

## Irresistible 531

### [Chapter 531 Geoffrey Failed](#)

Rufus' POV:

When my eyes met Flora's, I nodded to her. Then I shifted my gaze to the culprit—Geoffrey.

Not only did he make this place a living hell for some werewolves, he also put Sylvia in danger. I still didn't know where she was. Damn him!

Not knowing whether Sylvia was safe or not was a thorn in my side.

The vampire race had always been cunning and ruthless.

I had been worried sick about Sylvia these days.

But now, I had no choice but to deal with Geoffrey first before I could rescue Sylvia from the vampires.

Even if it meant I'd have to kill all the vampires around the border, I would do it at all costs.

"Hold on, Rufus! You have to calm down. That's a terrible idea." Omar stopped me immediately. "Once the killing starts, there will be severe consequences."

I ignored him. He had been trying to calm me down these days. But my anger and distress had accumulated for days. I was afraid I'd go crazy.

Turning to look at the frightened citizens, my heart sank. Most of them were in a bad condition. Some of them had their hands tied, while others lay on the ground, unable to move because of serious injuries. Their families knelt next to them, crying loudly.

"Tend to the injured first," I ordered the military doctor beside me in a low voice.

The military doctor nodded and promptly led a small logistics team to treat the wounded.

"Harry, untie them."

I glanced at the elite team and gave the order.

I didn't even acknowledge Geoffrey until I made the necessary arrangements first.

Geoffrey glared at me, his face livid. "Where did you come from?"

I sneered at him coldly. "Did you really think I'd agree to your bet? I never pinned my hopes on that ridiculous bet."

"You were... pretending?" Geoffrey gnashed his teeth and glared at me murderously, as if he wanted to tear me into pieces.

"I was just giving you a taste of your own medicine." I looked at him as if I was looking at a dead man, and my tone was extremely plain and matter-of-fact. "Do you think that everything you've done is flawless? Cleverness has its limits, Geoffrey. You shouldn't have been careless."

The real reason why I had sent the army away was not only to relax Geoffrey's vigilance, but also to circle back from the periphery and catch him off guard.

It never occurred to Geoffrey that I had seen through his scheme from the very beginning.

"Impossible! You've been cursed. How the hell did you find the strength to do this?" Geoffrey asked in disbelief. He still couldn't accept that he had lost.

I frowned deeply. How did he know about the curse?

In fact, the night I had sex with Sylvia, I found that she had secretly left some of her blood to me regardless of my obstruction. I couldn't stop her, so I just pretended to be asleep and unaware that she had done this for me.

Little did I know that the blood would come in handy in the end.

But I didn't understand how Geoffrey, who lived so far from the capital city, knew that I was cursed.

It was impossible...

My father had made sure not a soul would find out about my curse. Even my mother had no idea that her son had been cursed. How could an Alpha like Geoffrey get the news?

Certain that Geoffrey had no evidence, I denied it. "If I were really cursed, how could I still stand here and talk to you like this? Enough with the bullshit, Geoffrey."

"No, no, it's impossible!" Geoffrey looked at me in horror. "Why are you all right?"

"I said, there is no curse," I said through gritted teeth.

"My information cannot be wrong." Geoffrey suddenly raised his voice agitatedly. "Today should be your weakest day. Noreen told me this herself!"

[Chapter 532 Who Built The Wall](#)

Rufus' POV:

I was shocked to hear that witch's name come from Geoffrey's mouth.

Indeed, my men had reported to me that they had found traces of Noreen at the border. Maybe Geoffrey had something to do with her sudden appearance.

But why would Noreen tell Geoffrey about the curse? At the time, Geoffrey and I weren't involved in each other's business.

The only possibility was that Noreen had approached him after I had come to the border.

"Where is Noreen now?" I stared into Geoffrey's eyes unflinchingly and asked him.

Not to be outdone, Geoffrey stared back at me steadily. After a few seconds of silence, he suddenly burst into laughter. "You look anxious, Prince Rufus. It seems to me that you care a lot about Noreen's existence, so it's true that you're cursed! Such being the case, I'm curious why today is an exception."

