

## **Irresistible 71**

### [Chapter 71 Good Friends](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"He was absent during the morning exercise. I heard he asked for a leave," Flora answered while eating.

"If we ask for a leave and the reason is not valid, we'll be given punishment. If I heard correctly, he was told to run thirty laps today." Harry took another forkful of pasta and shoved it in his mouth. He seemed to like this pasta a lot. In fact, he was on his third plate of pasta already.

"Well, was he the one who took the rooster? I heard that there was supposed to be a rooster at the school that crows every morning, but I didn't hear anything today," Flora thought out loud.

Harry choked on his food when he heard what Flora said, a string of pasta coming out of his nostril.

I froze up at the scene, trying my best not to laugh so as not to humiliate Harry's fragile ego. If I burst out laughing, he would definitely never want to be with us again.

"Here, wipe it." Embarrassed, Flora brought out some tissue paper and handed it to the poor guy.

Harry took the tissue in dejection. He looked as if he had coughed his brains out along with the pasta.

It was at this time that Warren also arrived at the canteen. Like me, there was no food left for him anymore.

Warren happened to pass by our table, and somehow I felt the urge to call him.

"Hey, we still have some food here. Do you want some?" I smiled, trying to hide how nervous I actually was.

Flora had saved more than enough for me, so I thought it wouldn't hurt to share some with Warren. I wondered if he was going to accept my kindness.

Instead, Warren looked at me in disgust and scoffed. I lowered my head in shame and carried on eating, not saying another word to him.

Although the hateful attitude was nothing new to me at all, I had some hope that maybe Warren was different. I knew a lot of werewolves in this school didn't like me, but I thought that Warren would be kinder, which was why I offered him my food. Obviously, I had thought wrong.

Surprisingly, Warren didn't leave immediately after dismissing me. He turned to Flora and said, "You. You're from the same pack as me, right?"

Flora seemed to be terrified by him, but she managed a little nod. She was probably wondering what he was about to say too.

"Why are you making friends with the slave? It's going to bring shame to our pack, you know." Warren's voice was loud enough for a lot of people to hear.

Clearly, he was referring to me. The way he talked about me made me angry, but a part of me felt more disappointed. Because Warren always seemed to be alone, I thought he could be something else. It turned out that he was no different from all the other hateful werewolves around here.

Harry immediately dropped his fork and stood up. "What the hell are you talking about? Show some respect."

"Slaves don't deserve respect," Warren spat, looking down at my food. "Only a poor and ill-mannered werewolf would think to offer her filthy leftovers to others."

"Warren!" Harry did not hesitate to grab Warren by his collar. "If you're so high up and arrogant, then prove it. Let's fight, right here and now. I'll teach you what respect means."

Warren didn't say a word, but his eyes were full of determination as he nodded, accepting the challenge.

I quickly got up and pulled Harry's arm back. "Hey, forget it. There's no use arguing with him. Besides, it's against the rules to fight outside class time. Do you really want to get expelled?"

Only when I said this did Harry slowly withdraw his fists, but he did not break the intense eye contact with Warren.

"Pathetic." After smoothing out his collar, Warren left.

Harry pulled his newly-dyed hair in frustration. "Ugh, I hate that I can't teach that bastard his lesson right now!"

"Trust me, ruining your future just for a fight with that kind of werewolf is not worth it. Just let it go." I patted Harry's back to comfort him. Bullies like Warren were nothing new to me. I was practically immune from them already and I had come to the point where it was just unnecessary to care about it anymore.

I then turned to Flora and felt a little guilty for her. Flora was my roommate and good friend. I didn't want her to be in a difficult situation because of me.

"Flora, I understand your situation. I remember you mentioned before that Warren has a high position in your pack. If you want, we can keep a distance from each other from now on." I kept my voice low.

"What are you talking about, Sylvia?" Flora looked at me with confidence. "Even the Moon Goddess

can't stop me from caring about my friends. Don't worry about me!"

I looked at Flora and Harry, moved. I was lucky to have them in my life.

### [Chapter 72 The Knight And The Princess](#)

Warren's POV:

Early in the morning, Alina's personal bodyguard came to me and told me that she wanted to see me.

Upon hearing this, my brain rumbled like a motor. I got so excited. God knew how much I missed Alina.

So I hurriedly excused myself in the morning exercises and went to see her. Before I went out, I put on the tie clip that she gave me three years ago. It was her gift for me, so I always treasured it. I was very careful every time I wore it.

