

Irresistible 51

[Chapter 51 One On One](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"Harry! Are you insane? I told you to deal with Sylvia, not me!" Cherry shouted angrily. She couldn't believe that Harry just kicked her off the stage.

The whole thing happened so suddenly and fast that everyone was shocked.

"I'm not your lackey. I don't have to do as you say." Harry looked down upon Cherry from the stage. Suddenly, I felt the urge to fix my eyes on him. Despite his unruly head of hair that made him look like a talking pineapple, I couldn't help feeling a surge of respect and admiration for him. In my eyes, he glowed with bright, holy light like a true warrior.

Cherry's eyes widened in surprise and then narrowed in fury. When she was about to say something else, a judge asked her to leave. "An eliminated student cannot stay in the venue. Leave or your comprehensive score will be zero."

Overwhelmed with rage and humiliation, Cherry burst into tears on the spot. She started wailing as if she was a victim of unfair treatment. The judge who asked her to leave had to get the guards to forcefully drag her out.

But I was not in the mood to worry about her. I still had a competition to win. Harry didn't fight with me. Instead, he turned around and targeted Cherry's pursuer, Allen.

Although I was surprised, I didn't read much into Harry's decision. I just focused and fought with Davina. Davina lost her backbone after Cherry was thrown out of the room. The way she threw punches became ridiculously erratic, as if she had lost her soul. It was only a matter of time before she attempted a miscalculated attack that I easily countered, and I knocked her off the stage.

Soon, Harry had also defeated Allen. He looked right at me. Although he still looked arrogant to me, he no longer annoyed me like hell.

"I underestimated you, slave. You did a fine job in the first two rounds of the competition. Didn't you want to fight me alone? Well, here's your chance. Go ahead. Hit me with your best shot." Harry straightened his back and put on a smug smile.

With that, I suddenly changed my mind about him being annoying. But although he could be painfully conceited, he wasn't an evil werewolf. He was strong, and he was a formidable opponent. I supposed that earned him the right to be lofty.

"My dear, how about you forfeit now? You have already secured second place in the group. Even if you admit defeat, you will still enter Class C. You may not be able to defeat Harry, and the judges may

deduct points from you if you go on fighting," Yana reminded me in a low voice.

I eyed Harry carefully. Yana's words made sense, but I didn't want to admit defeat. I wanted to fight to the end.

"All right. Let's fight!" As soon as I finished my words, I threw a punch at Harry.

I watched in horror as he smoothly sidestepped out of my way and let my fist touch nothing but air. He was unbelievably fast and sure-footed. I immediately thought that if I moved like he did, I'd be infuriatingly pompous, too. Cherry and her followers were absolutely no match for him.

Before I could recover from my miss, Harry went on the offensive, and I scrambled to either block his attacks or get out of his way. He didn't have his hand on me, yet I felt like he was pinning me down by the neck. I couldn't find an opening to land a single punch, which reminded me of the time I fought Rufus.

After a few minutes of nonstop strikes, Harry backed off and let me catch my breath. He clicked his tongue and shook his head.

"You're too slow and weak. Defeating you will bring me no honor. Just forfeit, will you?"

The disdainful look on Harry's face reminded me of Rufus. Yes, Harry was stronger than me, but I still believed that I could knock him out. When I faced Rufus, I was really unable to fight back.

The thought of Rufus calmed me down. Memories of our unforgettable fight flooded my head. He really had me then and never allowed me to land a single blow.

I chuckled. "You are too confident in yourself, Harry. I have fought with someone much stronger than you."

"You're bragging when you couldn't even defeat me? Let me tell you something—no one is stronger than me. Otherwise, I would've met him or her already." Harry was unconvinced.

"Maybe you're already looking at her." I flashed him a defiant smile.

"Oh, really? Well, maybe I should just quit being considerate and teach you a lesson." Harry waved his fist at me, and his facial expression became serious.

I turned my head and easily dodged his attack. Then, I clamped my hand on his shoulder, imitating the move Rufus used. As my heart sang and burned with surging fighting spirit, I sneered, "I'd like to see you try."

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[Chapter 52 Counterattack](#)

Rufus' POV:

The fight on the stage was getting more and more intense. Harry had been relentless in his offense, forcing Sylvia to fall back again and again.

The more I watched, the more I felt like my heart was being used as a punching bag. Harry didn't restrain his strength at all. He knew Sylvia's weakness very well and mercilessly directed his blows at it.

He punched Sylvia in the belly again, making her bend down.

I looked away as I couldn't bear to watch the fight anymore. I became more and more irritable, and I couldn't sit still.

"I thought this fight would be interesting, but she was just letting him beat her," Laura sneered.

"Sylvia is just a slave. She has never received any formal training. It makes sense that she can't defeat Harry, but her getting this far in the competition is undeniably laudable," Alina reasoned.

"You're right. It's amazing that a slave such as her lasted this long. Thanks to her, today's exam is somewhat entertaining," Laura said nonchalantly. It seemed that in her eyes, Sylvia was just a plaything.