I grabbed his neck and growled impatiently, "Tell me where Noreen is."

Geoffrey was forced to raise his head and laugh like a broken accordion. He said in a hoarse voice, "The more you ask, the less I will tell you. If you insist on going against me, then I'm afraid you're going to have to go down with me."

I tried my best to restrain my impulse to kill him on the spot, blue veins standing out on my hands. "Do you really think that I won't kill you?"

"Try me. I'm in charge of the three packs here. As long as I give the order, reinforcements will come storming in from the other packs. The troops you brought are no match for me at all."

As Geoffrey spoke, he winked at an injured subordinate nearby.

The soldier immediately took out a signal flare gun from his pocket and intended to fire it.

"Damn it!" Harry rushed to the soldier and tried to grab the flare gun from him, but it was too late.

A violent sound shook the earth and bluish, purple smoke soared into the sky.

Geoffrey chuckled complacently. "Just wait. My men will be here soon."

I took a deep breath and reluctantly let go of Geoffrey's neck.

Flora, on the other hand, was so angry that she picked up a stray brick from the ground and threw it at Geoffrey. "You bastard! You're so annoying!"

Geoffrey awkwardly dodged the flying brick and almost stumbled to the ground. Seeing him fumble, the crowd burst into laughter.

This obviously angered him, but there was nothing he could do but wait for his reinforcements.

I cast a cold glance at him whilst racking my brain to come up with a solution.

The situation was getting worse. Once Geoffrey's reinforcements came, the tables would turn in his favor.

"Why are you so damn stubborn? Why do you cling to this wall of sin?" Warren asked with disdain.

After hearing that, Geoffrey suddenly burst into laughter. With a mocking expression on his face, he looked around us one by one and asked, "You actually call it 'the wall of sin'? That's hilarious! Do you think I was the one who built this wall?"

"Who else? Wasn't this wall built to satisfy your ambitions?" Flora pursed her lips and looked at Geoffrey with disgust. "We have seen through your tricks. Drop the act. Nothing you say can offset what you've done. Although it was vampires who killed those werewolves, their blood is on your hands."

"Yes, I might be guilty of that!" Geoffrey's eyes turned red and he grew very agitated. "But it wasn't just me. You should look more at the werewolves standing in front of you. I couldn't have built this wall alone. It was built by all the werewolves here, and it took more than a hundred days and nights. You know nothing."

### [Chapter 533 The Origin Of The Wall](#)

Geoffrey's POV:

Seeing the frightened looks on the faces of these young werewolves from the imperial capital city made me inexplicably happy.

This group of self-righteous, arrogant werewolves thought that they could just interfere in other people's business.

How ridiculous!

"Look at each and every one of them carefully. They're the so-called culprits you keep accusing me to be! I'm not the only one who made this city into a living hell!" I threw my head back and laughed like a madman. "Everything has its cause and effect, but you only chose to look at the surface."

I said this not only to buy time for the reinforcements to come, but also because I wanted them to know their folly. These naive, hypocritical imperial city-dwellers probably had never seen real suffering in their

lives.

"You said yourself that since the vampire race and the werewolf race signed the truce agreement, vampires stopped invading the territory of the werewolf race. So why would the werewolves build this wall?" Rufus asked in a low voice.

I snorted. "Okay, then. Since you asked, I'll tell you. Yes, it's true that the werewolves 'won' against the vampires, so the two races signed a truce agreement. But what you don't know is that, in fact, the werewolf race had been defeated. The three packs in the border area were ceded and ruled by vampires for three years as the price of the defeat."

"How come we've never heard of this?" Warren looked at me with a dubious frown.

"Because the lycan king covered it up, of course. He needed to stabilize the nation and if the people knew about our defeat, it'd only stir up trouble for him," I explained coldly.

I felt suffocated whenever I recalled those dark days.

