



Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince
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Chapter 1 Slave

Words Count: 5512 | Released on:16/02/2022

Sylvia's POV:

"Sylvia, you lazy slave! Do you know what time is it now? Why are you still sleeping?"

I struggled to get up from the wooden bed and looked at the time. It was not even five o'clock in the morning yet. I rubbed my throbbing temples. Then I hurriedly put on my thin coat and opened the door.

A fat she-wolf was blocking the door.

With a ferocious look on her face, she pointed at my nose and snapped, "Today is the Alpha Ceremony. Why are you still asleep? Have you finished all your work?"

I didn't say anything and just lowered my head.

I only slept for less than an hour because I spent the entire night cleaning up the conference room. My mind was still in a mess.

"Why are you still standing there? Go finish all your work!" she roared again.

Then she glared at me, turned around, and left with heavy steps.

I sighed and walked to the cloakroom, where the clothes needed to be ironed piled on the rack. Shawn Gibson was turning eighteen today, and he was going to take over the throne during the Alpha Ceremony. I had to prepare the clothes he was going to wear.

The sun was already rising outside when I finished ironing the clothes.

The territory of the Black Moon Pack was covered by dark clouds all year round, and it was always damp and cold. I wrapped my tattered cotton-padded clothes tightly around my body and carried a bucket to the banquet hall.

Many kinds of exquisite tableware had already been placed in the hall. After the Alpha Ceremony, all the guests would gather here to celebrate the promotion of the new Alpha. I was wiping the steps with a rag when a stiletto stepped on it.

I looked up to see who it was. Then I saw Cherry, Gamma's daughter. She was wearing a black mermaid dress, and her red hair was curled. She looked very attractive.

"Step aside," I said coldly.

"Excuse me? Do you know what kind of place this is? You don't deserve to come here at all."

Cherry then kicked my bucket arrogantly.

"Cherry! You are going too far."

"What? A mere slave is mad at me? How interesting! But actually, I can make you even angrier."

Cherry flipped her long curly hair and sneered. She glared at me with a pair of mean eyes,

clapped her hands, and ordered, "Bring it here."

A she-wolf came over. She carried a bucket of swill and poured it on the stairs in front of me.

The stench instantly filled the air.

I watched this scene with cold eyes. Hatred filled my heart. With a vicious smile on her face,

Cherry crossed her arms over her chest. Obviously, she was waiting to see a good show.

She only wanted to see me break down. But of course, I wouldn't let her have the last laugh.

"Is that all?" I glanced at her expressionlessly and immediately picked u

p the rag to clean the mess she just did.

Perhaps my indifferent reaction had irritated her. The corners of Cherry's mouth twitched. She was apparently disappointed.

"You are a natural bitch," she snorted contemptuously and walked away. The click-clack of her high heels sounded on the floor.

She was finally gone. It was only then that I let go of the tears I had been holding back. In times like this, I missed my mother even more.

I wasn't born a slave. My mother was the Beta of this pack. It was rare for a pack to have a female Beta even in history. She was capable and well-loved by the pack. She was known to be gentle but tough.

But I didn't have a father as far as I could remember. And to make up for my lack of fatherly love, my mother loved me with all of her heart. She spoiled me and treated me like a princess. When I was young, I tried to ask her about my father. However, she was extremely reticent when it came to him. As time went by, I didn't ask anymore. After all, having her was already enough for me.

But fate always loved to play jokes on people. My kind and powerful mother was framed for killing the Alpha and the Luna. She was executed.

I became an orphan. The pack labeled me as the traitor's daughter. They were angry at me, blaming me for their loss of their Alpha and Luna. As a result, they made me the lowest slave in the pack and gave me endless work to do every day. Apart from that, I would always suffer from humiliation and beatings from time to time.

At the thought of this, I wiped my tears and continued to work with my head down. I had to finish cleaning up this place before the guests arrived. Otherwise, I would suffer more than just beatings and starvation.

"Oh, my dear Sylvia, don't be sad. I will always be by your side." My wolf Yana comforted me in my head.

"Don't worry, Yana. I'm fine. I'm lucky that you're here. I am no longer alone."

"You will never be alone. Aside from me, you will also meet your mate in the future."

"But I'm already eighteen years old, and I still haven't met him yet," I said, sounding a little disappointed.

My mother was independent and strong. But I knew how hard it was for her to raise me alone. Sometimes I couldn't help thinking if she had had a mate to accompany her, she might have lived a much happier life. Thus, I always had a secret expectation for my future mate.

"My dear, this pack is too small. Your mate may be somewhere else," Yana comforted me softly. She then added, "Maybe we should run away."

"No, it's not a good time. I still haven't proven my mother's innocence yet."