Alina and I grew up together, and we could be considered childhood sweethearts. Being the Gamma of our pack himself, my father had always told me since I was a child that I shouldn't only be a werewolf loyal to the Alpha but also a knight born to protect the princess.

Thus in my heart, Alina was more important than my life.

She was always gentle and kind, so I thought I could stay by her side for the rest of my life and protect her. I even dreamed of marrying her one day. But later, I heard that the queen liked her so much that she wanted her to marry Prince Rufus. I was disappointed and angry at the same time.

No one else deserved my Alina. What was more, Prince Rufus was so cruel and cold-blooded.

When the princess was held hostage by an evil dragon, as a knight, I had to stand up and protect her. So I came here on my own accord.

I thought that as the queen's guest, Alina would have been living a good life here. But much to my surprise, she bitterly cried when she saw me.

Her beautiful face had lost its glow. I asked her why many times, but she didn't answer. She just kept crying.

Damn! Who the hell was bold enough to bully my Alina?

"Alina, tell me. Who made you so sad?" I asked anxiously, clenching my fists tightly. I felt like I would really go mad if she still didn't say anything.

"I..." Alina sobbed and pouted her red lips. She wanted to say something but stopped on second thought. "Just let me vent my sadness."

"Someone must have bullied you."

I sat beside her, held her shoulders, and stared at her affectionately. My heart broke to see her crying like this. She was such a good she-wolf. How could anyone have the heart to make her cry?

"Warren..." Alina called out my name softly. She raised her tearful eyes and looked at me. "It doesn't matter. I feel much better now that you are here with me. Seeing you brings comfort to my heart. I really miss my father and mother. If only they were here too."

After saying this, Alina sobbed again. "They... They have gone too far."

"They?" I quickly grasped the keyword. "Alina, who are they?"

"They..."

I could see that she was hesitating. She picked up a tissue and wiped her tears. "If I tell you, promise me that you won't tell anyone."

"Of course! Don't you trust me anymore? You know that I am always your strongest supporter, right?" I frowned, unhappy about Alina's alienation. Anyone but her could doubt my loyalty to her. Didn't she still understand that she was the only one in my heart?

"Okay, I will tell you." Alina sniffed, looking so pitiful. "Everyone in the palace knows that the queen has brought me here as Prince Rufus' fiancée. But Prince Rufus has invited Sylvia to be his date to the ball on his birthday this Friday. Now everyone in the palace is laughing at me. I feel so humiliated."

"He has gone too far!" I was so angry that I suddenly stood up. But I also felt a little disappointed that Alina was crying for another man.

"So, can you help me? Warren..." Alina also stood up and looked up at me. "You and Sylvia are in the same class. Maybe you have a better chance of... stopping her."

### [Chapter 73 Alina's Request](#)

Warren's POV:

I looked away from Alina. After a moment's hesitation, I said, "Fighting in private is against the school rules."

Moreover, I was a tall, strong werewolf. How could I attack a weak she-wolf?

"All right, then let them bully me to death. You don't have to worry about it!"

Alina cried. She sat in a corner of the sofa and buried her face in her arms. It broke my heart to see how pitiful she looked.

"It's not that I don't want to help you. Alina. I will be expelled from the school if I fight in private. If that happens, then I..."

'I wouldn't be able to see you again,' I murmured to myself silently. I was too embarrassed to say that though. All I could do was helplessly stare at her. If possible, I would even bring Prince Rufus here and force him to be Alina's date to the ball.

"Then go and get rid of Sylvia!" Alina said as she raised her head and looked at me. Tears welled up in her eyes, and her nose was red and blotchy.

"I..." I thought about it for a long time but couldn't make a decision.

"I'm not asking you to overdo anything. You can cause small accidents. Think, Warren. You are a smart guy. I know you'd come up with something." The expectation in Alina's eyes made my heart quiver. I didn't know what to do.

Seeing that I was silent, she grew angry and glared at me. "I just asked you to do a small favor for me. You can't even do that? Not even for me? Why are you so reluctant? You weren't like this before."

There was a hint of disappointment in Alina's tone. She had never been like this before. For the first time, I felt the distance between us had increased.

Getting rid of Sylvia was a piece of cake for me. But it was against my values. I couldn't do anything against my principle. My father had taught me to be a dignified werewolf ever since I was a child. If I used some dirty means to achieve my goal, I would be no different than a rat in the gutter.

