

Chapter 62 The Enthusiastic Roommate

Sylvia's POV:

Several dormitories were assigned for girls -- they were all interconnected through small pathways, hooded with tall redwood trees on either side. The sunlight sprinkled on my body through the branches, making me feel warm and cozy.

My dormitory was located on the innermost side of the school. Although it was a remote place, it was brightly lit.

The dorms were allocated based on the classes, and they had assigned a twin room for me. But when I remembered that I was the only she-wolf on the list of Class A, I thought I should stay alone.

Thinking of this, I breathed a sigh of relief and randomly picked a bed.

However, as soon as I put my luggage down, a pretty she-wolf with short hair darted inside, carrying her luggage; she was sweating profusely. It looked like she was my roommate. I hadn't seen her before -- she looked very unfamiliar. I wondered if she was from another class.

She put the bag down and began gasping for breath. Then, she took a water bottle out of the bag and drank it in one gulp. "I'm exhausted!"

I was hesitant to initiate a conversation. After all, lots of students here despised me because I used to be a slave. But seeing her like this, I couldn't stop myself. I walked over and handed her a tissue. "Wipe your face. Did you climb the stairs?"

"Yeah, I didn't expect an enormous castle not to have an elevator. I have a lot of luggage." The she-wolf shook her head and took the tissue from me to wipe her face. "Thank you. My name is Flora, and I'm from Silver Moon Pack. I was ranked twelfth. I am here to replace Toby after he got kicked out of Class A."

Flora's friendliness surprised me. Hearing her words, I wanted to say something but stopped on second thought. "Flora, there is an elevator in this castle."

Flora looked horrified. "There is an elevator? How is it possible? I looked for it everywhere."

"The elevator is behind the bookshelf on the first floor. I also looked for it for a long time. Not many students live in this building, so it's not surprising that you didn't find it," I said in a low voice because I didn't want to irritate her. "What? How can we spot the elevator if they keep it in such a secret place?" Flora grunted, patting her leg.

"I'll take you there later. You get some rest first."

I grabbed her luggage and helped her carry it inside. "This is very heavy." She quickly took the big bag in my hand and shook her head. "I can do it myself."

I smiled and released my grip on the bag. Just then, I remembered her self-introduction. I didn't expect her to be from the same pack as Alina's. The mere thought of Alina made my

stomach churn.

"By the way, Alina of our pack is also here," Flora said excitedly as she sorted the things in her luggage. "Alina is the only child of our Alpha. Alpha and Luna have always doted on her ever since she was a child. She is smart, intelligent, beautiful, and the dream girl of many werewolves in our pack. If there is a chance, you can meet her."

I squeezed the duster cloth in my hand as my heart sank with dejection. I couldn't help but envy Alina for having such loving parents. She was not an orphan like me, whom everyone loathed.

"What's wrong with you?"

Flora's confused voice dragged me back to reality.

I quickly calmed myself down and wiped the table. "Nothing. You go on. I'm listening."

"Well, that's practically all I know. I mean, it's not like Alina and I are friends or something."

Flora let out a weary sigh and leaned closer to me. "But let me tell you a secret. Warren, who was ranked third, has actually been Alina's guard since childhood. He had no intention of studying in the Royal Military School but ended up changing his mind for Alina."

I wracked my brains to recall Warren. I vaguely remembered him -- he was the silent, handsome werewolf.

"By the way, these are gifts from for you. I brought them from my pack," Flora said as she took out different things from her bag and placed them on my table. She then helped me with my luggage. Accidentally, the cloth bag my mother had left for me fell at her feet, and the contents inside scattered out.

I hurriedly bent down to pick my things. Just then, Flora exclaimed in surprise, "The pattern looks familiar!"

Chapter 63 Clues About Her Father

Sylvia's POV:

I looked up in surprise and quickly took out the piece of cloth from the cloth bag. I gave it to Flora.

On the piece of cloth, there was an intricate pattern sewn with gold threads. Before my mother died, she shoved this thing into my hand and asked me to find my father. Although she didn't get the chance to tell me anything more, I thought this pattern must have something to do with my father.

I stared at Flora with anticipation, trying to find clues in her brooding face.

She took the piece of cloth from me and looked at it carefully. "This should be the badge of our pack."

"Really?" Her words made me feel so excited. Finally, I got a clue about my father.

"But it's a style that was used a long time ago. It's not being used now. Since sewing this pattern was too cumbersome and time-consuming, a simplified version was designed later." After saying this, Flora took out her clothes and showed them to me.