"For three whole years, we were ruled by vampires. Do you know what kind of life we had? At the time, the hunting ground was not limited to that area outside the wall. All the packs at the border was a hunting ground for the vampires. They hunted, killed, bullied, and spat on werewolves in public here. For three whole years, we were helpless, hopeless, and powerless. Trust me, it was much more miserable than it is now."

I closed my eyes and winced in pain at the memory. When I was young, I wanted to stay optimistic and was determined to work for the empire.

But the empire only brought me endless disappointment and despair.

Tears welled up in my eyes as I spoke of my parents. "My father was still alive at the time, and he was still the Alpha of our pack. He was the first one who found out that this place was going to be ceded. He could've escaped with our family and avoided all the pain that was coming. But he loved the werewolves here as much as he loved his own son. Even though the royal family had given up on us, he refused to do the same."

As I spoke of this, my voice was choked with sobs. Even though I had been in office for many years and experienced countless dark moments, I still couldn't control my emotions when it came to my father and mother.

If only they had lived...

"So what happened later?" Flora asked anxiously.

"In the end, my father only had the time to transfer a small number of werewolves. Our family and most

of the werewolves were intercepted by vampires. We couldn't escape. My mother... She was captured by the vampires," I said with resentment. "In the end, my father and werewolves of the pack had no choice but to build a high wall in the city to protect all the weak werewolves, and the other young and strong werewolves guarded outside the wall to resist the vampires who came to attack. Those vampires certainly wouldn't have allowed the wall to be built, so they kept attacking and harassing us, even threatening us with my mother's life."

#### [Chapter 534 The Abandoned Pack](#)

Rufus' POV:

Geoffrey's story left me shell-shocked.

I only knew that this place had once been ceded because I had accidentally overheard my father, King Ethan, talking about it.

But later, Leonard and I launched a war against the vampire race and won. Our victory let us successfully take back the ceded territory from the vampire race.

At the time, the royal family had sent envoys to check on the state of this place, and we had received a report that the life here was in order. It was said that the vampires hadn't treated these defeated slaves too harshly, and that the werewolves here lived and worked in peace after we retrieved the lands.

This later become the foundation for the peace agreement between the werewolf race and the vampire race.

But what Geoffrey was saying now was completely different from what the royal family knew.

What the hell had happened?

"For the sake of the rest of us, my father had no choice but to turn a blind eye to my mother's situation. The vampires ended up torturing her to death. Then, everyone worked together to fight off the vampires desperately until the construction of the wall was finally completed. This hard wall is easy to defend and hard to attack. That was why we had a little breathing room for a while." Geoffrey's voice became lower and lower, as though retelling the tale of this pack's history was slowly suffocating him.

"Why didn't you ask the royal family for help?" I couldn't help but ask. "We never gave up on you. Even now, we were sent here to support the border and make it better."

"That's right. We really don't know anything about what you said. If you didn't tell us just, I'm afraid we still wouldn't have known anything," Flora added with a frown.

"You hid the truth and kept playing dirty tricks on us. Even if you encountered hardships in the past, that doesn't justify your crimes today," Harry shrugged unsympathetically. "If there was a problem, you should've just said so. We came here to solve the problems. We just wanted to help you. So why didn't

you ask the royal family for help from the very beginning?"

Geoffrey seemed to have heard a hilarious joke because he broke into a wide, sarcastic grin. "Do you really think we didn't ask the royal family for help? My father never gave up asking the royal family for help. But guess what their response was?"

Flora opened her mouth and seemed to want to say something, but Geoffrey cut her off.

"Nothing. No matter how many distress signals we sent out, there was no response." Geoffrey didn't even look at us. He looked at his palms and answered his own question, and his shoulders slumped as though his soul left his body.

In that moment, even his arrogance left him.

He looked depressed. It was obvious that recalling that period of time was incredibly painful for him.

My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach. If what he said was true, then my father should've known about what was happening at the border.

But he had never mentioned it to me. Even before we came here for the present mission, he didn't say anything about the border.