"All right. You can leave then." Alina turned around. "We don't need to see each other anymore." The firmness in her voice made me anxious.

I immediately forgot my father's advice. Kindness and morality suddenly seemed meaningless. Only the she-wolf in front of me was real.

"Alina, your wish is my command. I'm willing to do anything for you."

"Just break Sylvia's leg before Friday and make sure she wouldn't be able to attend the ball." Alina turned to look at me, and I finally saw her smiling.

I felt relieved to see that she had finally stopped crying. Eventually, I had no choice but to agree.

After I returned to school, I had to take thirty laps as a punishment because I had taken leave for no valid reason. I accepted the punishment without any protest. There were rules everywhere. I was willing to abide by the rules and bear the consequences if I failed.

Accomplishing Alina's task was difficult. My father had raised me to be a principled werewolf ever since I was a child. But Alina had been begging me to do something against my morals and ethics. I was in a dilemma. I thought about it while running.

After that, I went to the canteen. As expected, there was no food left.

There was no one in the canteen except Sylvia and her friends. Sylvia also saw me, but I ignored her. She was the reason behind Alina's sadness, and the same reason I had to abandon my conscience. I felt disgusted to even look at her.

I didn't expect Sylvia to take the initiative to talk to me. She offered to share food with me. I didn't even look at her. I made sarcastic remarks at her because I felt she was a hypocrite.

And the she-wolf beside her, Flora, looked stupid. But I still recognized that she was from the same pack as mine.

"Why are you making friends with the slave? It's going to bring shame to our pack, you know." I warned Flora.

My words irritated Harry. He grabbed my collar and threatened to beat me. At that moment, I wanted to throw caution to the wind and fight him. However, if I did so, I'd be expelled from school for violating the school rules. That way, I didn't have to break my head, trying to figure out what to do.

But Harry stopped after listening to Sylvia's words. We didn't fight.

Soon, it was time for class. The first class was all about introducing ourselves, enabling our trainer to understand us better. Two students would have to pair up and close combat but it didn't have to be a fierce fight. We only had to exhibit our skills.

Surprisingly, Blair assigned me and Sylvia to the same group. My heart skipped a beat. Sure enough, I couldn't avoid the inevitable. Since the opportunity came to me, I gritted my teeth and decided to find the chance to attack Sylvia for the sake of Alina.

#### [Chapter 74 The Arrogant Peacock](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"Sylvia, you got paired up with Warren," Harry said with worry in his eyes.

I nodded, pursing my lips and feeling uneasy. Even though I was used to people being hostile with me, I couldn't understand why Warren was being so rude to me when we haven't even had any interactions in the past. From afar, he was a silent and well-behaved werewolf compared to the other students. But how come he would act so differently towards me?

"You have to be careful. He might play some dirty tricks on you," Harry warned, squinting his eyes. He

then turned to Flora and asked, "Wait, you're from the same pack, right? What do you know about this guy?"

"I know Warren isn't the type to play dirty. Back home, he's mostly an upright guy who doesn't even like conflict." Flora frowned in confusion. "In fact, it was very strange how he acted this morning. I've never seen him with that much emotion."

"Well, now I'm more nervous."

I looked at the gloomy Warren, who seemed lost in thought.

"Come on, Sylvia. Don't be nervous. You were able to defeat me! Warren is nothing. I'm pretty sure I can defeat him with just one finger. So can you!" Harry arrogantly waved his fists in the air.

"Oh please, Harry! Warren is actually very strong. He's the strongest one in our pack's younger generation. He's just restraining himself here and not recklessly showing off like you are." Flora rolled her eyes at Harry and then took out some rat jerky to eat.

As the arrogant pomp that he was, Harry was not convinced by what Flora said. "Well, it just means your pack is weak. Him? The strongest in your batch? That's ridiculous."

"You'll know when you get to fight him one day. Don't come crying back to me." Flora rolled her eyes again.

"When that day comes, I will prove it to you! I can defeat a hundred Warrens all on my own!" Harry straightened his back and put his hands on his hips, shrugging. "I wonder why Blair didn't pair me with Warren instead. I'm the one who needs a stronger opponent. Have you seen the small, skinny kid he paired up with me? Does he really think that lowly of me?"