"But if it weren't for Harry, Sylvia would've been eliminated already," Alina continued, an innocent glimmer making her eyes shine. "I just don't understand why he helped her. But she is indeed attractive."

The ambiguity in Alina's words set off alarms in my head. If an outsider heard that comment, it could be misinterpreted.

But sure enough, as soon as Alina finished speaking, Laura chortled, "What a coquette!"

My protective instincts finally kicked in, and I tapped my cup on the table. "Guards, the coffee is cold. Please serve a freshly brewed pot to the queen and escort Miss Quinn back to her room. She's tired. She needs to get some rest."

Alina turned her head to me and flashed me a confused look. "Rufus, did I make you unhappy? Why are you suddenly..."

"What are you waiting for? I said escort her back to her room," I snapped at the guards who didn't move after I was finished barking orders.

"What are you doing, Rufus?" Laura rolled her eyes at me and then held Alina's hand to stop her from leaving.

"I just want to show my hospitality," I said, struggling to keep my voice level.

Hearing the strain in my voice, Richard started laughing. I shot him a death glare, warning him to mind his own business.

Laura stood up angrily, but before she could verbally attack me, Alina stopped her.

"Your Majesty, Prince Rufus is right. I'm indeed tired. I want to go back to my room and rest," Alina said in a voice tinged with embarrassment. The corner of her mouth drooped, and after comforting Laura, she left with the guards. She looked at me with grievance in her eyes before she turned on her heel.

I didn't bother to follow her with my gaze. I turned around and focused on the competition again.

At this time, I found Sylvie going on the offensive against Herry. She was finally fighting back and keeping Herry on his toes. Slowly but surely, she was gaining the upper hand.

"That's odd. When and where did Sylvie learn how to fight like a soldier in the Royal Army? The moves she's making now are only taught to those in exclusive military training," Richard murmured in surprise.

I smiled but said nothing. Sylvie was using the fighting techniques I used on her that night. This was another one of her strengths. She learned incredibly fast, and she had a sharp muscle memory. She could grasp and copy key skills even if they were only shown to her once.

Watching Sylvie turn the tables and make Harry's head spin, I couldn't help feeling immensely proud of her.

She was my mate. She was like a piece of unprocessed, delicate jade, shining brightly and fiercely.

In the end, I got overwhelmed with joy and excitement. Ignoring Leure's dissuasion, I walked toward Sylvie.

I didn't bother to follow her with my gaze. I turned around and focused on the competition again.

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[Chapter 53 Victory](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Harry acted swiftly. However, I spun around and dodged him as I recalled the moves Rufus had used to attack him.

"Why did you change your moves?" Harry was baffled. He couldn't fight back.

I snorted and punched his face. "I've told you that I've fought with people stronger than you."

"Damn it! Don't hit my face!" Harry anxiously blocked my fist. "Who is stronger than me? Tell me. I want

to meet them."

"I'll tell you if you defeat me!" I pressed my elbow on Harry's shoulder. When he was distracted, I gave him a suplex and pinned him to the ground, pressing my hand on his neck.

Harry was in a trance and looked at me in disbelief. After a while, he came to his senses and said, "I admit defeat."

I closed my eyes and breathed a sigh of relief. If he didn't admit defeat, I would have become exhausted and wouldn't have been able to fight back anyway.

I stood up and pulled Harry to his feet.

Just then, a judge flashed the card at me and said, "Thirty points will be deducted because your movement was not standard, and ten points will be deducted because you violated the rules of the competition."

I was taken aback. I couldn't understand what was going on. Perhaps my movement was indeed not standard, but as far as I knew, I didn't violate the rules in any way.

Just as I was about to question the judge, Harry lost his cool. He stood up and bellowed, "Have you all lost your minds? Are you giving the scores with your eyes closed? When did she violate the damn rules? Believe it or not, I'll fucking rip your eyes off your sockets!" Harry was so angry that he wanted to beat that judge.

I lunged forward and stopped him, fearing that he would get violent and attack the judge. "Calm down. I'll handle it."

I walked up to the judges and looked at them. "I would like to know the standard rules of the competition. To my knowledge, I don't remember violating any rules."

The judges fell silent, for they didn't know what to say. Finally, they glanced at each other, and one of them said, "If I say you have violated the rules, then you have. What can a slave like you know?"

Harry grew agitated. He grabbed the judge's collars and shouted, "Change the score! Otherwise, you won't be able to get off the stage today."

Harry's threat frightened the judge. He tried pulling Harry's hands off his collar but failed. "I can change the marks I had deducted for violating the rules, but her movement and techniques were not standard. That's a fact."

"A fact? Prove it then! How could you make such statements without any proof?" Harry tried stepping forward again, but I grabbed his arm and shook my head, gesturing for him not to be impulsive.

The judge raised the card again, straightened his shirt, and glared at him. "If I say her movement was not standard, then it wasn't. How could a slave, who has never received formal training before, do standard movements? Who taught her?"

