calmly. "We didn't kidnap you. We just wanted to invite you here to stay with us for three days—as our guest. We'll let you leave as soon as the time comes."

"Really? You'll let me go, just like that?" I didn't believe a word he said. The Maurice clan had been hiding for years. I doubted they would've shown themselves to me like this if they weren't going to benefit hugely.

"How complicated did you think it was?" Hobson asked with an emotionless smile.

After a moment's silence, I began to test Hobson's patience. "Since you have invited me here as a guest, you should at least treat me as a guest, right?"

Hobson nodded. "That makes sense."

"I don't like being locked in a dark room," I said boldly.

"Then you can have the freedom to roam the grounds. The attic on the top floor, however, is off limits. And you cannot leave the castle." Hobson immediately understood what I meant and asked Ellis to show me around.

Ellis agreed reluctantly.

### [Chapter 502 Testing Each Other](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"Do you have any other requests, my dear guest?" Hobson asked.

"No."

The freedom to go around as I pleased satisfied me already.

Hobson nodded and gestured at me to continue eating.

Ignoring the meat, I settled for the bread and observed the vampires at the table quietly.

Everyone adhered to a strict dining etiquette. They were all good-looking, and they all wore the same cold expression.

They reminded me of Ashley, the beautiful vampire slave.

After mulling over it for a while, I tried to act as normal as possible and mentioned casually, "I found a name plate with the name 'Ashley' on it in the wardrobe. I wonder who she is."

At the mention of this name, the scene froze instantly. Everyone stopped eating. It was very quiet, other than the ticking of the clock on the wall.

Only Hobson remained unfazed. He put down the knife and fork, wiped his mouth with a napkin and sighed, "Ashley was my youngest daughter. She unfortunately died young. The room you're staying used to be hers."

I was a little surprised. I had no idea that Ashley was a direct descendant of the Hobson Maurice.

"If you don't like that room, you can ask Nicole to move you to another room." It was clear that Hobson didn't want to talk about Ashley.

"No need. I was just curious." I didn't ask any more questions, for fear of stirring up trouble.

The rest of the dinner went on in silence.

I continued eating my bread. I felt that even the water in this place had an indescribable fishy smell.

I sighed, missing the delicious food of the werewolves very much.

I wondered what Rufus was doing now. I really wanted to hug and kiss him.

A vampire dinner turned out to be a complicated affair. Everyone had to finish the food on their plate before the next dish was served. The meal lasted about an hour.

Finally, everyone finished the last course and dinner was over. Hobson asked the servant to clear all the plates on the table and serve me a dessert.

"It's made of mango and cream. Don't worry," Hobson reassured me.

"I see. Thank you."

"You're most welcome." Hobson sounded exhausted. His breathing was much weaker than earlier.

Before I could overthink things, the beautiful woman who had been silent this whole time suddenly stood up and walked to Hobson's side. Then she wheeled him away.

Only then did I realize that Hobson was, in fact, sitting on a wheelchair instead of a chair. His legs were as thin as two withered branches.

This was definitely not caused by ordinary aging. There must've been an underlying reason.

Did the hiding of the Maurice clan have anything to do with Hobson's old and fragile body?

Suppressing my shock, I dared not stare at him.

In an apologetic tone, Hobson excused himself. "Sorry, I have to leave now. If you need anything, just talk to Nicole."

"Okay." I nodded.

Then Hobson looked at his children and reminded them, "Don't forget to show Miss Todd around. Ellis is an unstable girl. I'm worried she will offend the guest."

I wasn't sure if I was just imagining things, but I felt that Hobson's words had a deeper meaning. Perhaps he was afraid I'd make my escape and thus arranged for more vampires to keep an eye on me.

The young men and women sitting at the table answered him respectfully.

Then the beautiful woman wheeled Hobson away.

As soon as Hobson was gone, these young vampires, who looked meek and respectful just now, dropped the act.

They all looked at me with hostility, especially Ellis. Her obedient expression was gone. In an aggressive tone, she demanded, "Have you seen Ashley?"

### [Chapter 503 Finding An Escape Route](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Ellis's questions confirmed my guess. It seemed that Ashley, the vampire slaves in Geoffrey's pack, was indeed Ashley Maurice, the youngest daughter of the Maurice clan.

However, the scariest part was these vampires knew about it -- I could tell it from their reaction.

They knew the truth but seemed to have turned a blind eye to it, leaving Ashley to suffer all alone. Moreover, they might even be the chief culprit who had put Ashley into such a situation.