I casually glanced at the werewolf Harry was paired up with. It was John, whose hair was cropped neatly in a crew cut. He was very thin and short with fair skin. His eyes seemed too big for his face, which made him look like a bug that could easily be squashed.

"Be careful still. He might look weak to you, but he was ranked seventh. That's two places above you, Harry," I warned Harry, afraid that he would carelessly underestimate his own opponent just by judging the appearance.

Harry waved his hand in dismissal, not taking me seriously. I was expecting him to be this arrogant, so I knew nothing I said would change his mind anymore.

The first fight of the day was between Harry and John. After flipping his bangs, Harry jumped onto the stage with excitement. He pointed his finger at John and crooked it to provoke him. "Come here!"

"This guy is a walking peacock!" Flora complained.

Flora and I had no choice but to watch helplessly. The expressions on both of our faces were too complex for words. Our friend Harry was just too arrogant.

Even though Harry could be rightfully cocky with his skills, John was not afraid to show that he had more right to be arrogant than his opponent. John took the first move, quick and powerful, leaving Harry no room to process. Within two minutes, John had Harry on the ground.

Harry cast his face to the ground and he hung his head low after the match.

I thought it was kind of funny. But at the same time, I was pleasantly shocked by John's choice of moves. He immediately went straight for the opponent's vital points, which didn't seem like the typical military fighting style. His style reminded me more of a silent assassin. John must have noticed that I was gazing at him and nodded back at me. He casually hopped off the stage like he wasn't even tired.

Two fights passed by quickly and soon enough, it was my turn.

"Go Sylvia! Knock him down! Teach him to respect you!"

With a low voice, Flora encouraged me.

#### [Chapter 75 The Figh](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Cruelty was written all across Warren's face. As soon as I stepped onto the stage, I could already feel him staring daggers at me. Before I could even have a second to get ready, he swung at me.

Warren was absolutely fast and strong. His moves, though orthodox, were very graceful. With a turn of his wrist, he was able to grab my arm and tried to break my joints. Seeing this, I kicked him sideways.

As I expected, Harry was way below his level. If Harry was a hill, Warren was a great mountain.

After I kicked him, his face darkened and his look turned colder. I could feel that he seemed to decide on something deep inside.

The next few minutes were very difficult for me. Even though Warren's fighting style was not at all unique, his combinations were still so unpredictable and I could never get close to him. I couldn't even use all of my strength. In this situation, I knew that I was at a big disadvantage, with no opportunity to resist.

Even with the moves Rufus taught me, Warren could easily predict what I was going to do next and countered it. By this time, I was growing anxious.

I couldn't afford to be so passive anymore.



Warren flew into a spinning kick, but I was able to dodge it by retreating to the edge of the stage. I tried to analyze my opponent, hoping to find a weakness of some sort.

Furious, Warren stomped towards me and made sure to land a kick on my shin. He seemed to have figured out that my lower body was one of my weakest points, which was why he smartly choice to attack there.

Warren didn't even let me breathe for one more second before kicking my other leg too. His kicks were so strong that I almost cried out loud, but I was able to hold it back and gritted my teeth instead. I looked up and tried to punch his gut, but he dodged my punch with so much ease.

Sneering, Warren looked down at me. "Don't overestimate yourself, slave."

He then walked behind me and kicked my left calf this time. Sweat trickled down my forehead as I turned to him with the coldest expression I could muster up. "Try me."

It took me a few more exchanges of moves to find out that Warren was not demonstrating his fighting skills. He was trying to kill me.

"Maybe you should admit defeat as early as now, dear. I think Warren has snapped. He's being too cruel now," Yana warned anxiously.

I huffed. "I know. I'm clearly outmatched."

My left calf took another heavy blow and I could not help but fall to the floor, crying out. At this point, I felt like my leg had been pounded by a metal hammer. It was painful, but at the same time, I could feel my nerves going numb now.

"Sylvia! Are you okay?" I could vaguely hear Harry and Flora calling my name. They looked at me with concern.

Again, Warren refused to give me time to recover before attacking again. But this time I was able to roll away and dodge his attack.

My left leg had already been through enough. Another blow from Warren would have permanently disabled me.

"I admit defeat! Stop the fight!" I raised my hands in surrender, calling out to Blair.

Being paired up with Warren was a hopeless case in the first place. It was better for me to surrender now than to risk losing my life if this fight went on any longer.

Blair declared that the fight had ended. However, Warren did not stop with his attacks. He continued to

kick had at my leg.