Just then, the card in the judge's hand was snatched away.

"Who the hell..." the judge cursed under his breath and turned his head. The blood on his face drained as soon as he saw Rufus. "Your Highness, what are you doing here?"

Rufus flipped over the card in his hand and looked the judge in the eye. "I taught her the moves. Got a problem?"

"Well... No! Her movements were great!" the judge mumbled submissively. He was so terrified that he broke into a cold sweat.

Rufus snorted and crushed the card. "Get out of here!"

The judge's face visibly relaxed. He stood up and ran away without looking back.

My heart skipped a beat when I saw Rufus' tall, elegant figure. He looked at me, and our eyes locked.

Then, he cast a sidelong glance at another judge. The judge immediately understood his gesture and raised the card in his hand.

"The winner is Sylvie Todd!"

A moment of silence pervaded before the arena erupted with applause that seemed to grow louder with every passing minute. I even heard people cheering and whistling. My eyes widened as I looked around. The people no longer mocked or ridiculed me. They were all congratulating me and celebrating my victory.

"Sylvie, congratulations! You defeated me!" Herry said, his face beaming with pride and joy.

"Thank you, Herry."

Tears welled up in my eyes. I had received recognition from my opponent for the first time.

"Oh, my dear, you made it. I'm really proud of you." Yene began to sob.

"Don't cry. My brain will end up floating in tears if you keep crying like this," I coaxed Yene. I didn't know about the other wolves, but mine was an emotional one -- it cried for both my sorrow and victory.

Just then, a familiar scent wafted to my nose. I looked up and saw Rufus walking up to me.

My heart began to race in my chest yet again.

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[Chapter 54 Fainting](#)

Rufus' POV:

A group of werewolves cheered and clapped when the judge announced that Sylvia had passed the exam. I felt happy for her too.

Just as I was about to congratulate her, Harry ran over to her first. He put his arm around Sylvia's

shoulder and grinned like an idiot.

I couldn't help but frown. 'When did this guy become so close to Sylvia? He could have politely shook her hand. Why did he have to use such an intimate gesture?'

Sylvia, on the other hand, was laughing happily. 'Why can't she push Harry's hand away and ask him to stay away from her?'

I felt a little unhappy and walked to her, not bothering to hide my displeasure.

Harry was the first one to see me. The smile on his face vanished, and he immediately withdrew his hand around Sylvia's shoulder and stepped back.

I glanced at him coldly, satisfied that he was sensible enough to step away.

Sylvia also saw me. Her eyes widened in surprise for a split second before her face lit up. But she soon rearranged her expression as if she were restraining her emotions.

'What does that mean? Is she happy or unhappy to see me?'

I pursed my lips and waited for her to speak first. I wanted to congratulate her. But considering she wasn't as relaxed as she was around Harry, I couldn't remain calm.

I glanced at Harry again. He grinned at me, revealing his pearly whites, which seemed to annoy me even more. 'What the hell is he smiling for?'

"Rufus, you're jealous," Omar said. I could hear the playfulness in his voice.

"No, I just don't think Harry is a good werewolf. Sylvia shouldn't be so close to him," I retorted. 'How could I be jealous? I just thought Sylvia was stupid and gullible. I didn't want anyone to bully her again.'

"Why don't you admit it? I'm your wolf. No one can understand your emotions better than I do. Sooner or later, I'll prove you wrong."

As soon as Omar finished speaking, Sylvia turned to look at me, her eyes gleaming with respect. She stepped closer and saluted me.

I was taken aback.

"I made it! I didn't let you down." Sylvia looked at me intently; her voice sounded confident. She looked valiant as if she was ready to fight on the battlefield.

However, she looked adorable to me, and I couldn't help but chuckle. I rubbed her hair. "Well done!"

But Sylvia didn't look happy. Instead, her eyes widened.

'Did my smile frighten her?' I pursed my lips, trying not to scare her. It wasn't surprising because only a few werewolves weren't afraid of me.

A bitter feeling surged up in my heart. I had had no affinity to others ever since I was a child. In addition to that, I had once gone berserk in front of others because of the curse. Therefore, my mere presence frightened everyone. They thought I was a ruthless monster.

Just as I snapped out of my reverie and was about to change the topic, Sylvie's face turned pale. Her legs gave away; she passed out and fell on me. At that moment, my mind went blank. It felt as if someone was strangling me.

I caught Sylvie. She was burning with a fever.

Her clothes were soaked in sweat. There were several bruises on her arms that were a result of the fighting. I was afraid that her injuries were more severe than they seemed.

Anger surged through my veins as I glared at Harry. If he had admitted defeat earlier, Sylvie wouldn't have fought so hard.

"No, it was not my fault. Sylvie is too stubborn. No, wait! She was the one who hit me. I didn't hurt her in any way," Harry explained, frenetically waving his hands.

I didn't have the time to talk to him now.

"Call the doctor," I ordered my subordinates, picked up Sylvie, and left quickly.