Building a high wall was no small matter. No matter how remote the border was, it couldn't have been hidden from my father's attendants.

So this left only one possibility: that my father had deliberately allowed the border to become like this.

When this thought crossed my mind, a shiver ran down my spine.

I didn't want to suspect him of such a crime. After all, he was my father.

Over the years, although I had been alienated from him, I thought I knew him well.

How could a king, who worked for the interests of the citizens, watch his people be humiliated and tortured by the vampires? There had to be some sort of misunderstanding.

### [Chapter 535 Sylvia's Return](#)

Rufus' POV:

"Could something have gone wrong? What if the distress signals never reached the imperial capital city? The border is very far after all. It's possible," Flora asked, frowning in confusion.

Geoffrey snorted. "What a convenient coincidence!"

"It just doesn't make sense. How could the royal family have ignored this?" Flora licked her chapped lips and murmured.

"You already know the answer. We only received one reply in the end. At the time, my father excitedly opened the envelope, his eyes filled with hope—only to read a cold message." He paused and slowly raised his head to look at me with a mocking smile. "Do you know what the message said? It said that this place was no longer under the jurisdiction of the werewolf race. Can you believe it?" He burst into bitter laughter.

"For so many years, we were shunned by the royal family—by our own race. Yet now, you have the audacity to come here and say you want to make our lives better? Such bullshit! What gave you the right? Is it just because you're from the imperial capital? Is it because you were born noble? You think you have the power to show up here out of nowhere and change things? Stop kidding yourself!"

While laughing, he suddenly coughed violently and spat out phlegm. "My father! He was exhausted to death. His health deteriorated. All for the sake of the pack—in order to resist the vampires! He died one day during a patrol near the wall."

I looked at him, listening to him vent his anger quietly.

His resentment and hatred towards me was valid.

But it wasn't a good enough reason for him to hurt the innocent and pave the way for his ambitions.

I shook my head wryly. What I wanted to know now was whether my father really had done such a thing and whether he really had turned a blind eye to the miserable situation here.

With red eyes, Geoffrey continued in a hoarse voice, "After I became the Alpha of this pack, I reached out to the vampires and we reached a mutually beneficial agreement with them, which brought stability to the pack. Now, our strength finally grew and our pack flourished. And only then did you suddenly remember us. But what's the difference for the werewolves here? We suffered for years. How could the royal family, who did nothing for us, suddenly reap the fruits of our victory? It's unfair!"

All of a sudden, everyone around me lowered their heads shamefacedly.

Harry cleared his throat and said falteringly, "But you still shouldn't have hurt innocent werewolves."

"They're not innocent! They're all willing to sacrifice themselves to the vampires," Geoffrey suddenly roared. He got up from the ground and walked to the public like a mad dog. "If you don't believe me, ask them."

Hearing this, the werewolves from outside the wall lowered their heads, not daring to make a sound.

Only the boy with the injured shoulder stepped forward, accompanied by a crying little girl.



Standing tall, he pointed at Geoffrey and said loudly, "We were never willing to do that. If you didn't threaten us with the lives of our families, no one would've wanted to live outside the wall."

"You know nothing, brat. Isn't it honorable to sacrifice a small, insignificant demographic, to protect the interests of the majority? If you really want to blame someone, blame the royal family for abandoning us." Geoffrey snorted coldly, which made the little boy flinch.

All of a sudden, I heard a familiar voice from behind me.

"What about you? Aren't you also abandoning them?"

I whirled around in disbelief and saw Sylvia standing behind me, out of breath and sweating profusely.

"Hey, Rufus!" Sylvia smiled at me and spread out her arms to hug me.

But then she stopped abruptly in her tracks and looked at Geoffrey.

#### [Chapter 536 The Evil Dog Barked Wildly](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Geoffrey didn't look surprised when I showed up. He glanced at the werewolves from outside the wall in disgust. "I just did what I had to do."