"What the hell? Why isn't he stopping? This son of a bitch! Stop him!" Yana was infuriated.

It should have been too late to keep dodging, but all of a sudden, I felt a sudden surge of power in my veins. I reached my hand up, ready to take his attack directly.

But Blair was quick enough to interfere between me and Warren. With one hand, he blocked Warren's foot and held back my fist with the other.

"I said the fight was over." Blair coldly looked at Warren.

### [Chapter 76 Conflic](#)

Warren's POV:

Blair's cold stare felt like a wake-up call. It was as if he was trying to see through me, which made me kind of intimidated.

"I'm sorry. I lost control," I said bluntly. I felt like a laughing stock at this moment, with everyone staring at me.

"Don't apologize to me. I think that it's Sylvia you should apologize to," Blair said seriously.

I looked at Sylvia, who was still on the floor. With her hair wet with sweat, she looked like a drowned mouse. She looked back at me with those beautiful eyes, except they were filled with confusion.

I averted her gaze, feeling a little guilty. But I still couldn't bring myself to say anything.

Sylvia managed to stand up. "It doesn't matter. It was a sparring session. Getting injured is no big deal. Besides, I'm totally fine."

"Are you really?" Blair raised an eyebrow. He then turned slowly to me. "You should still apologize at the very least. I already declared that the fight was over, but you still kept kicking Sylvia. What's going on with you? It's not like you to lose control of yourself."

"I said I'm fine. I don't think Warren meant it," Sylvia shrugged. With her arm, she wiped the sweat off of her forehead and smiled weakly. "We're classmates, after all."

The sincerity in Sylvia's eyes made me feel even more shame. I would have preferred she did not forgive me instead of acting so nice.

I could feel eyes staring at me from all directions, which made me nervous. Unsure what to do next, I just turned around and left.

"Why are you just leaving? Shouldn't you apologize for hurting someone?" Behind me, Flora mumbled.

Harry also reached out and stopped me. He had on a provoking smile. "Where do you think you're going? You haven't apologized yet."

"Fuck off!" I shoved past his shoulder, heading straight for the gate.

"Fuck you!" Harry tried to chase after me, but someone seemed to have stopped him. I heard some other students whispering about me.

I didn't care anymore. All I wanted was to get out of this suffocating place.

Sylvia's POV:

As soon as I got off the stage, Flora and Harry immediately rushed over to me.

"Sylvia, come on! We need to get you to the infirmary," Flora said anxiously.

"Flora, you're up next. Don't worry; I'm fine." I patted my leg, trying to put on a convincing smile. It was Flora's turn to fight next. She couldn't leave right now.

"It's all right. I'm here. Flora, you go and get up the stage," Harry urged Flora. He then bent down in front of me and offered me his shoulder. "Sylvia, come on! I'll take you to the infirmary myself."

"Okay, fine. I'll go ahead." Flora looked reluctant.

Harry easily heaved me over his shoulder and stood up.

"Be careful, Harry! Don't hurt Sylvia anymore," Flora reminded Harry as she patted his other shoulder.

"Yeah, yeah. I know. Quit nagging and go fight. At least get us a win!"

Without waiting for Flora's reply, Harry took off sprinting to the infirmary. He was going so fast I almost vomited.

"Harry, slow down! I'm not dying or something!"

"No way! Have you ever seen a slow ambulance before?" At this, Harry sped up even more, our hair collectively flying backward in the wind.

When I felt a sudden brake, I knew that we had arrived at the infirmary. Thud! He plopped me down on a chair on the side and went straight to rummaging through a cabinet.

"Young man, I'm right here. What are you looking for in the cabinet?" A chubby doctor with gray hair pulled open the curtain and walked out. He slightly glared at Harry and asked, "Where is the patient?"

"Here. It's my leg," I squeaked.

The doctor saw me and put on his glasses, bending down to roll up my pant leg. Watching this, Harry let out a scream, startling both me and the doctor.

### [Chapter 77 Comments](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"Nothing. I'm just surprised to see it swollen like this," Harry said in embarrassment, touching the back of his head.

The doctor examined my shin carefully. "Fortunately, the bones are okay. I'll prescribe some ointment for you, and you must apply it on time. You also have to rest more lately."

"Okay," I replied with a nod.

