

Irresistible 641

[Chapter 641 Settle Accounts](#)

Rufus' POV:

"What're you trying to say? Spit it out already!" Richard was always like this. He would always build up to say something, but he wouldn't say it all at once.

Annoyed, Richard took out his phone and held it in front of me. "You sent this message to me!"

I read the message and frowned tightly. "I didn't send this."

Whoever sent the message knew about the potted plant's effect and had specifically instructed Richard to destroy the flower within three days.

"It wasn't you? Then who else could've sent it? Oh, my God! Did someone close to you betray you? Hahaha, Rufus, this is golden!" Richard smirked gloatingly.

I pursed my lips uneasily. Whoever sent the message couldn't have been anyone close to me. Flora and the others only knew that the flower could remove the curse, but they didn't know how long it would take.

Since whoever sent the message knew everything so clearly, then it had to be...

"Were you able to contact the person again?"

Richard shrugged. "Not after that."

Without saying anything, I snatched his phone out of his hands and gave it to my subordinate. "Trace the number."

Richard was not convinced. He tried to take his phone back, protesting, "You can just take down the number. Why confiscate my phone?"

Ignoring him, the sense of uneasiness grew in my heart. I didn't expect that besides Richard, there was anyone else plotting against me.

Whoever it was, things clearly weren't that simple. I racked my brains and tried to come up with a list of potential suspects, but I only ran into dead ends.

Only one name lingered in my mind in the end: Noreen.

I had a vague feeling that there was something at play that was out of my control. Every step I took now seemed to have been precisely arranged by someone else.

Richard pursed his lips unhappily and threw himself on the sofa. "What're you going to do with me?"

Then he snorted, "I didn't do anything bad; I just destroyed a plant. At worst, I'll be grounded for a few more days."

I sneered. Richard was so naive.

"I haven't settled accounts with you regarding what happened in the forbidden forest yet."

Richard sat bolt upright, looking shocked and angry. He pounded on the sofa and shouted, "Rufus!"

"Why aren't you calling me brother anymore? Finally tired of pretending?" I slipped my hands into my pockets and looked at him indifferently.

Richard suddenly stood up and pointed at me, cursing, "Bah! And what kind of brother are you? You're nothing but a shameless villain who pretends to be noble! Shame on you! How dare you raise an issue over something that happened so long ago?"

I squeezed my eyes shut and snorted in annoyance. His incessant noises made my eardrums hurt. I had half a mind to gag him on the spot.

Giving up on me, Richard turned to our father and begged, "Save me, Father..."

I raised my eyebrows and took a look at our father expectantly, waiting for his reaction.

He seemed to be in a dilemma. Finally, he sighed and said, "It's up to Rufus."

Then he turned around and scurried off, as though he was scared to be caught in the crossfire.

But as he passed by me, he whispered in my ear, "Don't forget that he's your brother after all."

He didn't say anything more, but I knew what he meant: he wanted me to be lenient.

I sneered. As soon as the door was closed behind him, I stepped forward, grabbed Richard by the neck and locked eyes with him gloomily. "It's time we settled accounts, brother."

[Chapter 642 The Heart Of A Father](#)

Ethan's POV:

Standing outside the room, I could hear Richard's screams. I squeezed my eyes shut and sighed. I couldn't bear it.

After all, he was my own son. I had raised him, educated him, and held high expectations of him ever since he was a child.

Where had I gone wrong in raising him?

He was such a sweet little thing when he was a child. He always followed me around everywhere I went.

Maybe I was wrong to have sent him to military school, forcing him to do all those things he didn't like.

I sighed and wiped the tears from the corners of my eyes. Some said raising a son would guarantee your retired life, for there would be someone to look after you when you grew older. But heavens, did they have any idea how exhausting it was to even raise a son?

"Father, help me!" Richard's screams for help were deafening, followed by crackling sounds of something collapsing.

Was their fight really so intense? Richard was beaten up so hard that his voice cracked whenever he screamed.

I gritted my teeth and held back the impulse to rush inside the room. If I dared to interfere and protected Richard once again, Rufus would definitely push me away even more.

"Ahhh! I was wrong, brother! I was wrong!" Richard's pleading voice broke his old man's heart.