Sure enough, the pattern on her clothes was simpler. But it could be seen at a glance that the core of the two patterns was the same.

Although the clues were vague, at least they showed that my father might be a member of her pack. I took Flora's clothes and compared them with my piece of cloth carefully. I wasn't only surprised but also nervous. I didn't know what kind of werewolf my father was. I wasn't even sure if he would be happy if he knew my existence. Or would he loathe me if he found out that I used to be a slave?

"How did you have this?" Flora asked curiously, tilting her head.

I was about to answer her question, but Yana stopped me.

"Don't tell her, dear. It's better to be cautious about this matter. You've just met Flora, and you don't know her that much yet. What if she can't be trusted? What if she divulges your secret and someone takes advantage of it?"

Yana was right. I was just too anxious.

So I pretended that it was nothing important and returned Flora's clothes to her. "I'm just a little curious. I only find this pattern very beautiful, so I keep it. But I don't know where it came from. Thank you for telling me."

"Oh, that's fine." Flora waved her hand, folded the clothes, and put them back into her closet. "You can ask me anything about my pack in the future. I'm willing to answer all your questions."

She was an enthusiastic and energetic she-wolf who seemed to have an inexhaustible amount of energy. At this moment, she rushed to my table and said, "Come on, try this

specialty I brought."

As she spoke, she quickly opened the package, and I saw a stack of brown-red meat inside. I picked up one piece and smelled it. It seemed very delicious.

"What's this?" I asked curiously.

"Eat it first. Then I'll tell you what it is." Flora's eyes lit up. It was as if she was trying her best to sell her specialty.

I couldn't resist her enthusiasm, so I took a small bite. It tasted salty and chewy at the same time.

"Hmm... It's yummy!" I was shocked. I didn't expect that such this ordinary-looking meat could taste so good. I ate up the finger-sized meat in one breath and couldn't help taking another one.

"Can I also share this with my friends?" I thought that Harry and Blair would like it too. But as for Rufus, I wasn't sure. After all, he looked very picky.

"Yes, of course! I can't wait for you to do that. Maybe you can help me with the promotion so that the rat jerky of my family will be totally salable." Flora was so excited that she grabbed my hands and yelled.

"Wait... What did you just say?" I asked. My mind went blank for a moment.

"Rat jerky. It's the specialty of our pack," Flora said with a grin. It seemed that she didn't even notice anything unusual in my reaction.

As soon as she finished her words, I immediately dropped the meat and ran straight to the bathroom.

I only came out after half an hour. I vomited so hard that my eyes turned red. Enduring the nausea in my stomach, I took the candy from Flora and stuffed it directly into my mouth. Fortunately, the fruity fragrance temporarily suppressed the meaty taste in my mouth.

"Sylvia, I'm so sorry. I didn't know you were afraid of rats," Flora said guiltily. She gripped the hem of her shirt and frowned.

I shook my head. "It's not your fault. We've just met each other, so I don't expect you to know it."

I had been afraid of rats since I was a child. And Cherry used to put dead rats on my bed, so my fear had deepened.

Flora and I then went to the canteen to find something to eat. But we were late, so there was no food left.

"Why don't we just go out to eat?" Flora suggested, rubbing her hungry stomach.

I looked up at the high crescent moon and stars in the sky outside. I hesitated for a moment. But when I saw that Flora was weak because of hunger, I finally agreed to her suggestion.

But as soon as we reached the gate, we were stopped by the guards.

"Haven't you read the students' code of conduct? No one is allowed to go out of the academy after nine o'clock in the evening. Someone will go to the dormitories to check on you. If they

find out that you're missing, your points will be deducted."

I quickly looked up at the clock tower in the distance. There were only five minutes left before the roll call.

Chapter 64 Secret Plan

Alina's POV:

The queen's hall dazzled with lights. I took the tea from the maid and brought it to Laura.

"Your Majesty, please taste this. I made it with dew," I said softly.

Laura nodded and took a sip. Then, she raised her head and smiled at me. "You're so considerate. Only you care about me."

"Your Majesty, you are kidding, right? Prince Rufus also cares about you." I pursed my lips and smiled, faking obedience in an effort to impress her.

"Rufus?" Laura snorted and knocked the teacup on the table. "I can't remember a day that he doesn't piss me off. Richard also makes me worried. He has been lawless and doesn't give a damn about me because the king has been paying more attention to him."

"Please don't be angry." I slyly winked at the servants, gesturing for them to leave. Then, I turned to Laura and said, "Richard is not a legitimate prince after all. He will never be as good as Prince Rufus."