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[Chapter 55 Coma](#)

Rufus' POV:

It had been an hour, but Sylvia was still in a coma.

"Why isn't she awake yet?"

I was so irritated. Seeing the weak Sylvia made me unable to control my violent emotions.

"Prince Rufus, she has a fever because of overfatigue. And that's also the reason why she is still unconscious. But she will be fine after a good rest," the doctor said in a panic. He was so frightened that he shrank to the side, almost unable to breathe.

"When is she going to wake up? Give me a specific time," I said in a low voice, looking at the doctor. If he dared to say that he was not sure, I would make him disappear at once.

"In two or three hours. Or tonight at most." The doctor's voice was trembling, and he didn't dare to raise his head. "Actually, she is severely malnourished. That's why she is very weak. And since she used too much physical strength today, she needs to recuperate. She also has to pay attention to her health from now on. Otherwise..."

The doctor paused to catch his breath and wipe the sweat off of his forehead. "Perhaps she has experienced long-term hunger or has the habit of eating raw and cold food because she also has chronic gastric problems. This has to be paid more attention too."

The more I listened to the doctor, the more I felt sorry for Sylvia. I didn't even know that she had suffered this much. Then I suddenly remembered that the first time I saw her, her body was covered with scars. But she always showed that she was strong and never complained she was in pain. I couldn't help but regret in my heart that I didn't come to her sooner.

"Okay, you can go now." I didn't make things difficult for the doctor anymore. I just turned to Sylvia and gently stroked her beautiful hair. Her face was small, and she looked weaker when under the quilt.

After the doctor left, Maya came in.

"Prince Rufus, someone wants to see you."

"I don't want to see anyone," I said indifferently without even raising my head.

But as soon as I finished my words, someone came in.

"Such a cold-blooded man! How can you just discard me like that after using me?"

The man's voice sounded bright and mischievous.

I turned my head and saw Blair leaning against the door frame and looking at me leisurely.

"Take care of Sylvia," I said to Maya. I had no choice but to face him.

I walked out of the room, and he followed behind me.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, looking at Blair disgustedly. "Are the Royal Guards so idle now? How can you have the time to see me?"

"Damn it! It was you who asked me to pretend to be a new student and join the others in taking the placement exam." Blair pursed his lips in dissatisfaction and reached out to pat me on the shoulder.

I grabbed his hand and frowned. "When can you change that habit of yours?"

He withdrew his hand sulkily. "Just can't help it."

Blair was the son of Albert Joshue, the most prestigious elder in the royal court. He was a strong man, and he served as the captain of the Royal Guards in the palace. He was my only friend, one of the few who had never been afraid of me since we were kids.

I rolled my eyes at him and snorted coldly. "If you have something to say, just say it. I'm busy."

Blair clicked his tongue and said casually, "How can you brush me off just like that? You are too ungrateful. Believe it or not, I will cry right now."

I rubbed my temples as I suddenly felt a headache. Blair had always been naughty since he was a child. He looked handsome and matured, but he was more childish than anyone else. "If you keep talking nonsense, just get out of here."

"No way! Do you know how difficult it was for me to escape from those she-wolves? If I go out now, I'm sure they will catch me." Blair raised his head and shook his feet like a hooligan. "Pretending to be a new student to take the exam today has not only ruined my dignified image but also caused me a lot of trouble. But after using me, you just turn against me? What's the difference between you and a scumbag who dumps a woman after having sex with her?"

He put his hand on my shoulder and said maliciously, "Tell me. How are you going to make it up to me this time?"

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[Chapter 56 The Mystery Of Her Origin](#)

Rufus' POV:

Amused with Blair, I couldn't help smiling. To be fair, he did help me a lot this time and I felt sincerely grateful.

"Seriously, thank you. You can have anything you want."

"Really?" The playful expression on Blair's face disappeared and he looked serious. Casually, he put his hands behind his head and leaned back. "So, who on earth is this little Sylvia? What did she do to make the most elusive Prince Rufus care about her so much? She's not just any slave, is she?"

"It's Sylvia's potential that caught my eye." I gave a blunt remark. In respect of the agreement between me and my father, I couldn't tell Blair that Sylvia and I were mates.

"You noticed it too?" Blair nodded seriously. "Yes, indeed. Let me tell you, when Sylvia broke that test

rock, I knew that outburst of power was something else. Although she couldn't explain it herself afterward, it was still very strange."

"The only explanation the doctor could give was that Sylvia is very malnourished and weak. Her body could not take such a wild burst of strength. She's going to need time to recover," I said lightly. I looked up at the door, my heart aching. Sylvia really used to live such a hard life.

"It does make me very curious as to what kind life she used to live," Blair said, as if he had read exactly what was on my mind.

The corners of my mouth twitched. "Sylvia's mother was the Beta of her pack. Unfortunately, she was framed and accused of murdering their Alpha and Luna. The pack had punished her by execution. Right now, I'm helping Sylvia with her mother's case. There was a witness during the trial who has since disappeared and I have already sent out some men to reinvestigate the whole thing, but I haven't gotten any news about it yet."