I couldn't stand it anymore. I took a step towards the door, ready to barge inside. I wanted to protect

Richard as I always did.

My confidant, who was standing beside me, stopped me in time. "Prince Rufus has endured more than enough these years. Don't let him down again."

His words left me stunned and my hand hovered above the door knob hesitantly. Finally, I withdrew my hand and sighed heavily. "Am I a failure as a father? I hadn't taken good care of Rufus ever since he was a child, and he has suffered from the curse for years, all because of me. Guilt had eaten me alive, and because of this, I couldn't bear to look at my own son. I always avoided and ignored Rufus, which resulted in the alienation between the two of us. And Richard, who was brought up and cultivated by me, grew up to be a spoiled brat and a loser."

The confidant sighed alongside me. "Perhaps it was because you focused on Prince Richard too much that he thought that inheriting the position of the lycan king was inevitable. Consequently, he was blinded by power."

"Alas, I was too anxious." I always wanted to do infinite things in this limited life, but in the end, it was just as the saying went—haste made waste.

"This must be fate. Prince Rufus grew up to be an excellent young man. You could hand over the werewolf race to him and rest assured."

Hearing this, I felt much better. My confidant was right. Rufus truly was a strong lycan, and I was proud of him. The burden of running an empire that I had been so worried about didn't seem so heavy with Rufus by my side.

However, our relationship was still strained...

Although Rufus didn't say it out loud, I could tell that he had a deep grudge against me. Rufus had suffered a lot because of my special treatment towards Richard these years.

And because of my arrogance and stubbornness, Rufus and Sylvia had almost been separated from each

other.

I regretted my actions.

"Don't worry, Your Majesty. Prince Rufus is a sensible man. If he really hates you, he probably would've refused to even see you." My confidant was a straightforward man. He was always frank with me. My mood changed constantly because of his honest words.

"Should I feel lucky?" I glared at him crossly.

My confidant chuckled. "I'm just saying you shouldn't worry. The relationship between a father and his son is a subtle thing, which can be developed slowly over time."

I sighed. "That's all I can do: just wait and see."

But even as I said this, I wasn't so convinced. After all, my deteriorating health didn't allow me to take it slow anymore. My days on earth were limited.

But there was nothing I could do about that.

My sole wish now was to witness the birth of Rufus' child. I hoped that Moon Goddess would bless Sylvia and make her pregnant as soon as possible.

Just then, the room suddenly fell silent.

I was wondering what was going on when the door suddenly swung open.

[Chapter 643 Life Imprisonmen](#)

Ethan's POV:

I immediately looked for Richard worriedly. He was curled into a ball on the floor, sobbing like a child with tears and snot all over his face. I had no idea what Rufus had done to him, but there were no visible signs of injury other than a light nosebleed.

I cleared my throat and signaled at my confidant to give Richard a handkerchief to wipe his bleeding nose.

Rufus looked up at me calmly and explained, "Don't worry. I didn't beat him. His nose is bleeding only because he hit the corner of the table when he cowered in fear."

I coughed awkwardly and looked away, pretending not to care. "Well, I said it was up to you, so I won't comment."

Rufus didn't say anything. Instead, he gestured at his subordinates to take Richard away.

My younger son was completely scared out of his wits. He neither resisted nor argued when Rufus' men grabbed him. He was like a puppet that had gone limp. When he passed by me, he looked at me blankly, not even calling me father.

Seeing this, my heart ached. It was not that I didn't want to help him, but that he had made too many unforgivable mistakes.

Not daring to look at him any longer, I tore my gaze away from him.

Soon, Rufus' men took Richard away.

I couldn't help but look at Rufus worriedly. "What are you going to do with him?"

Rufus seemed to be expecting this question. He smiled and said, "Nothing too harsh. Just life imprisonment. He can't leave his residence without my permission for the rest of his life."

A shiver ran down my spine. Richard was never willing to be alone. It was crueler to imprison him than to kill him on the spot.

Years ago, he had refused to go to the military school because he couldn't stand the idea of following rules all his life.

Plus, Richard was an extrovert. He had enjoyed making friends ever since he was a child, and he always came up with avant-garde ideas.