Laura's face visibly relaxed. "I know that. But Richard's existence is like a thorn in my heart. I can't stop worrying until I get rid of him."

Laura was a cruel and merciless she-wolf. Word said Laura had told the king she wouldn't accept Richard unless his mother died. I knew that Laura couldn't bear to see Rufus with Sylvia -- an ignoble slave. Therefore, I had to provoke Laura and make her hate Sylvia altogether.

"I think getting Rufus married would solve all the problems," I suggested in a low voice and glanced at Laura.

Seeing my shyness, Laura arched an eyebrow and said, "I have already accepted you as my daughter-in-law."

Excitement bubbled up in my heart. I pinched the inside of my thigh, and tears instantly welled up in my eyes. "But... Sylvia... Well, Rufus won't accept me. He doesn't bother to even look at me whenever she is around."

Laura's face changed, and her voice became sharp. "Sylvia is just a slave, a bitch! She doesn't deserve to be with the future king!"

The ferocity of her gaze startled me. Laura looked like a mean, old witch. No wonder the lycan king had begun to despise her.

I lowered my head, faking sadness and dejection. "But Rufus likes her. Maybe I should just let go..."

Unfortunately, Laura didn't seem to like me pretending to be weak. She squinted at me and said, "That seductress has cast a spell on Rufus. You should try your best to win him back instead of asking my help."

I lowered my head, faking sadness and dejection. "But Rufus likes her. Maybe I should just let go..."

Unfortunately, Laura didn't seem to like me pretending to be weak. She squinted at me and said, "That seductress has cast a spell on Rufus. You should try your best to win him back instead of asking my help."

Laura's words made my heart sink. I wondered if she knew something.

"I have been working hard." I sounded powerless. After all, there was no point in working hard. Rufus wouldn't even look at me.

"It's good that you know what you're doing. You're the daughter of an Alpha. If you lose to a slave, you will end up being a laughing stock," Laura mocked me. The coldness in her eyes made me feel ashamed and annoyed.

"That won't happen, Your Majesty. I don't give a damn about Sylvia. Sooner or later, Rufus will come back to me." I continued to smile even though I was burning with anger inside. Laura was a cold, mean she-wolf, after all.

Although Laura didn't say anything, her face softened a little. She picked up a gilded invitation card by the side and said, "This Friday is Rufus's birthday. I have planned a masquerade party for him. I will ask Rufus to invite you to be his date. I have created this opportunity for you, and you must seize it!"

I grinned and quickly took the invitation. "Thank you, Your Majesty!"

It was an excellent opportunity. I must win Rufus' heart this time. If Sylvia dared to stand in my way again, I would not show any mercy.

In the following days, I waited for Rufus to invite me to be his date to the party, but I didn't hear from him. Eventually, I lost my patience and sent my subordinates to find out what he was up to.

"Miss Quinn, I found it." One of my subordinates came running to me.

I sprang to my feet. "What is it? Tell me right now."

"Prince Rufus had asked someone to make a special invitation this afternoon and left."

"He left? Where did he go?" I demanded. Rufus clearly had no plans of inviting me.

