

## Chapter 68 The Punishment

Sylvia's POV:

By the time Rufus and I finished talking, it was already very late. After parting, I hurried back to my dorm room and went to sleep. Unfortunately, I had a nightmare. In my dream, I was bleeding profusely out of my nose for some reason while Rufus and Alina laughed at me together.

It was horrible! It was such a humiliating dream that I forced myself to wake up from it. The clock on my bedside table told me that it was three in the morning. Wiping the sweat on my forehead, I lay back down and tried to go back to sleep. Meanwhile, Flora was deep asleep, grinding her teeth.

Finally, after listening to the rhythmic pattern of Flora's teeth grinding, I was able to fall back asleep.

It must have taken a long time for me to fall asleep again, but I almost overslept. Flora technically had to drag me out of bed and into the morning exercise with dark circles around my eyes.

"Sylvia! How many times have you fallen from the horizontal bar today?" Blair came over, wearing his uniform. He scolded me, "Try again!"

Naturally, my body couldn't function well because I didn't get enough sleep. My mind was out of sorts and my heart was palpitating, so I fell off of the horizontal bar again.

"What happened to you?" Blair stood before me with a blank expression.

I lowered my head, not daring to give anything away with my reaction. Obviously, I couldn't tell him the reason why I didn't get enough sleep-- that it was because I met up with Prince Rufus late at night.

"For that, take twenty laps around the school. Only then can you have your breakfast." Blair gave me a look of disappointment and left.

While I was carrying out my punishment, a group of onlookers watched. They were all from another class and Cherry was one of them. Whenever I would pass by Cherry, she would jeer at me.

"You deserve it, you lazy bitch!" Cherry yelled.

I rolled my eyes to the back of my head. At this point, I was just tired of listening to her empty words.

"Go, Sylvia! You got this!" I had no idea where Flora found a trumpet to cheer me up. I told her to leave, but she insisted to play music for me while I ran laps.

At this, I felt like crying but my body was too weak to produce both tears and sweat at the same time. By the time I passed by Flora again, I found her setting up a stall to sell some dried rat jerky.

After finishing the twenty laps, I was so tired and out of breath that I couldn't even speak. All of a sudden, I felt a gust of wind whizz past me. It was Warren. Why was he running laps too? Right now, however, I didn't really care that much. Immediately, I hurried to the canteen. I hoped there was still food left for me.

But when I arrived at the canteen, breakfast hour was already over and all the food was finished. Not even an extra serving of soup could be found here.

Just when I thought I was going to suffer from hunger again, Flora called me over and waved happily. "Sylvia, over here! I saved you some food."

The sigh of relief that left my chest was satisfying. Flora was such a good friend.

I quickly walked over to her, wolfing down the food as soon as I took a seat. "Flora, you're a lifesaver. I was starving to death!"

"Aw, am I not the greatest friend you've ever had?" Flora gave a smug smile. She stabbed a meatball with her fork and stuffed her mouth with it.

At this time, Harry also came to our table. Today, his hair was dyed a new color, a bright and fiery red.

"How do you even have time to dye your hair another color?" I looked at him in awe. I must have been too sleepy to notice his hair earlier in the morning.

"Oh, I brought a hair stylist with me. If you want your hair done, you can call me up any time." Harry took a forkful of pasta into his mouth. "By the way, where were you last night? You seem like you didn't sleep a wink."

I coughed awkwardly, hoping not to seem guilty. "I just went to bed early. But I ended up not being able to fall asleep well anyway. I was tossing and turning all night. You can even ask Flora."

Flora blinked, taking a bite of her sandwich. After some hesitation, she said, "I guess so, but I was mostly in a daze. I even felt like you left for a while and came back."

"Yeah, I had to go to the bathroom." I quickly found an excuse and thought of another topic to talk about. "Anyway, why was Warren given punishment too?"

## Chapter 69 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 70 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 queer 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 71 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 72 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 73 The Fight

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.