At the time, I frowned upon his whimsicalness. I thought that a prince should act like a prince. Richard wasn't attending to his proper duties.

So I forced him to go to military school.

However, when he came back, he had changed completely. Not only did he speak in a bureaucratic tone, but he also learned to act one way to my face and another behind my back.

"Father, do you object?" Rufus asked in a low voice, raising one eyebrow.

I opened my mouth to say something, but in the end, no words came out.

Well, this was probably the best for Richard.

With him permanently imprisoned, all matters regarding him had now come to an end.

On our way back, I kept glancing at Rufus. I wanted to apologize to him, but I felt too embarrassed.

Rufus didn't even look at me throughout the whole process. Occasionally, he'd talk about political affairs with my confidant, but he refused to speak directly to me.

I couldn't help but sigh again. I really was such a loser.

One of my son hated me, while the other was in prison.

What kind of father was I? Had I known things would turn out like this, I would've tried to have a daughter instead.

On second thought, having a daughter would be troublesome, too. I gave up the idea as soon as I realized that a daughter would get married and leave me when she was old enough.

All I had now was the present. I'd better think of ways to improve my relationship with Rufus.

Before we parted ways, I thought for a while and patted Rufus on the shoulder. "From now on, you will shoulder the responsibility for the werewolf race."

I had planned to groom Lucy's unborn child to take the throne, but now it seemed that it was unnecessary. Rufus really was the best candidate to inherit the throne.

Rufus didn't say anything for a long time. Finally, he simply nodded.

I was glad. This gave me the courage to speak out the thought that had lingered in my heart for a long time. "Your marriage has to be put on the agenda as soon as possible. After you get married, I will abdicate in advance and pass the position of the lycan king to you."

[Chapter 644 Marriage On The Agenda](#)

Rufus' POV:

Hearing this, I was surprised. In my eyes, my father was still in his prime. Why did he want to step down for the throne so early?

I didn't respond. Perhaps he was just exhausted because of what happened to Richard. Maybe he would reconsider his decision after a while.

Plus, I didn't want to inherit the throne just yet. I wanted to spend more time with Sylvia before settling down and having a child.

Once I became the lycan king, I would be completely consumed by government affairs. I didn't want to become a machine who lived solely to work.

But even I had to admit that it would be nice to have a child soon. Be it a son or a daughter, I could pass the throne to my child when the time was right.

That way, I'd be able to spend more time with Sylvia again and only tend to the government when necessary. Such a plan sounded wonderful to me.

Therefore, having children as soon as possible didn't sound like such a bad idea after all.

"I watched your webcast by the way. Everyone thinks highly of you. Public support is what makes a king a king. You did well, my son. I'm not worried now. I'm relieved to hand the empire to you. I believe you'll make a great ruler."

Then, he patted me on the shoulder and chuckled. "Relax, son. No need to be so nervous. Things will only get better from here."

I still wanted to dissuade my father, but he didn't give me the chance. "I know what you want to say, but trust me. I've made up my mind. Don't try to convince me otherwise. I haven't been the best father and husband lately. Once I step down from the throne, I'll be able to spend more time with your mother. I'll give her our long overdue honeymoon and we'll travel around the world. Your mother might be sharp-tongued, but deep down, she's soft-hearted. Although she hates me now, once I kneel down in front of her and apologize sincerely, I just know she'll give in. After all, she must be sick and tired of staying in the palace. I think she'll support my decisions."

As he spoke, my father's eyes lit up slightly, but then they soon became a little gloomy. Perhaps it was because my mother still refused to see him.

I could tell that he meant what he said, so I gave up trying to dissuade him.

Instead, I gave him a hug and solemnly promised, "Don't worry, Father. I'll take care of everything."

He patted me on the shoulder and sighed with relief. "That's more enough."

I smiled and we locked eyes. The trust and promise between men were all in silence.

After that, I said goodbye to my father and we parted ways.

Omar said excitedly, "Now's the time to think about your proposal to Sylvia! The lycan king himself has asked you to get married as soon as possible, so we have to hurry. We can't wait any longer!"