This mastermind seemed to be smart and closed all loose ends. The same could probably be said about how premeditated the plan was to frame Sylvia's mother in the first place. Originally, I was just planning to wait until hopefully the mastermind slipped up and showed themselves. But having this matter out in the open was putting Sylvia in grave danger. Anyone could use this as a reason to kill her at any time. I never wanted to see Sylvia hurt again. I didn't even want her to have any reason to cry anymore.

Stressed, I brought out my cigarette box, handing one over to Blair as well. "That's why I was hoping I could use your manpower as well."

"No problem at all," Blair agreed almost instantaneously. He took out a lighter from his pocket and lit up our cigarettes. "I can arrange it by tonight."

I nodded, puffing out smoke rings. Blair might have seemed like a lazy smooth-talker in normal situations, but he was straight up serious whenever it came down to doing business.

"We have to conduct a deeper investigation on Sylvia's parents as well. Something tells me there's more to Sylvia's origin than just being the daughter of a Beta." Nibbling on the cigarette in my mouth, I allowed myself to get lost in my thoughts. Blair smoked silently as well, but I couldn't quite tell what he could be thinking about right now.

It wasn't until I could feel the heat of the cigarette on my fingers that I came back to my sense.

I took two last drags before stubbing the butt on the ashtray. "Make sure to keep a low profile about this. I don't want anyone else knowing."

Blair replied confidently, "I know. You shouldn't worry about how I execute my projects."

"By the way, have you given it some thought already?" I gave Blair a knowing glance.

"Well, I really wanted to refuse. But since I got to meet Sylvie already, I think I've changed my mind."
Blair smiled cheekily, switching back to his sweet-talking self.

I tried not to give him a warning look. Although his tone sounded like he could be teasing, I had a feeling he was serious about what he just said.

Just when I was about to say something to subtly mark Sylvie as mine, we heard Meyer's voice from inside the room. "Miss Todd! You're finally awake!"

Hearing that took away any desire left to talk to Blair. I turned around and went to open the door.

"Wait, I also want to see Sylvie." Blair smoothed out his clothes, wanting to follow me inside.

I frowned and asked rather rudely, "Does she have anything to do with you?"

"What? Can't I visit my future student... yet." Blair retorted and tried to push past me. "Be careful of how you talk to me. I could ruin Sylvie's image of you."

"All I'm saying is that she's not your student... yet." I blocked the door. "Just go back already. I don't want Sylvie to know right now that I had any part in helping her get admitted to school."

Sylvie was a smart and proud she-wolf. If she found out that I sent someone to secretly protect her, she would be angry and think that I didn't have confidence in her. When I thought of this, I got scared, which was something I hadn't felt in a long time.

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"Well, I really wanted to refuse. But since I got to meet Sylvia already, I think I've changed my mind."
Blair smiled cheekily, switching back to his sweet-talking self.

I tried not to give him a warning look. Although his tone sounded like he could be teasing, I had a feeling he was serious about what he just said.

Just when I was about to say something to subtly mark Sylvia as mine, we heard Maya's voice from inside the room. "Miss Todd! You're finally awake!"

Hearing that took away any desire left to talk to Blair. I turned around and went to open the door.

"Wait, I also want to see Sylvia." Blair smoothed out his clothes, wanting to follow me inside.

I frowned and asked rather rudely, "Does she have anything to do with you?"

"What? Can't I visit my future student?" Blair retorted and tried to push past me. "Be careful of how you talk to me. I could ruin Sylvia's image of you."

"All I'm saying is that she's not your student... yet." I blocked the door. "Just go back already. I don't want Sylvia to know right now that I had any part in helping her get admitted to school."

Sylvia was a smart and proud she-wolf. If she found out that I sent someone to secretly protect her, she would be angry and think that I didn't have confidence in her. When I thought of this, I got scared, which was something I hadn't felt in a long time.

[Chapter 57 Nosebleed](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I woke up with a splitting headache and found myself lying on a bed. My body seemed to have been drained of strength, and my limbs were too heavy to lift.

"What's wrong with me?" I muttered to myself. My memory seemed to have been cut off for a moment. I was dazed and confused, and I couldn't remember what had happened.

"Miss Todd, you're finally awake!"

A she-wolf's excited voice rang out above me. It was Maya's voice.

I looked up at her weakly. "Maya, what happened to me?"

"You had a fever, and you fainted because of over fatigue. It was Prince Rufus who brought you back. You just don't know how nervous he was at that time," Maya explained, tugging off the corner of my quilt.

It was only then that my memory flooded over like a tide. I remembered that before I fainted, I felt Rufus touch my head so gently. I didn't expect that the cold lycan prince would do it to me one day. He even smiled, which was rare to see. I never knew that his cold face could be so attractive when he smiled. God knew how fast my heartbeat was at that time. Fortunately, I didn't have a nosebleed. Because if I really had, I would be totally embarrassed.

"Miss Todd, why is your face so red? Has your fever spiked again?" Maya asked worriedly.