"I don't know what you're saying." I smiled at Ellis, pretending not to know anything.

Ellis's eyes widened; she revealed her fangs to frighten me. "Enough. Stop pretending. If you don't know Ashley, why would you ask about her when you simply saw the name in your room? You paid attention only because you knew her, didn't you? And you are a werewolf. You must be aware of what happened in your territory."

I didn't expect her to be so smart. I stopped smiling and stared at her intently. "Yes, I did see her. But what's the big deal?"

"Nothing. I just want to tell you not to meddle in other people's business. It's not your problem. Do you understand?" warned the gold-haired male vampire sitting beside Ellis.

He looked handsome with dazzling eyes that glistened with tenderness.

"If you insist on interfering with other people's business, then don't blame us for the consequences."

Ignoring the male vampire's threat, I picked up a spoonful of mango mousse and put it into my mouth. "If you don't want others to find out something, then don't do it. You make mistakes yet aren't ready to face the outcomes. It looks like you have a guilty conscience."

The golden-haired man banged the table with shame and anger. "If you dare mention that Ashley is alive in front of Hobson, I will definitely feed on your blood. Don't think that I won't hurt you."

I nodded. "I believe you will."

"How dare you?!" a black-haired male vampire in front of the golden-haired one sneered at me. His eyes glowed with anger and madness as if he would eat me alive.

However, the angrier they were, the less afraid I felt.

I put down the fork and smiled politely. "You look like a group of little wild cats that had just learned to walk. Do you want to compete with me? I must warn you that my fangs are sharper than yours. Give it a try if you want."

"Don't be too complacent!" Ellis growled in anger. If the golden-haired man hadn't stopped her, she would have crossed the table and bit me.

At that moment, Nicole appeared at the door and asked if we had finished eating.

Hearing Nicole's voice, the young vampires shut their mouths and scattered away.

I looked at their backs in confusion. It looked like these guys were afraid of Nicole.

They all left, so I didn't bother staying any longer. I quickly returned to the floor where my room was located.

Soon, I remembered the attic Hobson had mentioned and roamed around. But I couldn't find any staircase that led to the attic. I quickly walked across the corridor and counted the rooms. There were seven rooms on this floor, and the layout of every room looked similar.

I circled the stairwell, trying to find a way to the attic.

'Was there a hidden staircase in this castle?'

Just then, I remembered the elevator.

I decided to go there and have a look. But just as I turned around, my heart leaped to my throat. I saw Nicole's face that was inches away from mine.

"Why... what..." My heart was still crashing in my chest. My words jumbled together as my mouth went dry. "When did you come without making a sound?"

Nicole looked at me calmly. She was holding a bamboo basket that was filled with rose petals.

"Are you looking for something?" Nicole asked.

"No. Nothing. I'm just walking around to help digest the food," I answered, smiling wryly.

Fortunately, Nicole bought it. She didn't ask any more questions. "I brought these for you to take a bath." She handed the basket to me with a smile.

"Thank you." I took the basket and returned to my room.

I was not in the mood to take a bath. I sat on the edge of the bed, thinking of a way to go out.

I didn't believe they had invited me to stay with them for three days just as their guest. They were probably using me as a hostage to threaten Rufus. I didn't want Rufus to get into trouble because of me.

Therefore, I decided to look for a way to escape.

As I racked my brain to figure out a solution, my head grew heavy. I felt sleepy.

That was when it dawned on me.

'Damn it!' I was too careless.

They had put sleeping pills in the bread.

I slapped my face and pinched myself to sober up. But it was too late. Nothing seemed to work.

#### [Chapter 504 Conflicts](#)

Flora's POV:

One day passed, and my confidence was completely destroyed. I was drained and exhausted. Few werewolves agreed to participate in the online public opinion survey. However, for those who did participate, their opinions were all the same: they were all against our proposal.

Warren and I sat by the side of the street, lost in thought.

"It's nothing like I imagined." I was a little depressed. The data on my laptop broke my heart. "It would have felt better if the votes were an even split at least."

Warren also looked at the screen, his brows furrowed in concentration. "We underestimated the whole thing. I'm afraid this issue is more complicated than we had imagined."

"Damn it!" I angrily shut the laptop and stood up. "We can't give up. Let's go from door to door."

"Okay."

I grabbed Warren's arm and took him to the werewolves. We went door to door and tried convincing them.

