

## Chapter 80 His Smile

Sylvia's POV:

"Did you bring your medicine?" Rufus asked in a low voice without raising his head.

"It's in my coat pocket," I quickly answered. Rufus must be in a bad mood at the moment because he didn't look at me and his face was gloomy.

He silently took the tube of ointment out of my coat pocket and rubbed the bruises on my leg. I couldn't help crying out in pain. But I quickly covered my mouth with my hand to restrain myself from making too much noise, not daring to look at him.

"Just endure the pain because the bruises must be rubbed. Otherwise, it will take longer to recover," Rufus said in a plain voice, but he reduced the force in his hands.

I stared at his downcast face and couldn't help but wonder, 'Is he worried about me?'

"Hey, let me see who's having a crush on the prince again," Yana started teasing me again.

"Yana, just go to sleep," I said crossly. I didn't know why she often spoke in a dandy tone recently.

"Someone I know can endure the extreme pain when fighting. But how can she be so weak and fragile in front of Rufus?" Yana said in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Yana! Will you please shut up?"

But Yana kept nagging. And her every word was connoting something. This made me feel ashamed and angry, so I quickly blocked her voice and pretended not to hear her.

"I'm sorry," Rufus suddenly apologized.

I was so shocked that I stared at him and blinked my eyes. Was I hearing things again?

But he still kept his head down and didn't stop rubbing my leg. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize that you were injured. I shouldn't have forced you to dance."

Although his voice was muffled, I heard his every word clearly. He looked very depressed, like a big dog soaked in the rain.

"You have nothing to apologize for. It's not your fault, after all," I said softly. If only I could, I really wanted to pat his head. But the fact that he was a prince stopped me from doing it.

Rufus didn't answer me. He looked even more depressed, which made me feel sorrier for him.

"I deliberately hid my injury from you, and I agreed to this dance lesson," I said again.

Rufus remained silent for a long time. "Forget about this dance lesson. Your leg is injured, and it's not good for you to practice dancing. Don't force yourself."

But if I didn't learn how to dance, I would embarrass him at the ball. Thinking of this, I got anxious at once. "No, I want to learn how to dance. I'm not forcing myself. I can practice. I can do it."

"But I don't want you to practice anymore," Rufus said, looking up at me. And I was stunned

when I saw the affection in his eyes.

My face started to feel hot. I knew that I was blushing, so I quickly looked away. It must be because the light was so dazzling that I had some illusions.

"But I really want to practice," I stammered. I didn't want to embarrass Rufus. And I decided to take it as the grand finale of my relationship with Rufus, so I would indulge myself to the extreme.

Rufus didn't say anything. I didn't know what was in his mind.

Afraid that he would see through my intention, I hurriedly explained, "I want to learn more skills. I might be able to use them in the future."

At this time, Rufus smiled brightly. With his two dimples showing, he looked more charming. This was the second time I saw him smile like this.

"So, you can smile." I fixed my eyes on him and didn't want to look away. I felt like there was a rabbit inside my chest, constantly hopping around.

When Rufus heard what I said, a wry expression crept across his face. He then pursed his lips as the smile disappeared.

"You actually look good when you're smiling." He looked so good that looking at him made my heart skip a beat.

"My dear, stop talking now. Rufus' ears are already red," Yana suddenly whispered in my head.

## Chapter 81 An Unexpected Kiss

Sylvia's POV:

The intimacy between us overwhelmed me as we stared into each other's eyes.

Rufus eyes, rimmed with thick lashes, seemed to mesmerize me. The grayish blue irises felt like the vast ocean, and I was the lonely boat floating with the current.

Finally, I withdrew my gaze and lowered my head, feigning a cough. "Have you done with my bruises?"

"Not yet. Don't move." Rufus continued to rub my leg. His movements were not as calm as before. It looked like he felt uneasy too.

I tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. My face was so hot; his presence seemed to ignite sparks of desire within me.

Rufus and I both fell silent. The atmosphere suddenly became inexplicably strange.

He rubbed the ointment on my bruises and bandaged it again. Then, I hurriedly sprang to my feet. "Let's practice dancing. I don't have much time."

"We can continue." Rufus compromised and stood up. "But you can't exert pressure on your leg again."

"Then, what do we do?" I was confused. I had to practice dancing but didn't know how to do that without exerting pressure on my legs.