"Then what's the difference between what you're doing now and what the royal family did to you? For the sake of your own interests and the welfare of most werewolves here, you gave up your compatriots outside the wall," I pointed out loudly, gesturing at the bloody mess here. "Look at all of these dead bodies as a result of the chaos. Look at the children who have lost their loved ones and are crying bitterly for their parents. What's the difference between them and you in the past?"

"This is different! They're so lowly and don't deserve to live!" Geoffrey glared at me fiercely. "Don't you dare stand there and make claims about something that has nothing to do with you. Do you think you can tell me what to do? You're young and naive, Sylvia."

I sneered coldly. "'Lowly'? Didn't the werewolves you abandoned also come from that period of time? Their parents and elders were also among those who bravely resisted the vampires outside the wall and built the wall tirelessly night and day. If they found out that you treated their descendants like this, would they be able to rest in peace?"

Geoffrey stuttered incoherently, rendered speechless by what I said. After a while, he grew desperate and threw his arms in the air. "I don't care! They're dead. They're gone!"

I looked at him with disdain. "You have a guilty conscience, but you still refuse to admit it."

Rufus walked up to me and took my hand while eyeing Geoffrey coldly. "No matter what you've had to suffer, you never had the right to sacrifice others. We still don't know the real truth yet. We can't just listen to your side of the story. This wall needs to be demolished."

Rufus' words seemed to hit a sore spot with Geoffrey. He suddenly rushed to us and roared like a wild dog. "No! You can't tear down the wall! I'm doing this for a great cause. Without me, the werewolves inside the wall will suffer!"

"Calm down, will you? If you really are so selfless, then move outside the wall. You yourself have to fight off the vampires or become their food to show how selfless you really are." Flora clicked her tongue and shook her head in disgust. She smoothed her wig and rolled her eyes at Geoffrey. "Although I have to admit that your previous experiences were indeed very miserable, it's clear you have no sympathy at all. You don't want things to change for the better. You just want to get the best benefits for yourself."

"You know nothing, bitch!" Geoffrey turned around and roared at Flora angrily.

"Fine. I know nothing. You know everything. Happy?" Flora didn't seem to want to argue with him. She stepped behind Warren to hide, muttering loudly, "What a desperate monster!"

I pursed my lips and wanted to say something more, but suddenly, I sensed someone approaching from behind us.

Rufus held my hand tighter. He seemed to have noticed it too.

"Damn it! Vampires!" Harry shouted first.

I turned around immediately, ready to fight. It turned out that it wasn't Ellis and the others from the castle who had come, but the group of vampires who had caught me outside the wall.

### [Chapter 537 Afraid Of Ligh](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The blonde female vampire walked to me, her hips swaying from side to side. With an evil smile, she announced loftily, "We're here to capture you under the order of Duke Hobson."

"Fuck off!" Rufus shot the blonde woman a cold glare and his grip on my hand tightened, as though he was scared I'd be snatched away from him.

When the blonde woman's eyes flitted to him, she looked surprised. Then, she smiled bitterly. "What a handsome man. It's a pity you're no gentleman."

I squeezed Rufus' hand to comfort him. "It's okay. You're here this time."

"I don't need to be a gentleman in front of the likes of you. No wonder I smelled something

unpleasant—your scent." Not to be outdone, Harry covered his nose exaggeratedly and pointed the blonde woman in disgust. "Bitch!"

"Why, you—!" The blonde woman spat at Harry, too angry to formulate a sentence.

In the end, she gave up and ignored Harry. Turning to look at Geoffrey, she sneered, "The she-wolf got away, so the agreement is invalid."

Geoffrey's face grew livid, as though he was on the verge of going mad. "It's all Hobson's fault."

The blonde woman shrugged indifferently. "It's none of my business. But the duke said that, as long as you catch that she-wolf again and offer her to us, the cooperation can resume as usual. The duke also told us that the she-wolf was useful to him, so you can't kill her."

The blonde woman spoke as though I wasn't right in front of her.

"Hey, I'm right here!" I pouted unhappily.