However, the outcome only seemed to get worse.

The werewolves were enraged when I told them we were going to push over the wall. They all unanimously refused.

Everyone cursed us, and a middle-aged she-wolf even picked up the broom to beat us.

Warren and I ran away. However, before we could escape, a group of werewolves had surrounded us.

"It's them! How dare they ask us to side with them about pushing over the wall? I heard they are from the imperial capital. These people think they are superior to us. They waltz their way here and command us without knowing the situation,"

a man shouted that seemed to add fuel to the fire.

The she-wolf with the broom glared at us. "If it weren't for our Alpha's wise leadership, the vampires would have invaded a long time ago. Now, you want to overturn our Alpha's policy? Not even in your dreams!"

"Listen to me. Pushing over the wall is good for everyone," I tried explaining, but these werewolves weren't willing to listen to me.

My words only seemed to agitate them.

"What's so good about that? You better kill us right now instead of making us live with the bastards outside the wall!"

"Exactly! If you are really that capable, go and kill all the vampires instead of meddling with our business."

"The wall remains where it is. We can't push it over. If you want to do it, then you will have to do it over our dead bodies."

These seemingly enthusiastic, kind-hearted people now all became cruel and heartless. Their undisguised hatred and bitterness for the werewolves outside the wall infuriated me.

"But the werewolves outside the wall are from the same pack as you. You shouldn't abandon them," I shouted. But my words dissolved in their screams of protests.

"What do you outsiders know?"

They all grew agitated and began fighting with us.



Warren held me in his arms to protect me from their vicious attacks.

I bit my lip and grasped his clothes tightly. My heart grew heavy.

Just then, one of them threw an egg on Warren's forehead. I completely lost my cool; my blood began to boil in my veins.

"I'm fine." Warren calmly wiped his forehead and grabbed my hand to stop me from attacking the werewolves. But I couldn't take it anymore.

"You ungrateful bastards! If it weren't for the werewolves outside the wall, do you think you'd have been able to live a peaceful life? Look at you all! You're all rotten and selfish." My body began trembling with rage. The egg on Warren's forehead spiked up the anger simmering in my heart. Since they were unwilling to push over the wall, I didn't bother being polite.

I rolled up my sleeves to fight these werewolves. I would never let them bully me.

But fortunately, Warren stopped me. Otherwise, the problem would have become more complicated.

In the end, we retreated as Rufus' private guards shielded us from the angry werewolves.

At first, I thought we wouldn't need so many soldiers. But now, I understood Rufus had already anticipated the situation. That was perhaps why he had left an army of soldiers to protect us.

### [Chapter 505 Fishing](#)

Geoffrey's POV:

I spent the entire day watering the flowers and plants in the garden without bothering about what was happening outside.

Just then, my subordinate came to report the situation in the city. I dusted off the mud from my hands and legs and stood up.

"So, how is it going?" I sat at the garden table, poured a cup of tea, and took a sip.

"Those two have enraged the crowd. People have attacked them on the street. They were conducting an online survey, but only a few were willing to cooperate. They had to go door-to-door but it clearly didn't end well." My subordinate reported what Flora and Warren were up to.

I snorted. "I knew it. They are just a bunch of naive children. They think this world is full of kindness and beauty. It's time to teach them a good lesson."

People living comfortable, extravagant lives inside the wall would never give up their luxury and happiness for insignificant people outside the wall. Being in power for all these years enabled me to

understand the nature of the werewolves inside and outside the wall.

Moreover, outsiders like Rufus were oblivious to the significance of the enormous wall to the local werewolves.

They would never be able to push over the wall.

It was simply impossible.

I sat cross-legged on the chair and inquired about Rufus.

The subordinate hesitated for a moment. After taking a deep breath, he said, "Prince Rufus has locked himself in his room all day. Do you think something is wrong?"

"Nope. Nothing is wrong. That's exactly what I wanted."

I wasn't surprised in the least.

Although I had been at the border all these years, I had been secretly watching the imperial capital city and appointed spies all over the place.

The werewolves in the imperial capital were all greedy. I had used almost all the wealth I had got from the vampires to bribe them and improve connections to pave way for the future.

I couldn't stay at the border at all times. I wanted to rise above everyone and gain supremacy.

Therefore, I paid special attention to the two candidates who had the chance to take the throne.