"Should I take a wheelchair? Well, in fact, I don't mind sitting in a wheelchair. But it might be hard for you because you are so tall. You can't keep squatting to face me," I murmured.

"There is no wheelchair," Rufus said coldly.

"Then what should we do? The ball is in three days." I frowned. "Why don't you find me a wheelchair? I think it's a good idea."

Rufus didn't say anything. All of a sudden, he lifted me up and made me stand on his expensive leather shoes.

I was caught off guard and grabbed his sleeves. "I... my soles are dirty..."

"Don't move," Rufus interrupted me and stepped forward.

I lost my balance and subconsciously draped my right hand around his neck. His manly scent filled my nose. My body stiffened, and I didn't dare to move.

Rufus took my left hand. "That's it. Follow me and feel the moves. Relax and immerse yourself in the dance steps."

He swayed his body and taught me how to dance. Every time he spoke, his hot breath brushed against my temple, making me quiver.

Rufus's POV:

The posture brought me intimate to Sylvia. Her breaths sprayed on my chest through my

shirt, making me feel hot and my tummy flutter. Her silky strands brushed against my hand. I swallowed as I began to feel restless. I took her around and found her face was a little red. Her jaw was tense, and her eyes looked serious. I didn't know what she was thinking.

"Practice hard. Don't be absentminded," I reminded her.

Her face reddened with embarrassment. She looked up at me, and her burning gaze met mine. "How do you know the female moves well?"

I arched an eyebrow and looked at her. The way she questioned me made me happy. "I learned after observing the moves once."

"It looks like you dance a lot with the noble ladies." Sylvia pursed her lips and lowered her head. I couldn't help but wonder if she was being possessive already.

Excitement bubbled up in my heart. "Are you jealous?" I leaned in a little and teased.

"Don't talk nonsense..."

Sylvia raised her head abruptly. The next moment, her lips pressed against mine.

My eyes widened. It felt as if time had stopped still.

## Chapter 82 Agitation

Sylvia's POV:

Desire surged through my veins as I felt his soft, cold lips. His hot breath felt like the autumnal breeze, making my skin break with goosebumps.

Countless fireworks exploded in my mind at the same time. Our lips were pressed together for only a few seconds, but it seemed like several centuries.

As I realized what was going on, I pushed Rufus away but was too flustered to remember that I was still standing on his feet. I lost my balance and fell to the floor.

"Sylvia!" Rufus reached out his hand to help me up. He still looked calm, and for a moment, I thought the kiss was just a mere illusion.

"I can do it myself!" I shouted and quickly got up from the floor, trying my best to hide my embarrassment. However, Rufus stepped forward and looked at me.

"I've never danced with anyone else before. You're my first dancing partner."

His explanation made my face burn even more. The dim lights softened Rufus's sharp features, making him look warm and harmless. My soul was screaming to go with the man in front of me.

"They are about to close the dorm." I took a few steps back. "I... I'm leaving now!"

With that, I ran back to the dorm as fast as I could, which startled Flora, who was applying a facial mask.

"Sylvia, what's wrong with you? Why are you running around when your leg is still injured?"

Thinking that someone was chasing after me, Flora peeped out of the door to see who it was.

I quickly closed the door. I sat on the edge of my bed, holding my chest. I could not calm down. My heart was crashing in its ribcage. I couldn't stop thinking about the kiss.

"Sylvia, is your leg okay?" Flora walked up to me and asked concernedly.

"What?" When I came to my senses, I realized my calf was still swollen. My face flushed with embarrassment as I moved it. I was too flustered that I forgot about the injury. "I thought I'd be late, so I ran back."

Flora didn't bother questioning me.

I turned off the lights and slumped on the bed, tossing and turning. I couldn't sleep because I was thinking about Rufus.

I buried my head in the pillow. The short kiss made me shy and restless.

'Why didn't Rufus react? He should have at least panicked!' I turned over and looked at the ceiling, feeling dejected.

His lips were unexpectedly soft. I could still feel them against mine.

My face was burning again. My body lost control every time he was around me. I covered

myself with the quilt and tried to think of anything other than Rufus.

"My dear, how about you let me out next time? I also want to taste Omar. I mean it! I want to see him burn with desire." Yana became excited again as if she wanted to rip off Rufus's clothes right away.

'Burning with desire?'