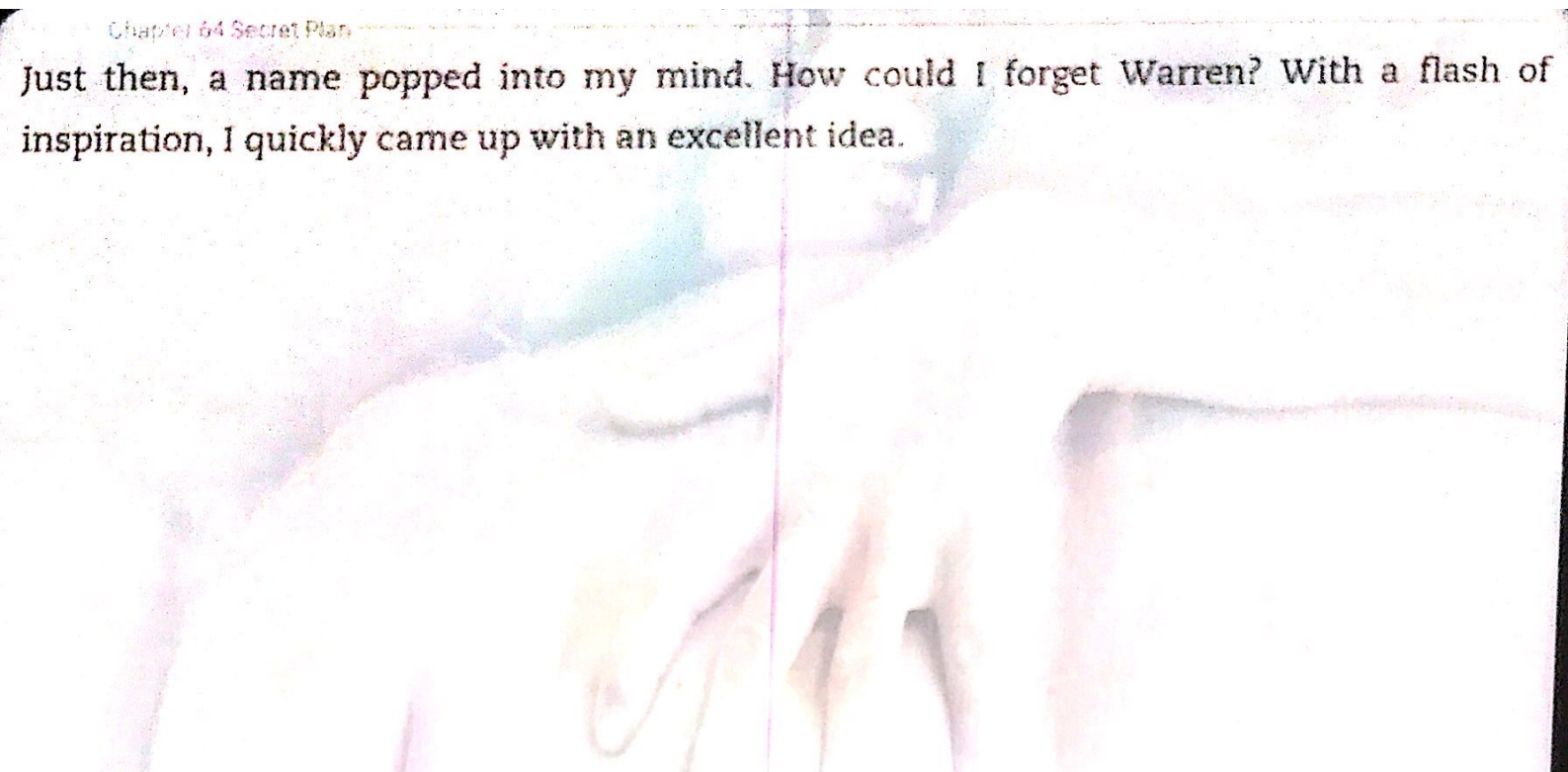
"He..." My subordinate looked flustered. He examined my face and said, "It looks like he has gone to the Royal Military School."

My mind instantly flitted to Sylvia. That bitch had just joined that school.

"Bitch!" Anger surged through my veins. I angrily swept the things on the table, sending them scattering to the floor. "Why can't she fucking die?"

My anger and jealousy reached their pinnacle as I remembered how cold and distant Rufus had been to me. I had to think of a way to make Sylvia disappear. I pictured tying her hands and legs and throwing her down from the cliff. But I couldn't execute any of the plans because she had joined the military school. She was a bitch -- a stumbling block that ruined all my plans.

Just then, a name popped into my mind. How could I forget Warren? With a flash of inspiration, I quickly came up with an excellent idea.



Chapter 65 The Man Who Hit The Window

Sylvia's POV:

Aside from the guards, there was no one else outside the dormitory. Flora and I ran all the way back. When we arrived at the door of the dormitory, we saw the two werewolves responsible for the roll call wandering around the corridor. Flora and I hurried forward and shouted our names to prove that we were not absent.

After entering our room, Flora quickly took out her student handbook and looked through it. I was still panting, so I poured two glasses of water and handed one to her.

"So, what's written in there?" I asked as I leaned closer to her while drinking water.

"There is really such a rule," Flora complained. Then she pointed at the part of the handbook where the rule was stated and continued, "We also have to gather at the playground for morning exercises at five-thirty."

"I think that means that we have to go to bed now." I took the student handbook from her and read it carefully. It seemed that the daily schedule of the military academy was very strict, and the management was totally militarized.

"I can't get up that early every day," Flora complained bitterly. She took two bites of her rat jerky and threw it away. "This can't make me full at all."

"Well, if we go to bed now, we won't feel hungry," I advised. Then I rubbed my belly. I had run back and consumed a lot of energy just now, so I felt even hungrier. But I was used to sleeping on an empty stomach. It wouldn't be a problem at all.