"I agree..." Thinking of this, I had a headache. I wanted to give Sylvia an unforgettable proposal, but I really didn't know how to go about it.

"Book a hot air balloon. Or go paragliding. If you propose to her mid-air, she won't be able to escape even if she wants to refuse! She'll be shocked for sure!" Omar fired one idea after another excitedly.

"You're a genius," I said dryly. However, even I couldn't deny that his ideas were pretty unforgettable.

"Yes, yes, I know. Anyway, you should get a move on. You have to get married to Sylvia as soon as possible."

"No need to tell me twice," I snorted coldly. I'd literally thought about hundreds of ways to propose.

As soon as I stepped foot in my room, a white wolf pounced on me, knocking me to the floor.

[Chapter 645 Howl At The Moon](#)

Rufus' POV:

The white wolf snorted indignantly, and the red hair on top of her head stood straight. It was clear that she was pissed off.

Holding the white wolf in my arms, I rubbed her fluffy head to smooth her hair.

The white wolf lowered her head, rubbed her snout against my neck, and howled angrily.

I didn't resist. I couldn't help but burst into laughter. "You're tickling me, babe."

Only then did Sylvia return to her human form. Nestled in my arms, she nibbled on my chin and looked at me with fierce eyes, although to me, she just looked very cute.

I couldn't help but touch her hair dotingly. "Honey..."

Sylvia let go of my chin and said angrily, "Why didn't you tell me that the curse was already removed? I cried so hard that day! It was humiliating!"

Thinking of how pitiful Sylvia looked as she almost cried her eyes out that day, I couldn't help but chuckle, which annoyed Sylvia even more. She continued to bite my cheek angrily.

Gradually, her lips met mine, and we kissed each other deeply.

I held the back of her head and kissed her passionately. Sylvia responded in kind and closed her eyes, fully immersing herself in our kiss.

The atmosphere was thick with desire. Just as my hands started to wander around her body, Sylvia came to her senses. She grabbed my hands and held them in place, snorting angrily. "Don't you dare try to seduce me. I'm still mad at you."

I chuckled, fixed up her clothes, and led her to the sofa. "I know I was wrong, honey. It's just, I had to deceive Richard so that he'd let his guard down. That gave me the opportunity to destroy his group."

Pouting, Sylvia wrapped her arms around my neck and grumbled, "Are you saying you didn't have faith in my acting skills?"

This question amused me. "Are you kidding me? Your acting skills are topnotch! How could you expose the secret?"

"You're teasing me!" Sylvia flew into a rage again.

She refused to even look at me until I humbly begged her for forgiveness again and again.

I had planned to take a shower and go straight to bed, but Sylvia suddenly suggested that we go outside to enjoy the full moon.

"You've never been able to enjoy it before, am I right?"

I raised my eyebrows and was tempted, allowing myself to be pulled by her.

Her idea turned out to be a great one. The night sky was extraordinarily beautiful, not only with the full moon, but also with the stars all over the sky.

I lay leisurely on the lawn in the garden and stared up at the moon in the sky. For once, there was no restlessness in my heart, only peace.

Just then, Sylvia, who was resting her head on my arm, suddenly turned over and straddled on me, looking excited.

My heart skipped a beat and I got excited too. Did she want to have sex with me out here?

"Rufus, let's turn into wolves and howl at the full moon! They do it all the time in movies."

I was speechless. Obviously, we were not on the same page.

But her suggestion wasn't as great this time. Howl at the moon? How stupid!

I didn't show how I felt, but I was very resistant.

"Come on, let's give it a try. Here, I'll go first."

Without waiting for a response, Sylvia turned into a white wolf and howled at the moon. Then she turned around to urge me.

At a loss, I had no choice but to turn into a wolf. Pointing my snout at the moon, I let out a low howl.

"Wow!" The white wolf was a little dissatisfied with my performance and gave a demonstration again. Then she squinted at me expectantly.

I swallowed embarrassedly and then howled again. "Wow..."

My voice was a little louder than my first try.

"Wow!" The white wolf swiped at me with her paw, scolding me for not cooperating.

Finally, I gave in. "Wow!"