I couldn't help but recall the sternness on Rufus's face when he taught me how to dance. The way his Adam's apple bobbed up and down when he spoke made him look sexy as hell. "Ah! Rufus's abstinent look really turns me on. I want to whip him!" Yana cackled like a maniac.

"Stop talking, Yana! I'm going to sleep!"

To make sure Yana stopped talking nonsense, I had to force myself to fall asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I realized the swelling on my leg had subsided. I didn't know if it was because of my good physique as a she-wolf, or perhaps Rufus had massaged my bruises.

I shook my head fiercely, willing not to think about him.

After taking a shower and getting ready, Flora and I went to practice.

As a tutor, Blair was strict but also caring. After making sure my leg was okay, he agreed to let me take part in running with weights.

Everyone could choose a weight of their choice, starting from ten pounds. I was so impulsive that I picked the fifty-pound block and sprinted out.

I was so excited now because Rufus was dancing in my mind. His every spin and move made my adrenaline soar. Yana also screamed in my mind. She was too excited.

After the running, I finally slowed down, gasping for breath. I felt I could have run a few more laps.

"Oh my God, Sylvia! What's got into you?" Harry exclaimed breathlessly.

"She has been excited since last night." Flora also came over and looked at me like I were a lunatic.

"You two are lazy. We should work hard!" I said, pretending to be serious.

Harry and Flora believed my words. Harry added ten more pounds to his existing weight but couldn't stand up this time.

I sat aside and watched them bickering as usual as I checked my watch from time to time, hoping for time to pass faster. I couldn't wait to see Rufus in the evening.

## Chapter 83 The Dance Instructor

Sylvia's POV:

The evening finally came, so I changed into clean clothes and waited for Maya at the gate of the dormitory ahead of time.

"Miss Todd... Why are you so early today?" Maya was surprised to see me arrive early. Holding a bag in one hand, she rubbed her eyes with the other hand and said, "Miss Todd, it's really you! I thought you would also be late today like yesterday."

"No. My class finished earlier today." I touched my nose as I spoke. Actually, I just rushed here right after my class without eating dinner. Fortunately, Flora was so careless that she didn't notice anything unusual about me.

Maya chuckled and handed over the bag in her hand to me. "Prince Rufus said that you have to drink the soup first before you go. Otherwise, it will get cold."

I took out the soup from the bag and drank it without hesitation. I couldn't wait to see Rufus, so I drank it in a hurry. But my tongue was scalded at my first gulp.

Maya was frightened by my expression. "Miss Todd, the soup has just been made. It's still very hot. Please drink it slowly."

I paused for a while and frowned. Then I blew on the soup and drank it regardless of its hotness. Although it got many medical herbs in it, it didn't taste bad at all.

After drinking it up, I handed back the bowl to Maya with a smile and said, "Let's go?"

I followed Maya to the palace again, just like last night. I calmed myself down and slowly pushed the door open. But much to my dismay, I didn't see the man I had been looking forward to seeing. Instead, I saw an elegant middle-aged she-wolf with golden curly hair and a woolen dress.

The excitement all over my body instantly vanished as if a basin of cold water was poured on me.

"Prince Rufus can't come because he has urgent business to deal with the following days, so he has arranged a professional dance instructor for you," Maya explained at once.

I felt utterly disappointed, but I forced a smile.

"Hello, Sylvia. My name is Chloe. I'll be your dance instructor in the next two days," Chloe said enthusiastically.

Waltz was one of the most elegant dances and could effortlessly create a romantic atmosphere. While watching Chloe demonstrate a few steps, the scene of last night inevitably played back in my mind. Every beat seemed to step on my heart and resonate with it. I began to look forward to the ball on Friday.

When the music was over, Chloe stopped dancing and said to me, "Sylvia, do you need me to demonstrate it again?"

"It's all right, Chloe. I think I can do it," I said with a smile.

Chloe shook her head, expressing her disbelief. "Arrogant girls don't look cute."

Before she could say anything more, I stood up and began to dance.

I closed my eyes to feel each dance step. The sound of Rufus' breath seemed to be still in my ears, so close yet so far. The slightly cold night wind caressed my hair like a sympathetic lover's hand.

Chloe must have forgotten to close the window. The more I danced to the music, the more I thought of Rufus.

When the music stopped, I also finished the last step.