"Doctor, will there be any sequelae?" Harry asked with a frown. There was an obvious trace of worry on his face. "It looks painful. Warren is such a bastard. I'll definitely teach him a good lesson. You know what, I heard that he lives alone. Why don't we hide under his bed in the evening and scare the crap out of him?"

"Harry, forget that absurd idea. The academy has strict rules and regulations. You will only get yourself into trouble," I said amusingly. But I know how hard it was for Harry to restrain his fury. He always took revenge on the spot. But this time, he couldn't immediately vent his anger even though Warren had provoked him over and over again. He might be very upset.

At this moment, the doctor applied some ointment and bandaged my wound. "Don't worry, there won't be any sequelae. But you always have to take good care of yourself."

Before I could say anything, I heard Flora's voice from afar. "Sylvia!"

Then she ran towards me like a gust of wind.

"Sylvia, are you okay?" She leaned over beside me nervously.

"Step back." I moved my leg away in pain. "You're pressing on my injured leg."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just too anxious." Flora immediately stepped back with an embarrassed and panicked expression on her face.

"What an idiot!" Harry sneered, pulled Flora aside, and asked, "How was your fight?"

Flora folded her hands and clasped her fingers. "I... I lost miserably. My opponent was too strong. But fortunately, I didn't get hurt. My opponent stopped in time."

As she spoke, she suddenly became angry. "That Warren guy really is a bastard. I used to think he's a good man."

When I saw that Harry and Flora were about to scold Warren together, I quickly changed the topic.

"Of the three of us, Harry was the first to lose," I said, deliberately teasing Harry.

As expected, he didn't continue talking about Warren. My words made his face flush with shame and anger. "I didn't expect that skinny man to be so powerful. His moves were too weird. And I had never seen such moves before, so I couldn't guard against him at all."

Actually, I agreed with him. I also felt that John's moves were strange. They didn't match his appearance. It made me feel a sense of familiarity, but I couldn't figure out why.

After taking medicine, we went straight to our class. I had to sit at the side because of my injured leg.

"Harry, your limbs are well-developed, but your brain is too simple. You are likely to be impulsive." As soon as Blair said this, his words elicited laughter.

"What's so funny?" Harry was embarrassed and annoyed at the same time.

But our classmates were not afraid of him anymore now that they knew that most of the time, he was just pretending to be fierce.

I couldn't help laughing too, and he noticed it. He glared at me angrily, curled his lips, and turned his back to everyone helplessly.

"And you, John, you excel in speed and skills, but your strength is too weak. You need to train more in this aspect," Blair continued. Then he turned to look at me and said, "Sylvia, your moves are too simple, and your opponent can easily see through you. You still need more combat experience."

I listened to Blair's comments carefully and thought that I should find someone to fight with. After all, only actual combat could make me improve effectively.

"Warren, needless to say, your comprehensive abilities are excellent in every aspect. On the contrary, Flora's comprehensive abilities are poor in every aspect." Blair's words were so sharp and straightforward that Flora blushed and almost cried.

"It's okay. It's just the beginning. From now on, we will practice more to improve ourselves," I tugged at

Flora's sleeve and comforted her in a low voice.

After Blair finished his evaluations on us, the boring targeted training began. But since I was injured, I could only watch the basic video lessons as remediation to fill in my foundation.

### [Chapter 78 Blair's Warning](#)

Warren's POV:

After leaving the training ground, I felt restless, wandering around like a puppet. It was my first time doing something this evil on purpose, and I felt so terrible that I couldn't even hold my head high.

I sat by the lake and held my head remorsefully. Things went totally beyond my control. All I wanted was to stay by Alina's side. I didn't want to hurt anyone. They must have found out that I deliberately made things difficult for Sylvia.

"Warren, it's okay. No one will find out that you did it on purpose," Salt, my wolf, comforted me.

"No. Judging from the way Blair looked at me, I think he must have noticed it." I was extremely tormented. And it was more painful than being cut by a blunt knife.

"You guys were fighting, and everything you did was just reasonable. Besides, if Blair had known it, he probably wouldn't have let you go just now."

Although what Salt said made sense, I still felt very uneasy. "I really don't want to do such kind of thing again."

But when I thought of Alina, I was in a dilemma. I didn't want to make her cry again because of my failure. She trusted me so much that she had entrusted this task to me.

"How about we think of another way without hurting her? As long as Sylvia can't attend the ball, everything will be okay." Salt started helping me come up with new ideas.