"What?" I came back to my senses and touched my face awkwardly. It was indeed burning hot. "No. It's just that the quilt is a little thick."

"I'll give you a thinner one then." After saying this, Maya turned around and was about to leave.

"No need. It's fine." I grabbed her hand and quickly changed the topic. "Where is Prince Rufus?"

"I have no idea," Maya replied blankly.

But I could feel that Rufus was just outside the door. His aura seemed to have been deeply engraved in my soul. I could immediately feel his presence as long as he was nearby. But aside from him, I also felt another werewolf's aura. It was a bit familiar, but I couldn't remember who it was.

While I was racking my brain, the door was pushed open, and Rufus came in. He waved his hand, hinting at Maya to leave.

"How are you? Are you feeling better?" Rufus stood in front of my bed with an unprecedented smile on his handsome face, melting the coldness around him.

I stared at him blankly as if I was mesmerized by him. "Yeah, I'm feeling better."

"Don't lie to me," he said as he leaned over and touched my forehead. He obviously didn't believe me.

As soon as I looked up, I saw his thick eyelashes drooped, and there was a trace of seriousness in his half-opened eyes. My face began to heat up, and I couldn't help grasping the corners of the quilt. Now that I was alone with him, I felt inexplicably nervous.

"Can... Can you move away from me a little? I can't breathe," I said haltingly. My nose was itchy, and I felt an urge.

Wait! My nose felt wet. Could it be...

I saw that the look on Rufus' face changed. Then he took out his handkerchief in a hurry. "Why are you having a nosebleed all of a sudden?"

"It's... It's because of excessive internal heat," I faltered. How I wished I could dig a hole and hide. It was too embarrassing! How could my nose bleed because of Rufus' gorgeous face?

"By the way, who was with you outside just now?" I immediately changed the topic.

The expression on Rufus' face froze. Then he said perfunctorily, "No one special. We were just talking about business."

The unnatural expression on his face made my restless heart calm down. It was as if a basin of cold water was poured into it and extinguished the fire. It was only then that I realized that I had gone too far. I shouldn't have pried into his private affairs. I actually didn't have the right to do so.

So I just nodded my head and didn't say anything more. The atmosphere around us suddenly cooled down. Fortunately, a servant came in to bring my dinner, saving us from the embarrassment.

"These dishes are good for your stomach. Although they are of small quantity, they are exquisite. This is the doctor's order, so you should eat them all. I will also see to it that you eat on time from now on," Rufus explained while helping me up.

I put down the handkerchief I used to cover my nose, feeling a little bitter in my heart. Rufus was so good to me. If he went on like this, I was afraid I would fall in love with him. With the huge gap between our statuses, I knew we could never have a happy ending.

'Stop your wishful thinking, Sylvie. There is only one way for you now, and that is to become stronger,' I thought to myself.

"How's the enrollment going?" I asked, suppressing the anguish in my heart.

"The rankings haven't been announced yet, but there must be no problem with your scores. You will be admitted to at least Class C, so I asked them to complete your admission procedures. You will go to school tomorrow." As he spoke, Rufus put a small bowl of porridge on the side table.

"That soon?" I was a little surprised. I thought I had to go through a series of reviews before being admitted to the school.

"Yes. Generally speaking, students stay in the school dormitory. But since this room is very close to the school, you can just stay here," Rufus replied in a low voice.

"I prefer to stay in the school dormitory," I blurted out, countering his words.

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[Chapter 58 The School Dormitory](#)

Sylvia's POV:

As soon as I finished my words, Rufus was stunned. Then the atmosphere around us stiffened again.

I was too straightforward, and I couldn't help regretting it.

"It's not that I don't want to stay here," I said tentatively, looking at him cautiously.

"Then why do you prefer to stay in the school dormitory?" Rufus' hand holding the spoon froze in midair. There was no emotion in his voice when he asked.

He didn't look unhappy. In fact, he looked patient. But my heart was inexplicably restless.

"It's just that... it's too troublesome to go back and forth. And I want to fit in the class and concentrate on training," I explained.

But I knew very well that they were just my excuses. The real reason was that I found that I was already attracted to Rufus. I had to stop it before my feelings for him deepened. And the most direct and effective way was to stay away from him.

Rufus didn't object anymore. He just agreed in a low voice, as if he didn't care at all.

While eating the porridge, I felt my heart ached a little. Why didn't he try to continue persuading me? Maybe if he persuaded me a little more, I would decide to stay here.

There was no further conversation between us. When I finished eating, he just told me to have a good rest and left. He looked very calm, but I felt that he was a little unhappy.

The next day, Rufus didn't come to see me. He only asked Maya to take me to the academy. I was disappointed for no reason, but I immediately discarded such a feeling in my heart. Rufus was a busy person, so it was normal that he didn't come.

When I arrived at the academy, my mood lightened up again, and I became excited. I never thought that a day would come that I would get the chance to go to the Royal Military School.