The deafening howl made the ground shake faintly. The lights in the distance went on, one after another. Maybe everyone thought that something had happened.

But, honestly, it felt good. It was the first time that I ever howled at the moon, which was quite novel.

I turned to look at Sylvia in high spirits, only to find that she had already turned back into her human form and was lying on the lawn with her phone in her hand.

[Chapter 646 An Epic Howl](#)

Rufus' POV:

Instantly, I had a bad feeling about this. I quickly turned into my human form and pounced on Sylvia. "What're you up to?"

Sylvia held her phone away from me complacently. "I'm shooting a blockbuster."

"Let me see." I reached out to grab the phone.

But Sylvia refused to give it to me. "The director worked so hard to get this shot!"

Without hesitation, I started to tickle her. She burst into laughter and finally caved. "All right, all right! I'll show you."

She unlocked her phone and tapped on the video. A huge silver wolf was howling at the moon.

The howl was... shocking, for a lack of better terms. I had no idea that my voice was so unpleasant to hear. When I listened to it now, I couldn't help but frown.

"Oh, my God! Look at it go! What a stupid wolf!" Sylvia burst into laughter, her body shaking violently from the effort.

I snorted angrily and pinned her down on the grass. "You're the one who started it."

Sylvia tilted her head slightly, looking at me provocatively. "Do you have proof, sir?"

Then she replayed the video. The terrible wolf howl almost made me lose my mind.

Damn it! She wasn't wrong. I really was a stupid wolf.

"Who are you calling stupid? You're the stupid one for obeying her!" Omar snorted defensively.

Ignoring him, I pressed Sylvia against the grass and bit her earlobe, trying to grab her phone.

Sylvia was out of breath. While hiding her phone, she smiled at me mischievously and then poked me in the waist.

"Hey!" I instantly let go of her. Damn it. She really knew how to deal with me now.

Sylvia quickly freed herself from her shackles and announced that she was going to play the video at our wedding ceremony.

"It'll be epic. I know everyone will go crazy when they see this video!"

Hearing this, I couldn't stand the humiliation any longer. No one else could know about this. It was too embarrassing!

I tried to catch up to her, but Sylvia dodged my advances nimbly. Soon, I threw my arms around her successfully.

After playing and laughing for a while, we rolled on the grass, out of breath, enjoying the peaceful

moment that followed.

This had been the first time that I dared to look straight at the full moon ever since I could remember. The summer breeze and crickets chirping made me feel even more at ease.

I never would've imagined that my dream would come true one day.

I had a loving mate, a career, a healthy body, and would have a cute child in the future.

And all these things were made possible thanks to the girl beside me.

God, how lucky I was to have met her!

I turned my head to look at Sylvia, who was resting with her eyes closed. I leaned over and kissed her. "Thank you, Sylvia."

Sylvia giggled and her eyes popped open. "Why are you so sentimental all of a sudden?"

"Nothing. I just feel happy." I rubbed her nose and looked at her affectionately.

Without her, perhaps I never would've left that swamp of despair.

My life was nothing but bitter until she came into my life.

I had once thought that I would never make it through, but fortunately, I didn't give up.

"I'm happy too, Rufus. Meeting you was the best thing that ever happened to me." Sylvia planted kisses on my eyelids and then my lips. Looking up, I could see the sparks in her bright eyes, full of tenderness.

I used to think that love was nothing more than a routine. However, at this moment, I understood that love was a connection of two souls.

"Rufus, how about we have a child?" Sylvia smiled brightly.

[Chapter 647 Having A Baby](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Rufus looked a little surprised. He was speechless for a few seconds. "Do you really want that?"

Hell yeah! I had been wanting to do it for so long now!

But I didn't say that aloud. Instead, I seized the opportunity to tease him. "You're getting old, Rufus. As prince and heir to the throne, if you don't have a child soon, the public will complain."

Rufus said softly, "I didn't think you'd want it to happen so soon."

I looked at him in confusion. "What made you think that? In fact, we've been moving too slow. Flora's already—"

I abruptly stopped mid-sentence. Only then did I realize that Rufus had no idea that Flora was pregnant.

"What is it?" Rufus looked at me questioningly.