Although Prince Richard was smart, I knew he wasn't smart enough to achieve much, let alone be the king. Prince Rufus, on the other hand, was a resourceful and capable lycan. He was the most eligible candidate to inherit the throne.

If Prince Rufus inherited the throne, it would be difficult to play tricks under his nose. He wouldn't tolerate any injustice. I would never be able to rise to supremacy.

Things were complicated, so I had to find another way.

But later, an informant told me that Prince Rufus disappeared every full moon night. At first, I thought it was a coincidence. However, I accidentally got in touch with Noreen, a black witch, and found out the royal family's secret.

I was surprised to know that Prince Rufus, the strongest male lycan in the empire, was under the black witch's curse.

The piece of information was a godsend.

Besides, Noreen also told me that Rufus would go berserk every full moon night. After calming down, he would get weak and exhausted. Rufus would lose all his strength and wouldn't be able to fight back.

I chose to bet with Rufus because we were approaching the full moon day. By then, Rufus would lose all his strength and power. He wouldn't have the energy to care about all these things.

Fighting his subordinates was a piece of cake for me, so I didn't worry about them.

If they refused to cooperate with me, I would kill them all.

### [Chapter 506 The Help Of The Black Witch](#)

Geoffrey's POV:

Ever since Rufus and the others entered the city, I had sent my men to secretly keep an eye on them the entire time.

They simply couldn't hide anything from me.

I knew Rufus had sent his men out of the city, and the remaining squad was looking after Flora and Warren.

Rufus was alone and defenseless now.

I glanced at my subordinate. "Is Prince Rufus's residence surrounded?"

"We've sent the secret guards to surround him." He nodded respectfully. "If anything unusual happens to Prince Rufus, we'll know it right away."

"Well, send some of our men to keep an eye on the wall. And don't let anyone go outside." I was still worried.

Tonight was the full moon night. I didn't want anything to go wrong.

Everything would be fine if Rufus agreed with me and my plans.

However, considering he was adamant, I had no choice but to get rid of him if he refused me.

"What if Prince Rufus dies at the border? I'm afraid the lycan king would blame you." My subordinate looked worried.

"Blame it on the vampires. I'm sure Hobson wouldn't mind."

I was more afraid of Rufus than the lycan king. Getting rid of Rufus would solve all my problems.

Besides, the imperial capital city was far away from here. I could find a scapegoat who would take all the blame.

"You're awesome! It was smart of you to bring Hobson under your control." He grinned proudly.

Playing with the empty cup, I squinted at him. "I'm actually surprised that old man has managed to hold on for so long."

"He is no different from a dead man. There's no need to be afraid of him." The subordinate smiled complacently. "Victory is yours."

I snorted, feeling a little aggrieved. "But he is still alive. As long as Hobson is still alive, I can't rest assured. I really believed the black death curse could have killed him."

"Even though Hobson is still alive, I don't think he'd be able to make big trouble," my subordinate said.

"You're right." I put down the glass and sighed.

All this should be attributed to the black witch, Noreen. She had cast the black death curse upon Hobson. Otherwise, Hobson, who had always been self-conceited and looked down upon werewolves, would never have agreed to cooperate with me.

"I don't think you'd have to worry about anything. Even the black witch, Noreen, is on your side. If we can't get rid of Prince Rufus, then you can get help from the black witch and ask her to curse Prince Rufus." My subordinate didn't seem to understand the magnitude of the issue and it irked me.

"Do you really think Noreen would always be on our side?" I glared at him.

He flinched back. "Isn't she on your side because of your talent and power?"

I scoffed at him. "It's just that I happen to have what she wants."

"I see," he mumbled. My subordinate frowned in confusion. I knew he didn't really understand what I meant.

I sneered in disgust. "There are no everlasting friends. It's all about personal interests and gains. You should have learned that by now, after working for me for all these years."

The subordinate lowered his head.

I didn't say anything more. I rested my hands behind my back and quietly looked at the red roses in the garden. However, nothing could lift off the weight that had settled on my heart.

I couldn't rely on Noreen for longer. It wasn't a permanent solution.

Although I had what she wanted, I had been taking advantage of the situation to get her to help me for too long a time. I was afraid I had completely offended that crazy woman.

But at the moment, she was my best weapon.

I had to tolerate her longer. One day, I would make everyone surrender to me, enslave the vampires, and make that bitch, Noreen, my sex slave.

### [Chapter 507 Wake Up](#)

Sylvia's POV:

It was sheer darkness. It felt like I had wandered in darkness for a very long time. It wasn't until I heard Yana's desperate call from the depths of my soul that I was suddenly dragged back to reality.