At this moment, the square of the academy was crowded with people, and everyone looked very excited. Everyone was waiting for the rankings and placement to be announced.

"Hi, Sylvia!" Harry came over and greeted me. And just like the others, he also wanted to discuss the rankings with me. "What do you think is your rank?"

"I don't know," I answered, shaking my head. Then I turned to look at the big screen at the center of the square. The rankings would be shown there later. "I guess the first place must be Blair."

"I think so too. Actually, he is very mysterious. I don't know which pack he comes from, and he doesn't seem to have any close friends. But his strength is terrifying." Harry agreed with my guess. His tone had a hint of respect and awe.

Thinking of how Blair passed the three rounds of tests effortlessly, I had a feeling that he hadn't shown his full strength yet.

Speaking of him, I looked around but didn't see him. I felt a little strange. "Why isn't he here yet?"

"Do you mean Blair? Maybe he's just late." Harry curled his lips carelessly and sighed. "Sure enough, masters can be willful. I really hope I can enter Class A, so I can receive specialized elite training. Unfortunately, there are only ten vacancies in Class A. I'm praying hard I can make it there."

He put his hands together and began to pray. I didn't expect such an arrogant werewolf to have such a side, so I couldn't help chuckling. "You performed quite well in all three rounds. You definitely have a chance to enter Class A."

"Well, you too. After all, you won first place in the last test," Harry said with a smile, looking at me.

"But I only ranked eighth in the speed test, and my performance in the strength test was only okay. You were there, and you saw it yourself. Although the specific scores have not been released yet, many students were better than me on that test." As I said this, I was also a bit frustrated.

"But maybe those students have poor scores in other tests," Harry said to comfort me.

"Stop dreaming!"

A woman's voice interrupted our conversation. When I turned my head, I saw Cherry standing not far away, sneering at me.

"Have you forgotten who you are?" Cherry asked in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

But I just ignored her because at this moment, the big screen lit up, and the rankings were finally displayed.

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[Chapter 59 Placemen](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Everyone gathered together with excitement, scrambling to get a view of the rankings.

After looking at it, some students were cheering and whooping, but there were also others who broke down. One of them was the fat werewolf next to me.

"No! I'm going to be in Class F! My mother's going to beat me to death."

I looked at him with sympathy but also felt uneasy. We really had tough competition out here. I took a closer look at the rankings. As expected, Blair was in the first place.

"Hell yeah! I'm ranked ninth!" Harry's voice rose above the noise. He jumped with joy, causing his

pineapple-shaped hair to bounce in the air. "I'm going to be in Class A! That's great!"

Surprisingly, I found my name easily, not so far below Blair and Harry. I was eleventh in ranking.

But when I saw that my overall score was just 0.6 points away from the werewolf in tenth place, I was crestfallen.

"Oh, no! If you had gotten 0.6 points more, you could've been in Class A too." Harry saw me looking at my ranking and saw my score too. He gave me a comforting pat on the shoulder. "I guess that strength test really brought you down, huh."

I forced a smile. "I'll be fine. I actually ranked much higher than I expected. Of course, my score makes me a little regretful I didn't do better."

If only I had worked a little harder, I could have qualified for Class A.

"Well, you deserve it, bitch! That's all you're capable of. Not even God could help you with that lame score!" In my brief moment of misery, Cherry did not let the opportunity to make fun of me pass.

Why was she always so annoying? I shot her a cold glance. "Why are you always around me? If I didn't know better, I would think you're obsessed with me."

"What? How dare you even talk back like that? Do you seriously think you're that spectacular? Even if you got into this military school, you still can't get rid of the fact that you're a slave!" Cherry raised her voice, attracting the attention of students around us.

"Cherry, just stop already." Davina pulled Cherry's arm, looking a little timid. She was probably getting tired that Cherry kept making trouble wherever she went.

"Don't touch me!" Cherry yanked her arm away and walked up to me. "You couldn't even qualify for Class A. How can you act so arrogant? Who allowed you to act like that?"

"If she couldn't qualify for Class A, then what about you? At least, Sylvia is ranked at eleven. What's your ranking?" Harry put on a false curiosity and took a long look at the rankings. "Oh, there you are. Five hundred and thirty-eighth. No wonder it took me so long to find your name, it was all the way down. It's okay though. You've tried your best!"

Harry's voice was even louder than Cherry's. He made sure that more students heard him.

"I-- You!" Cherry turned red with anger, but she couldn't manage to talk back.

"Me? What about me? Do you want me to escort you out? Not today, honey!" Harry rolled his eyes in exaggeration.

I was so amused with how Harry handled this. He could get really mean if he wanted to. He did not hold back at Cherry, even though she was very popular. I could tell she was about to burst into tears in this moment.

"Just you wait!" Seeing everyone point and laugh at her, Cherry had no choice but to flee to a secluded corner, her followers following her closely behind.

"Don't listen to Cherry. Even though you couldn't make it to Class A, being eleventh is still an outstanding place to be. Think of it this way-- you're technically going to be the top student in Class B." Harry gave me a fresh perspective.