Chloe applauded and exclaimed in surprise, "Sylvia, you're awesome! Have you been taking dance lessons for a long time? You danced perfectly! And your every move was so elegant and natural. You really amazed me!"

"No. I only learned it by watching you dance just now." A sense of pride rose in my heart. I touched my head shyly and didn't know how to respond to Chloe's tide-like compliments.

"You talk like Rufus now, girl," Yana suddenly said in disgust.

"Yana, if you keep talking nonsense, I'll dye the two strands of red hair on the top of your head green." I felt so embarrassed and annoyed at the same time. She was really good at bringing up the wrong topic.

"Hey, Sylvia! Are you trying to punish me or yourself? How dare you threaten me! I won't talk to you anymore." After saying this, Yana shut her mouth angrily.

I didn't coax her because I wanted to let her reflect on herself for a while.

After our dance lesson, I called Yana's name several times on my way back to the dormitory. But she just ignored me. It seemed that she was really angry. I slightly sighed since there was nothing I could do about her.

At this moment, I saw a stealthy figure drift across. It was Flora.

Holding a big bag in her arms, she bent down and looked around. I quietly walked behind her and patted her on the shoulder. She was so scared that she was about to scream. I quickly covered her mouth to prevent her from making any sound.

"Hey Flora, it's me! Why are you sneaking around like a thief?"

Flora quickly put her finger in front of her lips to shush me. "Shh! Keep your voice down."

Then she showed me what was in the bag.

I was stunned for a moment. Then I exclaimed, "Are you crazy?"



## Chapter 84 The Secret Base

Sylvia's POV:

Flora pulled me anxiously. "Keep your voice down!"

"God! There are so many snacks!" I exclaimed in a low voice.

Flora was holding a variety of junk foods in her arms, including fried chicken and chips. "Are these worms?" I asked while picking up a kebab-like thing.

"Yes, roasted silkworm pupae." Flora picked up another kebab, put it into her mouth, and closed her eyes dramatically as she slowly chewed it. "Yummy! Sylvia, give it a try!"

"No, no, no." I quickly returned the kebab to her. "Is there anything you don't eat?"

Flora sucked the residue on the bamboo skewer, pursed her lips, and thought for a moment.

"I don't know yet."

Since she couldn't balance all the snacks in her arms, I took some for her. "Our school forbids us from eating junk food because they want us to become stronger. If someone finds you with these junk foods, all your credit points will get deducted."

Flora protectively hugged all the snacks in her arms and pouted. "I can't help it. What's the point in living without eating the food we like? I'd rather die."

"Stop overacting!" I didn't know whether to cry or laugh. "I didn't say that you can't eat junk food, but you better restrain yourself as much as possible."

Just then, a bright beam of light squinted our vision.

"Hey! Who's over there?"

I peeped out and saw the patrolmen going on rounds.

I looked at the snacks and back at Flora's panicked face. Before I could react, she dragged me away.

Flora ran at lightning speed, dragging me with her. I had never seen her run this fast before. The snacks in Flora's arms fell on the way, and she stopped to pick them up.

"Why don't you let go of the snacks?" I nervously squatted and helped her pick them up.

"No. Things will get worse if they find the snacks." In a fit of panic, Flora picked up a bag of potato chips and dragged me, crossing several turns. It looked like she was familiar with the place. Moments later, we came to a secluded area. "I know a good hiding place."

We passed through a patch of grass, about the height of our shanks, and arrived at the place Flora mentioned. We held our breath and hid in the grass. I was so nervous that my palms began to sweat. We waited for a few minutes, and fortunately, no one had followed us here.

I breathed a sigh of relief and fell onto the grass. The place was a perfect hiding spot, cut off from the rest of our school. Vast expanse of forest outlined the area. Since it was still winter, the branches were still bare, and the place looked bleak. I could vaguely hear the sound of

rippling water, so I assumed there was a river nearby.

I leaned back and accidentally touched a plastic bag. I took it and realized it was a packet of finished biscuits. Only then did I notice a bag of trash lying in a corner. It contained empty boxes and snacks wrappers. I realized Flora had been eating snacks every day and dumping the packets here so that no one could find them.

I looked at Flora with disappointment. No wonder she went out for a walk every evening. It turned out she was just hiding here, munching on those snacks!

Flora smiled sheepishly.

Just then, a strange sound from the bush nearby caught our attention. Flora and I ducked, wondering what was going on.