My mother's grievances had been pressing on my heart like a boulder. So before I left this pack, I must prove her innocence first.

Chapter 2 Mate

Words Count: 4968 | Released on:16/02/2022

Sylvia's POV:

After cleaning the banquet hall, I prepared Shawn's food and took it to his room together with the clothes I ironed.

While walking down the corridor, I smelled an inexplicably delightful smell. It was the aroma of chocolate mixed with strawberries. The closer I got to the end of the corridor, the stronger the smell became until I stopped in front of the door of Shawn's room.

"Sylvia, your mate!" Yana excitedly exclaimed in my head.

I was utterly shocked. My mate was Shawn? I stood rooted to the spot for a long time.

"Ohhh! Please be gentle. Don't thrust so hard."

I suddenly heard a coquettish voice from inside the room, followed by a deep gasp.

"You can't stand it anymore? I haven't even exerted any strength yet."

"Ohhh! Come on, faster! I'm almost there."

There were lots of movements in the room, mixed with screams and thumping of flesh. It sounded like there was more than one she-wolf inside.

What? Was this the mate I had been waiting for a long time? Such a shameless and promiscuous scum! The Moon Goddess seemed to always like to play cruel jokes on me.

With the tray in my hands, I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself down.

I didn't want to admit it now, but I knew that I had to face my mate sooner or later. So I forcibly resisted the disgust in my heart and pushed the door.

Shawn's POV:

Today was my big day. I turned eighteen, and I was going to take over the position of the Alpha. Early in the morning, I called several she-wolves to have sex with me to start a refreshing day.

I was on top of a she-wolf, swaying my body and constantly massaging her breasts. My lower body was incredibly hard. As a man, I was proud of myself.

But it was strange that I couldn't achieve an orgasm. Was it because I masturbated by myself too frequently?

"Next." I pulled out my penis and pulled over the coquettish she-wolf on the other side. Then I spread her legs and abruptly thrust into her body.

That was when I smelled a burst of citrus mixed with orchid. It made my lower body react even more violently.

"Shawn, stop it right now! Your mate is here," my wolf Zeke screamed in excitement.

But how could I stop at this time? And what was Zeke talking about?

"Ohhh! Please, be gentle. Don't thrust so hard," shouted the she-wolf under me.

"You can't stand it anymore? I haven't even exerted any strength yet."

"Ohhh! Come on, faster! I'm almost there."

I thrust my penis into the she-wolf hard. Meanwhile, I was also looking forward to seeing my mate, hoping that she was not an ugly woman.

The door opened, and someone came in.

It was Sylvia! The moment I recognized her, I got very disappointed. Sylvia was nothing but a lowly slave. Her mother was a shameless traitor and the murderer of my parents. How could such a she-wolf like her deserve to be my Luna?

Even so, I still couldn't help fixing my eyes on her.

Sylvia was very beautiful. As soon as she appeared, I found that the she-wolves in my room couldn't even hold a candle to her. At this moment, she stood there obediently with her head down. The tattered cotton-padded clothes did not hide the plumpness of her breasts, which made the curve of her waist more graceful. And she had round and upturned buttocks. It must feel great to fuck her hard.

Damn it! Why didn't I realize that this slave had such a good figure before?

"It's time to prepare for the Alpha Ceremony," Sylvia said. She put down the clothes on the sofa, still with her head down.

Seeing her smooth neck aroused me more. I couldn't help but pump my lower body harder. The she-wolf under me screamed and rolled her eyes as if she was about to die.

"Wait... We have to finish our business first. You... Get out of here quickly. Don't get in our way," the she-wolf said intermittently, gasping. She was trying to drive Sylvia away.

"I see. Okay," Sylvia said in a low voice. She then turned around and left.

"Wait! Sylvia, you stay. All of you, leave now!" I pulled out my penis, patted the she-wolf's buttocks, and motioned them to leave.

"Shawn, please, don't drive us away," one she-wolf pleaded. The she-wolves were so eager to have sex with me. They clung to my chest and whimpered.

"Fuck off!" I yelled with a long face.

The she-wolves had no choice but to leave my room reluctantly.

When I stared at Sylvia, my lower body swelled even more.

"Sylvia, come here," I ordered.

"The Alpha Ceremony is about to begin. Please change your clothes now," Sylvia said coldly.

I was infuriated by her words. What attitude was she showing me? Hadn't she found out yet that we were mates? Shouldn't she throw herself at me and serve me like what those she-wolves did? Seeing the cold and indifferent expression on Sylvia's face, my anger beclouded my reason.

There was only one thought left in my mind. I wanted to press her under my body and fuck her hard until she begged for mercy.