"Sylvia! Sylvia, you're finally awake! You almost scared me to death!" Yana whimpered.

It took me a while to gather my bearings.

"How long was I asleep?" I asked in a daze.

"Too long! I was so worried." After sobbing for a while, Yana gradually calmed down. "How do you feel?"

"I just have a bit of a headache."

I rubbed my temples and climbed out of bed. The memories from before I fell asleep rushed into my mind like a tide.

Damn it! I needed to be more careful next time. These vampires were so shameless that they even drugged the bread.

I took out the candle and matches that I had hidden under the bed and quickly lit the candle to check the time.

It was almost eight o'clock, but I couldn't tell if it was day or night. I just felt that I had slept for a very long time. My body was exhausted.

I held the candle in front of me and observed my surroundings. I was still in the same room, and my clothes hadn't changed.

I figured they had only drugged me in case I'd try to run around.

I didn't know if it was a side effect of the drug, but I felt extremely dizzy. I blew out the candle and climbed back into bed to rest. A few minutes later, I felt a little better.

So I stood up, walked to the door, and tried the knob. This time, the door was not locked.

I pushed the door open and walked into the corridor, which was illuminated with a warm yellow light. It was still incredibly dim, so I figured it was nighttime. I had slept for a whole day.

I could hear faint music coming from downstairs. The vampires must have come out of their rooms for nightly entertainment.

I walked towards the stairs.

After taking just a few steps, I saw Nicole rushing up the stairs.

She didn't look surprised to see me. "You're awake. Dinner's ready. Let's go downstairs."

I nodded and followed her quietly.

I had been asleep for too long, so I was not energetic.

Nicole took me to the same banquet hall from last night. Hobson's five children were already sitting at the long table. As for Hobson and his wife, they didn't show up tonight.

The five young vampires didn't show the same table manners as they did yesterday. They chatted while eating, and their voices dripped with sarcasm.

"Ellis screamed in her room again last night!" The golden haired male vampire took a bite out of the raw meat and mocked the girl sitting opposite him.

The girl threw her fork at him and snapped, "Shut up, Ahern. I was practicing bel canto."

The golden haired vampire named Ahern caught the fork midair and wrinkled his nose with disdain.

"What's the difference? Just like Lewis, you're good-for-nothing."

"Don't you dare compare me to Lewis. He's a fool!"

"Who are you calling a fool, you bitch? Do you want a beating?" The one who was speaking was a male vampire with a baby face. He was probably Lewis. His child-like face was full of anger. He pounded the table hard, and the whole table shook violently.

What a group of violent barbarians!

I listened to their conversation silently and sat down on the other side of the long table.

However, as soon as I sat down, they all turned to face me. I became the target of their ire.

"I wondered why I smelled something foul. It turns out that someone is here."

"Didn't you hate our food yesterday? Why'd you come today?"

Ignoring them, I pretended to eat the food in front of me, as if nothing had happened.

After a while, they soon lost interest in me and began to argue with each other again.

While they weren't looking, I secretly spit out the food in my mouth.

I couldn't waste another day. I had to find a way to escape.

### [Chapter 508 Ignorant Provocation](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Vampire food usually had blood in it, so the only thing I could eat on the table was the bread.

I slowly sliced the bread into pieces and took my time spreading some jam on it. I didn't eat it though. I just made myself look very busy.

Suddenly, a fake flower was thrown on top of my plate. My eyelashes fluttered slightly, but I ignored it and pretended not to see it.

"I'm so excited to hunt some interesting prey when our werewolf farm opens next month," Ahern said loudly, trying to get my attention.

I tightened my grip on the jam knife in my hand but didn't respond.

Ellis sneered with disdain. "Werewolf blood smells absolutely disgusting. That's a peasant farm. Only peasant vampires would go there and feed. Since when did you become a peasant?"

"Sometimes, I like the change in my diet. I get tired of eating too many delicacies." Ahern smacked his lips. "But your words just aroused my appetite. I haven't gone to the human farm to hunt for several days. I guess I'll have to go out tonight to unwind."

I frowned slightly. Since when had the vampires infiltrated human territory?

"And when did your taste become so poor? Although human blood indeed is truly delicious, it does not compare to that of witches," the black-haired vampire sitting next to Ahern commented lightly.