"Did you miss me?"

"You're so annoying. I won't tell you."

"If you don't tell me, I won't let you go back tonight."

After the flirtatious conversation, we heard rustling sounds of clothes and unzipping.

Flora looked stunned as if she had seen a ghost, and my temples began to ache. "What a horrible time to be here!" Flora looked curious. She parted the leaves and tugged at my sleeve, gesturing for me to look.

The two of us held our breath and silently peeked out.

A she-wolf and a werewolf were standing in an intimate position. They had almost taken off all their clothes.

"Oh... Kiss me hard!" the she-wolf growled as if she couldn't take it any longer.

The werewolf mumbled something. His voice was muffled, so I couldn't make out his answer. However, it looked like he was restraining himself.

Flora and I exchanged glances, our faces flaming with embarrassment. We clamped our mouths shut and didn't dare to make a sound and disturb them.

## Chapter 85 The Sex Scene

Sylvia's POV:

"Wait, you're inside already?" the she-wolf slowly asked, confused.

"Yeah. Don't you feel it?" The guy sounded just as confused, maybe even a little insulted.

Hearing this, the she-wolf quickly responded by moaning coquettishly. The two of them kissed, letting out grunts and gasps.

Soon, the sound of bodies colliding into each other filled our ears. It got faster and louder by the minute. I immediately covered Flora's eyes, murmuring to myself that young girls like us should never have to see such thing.

Flora pulled my hand away, intrigued by the scene. It didn't take long for her to recognize the she-wolf.

"Hold on. Isn't that Lucy from Class B?" Flora whispered in my ear. "I don't think I can recognize the man, though."

The two played around with all sorts of passionate positions. Lucy was moaning so loud that it almost sounded like she was being tortured to death. At this point, I wished I didn't hear anything instead.

"My eyes!" No longer able to watch them anymore, Flora covered her eyes herself, even though the situation should have been more embarrassing for the two rather than for us. They just happened to block our only way out, so we had no choice but to wait for them to finish in discomfort.

Fortunately, the guy didn't really last for long. Their loud moans were just probably a bluff of some sorts. They kissed for a little while longer before officially finishing. Their smooches were very loud.

Helpless, I squatted and tried to stay out of sight. My legs had already gone numb.

A few minutes later, they finally began to put their clothes back on. This cheered me up because it meant that we could finally leave.

All of a sudden, the rustling sound of a plastic bag was heard. I turned to Flora, who had frozen in panic. She sat on an empty candy wrapper by accident!

"Who's there? Show yourself!" Lucy and the guy were just about to leave when they heard the sound and looked around nervously.

I took Flora's shaking hand with mine, ready to run away at the first chance we got.

Lucy and her guy searched through the area carefully. When they were about to get to our hiding spot, Flora and I looked at each other in tacit understanding.

We had to take advantage of the darkness of the night and escape. I watched the approaching shadows closely, waiting for the right moment.

In the blink of an eye, I ran past them and caught the couple off guard, successfully catching their attention. Both of them cursed and chased after me.

This gave Flora the opportunity to take off and get away first.

This plan worked. I took advantage of the darkness and my speed, leaving the two far behind me. I deliberately took the longer route to the dormitory to lose them.

By the time I got back, Flora was already in our room. Both of us were still panting, eyes wide from shock. That scared us to death.

"They couldn't have seen our faces, right?" Flora asked anxiously.

Wiping the sweat off of my forehead, I shook my head. "No way. It was too dark."

"Come to think of it, maybe it would have been fine that we didn't run away. We just happened to be where they were having sex. It shouldn't be us who got embarrassed and had to flee. God, that was outrageous!" Flora plopped back on her bed. "We should have just been brave enough to face them head on."

"Well, I'm sure they were doing it in such a remote place for a reason. They probably didn't want anyone to know. Unfortunately, we were there to witness the whole thing." I frowned. It wasn't like that scene was a joy to watch.

"I guess they would hate whoever had caught them. Never mind, it is better we ran away. Less trouble for us."

Flora groaned, sitting up from her bed. "What am I going to do now? I left behind the snacks I just got!"

She pouted and crossed her arms. "Damn it! I lost a perfectly good hiding place too. I can't eat my snacks secretly in peace anymore!"

Suddenly, there was a loud knock on our door. Flora and I stood up simultaneously, looking at the door with fear on our faces.