"Oh, shut up!" The blonde woman snapped at me, resentment written all over her face. "If it was up to me, I'd have killed you myself!"

I could guess why she was so angry at me. Even after so many days, her broken tooth still hadn't grown back to normal.

"What's going on, Sylvia?" Rufus leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"Hobson said that my blood smells like Noreen's. So he's going to such lengths to capture me alive," I explained briefly.

Rufus' expression darkened.

"I'm sure it's just a misunderstanding. Don't worry. We'll talk about Noreen when this is all over," I comforted him hurriedly.

But Rufus' eyes still looked vicious.

"Oh, honey, it's okay. Smile for me." I shook Rufus' hand and smiled at him, trying to cheer him up. "As long as they can't take me away, everything's fine."

Rufus nodded and touched my head softly. "I'll protect you this time."

Just then, the blonde woman spoke up again, interrupting our conversation.

"Why the hell are you still flirting with each other? You're not taking me seriously!"

I glanced at the blonde woman reluctantly. Suddenly, a thought occurred to me.

I tugged at the corner of Rufus' clothes and whispered urgently, "Why aren't those vampires afraid of the light?"

I had grown up as a slave, so I received a subpar education. There were many things I didn't know. When I was in the castle, Hobson and his cronies seemed to melt whenever they came in contact with light. This gave me the impression that all vampires were afraid of light.

But now, my theory seemed to be debunked.

Rufus leaned closer to me and explained, "Light might have weakened them a little bit, but real vampires aren't afraid of light. Only the lowest level of vampires are afraid of light. When a real vampire sucks the blood of a creature by force, the victim becomes a mindless, blood-sucking monster—a zombie. Zombies don't have any special powers and they're scared of light. That being said, they live in darkness and are very difficult to deal with."

Hearing this, I was shocked. What about Hobson's family?

"There aren't that many real vampires. The werewolf race was defeated because the vampires created an army of zombies," Rufus added seriously.

This confused me even more. How could the powerful Hobson be a zombie?

But then I thought about Hobson's decaying body, which was like a dying tree branch. Was it because of Noreen's black death curse?

### [Chapter 538 First Blood](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The more I mulled it over, the more confused I felt.

"What's wrong? You look distressed." Rufus pinched my earlobe playfully.

"I'll explain when this is over." I held Rufus' hand up and kissed it. I hadn't seen him in days. I missed him so much.

Ever since we came to the border, we had hardly gotten any alone time. So many troublesome things had happened in succession, which exhausted me both physically and mentally.

"Okay, honey." Rufus looked at me lovingly. I could vaguely see my reflection in his eyes.

Just then, Flora patted me on the shoulder. "What should we do? There're so many vampires here. Should we fight them head on?"

"I'll do it! I'll beat them to a pulp!" It was Harry's dream to beat up vampires. His eyes lit up when he saw so many vampires in front of him. Rubbing his hands eagerly, he declared, "Leave them to me!"

As for Geoffrey, he still negotiated with the blonde vampire.

"Reinforcements are on their way. We'll catch her and give her to Hobson by the end of the day."

"Good." the blonde vampire snorted. Then she turned to look at the werewolves from outside the wall greedily and licked her lips hungrily. "Since you've caused us vampires so much trouble, open the hunting grounds for three consecutive days if you want smooth cooperation from us moving forward."

Everyone present turned pale. Flora, on the other hand, cursed them openly. "Shame on you!"

"It's only fair," the blonde vampire sneered indifferently. She looked at Geoffrey, who seemed to be in a dilemma, and asked him again, "You don't have to agree if you don't want to. We can just terminate the cooperation between us."

"I'm afraid we can't open the hunting ground for three whole days..." Geoffrey said falteringly.

The blonde vampire stubbornly shook her head. "Even if you manage to finish off all the werewolves from the imperial city here today, you'll still need our help later. Think it over first."

"Don't listen to her bullshit, Geoffrey! No matter what internal conflicts we may have, we're all still werewolves! You can't just feed fellow werewolves to the vampires!" I stopped him loudly.