Not long after I turned off the lights, I heard Flora snore. She had already fallen asleep. But I was still wide awake. I kept tossing and turning in bed with my aching stomach.

Since I came to the palace with Rufus, I had been eating very well. Perhaps this was the reason why I could no longer stand hunger. I couldn't help but laugh at myself for acting like a spoiled princess now when I was really just a lowly slave.

Then I suddenly remembered Rufus. I wondered what he was doing now. Was he working or resting? I guessed he was dealing with business. As a powerful and self-disciplined lycan, he wouldn't allow himself to relax for a moment. So would he have time to miss me?

'Hey, Sylvia! What are you thinking?'

I covered my head with the quilt and scolded myself. Why couldn't I stop thinking about him? Every time I thought of him, my heart skipped a beat. I knew he was not someone I should dream of, but I still couldn't control my heart.

The more I thought about it, the messier my mind became. I sighed heavily. I didn't think we could have a happy ending. I'd better force myself to sleep.

At this moment, I heard some noise. It was as if a small stone was thrown on the window.

I thought I was just hallucinating. But when I got out of the quilt, I saw a small stone flying

up from below and hitting the window precisely with just the right amount of strength, creating a light noise.

"I smell Rufus. My dear, go and check if he is here for you," Yana suddenly exclaimed excitedly in my head.

I didn't believe her. But I still got out of bed, put on my slippers, and walked to the window. Indeed, Rufus was outside. As soon as he saw me, he waved his hand.

Joy filled my heart in an instant. I quickly ran out of the dormitory and saw a tall figure under the tree from a distance. Everything looked so wonderful under the pale moonlight.

I slowed down and didn't dare to walk over, a little afraid that I was only imagining things.

"Why are you so slow? Do you want me to pick you up?"

My illusion spoke, and his voice was still so pleasing to the ear. Although his tone was cold, and he sounded somewhat proud and arrogant, I actually thought it was a little cute. I was really blind by love now.

"I'm coming!" I quickly replied. I trotted over, feeling a little funny inside. Rumors had it that Rufus was a horrible and cruel lycan. But just now, he actually threw a stone at the window of a woman's room in the middle of the night. Wasn't it a childish thing to do? I guessed no one would believe me if I told them about it.

Chapter 66 Soothing Soup

Sylvia's POV:

"Why are you here?" I looked at him, my eyes burning with emotions. My heart was filled with joy that I safely hid from the rest of the world, including Rufus.

"What are you smiling for? You seem very happy." Rufus asked, arching his brows. He reached out his hand as if he wanted to touch my face but immediately stopped midway and looked at me as if nothing had happened.

For the first time, I realized how much I wanted to see Rufus. I touched my face and realized that my smile was even brighter now. However, a wave of bitterness washed over me in an instant. I seemed to be more interested in Rufus than I had imagined.

I stopped smiling and hurriedly changed the topic. "You haven't answered my question yet. Why did you want to meet me?"

"Should I have a reason to meet you?" Rufus seemed disgruntled. He pursed his lips and handed a delicate bag to me without saying a word.

I took it from him in a daze. "What's this?"

"Open it and see," Rufus said, lowering his head. He was dressed in formal attire today as if he had just come from a meeting

I felt a little awkward. I reflected on what I had just said and wondered if my tone was unfriendly.

"I... I didn't mean to be rude. You can come to see me whenever you want even if there is nothing serious to talk about. I just..." I couldn't clearly explain what I felt. After all, my mind was a mess.

"All right. I understand. Open it now," Rufus interrupted me and let out a helpless sigh.

I bit my lower lip and nodded. Then, I opened the bag and saw a thermos lunch box. My mouth watered as a delicious smell wafted in the air. Inside the box was a healthy, stomach-nourishing soup. I looked up at him, feeling emotional. He had come all the way here just to bring me soup.

"Hurry up, or it will get cold. Based on the doctor's instructions, all nourishing ingredients are added to the soup. You should drink it every evening without fail," Rufus instructed. Then, he took off his suit jacket and wrapped it over my shoulders. "Didn't Maya pack coats and sweaters for you?"

"Yes, she did. I came out in a hurry, so I forgot to wear one," I answered softly.

"That's good. Drink it quickly. I want to see you finish this entire bowl of soup." Although Rufus tried to sound bossy, I could see the concern and care in his eyes.

Just then, something seemed to shift within me -- the seed that was deeply buried in my heart had bloomed all of a sudden.