"I still need to think about it." I lowered my head, lost in thought. How could I stop Sylvia from going to the ball without hurting her?

I thought about it for a long time, but I still couldn't come up with any idea, so I decided to go back first.

It was already dark when I returned to the dormitory. I opened the door of my room dejectedly and found Blair sitting on a chair and reading a book leisurely. It seemed that he had been waiting for me for a long time.

My heart sank.

"You're finally back," Blair said nonchalantly without even looking at me. He turned another page.

I clenched my fists, loosened them, closed the door, and asked, "Why are you here, sir?"

"Because I care about my students." Blair finally put down the book and walked up to me. He raised his eyebrows, looked at me up and down, and said, "Your muscles are well-built. But it's a pity that they still don't have enough strength."

I couldn't stand the sarcasm in his voice, so I sat down on a chair and said, "Sir, please go straight to the point. Why did you come to see me?"

There was no smile on Blair's face anymore. He snorted coldly, "I know you tried to break Sylvia's leg on purpose. I didn't say it in public this afternoon because I didn't want to make the situation too embarrassing for you."

I wasn't surprised that he found out because I knew how keen he was.

"Sir, what are you talking about? I don't understand what you mean." I didn't want to respond to Blair's words directly. With his power and status, I was likely to be expelled from the school immediately if I admitted it now. But I didn't want to be kicked out of the school for the time being. I had to help Alina fulfill her wish first.

"I thought you were a smart guy," Blair sneered and squinted at me.

He stared at me so impatiently that I got irritated at once. "Are you going to protect Sylvia to the end? Why are you accusing me of something without evidence?"

"You hate Sylvia because she is a slave. Warren, you are just like everyone else." Blair didn't take my anger seriously. He looked at me lazily as if I was a clown.

I felt relieved after hearing what he said. Fortunately, he didn't know my real purpose. No matter what, I would protect Alina well and wouldn't let her get involved in any trouble.

"So what?" I feigned indifference and smiled. "She is just a slave. Why do you care so much about her?"

I shifted the topic to the slave issue.

Blair's eyes turned fierce when he heard what I said. "I'm warning you. If you dare to do it again, you won't stay in this academy anymore. I'll make sure that you will immediately get kicked out of here."

### [Chapter 79 Hidden Strength](#)

Warren's POV:

"As our teacher, are you not favoring Sylvia too much? Your students just sparred with each other, but you especially came to save her. I'm afraid you have other intentions," I sneered coldly. I didn't expect

Blair to care about Sylvia so much. Sylvia must really be something.

Blair smiled mockingly and also sneered, "I saved you, you idiot!"

He then turned around and left. I looked at his receding back in confusion. How could he save me? It was Sylvia who got beaten at that time.

It was only then that I noticed that Blair's right hand was bandaged and slightly trembling. I didn't see it just now because it was hidden in his sleeve.

Something was wrong. I was sure that his right hand wasn't injured yet when we were in class.

Then I suddenly remembered that Blair blocked Sylvia's fist with his right hand. Did it mean that her strength had caused his injury?

That was impossible! I was in denial. When I had a fight with Sylvia, she didn't have the strength to fight back. It didn't make sense at all.

Then I also recalled what had happened during the strength test. At that time, she broke the giant boulder into pieces. But I didn't think too much about it back then. Was it her true level? Had she been hiding her real strength?

It was only then that I understood what Blair meant. If Sylvia's punch hit my leg, the consequences would be unimaginable. At the thought of this, I felt more anxious than scared.

Sylvia's POV:

After class, everyone rushed to the cafeteria.

Harry and Flora scrambled over to help me, but I refused both of them.

"It's okay. I can go by myself."

Although my leg still hurt, the pain was tolerable, so I slowly walked. Harry and Flora were relieved to see that I could manage to walk, so the two of them started bickering again.

They were like two woodpeckers pecking at each other crazily. No one wanted to give in. They were chattering along the way, creating noises.

Looking at them like this, I felt that not only my leg but also my head ached.

Since I walked too slow, the cafeteria was already crowded with students when we arrived there. There was no empty table left. Only Warren occupied an entire table alone, which was very eye-catching.



"This guy is really unpopular. No one even wants to sit with him," Harry commented. He deliberately raised his voice for Warren to hear him.

"How about we just take out our food and eat in our room?" Flora whispered to us. Obviously, she was a little afraid of Warren.