Geoffrey didn't even look at me. He lowered his head, lost in thought.

I pursed my lips tightly and clenched my fists. I could feel my palms sweating.

The whole place fell silent. All pairs of eyes were trained on Geoffrey, the Alpha who would determine their fate.

"Fine," Geoffrey finally said, looking up at the blonde vampire.

In the end, he agreed to the vampire's request.

Now, Geoffrey's hypocritical mask was completely ripped off. The crowd burst into an uproar and began to despise their supreme leader.

"A beast in sheep's clothing!"

"He was only pretending! He doesn't give a damn about us! He doesn't deserve to be our Alpha!"

Both the werewolves from inside and outside the wall were irritated by Geoffrey's shameless behavior. Everyone stood up to resist Geoffrey, rallying to overturn his policy.

Chaos broke loose.

Then a shrill scream stunned everyone silent for a second.

"He's dead!"

Cries came from the crowd and they scatted in fear.

Stunned, I searched the crowd for answers.

It turned out that the blonde vampire had woven her way into the crowd. She bit a male werewolf on the neck and he bled to death. The male werewolf she had killed was the one who protested the most loudly just now.

The blonde vampire wiped the blood on the corner of her mouth while slowly dragging the dead body of the man. Finally, she threw the man's corpse in front of me provocatively. "This is payback for my fang, you bitch."

#### [Chapter 539 Warning](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Everything happened so quickly that no one could've seen it coming.

The public was shocked. After a few seconds of stunned silence, they screamed and fled in all directions, fearing for their lives.

I wanted to stop the blonde vampire, but I was too late.

The man had been sucked dry and lay lifelessly on the ground, quickly turning into a withered corpse.

The scene was so gory that Flora couldn't help but vomit.

The blonde vampire strode over to Geoffrey, took out a handkerchief, and dabbed at the blood on her mouth. "Werewolves from within the wall taste really different from those outside."

Geoffrey didn't expect her to act so blatantly. In a trembling voice, he asked, "Do you have any idea what you've done?"

The blonde vampire sneered at him disdainfully. "I'm tired of the trashy blood you've been feeding us. These well-off werewolves taste better."

The woman's arrogant attitude irritated everyone.

For once, the werewolves from both outside and inside the wall could agree on something: they all hated the vampires.

The blonde vampire chuckled as though something had piqued her interest. "I never thought you'd be united one day. But it's too late. It's simply survival of the fittest, and you're at the bottom of the food chain. Quit pretending to be heroes."

I couldn't stand her bullshit anymore. I rushed over and punched the blonde vampire square in the face.

Geoffrey tried to stop me, but Rufus grabbed him by the shoulder, pinning him down firmly.

The blonde vampire covered her broken nose and glared at me in disbelief. "You fucking—"

Before she could finish her sentence, I punched her again.

Two lines of blood slowly dripped out of her nostrils.

She staggered two steps back. When she steadied herself, she quickly pounced on me.

I didn't show her any mercy nor did I pull any of my punches. In one swift movement, I knocked another tooth out of the blonde vampire's mouth.

Her mouth was covered with blood. Angered beyond belief, she bared her sharp fangs and lunged at me to bite my neck.

I dodged her easily. Thinking fast, I picked up a branch on the ground and stuck it into her open mouth.

The blonde vampire unleashed a string of curses at me.

I didn't want to waste any more time on her and pressed her head against the ground.

"Don't hurt her! Or else the vampires will try to take revenge!" Geoffrey shouted loudly.

I turned to look at him and raised my eyebrows indifferently. "And what if I don't listen to you?"

"If you hurt her, you'll break the peace agreement. We will slaughter the werewolf packs at the border," the other vampires echoed.

The blonde vampire, who was pinned to the ground, smiled at me complacently. There wasn't a trace of

fear in her eyes. "Kill me and you'll be the greatest sinner of the werewolf race."