Only then did I notice that this vampire was dressed a little differently today. He was wearing peach-colored clothes and pink gloves donned his hands. To top it off, a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses sat on the bridge of his nose.

Ellis rolled her eyes. "Easy for you to say. Everyone would love to have a taste of their blood. Unfortunately, witches and wizards are a bit more difficult to deal with than other races, not to mention they disappear whenever they please. It's better not to provoke them unless necessary. Witches are especially tough. You should pray you'll never encounter one."

"How annoying! If only werewolf blood tasted better. That way, we wouldn't have to go to human territory," Lewis complained loudly.

"Are you stupid or something? Werewolves are born with a foul smell, so it's only natural their blood smells as bad as they taste. They are the lowest level of food. We wouldn't choose werewolves' blood unless we had no other choice," Ellis said innocently, adjusting the bowknot on her head.

Bang! I threw the knife on my plate and the vampires all turned to look at me.

I took a deep breath and forced a smile. "Oops. It slipped."

Ellis clicked her tongue and continued to speak harshly of my race. "Werewolves are the worst. They'll sell their soul for money. Not only are they foul, but also flirty! Otherwise, how could there be more and more werewolves? They fuck like rabbits!"

I stared at Ellis coldly and said through gritted teeth, "Say that again."

"I said, you werewolves are the worst, lowest creatures. You're all dirty and stinky, with horniness in your bones," Ellis pronounced each word carefully, an evil smile playing at her lips.

Unable to take it anymore, I smashed my fists on the table and glared at Ellis.

Not to be outdone, the vampires all stood up and glared at me with their red eyes, baring their fangs at me.

The atmosphere instantly became tense. I clenched my fists and tried my best to restrain my impulse.

"We only promised to keep you alive, but we never said that we'd return you in one piece. I'm sure it'll be fine if you lose a couple of limbs," Ellis said confidently, crossing her arms over her chest.

I sneered coldly. "Is that so? Wait and see."

After saying that, I immediately transformed into a wolf and pounced on Ellis, throwing her to the floor and sinking my teeth into her shoulder.



Ellis shrieked in pain.

### [Chapter 509 One Versus Five](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Now that I had successfully bitten her, I immediately leaped away and transformed back into a human.

Ellis clutched her bleeding shoulder and staggered to her feet. "You bitch! How dare you launch a sneak attack?"

"I didn't. I attacked you openly. What's the matter? Come and bite me already. Aren't you very confident in yourself?" I sneered. I couldn't tolerate her rudeness any longer.

These vampires were too arrogant.

"Do you really think I won't kill you? I'll strip off your tendons, suck up every last drop of your blood, and hang you outside for the crows to feed on your body!" Ellis was so angry that she bared her fangs at me and shouted like a wild animal.

I gestured at her to come at me. "Go ahead. Quit talking, more acting."

Ellis yanked the bow out of her hair, her expression distorted with anger. She barked at the other vampires, "Let's gang up on this bitch! I don't care what we promised the werewolves. I want her dead!"

Unexpectedly, the other vampires just stood glued to their spots, eager to watch this play unfold.

"Yeah! Bite this she-wolf to death, you guys!" Ahern added perfunctorily, but he didn't budge.

"Wait a minute. At least let me finish my food." Lewis sat down again and took a bite from his raw steak, showing no sign of attacking me.

Ellis was so angry that she cried out in frustration. Looking at the silent silver-haired vampire in the corner, she demanded, "What about you? Dylan, won't you help me?"

The silver-haired vampire glanced at her indifferently, then silently looked away. It seemed that he didn't want to help her either.

I sneered gloatingly. "Aw! What a poor girl!"

I could tell that these vampires were at odds with each other, which was why I dared to attack Ellis in the first place.

Otherwise, I was no match for the five of them all together.

What I did now was enough to intimidate them, and I also made it clear that I was no pushover.

"Fine! I'll beat her myself!" Ellis shouted angrily and a red flame appeared in the palm of her hand, poised to attack me.

In the blink of an eye, the flame was extinguished by Ahern.

"Calm down, Ellis. Don't use your special power here. If you make a scene and destroy this place, Dad will get mad at you."

Ellis's eyes seemed to turn even redder. She looked at her brother with an aggrieved expression and shook her head stubbornly. "She bit me but you still pick her side! You fucking traitors!"

"For once in your life, can you use that brain of yours? It's so annoying whenever you make trouble like this," the black-haired vampire snapped impatiently, which made Ellis burst into tears.