I took a sip of the soup and moaned in appreciation. It not only tasted delicious but seemed to soothe my stomach as well. Food was indeed the best medicine in the world. Unable to resist the temptation anymore, I greedily gulped down the entire bowl in one go.

When I looked up, I saw Rufus staring at me intently. My face burned with embarrassment, so I looked away. "You... you didn't have to come all the way here just to bring me soup."

Rufus chuckled. It looked like he was in a good mood. "What a moody lycan!"

"Maya will bring you soup from tomorrow. I came to see you today because I wanted to tell you something," he said.

I secretly breathed a sigh of relief because I knew I would fall head-over-heels in love with him if he came to see me every day.

"What's going on? Are you happy? You don't want to see me?" Rufus asked as he saw the change in my reaction.

"No, no. I was worried it might end up being a burden for you." I smiled. Then, I quickly cleared my throat and looked at him intently. "What do you want to tell me?"

Rufus didn't answer right away. He leaned closer and stared at me. I, too, looked at him. His deep magnetic eyes seemed to suck me into a state of eternal bliss. My breath caught in my throat as he reached out and touched the corner of my lips, and gently wiped the residue. The small, intimate reaction made my skin prickle with goosebumps. Although Rufus didn't react, I could see a warm smile on his face.

My body froze, and my mind went blank. I couldn't think properly.

"There is a ball on Friday. I want to invite you to be my date," Rufus whispered as he leaned closer to me.

Chapter 67 The Invitation

Sylvia's POV:

Rufus invited me to be his date to a ball? I thought I just had an auditory hallucination, so I didn't know what to say.

"Will you agree, Sylvia?" As he spoke, Rufus' gaze were fixed on me, and only my reflection could be seen in his eyes.

We were very close to each other. If I raised my head even slightly, I would already touch the tip of his nose.

The sweet scent of his body made me feel dizzy. I just nodded my head instinctively.

"I'll come to pick you up on Friday then," he added. His deep and magnetic voice made my brain freeze for a moment.

Damn! Could he stop showing off his charm? My nose started to itch again. I was afraid that I would have an embarrassing nosebleed again like last time, so I quickly pushed him away and said, "Hey, I can hear you perfectly. No need to get this close to me."

I covered my nose and only dared to glance at him out of the corner of my eye. Fortunately, Rufus didn't get angry after I pushed him away.

"All right, that's it." He shoved his hands in his pockets and looked at me leisurely.

"What are you talking about?" I rubbed my nose, and it was only then that I came back to my senses. I was so flustered that I wanted to go back on my words. "What ball? I can't dance. Can I not go?"

"Are you going back on your words now?" Rufus asked, glaring at me coldly.

I nodded without hesitation. "I will only embarrass you if I go. And my identity..."

But before I could finish my words, Rufus sneered. His handsome face showed a trace of irrefutable aggressiveness. "You can't possibly go back on your words."

I knew it! How could Rufus be so easy to persuade? I could only lower my head in frustration.

He rubbed my head with his warm palm. "It's just an ordinary ball. If you don't know how to dance, I'll arrange someone to teach you. With me by your side, you have nothing to be afraid of. Besides..."

Rufus paused, reached out and raised my chin, and continued, "You will be attending similar parties frequently with me in the future. You'd better get used to it as soon as possible."

His words were domineering and likely to make others misunderstand. He was so tempting that I could only give in and say, "I have to go back now. There is a time limit for us to stay outside. I will be in trouble if I can't go back in time." I helplessly shook off his hand, lowered my head, and pretended to be calm.

At this moment, a delicate envelope came into view. I hesitated for a moment before I took it over.

"That's the invitation card to the ball. It's a special night, so as long as you have that invitation card, you can freely leave and enter the academy without worrying about the curfew." Rufus' voice sounded above my head.

I carefully removed the seal on the back of the envelope and took out the invitation card. It was exquisitely made, and the material had a high-grade wooden fragrance. The content was very formal, and Rufus and I's names were next to each other at the end. It looked more like a wedding invitation card than an elaborate ball invitation.

Looking at the invitation, I pressed my lips tightly. I couldn't help but start to picture out some wedding scenes of Rufus and me in my mind. Only if that day would ever come.

"Ballroom dancing is very simple, so you don't need to worry about it at all. I will arrange an instructor for you in the following evenings. You can follow Maya's arrangements by then," Rufus said again.

No matter what, he always arranged everything for me. I didn't have the heart to refuse again, so I agreed and took it as the last chance to be willful.