

## Chapter 111 On The Verge Of Death

Alina's POV:

Rufus chuckled, and his sexy and magnetic voice was like a little hook that gently scratched my heart.

He raised the glass of the drugged champagne and clinked on mine.

Then he put it in front of his mouth. I stared at him a little impatiently as I couldn't wait to see him drink it.

As long as he drank this drugged champagne, he would completely fall in love with me. And his preference, like tonight, would only belong to me in the future.

As for Sylvia, I would kick her out of the capital city and never allow her to come back. Rufus could only be mine.

My fingers clasped the glass tightly. Seeing that Rufus was about to drink the champagne, I couldn't help giggling inwardly.

But much to my surprise, he suddenly smashed the glass into pieces with his bare hand and then strangled me. The rage in his eyes made me shiver. He asked through clenched teeth, "Who are you?"

He squeezed my neck so tightly that I couldn't speak. I felt like the air was getting thinner and thinner.

Rufus really wanted to kill me.

I frantically pulled his hands away, but I failed. Everyone around us was also shocked by the sudden change in the situation. They all exclaimed with eyes wide open.

Even Queen Laura was alarmed. She ran over to us with her men. "Rufus! What are you doing? Let go of her."

"Help... me... Please..." I tried hard to look at Queen Laura out of the corner of my eye and squeezed every word out of my throat with difficulty. I didn't stop patting Rufus' hands, too, as I struggled to gasp for air. Tears welled up in my eyes as the fear of death overwhelmed me. I didn't know how he found out. I thought my plan was perfect.

"Rufus, stop it!" Queen Laura reprimanded Rufus again. Although she sounded furious, it seemed that she had no intention of stepping forward to stop him. There was even a trace of fear in her eyes when she looked at him.

But Rufus just turned a deaf ear to Queen Laura. Instead, he tightened his grip on my neck. The coldness on his face made me feel hopeless and terrified.

"Where is she? Where did you get this dress? Who allowed you to appear in front of me wearing this?" Rufus asked me a series of questions.

The werewolves around didn't seem to understand what he was talking about. And they began to discuss who the "she" he mentioned was.

I whimpered and opened my mouth wide, trying to make my neck feel better. But it didn't work. The glass residue on Rufus' hand pierced through my neck, and I gradually felt suffocated. My ears were buzzing, and I felt like all my organs were expanding. I was like a candle in a vacuum container. When the flame was about to extinguish, I struggled with all my strength.

"She gave it to me. Please let go of me," I said in a dry and unpleasant voice. Then I kicked Rufus like a mad beast. The desire to live made me burst out my extreme strength.

But what I did only made him more furious. "Impossible! You are lying! Who asked you to do this?"

Rufus' cold voice was extremely terrifying. He was like a devil from hell who came to take my life. I felt like he was really going to strangle me to death.

"She really gave this dress to me. If you don't believe me, you can ask her," I argued in a hollow voice, putting my hands down feebly. The dull pain of suffocation made my mind blank.

I was in a trance, but I heard Queen Laura ask someone to stop Rufus.

However, no one came to rescue me. I did my best to open my eyes, only to see the terrified expression on everyone's faces. None of them dared to approach us.

Tears streamed down my face in despair as I thought of my father. If only he was here, he would definitely help me.

Just when I felt I was about to die, a majestic male voice rang out in the hall.

"Rufus, let go of her. Do you even know what you're doing?"

I recognized the voice of the lycan king.

## Chapter 112 Under The Mask

Rufus' POV:

Richard and my father's arrival calmed me down a little bit. I was able to suppress the madness in my mind. The she-wolf I was strangling looked ferocious now. She kept struggling like a fish taken out of the water.

Although I was still furious, the remaining trace of sanity in me made me let go of her.

She fell to the floor, gasping for air. She looked so embarrassed and ugly.

Obviously, she was terrified. She kept sobbing. I looked at her coldly and reached out to take off her mask. I wanted to see who on earth was bold enough to pretend to be Sylvia.

The she-wolf seemed to be shocked by what I did. She screamed, shook off my hand, and ran away.

She seemed afraid that I would recognize her. Was she someone I knew? I pulled a long face. The coldness in my heart deepened. I was about to chase after her, but Richard stopped me.

"Rufus, just forget about it." He stood in front of me leisurely with a gloating smile on his face. "Mom has been shocked by what happened."