I smiled, deeply appreciating his help. I initially thought this guy was arrogant. But after getting to know him more, I realized he wasn't actually a bad, scheming werewolf. He just had a sharp tongue. At this point, I considered Harry as a friend, actually.

"He's right. Hundreds of students took the same exam with you and you still placed at the top. You should be proud of yourself." Afraid that I would sink deeper into regret and sadness, Yana chimed in to comfort me as well.

She and Harry were right. Ranking this high alone was already a surprise. I shouldn't be disappointed in myself at all. Instead, I had more to look forward to so that I could improve myself.

At this, I decided to stop entertaining nonsense in my head anymore and lift my spirits.

All of a sudden, the class arrangements were finally announced on the big screen.

To my surprise, I found my name on the list of Class A.

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[Chapter 60 The New Teacher](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"There is something shady here!"

Cherry suddenly exclaimed. She stood up from the corner with a face full of resentment. She looked even more emotional than before. She was like a crazy female beast, glaring at me with red eyes.

"Every year, there can only be ten students in Class A. How can Sylvia be the eleventh student? That's unfair!" Cherry shouted, totally disregarding her image.

I was also in a daze. I stared blankly at the big screen where the class assignments were displayed. It was like the sweetest dream I had ever had. I felt so incredulous that I pinched my arm hard.

"Ouch!" Harry suddenly screamed next to me. He frowned and almost burst into tears.

It was only then that I came back to my senses. I looked at him with embarrassment written all over my face. "I'm sorry. I was going to pinch myself..."

At this moment, the students around us were in an uproar. Cherry and her followers took the lead in fanning the flames. It was as if they wanted to incite the public to target me.

"Why does Class A have the eleventh place? Is it because she has the favor of Prince Rufus? That's totally unfair!"

"This result is too ridiculous!"

"The dean should come out and give us an explanation!"

My heart sank. The shock I felt just now vanished. I slowly felt that something was wrong because I found that Blair's name was not on the list of Class A.

While I was lost in thought, a she-wolf suddenly rushed over to me. It seemed that she wanted to slap me.

"You bitch! How many werewolves have you slept with to get into Class A?"

Fortunately, Harry pulled me to dodge the she-wolf's hand. There was a trace of anger on his face.

"Watch your mouth. How dare you use violence here!"

"Then tell me, how can there be an eleventh place in Class A? How did she make it? This has never happened before. Why only now?" The she-wolf didn't want to give up. She even encouraged several other she-wolves to join her in denouncing me. The scene became chaotic at once.

With a loud bang, the big screen was suddenly smashed violently by a golf club. Everyone was so frightened that they all fell silent. At this moment, Blair walked out from the stairs on the other side, wearing an army uniform. His sharp eyes swept over the troublemakers. Then he slowly walked to the screen and picked up the golf club.

"Sylvia is qualified because I am not really part of the placement."

Blair's stern look now was totally different from his cheerful and extroverted state in private. The military uniform he was wearing made everyone fall silent in fear. And they were all shocked by his awe-inspiring aura.

"Blair! Finally, you're here!" The dean of the academy walked out from the back of the screen. He was sweating all over, but there was a relieved expression on his face.

"Everyone, let me introduce to you Blair Joshua, the captain of the Royal Guards. He is also the teacher of Class A this semester."

As soon as the dean finished his introduction, everyone's mouths gaped open with incredulity. Harry and I exchanged glances, also feeling incredible. The Royal Guards were an elite branch of the army and a sharp sword of the royal family. As the captain, he was the symbol of authority and power.

"I only took part in the placement exam because I wanted to closely observe your conduct." Blair casually threw the golf club to the dean and walked down with his hands clasped behind his back.

"Where is Toby, who ranked second this time?"

"Sir! I'm here!" Toby immediately stood up with his chest out. His face was full of arrogance and conceit.

"I'm Toby, the second placer."

Blair smiled and patted him on the shoulder. "You've been kicked out of Class A."

Toby was shocked. "Sir, you must be mistaken. I didn't do anything wrong. Why did you kick me out?"

"You want to know why?" Blair chuckled softly, but his face turned cold. "You took the lead in bullying another werewolf after enrollment, which resulted in his being seriously injured and dropping out of the academy. A student like you who doesn't even value life is not qualified to be in Class A."

Upon hearing this, Toby's face flushed. "I'm the son of an Alpha. The one who dropped out is just my servant. And without you, I would be in the first place. As the teacher, how can you even kick me out of Class A for a servant?"

His followers immediately supported his words. Blair just looked at Toby with disdain. He didn't seem to take Toby's explanation seriously.

"Shouldn't we rely on our own strength to enter Class A? My comprehensive strength proves that I am the most qualified to enter this class." Toby got even angrier when he saw that Blair ignored him. "But now, you want to kick me out with just a random excuse. You are not qualified to be a teacher at all."

Toby became more and more furious. He clenched his fists tightly. "I don't accept it!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he raised his fist and threw a punch at Blair.

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