Eyes wide, I covered my mouth and shook my head vigorously. "Oh, it's nothing."

Rufus chuckled and connected the dots quickly. "Were you about to say that Flora's pregnant?"

"What?! How did you know?" I looked at him in disbelief, wondering when I had spilled the beans.

Rufus knocked on my forehead impatiently. "You have terrible memory. Don't you recall? I followed you to the hospital that day and Omar heard about Flora's pregnancy from behind the screen."

"Oh, right. So much has happened lately. It slipped my mind." I pouted unhappily.

But it didn't matter. Recently, Flora didn't seem to be trying to hide it. She had been eating like a pig and sleeping like a koala. Anyone with eyes would've immediately noticed that she was acting strange. That was, anyone except Warren and Harry. They just thought Flora was acting normally.

I sighed, figuring that Warren would be oblivious to the fact that he was a father until Flora's belly was a little bigger.

Then, going back to the original subject, Rufus hesitated. "I don't want to hold you back."

I flicked his forehead. "What on earth are you talking about? You're not holding me back. I want to do this. The curse has been lifted, the border issue has been solved, Richard can't come out to make trouble again, and most importantly, your parents have completely accepted me. What's stopping us from having a child now, Rufus? It's time."

"But you're still so young. You don't have to do this for me..."

"For you? It takes two to have a child. Think it over before you speak," I interrupted him fiercely, pouting like a spoiled child. "Don't you want a child who has your eyes and my mouth?"

Rufus was amused by my mock anger. He shook his head helplessly and pulled me closer. "Yes, I do. I've been dreaming of what our child would look like. I was just worried that you'd be unhappy if I forced you to have a child. If you became unhappy, I'd become unhappy. Sylvia, I just want you to be happy. Don't overthink things as long as you're with me. I'll take care of everything. You just need to be yourself."

"I'm myself right now. I want to have a child, Rufus. Maybe even more than one. As long as I have a family with you. I love you, Rufus. I'd be happy to bear your children for you." I looked into his eyes and spoke solemnly.

Rufus didn't say anything for a long time. Then, he buried his face in my neck and said in a muffled voice, "If you keep saying that, I'll lose control of myself."

"What?"

For a second, I thought he was going to cry, but then he turned over and got on top of me in the blink of an eye.

"How about we start trying now? Since you want a child so badly..."

A question mark popped out in my mind. Here? In a public place?

Before I could react, Rufus pressed his lips against mine to silence me.

It was so exciting. Even I had to admit that my interest was sparked. What should I do?

[Chapter 648 In The Open](#)

Sylvia's POV:

But I couldn't shake off the fear of being caught having sex in the open. Plus, guards were patrolling nearby. What if they saw us?

"Rufus, calm down—"

But before I could say anything more, Rufus covered my lips again.

My tongue and lips grew numb from the passionate kiss. My body went limp under his touch. Desire consumed me and there was nothing I could do but let Rufus do whatever he wanted with me.

I felt my bra being unclasped. A pair of warm hands cupped my breasts, massaging them gently.

Before I could stop myself, I let out a small moan. Desperately grasping onto my last bit of sanity, I grabbed his hand and asked, "Really? Here?"

My voice was trembling. Rufus made all reason go out the window, and I could feel his hard penis poking at my lower body.

I had no time to care about anything else. I just knew that Rufus was very excited tonight.

"Hmm..." Soft gasps came through the gap between our lips. I broke into a cold sweat.

The kiss had made me lose myself. Overwhelming desire consumed my body, which needed to be satisfied right then and there.

Rufus slipped his hand into my underwear. When his fingers reached my sensitive area, he chuckled. "Honey, you're wet."

Then there came the sound of something entering.

"God!" I yelped in surprise mixed with pleasure. I bit my lips and looked at him shyly.

At first, Rufus inserted one finger inside my tight pussy, then two, then three... He slowly thrust them in and out.

The sound of liquid squelching was particularly loud in the quiet night.

I parted my lips slightly and raised my head to kiss him.

Rufus was frowning slightly. His handsome face was already tainted with lust. His hand didn't stop moving as he lowered his head to stick his tongue inside my mouth, licking the tip of mine.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, arching my back slightly to the rhythm of his movement.