As he spoke, he glanced at my mother, who was surrounded by the servants and guards.

My mother pulled her fox fur shawl and glanced at Richard and me coldly. But she didn't say anything.

"Get out of my way. I'm in a bad mood right now, so don't mess with me." I pushed Richard away impatiently.

But he was still blocking my way with no intention of stepping back. "Rufus, today is your birthday. It's not good to make a bloody scene."

"Mind your own business. You have no right to interfere in my affairs." I snorted coldly. Richard's hypocritical style had never changed since he was a child.

He was embarrassed by me, so he no longer pretended to be nice in front of the guests. He sneered, "Rufus, shouldn't you pay more attention to maintaining the dignity of the royal family? Don't put the entire royal family on a negative label because of your own cruelty."

"Oh, really?" I chuckled, walked two steps forward, and whispered in his ear, "Then you shouldn't mind me revealing the things you have done, right?"

Then I took a step back and said in a voice that everyone could hear, "I think everyone will be interested in those things."

After saying this, I took a few more steps back. I saw that the expression on his face drastically changed, and his lips trembled.

For the werewolf race, strength was of paramount importance. Richard only knew how to play dirty tricks in secret, so I never took him seriously. I knew that he had been sending people to assassinate me. But I never said a word about it because I didn't want to make things difficult for our father. After all, Richard was the only possible healthy heir for him.

"What are you talking about?" Richard gave me a venomous glance. Shamed into anger, he grabbed my tie with one hand and balled his other hand into a fist, intending to punch me.

When the guests saw that a fight was about to break out, they all screamed, turning the whole scene into chaos.

I caught his fist and twisted his hand. As soon as I heard a crack, I knew that his joints were dislocated.

"Fuck you! How can you really hurt me?" Richard exclaimed in disbelief. He didn't seem to expect that I could be merciless even when our father was right there.

"I warned you, but you still insisted on coming to me," I said coldly. Then I kicked his ass away. He covered his wrist with the other hand and staggered forward.

"Rufus! Do you still respect me as your father?" my father roared angrily. He immediately stood in front of Richard to protect him. He looked at me with sharp eyes and asked, "What the hell are you trying to do?" Then he walked to me and added, "Is it the curse again?" His voice was very low. It was as if he was afraid that others would hear him.

I didn't answer. I just stood at the side indifferently, feeling annoyed.

My father got even angrier. "I am talking to you, Rufus!"

He was so angry and anxious that he covered his mouth and nose with a handkerchief and coughed violently. His body was slightly trembling. When I looked at him, my heart softened for a moment.

"Don't be angry. The doctor said that you can't be stressed out anymore." My mother hurriedly walked to his side and gently patted him on the back. "Besides, Rufus is just defending himself."

My father shook off my mother's hand rudely. He then turned around and stared at me with his bloodshot eyes. "He almost cripples Richard's hand, and you say he is only defending himself?"

I saw the disappointment and defensiveness in his eyes. He seemed to be afraid that I would hurt his only normal son. I was so disappointed that I just turned my head away without saying anything more. At this moment, I saw Maya suddenly appear at the door of the hall. She looked very anxious and seemed to have something to say to me.

I directly left, ignoring everyone present.

## Chapter 113 Werewolf Punching Bag

Sylvia's POV:

I was in a fret the whole afternoon, and I couldn't focus on Blair's teaching at all.

Worse was, I saw apparitions from time to time, always seeing Rufus standing on the podium instead of Blair.

After class, I refused to have dinner with Flora. I went to the training ground alone and stayed there to practice more.

I hit the punching bag crazily, trying to distract myself and drive Rufus out of my mind. But it was in vain. Not only did his image appear in my mind, but I also heard his voice from time to time. He was like an all-pervasive air, occupying every part of my body.

After a few hundred punches, I finally stopped. I went to get some water but then I realized I still couldn't help thinking about Rufus.

I wondered what his reaction would be when he knew that I wouldn't attend the ball. He must be very angry. Maybe he would invite Alina, who was a noble lady, to be his date tonight. She was so beautiful, and she had a noble background. She was a perfect match for him.

I sighed slightly and crouched down. I hugged my knees and buried my head in my arms in low spirits. Every time I thought of Rufus and Alina being together, I felt very irritated, but I didn't know why. It was what I wanted, right? It would be best if I let go of my obsession with Rufus. ①

I stood up in despair and continued to vent my depression on the punching bag.