Just then, Nicole showed up.

"You can leave after dinner."

Hearing Nicole's calm voice, the young vampires were startled and immediately scattered like mice. Even the arrogant Ellis didn't have the time to wipe her tears, she simply ran away as fast as she could.

I snorted smugly. It looked like these vampires had someone they were afraid of.

Just as I was about to leave, I suddenly sensed that something was flying towards my head from behind me.

I quickly turned my head to dodge it, but the object still grazed my cheek.

Immediately, I felt a slight sting. I touched the wound gingerly and felt blood.

I picked up the weapon from the floor. It was a silver knife.

Needless to say, it was probably thrown by the angered Ellis.

I twirled the knife in my hand nonchalantly. When I turned around to laugh at the childish Ellis, I found that all the vampires who were running away suddenly stopped and stared at me.

They looked somewhat crazy, like wild animals, their scarlet eyes filled with fervent appetite.

[Chapter 510 The Fragrant Blood](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Even Ellis, who wanted so bad to kill me just moments ago, now looked at me with eyes burning with obsession.

"Gosh! Her blood smells so damn good!" she mumbled to herself.

"She smells delicious! I want to tear her into pieces and devour her."

"I want to take a bite."

.....

The five vampires gathered around me, muttering and sniffing my scent. Their eyes were scarlet, and their fangs protruded as if they were ready to pounce on me.

I was terrified and didn't dare to stay any longer. I quickly turned around and ran away.

However, to my horror, the vampires chased me.

"Oh my God! Why have they become crazed all of a sudden?" Yana was very nervous. She kept an eye on them the entire time. "Hurry up! Run upstairs!"

I lowered my head and ran as fast as my legs could carry me. Fear wracked my nerves, yet I was confused.

According to what those vampires said before, they loathed the blood of werewolves because they deemed it to be smelly. Besides, as high-level vampires, they must have tasted all kinds of blood. I couldn't understand why they were desperate to drink my blood.

Fortunately, the villa was big enough. I ran around based on my recollection of the castle's layout as I had taken a walk here yesterday. Besides, my speed was an added advantage.

The vampires soon went astray. They randomly searched every empty room, looking for me.

"What should we do, Sylvia? Think of a way. Vampires have very powerful night vision and are sensitive to the smell of blood. They will sooner or later find you." Yana was so anxious that she started to jump up and down in my mind. "Cover the wound on your face! Quick!"

I fumbled in my pocket and tried to find a handkerchief. But unfortunately, it was empty.

"Forget it. Let's run. Werewolves have strong healing abilities. Try stalling the vampires. Your wound will heal by then."

I rushed out of the stairwell on the second floor and ran to the fourth floor.

Along the way, I deliberately knocked over the incense furnishings everywhere. The strong, pungent fragrance immediately filled the air.

I hoped this would delay the vampires from finding me.

Just then, I heard sounds of hurried footsteps from downstairs. I could tell the vampires were following me.

I covered my wound with my hand and hid between the handrails, discreetly peeking out to look for my enemies.

It looked like the vampires had lost their way. The screaming ceased, and they gradually calmed down. I guessed my trick had worked.

At that moment, someone patted my shoulder from behind. I was so frightened that I didn't dare to look back.

"Miss Todd, are you okay?"

It was the voice of the housekeeper, Nicole.

It was the voice of the housekeeper, Nicole.

I turned around cautiously to look at her. Fortunately, she looked calm and sounded sensible without losing control. I closed my eyes and breathed a sigh of relief.

'Thank goodness.'

I was still unaware of Nicole's strength. If she lost control and went against me, things would only get worse.

"Why... why didn't you lose control?" I frowned in confusion.

Nicole was still calm, her expression unchanged. "I'm a hybrid, so the smell of blood has less impact on me, but..."

She paused and examined my face.

"Your blood is unusually fragrant. It's sure to drive the vampires wild. You should be glad that my master has fallen asleep. If he smells your blood, he will not care about the cooperation with the werewolf Alpha."

My heart trembled as a wave of dread consumed me. "But don't you vampires hate the scent of werewolves' blood? Why..."

"I don't know why. Now, you should think of a way to make those young ones lose interest in you," Nicole said calmly.

I bit my lower lip as my heart sank. I had fallen into a trap and become their prey.

"And try not to get injured again."

As soon as Nicole finished speaking, the sounds of footsteps grew louder. Just then, I saw five vampires on the staircase.