The liquid was accumulating at the entrance to my pussy as his fingers reached into the depths of my body.

"I... I can't..." I stammered, biting my lower lip. I could feel my face turn red, as though I was drunk.

Rufus lowered his head and started to suck the skin on my neck. Suddenly, he sped up his movement, as though he had gone crazy. The sound of liquid squelching became louder and thicker.

Just as I was about to lose control, Rufus scooped me up and carried me back to the room as fast as he could.

I reached my climax on the way.

Before the door was closed behind him, Rufus pressed me against the wall and kissed me hard.

"Ah, be gentle..." I gasped, digging my fingers into his arms.

Rufus held my nipple in his mouth and pressed the tip of his tongue against it. Then, he scooped me up and held his penis against my crotch. Even I could tell that I was sopping wet.

But I didn't care. I was so obsessed with him that I practically ripped off his clothes.

Rufus let go of my breasts and smiled. "No rush. I'll give it all to you."

Then he carried me to the bed.

I parted my legs eagerly and soon, I felt his penis poking at the entrance of my pussy, rubbing against my sensitive area. Then, its tip was inserted into my pussy a little, but it didn't go further.

"Give it to me, Rufus..."

Just as I raised my head to beg him, I saw the black thorns on his back. It didn't disappear, but grew bigger and took shape.

I came to my senses immediately and felt like I had fallen into an ice cave.

[Chapter 649 Bear The Secret Alone](#)

Rufus' POV:

All of a sudden, all the color drained from Sylvia's face and her lips quivered as she pushed me away.

Startled, I sobered up completely. I hugged her from behind and murmured, "What's the matter, honey?"

To my surprise, Sylvia burst into tears.

I was so anxious that I tried to turn her around to look at her in the eyes, but she refused.

"You're scaring me, Sylvia. What's wrong?" I tried harder to turn her around, only to find that tears were streaming down her cheeks and her eyes were full of despair.

"I don't understand. Why is it still there?" Sylvia asked, choked with sobs. She grabbed my hand, looking desperate and confused.

I tried to wipe her tears away despite the anxiety gnawing at me. "Honey, just tell me what happened, okay?"

Sylvia shook her head and whispered, "Rufus, I'm scared."

"Don't be afraid. I'm here." Seeing her like this shattered my heart. I felt suffocated. Seeing that she was too rattled to speak, I tried comforting her with kisses.

Gradually, Sylvia calmed down. She wiped her tears with the back of her hand and felt a little

embarrassed to look at me.

I lifted her chin and looked into her eyes worriedly. "What happened? Tell me, honey."

Sylvia lowered her head and averted her gaze. I could tell that she was hesitant.

"It has something to do with me, doesn't it?" Otherwise, she wouldn't have gotten so emotional.

Hearing this, Sylvia stiffened.

I pulled her into my arms and sighed. It seemed I had guessed it right. Sylvia was hiding something from me.

This was the second time that Sylvia had lost control of her emotions. The first time was also when we were about to have sex, on the day we left the border. I didn't think too much about that at the time. I just thought that she was not feeling well. But today, the same thing happened again and it was clear that something was wrong. If she just wasn't in the mood, she wouldn't have reacted so violently.

Sylvia's eyes darted all over the room hesitantly.

"Sylvia, haven't we agreed that we shouldn't hide anything from each other? Look, you're scaring me."

Finally, Sylvia lowered her head and said, "There's something on your back. It might be a curse."

"What?" I was confused. Another curse? But I didn't feel anything...

Sylvia sniffed and her eyes welled up with tears again. "There used to be a small mole on your back, but it just keeps getting bigger. I just know it'll become a thorn in the future, and when it does, you'll die."

"How do you know?" I touched her tear-stained cheek. I felt sorry for her, but I also felt it kind of strange. She had been absent-minded and had nightmares lately. It turned out that this was what was bothering her this whole time.

Unable to bear it, Sylvia burst into tears again. "I saw this curse in a book in Noreen's lab. I didn't believe it at first, but later I realized that the pattern on your back looked a lot like the one in the book. The flower might've been able to remove the curse on your back, but now it's gone."