"Rather than venting your emotions alone, don't you think it's better to ask me to practice with you? You are getting distracted and missing your target, Sylvia."

Warren's voice suddenly sounded behind me.

Judging from his words, he seemed to have been watching me in the dark for a long time. But I was not in the mood to respond to him. I just focused on the punching bag in front of me, sweat streaming down my forehead to my eyes.

"Sylvia, I know you are very upset now. I can help you. Come and fight with me. It's time for us to have a fight," Warren babbled.

I slammed the punching bag irritably, and it wobbled from side to side. I tightened my loose bandage, turning a deaf ear to him.

"I know you're upset. But there are some things you can't solve in this way. Come on, let's talk."

"Fuck off! You are so annoying," I suddenly turned around and snapped at him.

Didn't he know that he was annoying? Obviously, he was on Alina's side. And now, he even deliberately appeared in front of me to mock me.

I pursed my lips and took off my gloves and the bandage, intending to go somewhere else.

"Come on, let's have a good fight." Warren didn't seem to care about my cold attitude at all. He just jumped into the battle ring as if he was eager to be a werewolf punching bag.

I didn't want to talk to him, but he suddenly punched me. As the wind brushed my face, I got angry and punched him back.

Warren's every move was very serious this time, so I began to concentrate on dealing with him.

I hit him many times. It was such a good fight, and I was able to vent my anger on him. Warren didn't show mercy on me either. He also hit me several times.

After our fight, we both lay on the grass, exhausted. Although there was no winner, we had a good time. It was already dark, and the night sky was full of twinkling stars. The cold night wind blew on me, taking away my bad mood.

When I thought of Rufus this time, I felt much calmer.

"The ball should have already started, right?" I muttered almost to myself, staring blankly at the sky.

## Chapter 114 A Heart-to-heart Talk On The Lawn

Warren's POV:

When I saw Sylvia lie on the grass in silence, I followed her. I lay beside her, rested my hands on the back of my head, and looked at the vast starry sky. It had been a long time since I had such a good time. When I was still in the pack, I seldom met strong opponents. Alina was simply too delicate and she didn't like fighting at all.

For the first time, I had a satisfying fight, and it made me so happy. I didn't expect that one day, I would fight with a slave, a she-wolf who looked extremely thin and weak.

I turned my head and looked at Sylvia with complicated emotions in my heart. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be thinking about something. Watching her demure side face calmed me down inexplicably.

I never thought that a time would come that I would enjoy the moon and stars with Sylvia so peacefully. It turned out that the two of us could one day become frenemies who really appreciated each other.

I had to admit that Sylvia had really made great progress. In such a short time, she learned and withstood my every move. Now, I even felt that it was a little difficult to deal with her. I was afraid that I would be no match for her soon.

When I heard her whisper something about the ball, I sat up guiltily. If it weren't for me, she would have been at the ball now.

Seeing the lonely look on Sylvia's face, I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. But I could only apologize to her.

She didn't say anything. She just glanced at me quietly and then looked away again.

This made me even more confused. What was she thinking about? Many words crossed my mind, but none of them could break the current dull atmosphere.

"What's your relationship with Prince Rufus? Do you like him?" As soon as these words came out of my mouth, I felt like slapping myself. I really shouldn't have mentioned Prince Rufus.

Sylvia still didn't say a word. She just looked indifferent, like a calm lake without any waves.

"It's okay if you don't want to answer. I shouldn't have asked anyway." I smiled awkwardly. When I tried to change the topic, Sylvia called out my name.

She sat up, pursed her lips, and smiled at me as if she didn't mind my abruptness.

"My mother used to be Beta of our pack. She was strong and loyal, but she was framed. She was accused of killing our Alpha and Luna." As she spoke, she looked at me with her eyes twinkling like stars. "That's why I became a slave. Just like what you said that night, everyone should know their own place. I have long recognized my own place, as a slave."

I felt like my heart suddenly twisted. I regretted saying those harsh words to her that night. But I didn't know how to comfort her right now.

"After my mother was executed, my life was in dire straits..." Sylvia paused with an unreadable look on her face.

"It's all over, Sylvia. Look at you now. You are getting better and better," I said in a dry tone, trying to comfort her.