Unfazed, I sneered and didn't loosen my grip at all. "The peace agreement? You vampires don't take it seriously at first. You killed countless werewolves and see us as inferior food. Why should I honor the peace agreement?"

"I just killed one werewolf. Why are you so angry? It's nothing compared to the number of werewolves who died on the hunting grounds. I just got an appetizer." The blonde vampire giggled like a lunatic, her delicate makeup was messed up and smudged from the struggle. Her red eyes were full of contempt for werewolves.

"Is that so? There are also a lot of vampires here. It should be fine if I take down a few of them, right?" I smiled at the blonde vampire below me coldly. Without saying another word, I turned one hand into a wolf claw and snapped her neck.

#### [Chapter 540 Werewolves' Courage](#)

Rufus' POV:

Sylvia's action was very unhesitating, taking everyone by surprise.

Geoffrey instinctively let out a loud shriek. "How could you really do it?"

The other vampires finally came out of their stupor. They all exposed their fangs and shot murderous glares at Sylvia.

The blonde vampire whose neck had been snapped was lying on the ground, her neck bent at an odd angle. Blood dribbled from the corner of her mouth and her body convulsed violently. She stared at Sylvia fiercely.

A vampire could not be killed easily. Sylvia's attack had only incapacitated her. It would not result in her death.

Sylvia shook her hand to get rid of the blood on it and glanced coldly at the vampires. "Who else wants to give it a go? Come on."

The vampires were furious, but none of them dared to take a step forward.

Geoffrey escaped my hold and hastily ordered someone to save the blonde vampire.

He angrily approached Sylvia and yelled, "You ruined my plan!"

Then he ordered his men to arrest her.

I instantly rushed to her side and kicked Geoffrey away from her. "If you dare to even touch her, today



will be your last day on this earth."

Geoffrey stood up from the ground, fear flashing across his face, but he obstinately insisted, "If we don't arrest Sylvia, the vampires will definitely take revenge on us. As a werewolf prince, you need to focus on the bigger picture."

My lips curled up in disdain and I thought he was just a joke. He held the position of an Alpha of the werewolf race, but he was completely under the thumb of the vampires.

"Do the vampires want revenge? Come on! I'm not afraid of them," Harry couldn't stop himself from chiming in. He waved his fist at Geoffrey and bit out, "You are just a coward who is terrified of death."

I didn't engage with Geoffrey anymore. I grabbed the blonde vampire lying on the ground and quickly strode to the city gate.

Since her neck had been snapped, she was in no position to resist. I tossed her out of the wall like a piece of garbage. Now, she was among the werewolves living outside the wall.

"This is your enemy. You can do whatever you wish to her," I said indifferently.

Now that this entire issue had come to a head, there was no going back.

Werewolves and vampires were destined to be on opposing sides.

"I promise that the whole royal family and I will take responsibility for the consequences of what happens here today. You don't need to be afraid," I surveyed the werewolves in front of me and spoke in a firm voice. "The empire will not give up on you this time, and I hope you won't give up on yourself either."

"And me! If anything untoward happens, I'll be the first one to claim responsibility." Harry stepped forward with clenched fists, as if he wanted to fight at this very moment. He was brave and fierce, just like any young werewolf should be.

Sylvia remained quiet. She walked to my side, held my hand, and supported me silently.

Not to be left behind, Flora pulled Warren and John forward. "We are with you!"

Their encouragement touched me slightly, giving me more determination to continue what I wanted to say next.

"Werewolves are a courageous race. Although you have been treated as prey over the years, I don't believe you have forgotten who you really are. So this time, show me your bravery. Go and protect our home and family. Either you kill your enemy, or you die trying with dignity. Whichever way, werewolves are no slaves, and we never will be."

My booming powerful words resounded through the air, urging the werewolves into motion.

A few moments later, a she-wolf suddenly charged out from a corner holding a spear in her hands. She roared as she hurtled toward the blonde vampire with the snapped neck. She raised her spear and jammed it into the vampire's body.