I was still confused. I touched my back, but I didn't feel anything weird.

"Where is the pattern you mentioned? I don't feel anything abnormal on my back."

When Sylvia first said that I had a mole on my back, I had specially checked, but there was nothing.

Sylvia's POV:

As tears continuously flowed down my cheeks, I lay there stunned. I then turned Rufus over and saw the pattern of a winding thorn on his back. It had already gotten very big.

Running my fingers over it, I asked, "Can't you feel it? It's growing here from your waist."

"I... don't feel anything." Rufus shook his head in confusion.

"You should at least be able to see it, then." If he even slightly tilted his head, the pattern on his waist would be clearly visible to him. And when he was taking a shower, he should have been able to notice it then.

After I got out of the bed, I grabbed a mirror for him to take a look for himself. "Well, can you see it now?"

Rufus turned his head around and his brows furrowed in confusion. "I see nothing."

"How could it be..." My stomach churned from the strange feeling when I looked over at the mirror's reflection and saw nothing in it.

I then thought it might be the problem of the mirror. I grabbed another mirror, one that was bigger, and raised it up to Rufus' level. "Can you see it now?"

"No, still nothing." Rufus looked as though he was about to say something but then stopped after thinking it over.

Looking back and forth at the reflection on the mirror and the pattern on his back, I blinked my eyes repeatedly. I nearly thought I was insane and was imagining things.

"Have you been too tired recently? Maybe it's a hallucination." Rufus asked, his eyes laced with concern.

I placed the mirror down and my eyes made their way back to the black thorn on his back. There was no way it was an illusion, the logical part of my brain knew it was real.

But why couldn't I see the pattern in the mirror?

Could it be a manifestation of this curse?

Unable to bear seeing me in this state, Rufus embraced me with his arms and gave me a kiss on the forehead. "Well, don't think about it anymore. I think all you need is to get a good night's sleep for now."

Around the same time, Rufus' phone began to ring. His hand reached for the phone on the bedside

table. But the moment he placed the phone on his ear, the blood on his face rushed out and he turned pale. Something had happened, it seemed. Something bad.

I immediately slipped my way out of his arms right after he had hung up the call.

"Go ahead with your work."

Rufus hesitated and shook his head. "I'm too worried for you. After I see that you have fallen asleep, then I'll leave."

I pretended to be relaxed and patted him on the shoulder. "Oh, me? I'm fine. Maybe you're right and it must be an illusion. My mind has been under too much pressure recently."

Rufus sighed, then placed his hands gently on my shoulders and looked right into my eyes. "Promise me that you'll tell me as soon as something like this is on your mind again, whether it is an illusion or not. You don't need to bear any burden all on your own anymore. I'm not just anybody, Sylvia. I'm your mate and your future husband, remember?"

I didn't want to make him worry anymore, so I nodded slightly and responded, "I know. I won't hide anything from you anymore, I promise."

As his hands cupped my face, Rufus smiled. "You really did scare me just now."

I also smiled and placed my hands over his. "I'll be alright. Go ahead and sort out what you need to at work. I'm sure I'll be all better after some rest."

"I won't leave until I've seen that you have fallen asleep."

"No, I'd just want to pester you. I won't be able to fall asleep if you're here," I explained, wrinkling my nose teasingly.

Rufus knew he couldn't persuade me any longer, so he sat up and put on his clothes, getting ready to deal with the emergency.

I calmed down when the room finally felt quiet.

My mind couldn't help from running over everything that had happened recently, and somehow it all had something to do with Noreen.

The name "Noreen" had come up around me ever since Blair was injured and cursed, and I couldn't seem to get rid of it no matter how much I tried.

The curse on Rufus wasn't a coincidence. The last time I fought Noreen, she had managed to figure out that I would go back to the lab because of that, at least her words made it seem like that.

It was almost like everything had been arranged by someone.

What would happen next?

It seemed that I was already firmly in their trap, so I couldn't do anything else but bite the bullet and forge on.

But... why did Noreen choose me?

I couldn't help but recall Hobson grabbing my hand and saying that he could smell Noreen's scent on me when I was in his castle.

Suddenly, I sat up with a plan taking shape in my mind.