Sylvia shook her head and smiled. "Just when I thought my life would end up miserably, Prince Rufus

came and pulled me out of the swamp of desperation. He brought me here and even gave me the chance to go to school. I can start over again and live a new life because of him. That's why I am very grateful to him."

"You're grateful to him?" I asked in disbelief. When I heard that Sylvia was only grateful to Prince Rufus, my heartbeat went abnormally fast for no reason. I didn't know why I even felt a little happy.

She didn't answer me. But judging from the resolute expression on her face, I knew she was telling the truth.

I cleared my throat and was about to say something when a deep male voice suddenly sounded behind us.

I turned my head and saw Prince Rufus.



## Chapter 115 Witness

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Rufus' POV:

After Maya informed me that Sylvia had left a message for me, I began looking for her everywhere. I was so worried that I began hyperventilating.

Finally, my racing heart gradually slowed when I saw Sylvia's roommate, Flora. She told me that Sylvia's leg had recovered, which made me feel a little relieved. However, I was confused. 'Wasn't her leg injury the reason why she couldn't come to the ball?'

Countless guesses swarmed in my mind. Someone wore Sylvia's dress and appeared on the ball. Moreover, Maya looked disheveled and anxious when she came to me. Obviously, someone was behind all this.

I broke into a cold sweat as I feared Sylvia might be in danger. I had never been this scared before.

Panic wracked my nerves.

"Rufus, go to the training ground. Flora just said that Sylvia was there," Omar reminded me.

I took deep breaths and calmed down. I was so flustered that I didn't hear what Flora had said.

After calming down, I went to the training ground.

My heart leaped to my throat the moment I stepped into the training ground. Sylvia and a man were lying on the ground, watching the stars.

'Damn it! I had never gazed the sky with Sylvia.' Not just that, the two were chatting happily.

Jealousy reared its ugly head. "Sylvia, what are you doing?" I growled.

Sylvia's POV:

"Sylvia." I heard a familiar voice from a distance.

I thought I had an auditory hallucination.

"Sylvia." I heard the voice again.

This time, I was sure it was really Rufus.

Rufus's arrival made me feel guilty. Although I didn't do anything inappropriate with Warren here, I still began to feel nervous.

I turned around and saw him standing at a distance, staring at me.

I immediately sprang up to my feet. The quick movement gave me a head rush, so I lost balance.

Warren reached out to help me up, but just as he was about to touch me, I saw Rufus's jaw tighten, and his gaze grew sharper.

I dodged Warren's hand and stumbled forward.

I didn't know what I was afraid of, but my intuition told me not to let Warren hold me.

I quickly thanked Warren and walked to Rufus. My face flushed with embarrassment, and I didn't dare to look at him.

"What are you doing here?"

Rufus didn't even look at Warren. He continued to stare at me.

I dropped my gaze to the floor and looked at my shoes. "Shouldn't you be at the ball?" I asked, shifting on my feet.

Although Rufus didn't say anything, I could feel his burning gaze. Just as I was about to look up, he pulled me into his arms.

I was so scared that I didn't bother resisting.

Rufus's rapid breath blew against my ear. It looked like he was breathless after a long run.

'Has he run all the way to find me?'

I leaned against his chest and heard his heart crashing against his chest.

My mind began to spin, and I couldn't think properly.

Although the hug was unexpected, I didn't try rejecting it. I even wanted to stay in his arms a little longer. I was putty in his hands. Rufus made me feel things that I had never felt before. I was addicted to him; he was the oxygen that kept me going.

"Nice to meet you here, Prince Rufus." I turned and saw Warren standing beside Rufus, his hand stretched out in a greeting.

Only then did I remember Warren was still there, so I quickly broke free from Rufus's arms.

Rufus frowned, looking displeased. He didn't bother shaking hands with Warren and continued to ignore him. Warren withdrew his hand awkwardly.

"Prince Rufus, why are you here?" Warren asked.

He, too, didn't understand what Rufus was doing here when he should be at the ball right now.

Rufus didn't answer; he continued to ignore Warren. He took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped my face.

I was so flustered that I held his hand. I wanted to stop him, but it seemed like I was holding his hand now.

"Don't move. Your face is full of grass clippings."

He pursed his lips and continued to wipe my face. Although his face bore no emotion, I could see a glint of grievance in his eyes.

'Oh, God! What's wrong with me? I guess something is definitely wrong with my eyes.'