At this time, Warren glanced at us. He snorted coldly, stood up with his tray, and directly left, although he wasn't done eating yet. Judging from the expression on his face, it seemed that he despised us and disdained to stay in the same space with us.

Harry hurriedly sat down at the table Warren just vacated. "Isn't he a big fool? He left his table to give us a place to sit."

I didn't say a word. Watching Warren's back, I vaguely felt that he deliberately vacated the table for us, and it seemed like his silent way of apology.

But when I thought of what he had said to me, I guessed he probably wouldn't bow his head to a slave. I couldn't help laughing at myself. Maybe I was thinking too much.

After eating, Flora forced Harry to spar with her, but he didn't want to. He said that she was too weak, so the two of them argued again. I just watched them helplessly. They were really like two little children.

As soon as I arrived at the dormitory building, I saw Maya waiting at the entrance. My heart jolted, and I groaned inwardly. I forgot that I had agreed with Rufus to have a dance lesson.

I looked down at my leg, feeling I was in a dilemma.

### [Chapter 80 Dance Lesson](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I told Flora to go back to our dorm room first. Then I slowly walked to Maya.

I could see from Maya's face that she was very happy to see me. "Good evening, Miss Todd. I'm here to pick you up to meet your dance instructor."

I hesitated for a while. But in the end, I didn't refuse.

Every time I took a step now, I felt like my calf was breaking apart all over again. With my current situation, taking the dance lesson should be strenuous. But I promised Rufus, and there were only three days left before Friday. If I didn't learn how to dance, I would make a fool of myself at the ball and disgrace him. It would be more troublesome.

"Miss Todd, is everything alright?" Maya must have noticed that I was in a daze, so she leaned over, tilted her head, and asked me.

"Nothing. Let's go," I said through clenched teeth. Since I had to do it, I had to do it well. As for my leg injury, I should be able to endure it for a while.

Maya took me to a garden full of roses. In the middle of the garden stood a white palace glazed with glass lanterns hanging in front of it. I felt like I was in make-believe.

"Miss Todd, I can only take you here. The dance instructor is in the hall. You can go inside and find him," Maya said with a smile and left.

When I pushed the door open, I was startled.

How could my dance instructor be Rufus?

"Why are you just standing there? Come in." Rufus still looked cool, sitting upright in front of the ebony table with a notebook and a pile of official documents.

He was a busy man, but he still spared time to come here to teach me how to dance. I really felt like crying!

I closed the door nervously, feeling helpless. "How about some other day?"

"Sylvia, what are you afraid of?" Rufus raised his eyebrows and seemed very dissatisfied when he saw the timid look on my face. He simply walked over to me, grabbed my wrist, and pulled me to the desk. "Drink the soup."

As usual, it was the same nourishing soup. Looking at Rufus' handsome profile, I inexplicably began to feel nervous.

When I finished drinking the soup, he took me to another room to start our dance lesson.

"Come here," Rufus said, reaching out his hand to me. He looked at me seriously and deeply.

"Does it really have to be so formal?" I stretched out my hand, but I was trembling, and my heart was beating fast.

Rufus didn't say anything more and just held my hand tightly. When I felt the temperature of his palm, I felt like I was losing my mind. My temperature began to rise, and I blushed. Looking up at his chin made me start to think about how intimate we could be.

But when I moved, the pain in my leg instantly sobered me up.

Yana hissed in my head, "It hurts!"

She startled me. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing. I'm just crying in pain for you. After all, you can't cry out, right?"

I couldn't help but secretly roll my eyes. Yana was a real drama queen.

"First, chest up. Focus your upper body strength on your shoulder blades," Rufus said, tapping my back.

I responded in a panic, feeling numb on the part he touched.

"When moving forward or backward, use your middle body muscles, which is at the hip and crotch area. Come on, try it." Rufus pulled me a step forward. Then I took a few steps forward despite the pain in my leg.

"Remember to hold my waist when we whirl." As he spoke, he put my hands on his waist.

I bit my lower lip and listened to every word he said. But my leg hurt so much that I couldn't concentrate.

I was still lost in thought when Rufus suddenly let go of me. He seemed to have noticed that I was absent-minded.

"If you don't want to learn, you don't have to force yourself," he said coldly.

I hurriedly wiped my sweaty palms. "It's not that I don't want to learn. I'm not forcing myself either. It's just that..."

I hemmed and hawed for a long time as I couldn't come up with a good excuse.