Chapter 3 Rejection

Words Count: 5470 | Released on:16/02/2022

Shawn's POV:

I stood up, walked over to Sylvia, and firmly gripped her chin with my hand, forcing her to look up at me.

"You knew about that mate bond, didn't you?" I asked in an unfriendly tone.

Sylvia pursed her lips, refusing to answer. Her eyes looked dull and even bored, as if she didn't care that I was her mate at all.

"Why didn't you say anything?" As my thumb caressed her cheek, I felt a burning passion arise from my body again.

"What did you want me to say? 'Sorry to interrupt your sex'?" Sylvia replied abrasively and jerked her face away from my hand.

"Sylvia! Don't be so ungrateful." I glared at her.

Any she-wolf would be thrilled to be the mate of an Alpha. But I did not expect a girl like Sylvia to loathe it so much. She was just a mere slave! How dared she?

"I'd rather you put on some clothes instead of spouting nonsense. That dangling thing on your body is nothing but an eyesore, Shawn." Sylvia snorted.

This angered me so much that I grabbed a hold of her neck.

"Let me go!" She struggled against my grip and tried to break free, her face turning red.

Seeing her suffer didn't seem to move me at all. Instead, I just watched her coldly.

"No daughter of a traitor will ever be qualified to be my mate. But since I'm feeling generous, maybe I'll allow you to stay by my side. Not as my mate, but as a mistress. If you agree to this, then I'll let you go."

"No. In your dreams!" Sylvia managed to say while choking.

"I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of this pack. You are just a lowly slave, the daughter of a traitor despised by thousands of werewolves! How dare you think you can go against me?"

"Alpha? You're just a puppet to them." Sylvia chuckled like a madwoman.

Her words were starting to irritate me a lot. With one swift movement of my arm, I threw her down to the floor.

"You bitch! You think you're so noble, huh? Well, if you don't like this arrangement, then I can just send you to be a sex slave. You'll get fucked by thousands of different werewolves! Can you still be so noble then?"

My parents passed away while I was still very young, so I couldn't take on the Alpha position yet. Instead, the Gamma temporarily filled in as Alpha at the time. For many years now, all the pack's affairs had been under the control of the Gamma. The pack members also grew to trust him. But now that I was about to become Alpha, it seemed that I had no trust or power over these people at all.

It was all because of Sylvia's mother, that traitor. How dared she mock me like this?

On the floor, Sylvia coughed a few times and gasped for air. She then looked up at me fearlessly.

"Are you done yet? Can I get back to work now?"

"Fine. Since

you want to be a slave so bad, I'll make it official for you." I smiled deviously. "As the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack, I, Shawn Gibson, hereby solemnly reject you, Sylvia Todd, as my mate."

I looked at Sylvia with cold eyes, waiting for the regret to show on her face and maybe she would shed some tears.

However, Sylvia stood up slowly with a blank expression. She even seemed... relieved.

"Thank you for that, Shawn."

I blinked in confusion, wondering what about my declaration just now was something to be thankful for. Why didn't this goddamn slave feel sad at all?

Before I could say something else, Sylvia looked at me with a cold smile. "I, Sylvia Todd, the daughter of the deceased Beta Olivia Todd of the Black Moon Pack, hereby accept your rejection."

After saying that, Sylvia turned around and left without even looking back. I was too shocked by what happened to stop her and get the last word.

I just wanted to threaten her. After all, after rejecting the Alpha, I was certain she wouldn't be able to find a better werewolf, ever!

For a long time, I stood there, stunned that the slave she-wolf simply accepted my rejection without even being sad or hesitant about it.

In my anger, I smashed the vase beside me into a million pieces. I immediately tried to form a plan in my head to torture her and make her regret her decision.

"Shawn, what have you done? You were acting too impulsively again! Why did you reject Sylvia? We're never going to have a mate as beautiful as her again! Go! Get her back, please!" Zeke was frustrated.

"No, Zeke. I'm going to teach her a lesson about regret." Seeing Sylvia's receding figure out the window, I only wished that she would be back here so that I could rip her to shreds.

"And how are you going to teach her that lesson? Don't go too far with it, Shawn. You're about to become the Alpha. Now is time to build a good reputation, not a reckless one," Zeke persuaded me.

"Prince Rufus is coming to my inauguration ceremony today. I heard he is a ruthless and bloodthirsty one. A pack once gifted him a female slave and he tortured her to death! I'm going to send Sylvia to his bed."

"What? No! Are you insane? You're practically sending her to her death! Sylvia is your mate!" Zeke strongly opposed.

"Not anymore." I gritted my teeth.

Obviously, my wolf refused to give up on Sylvia, and so did my body. Every time she crossed my mind, I would get that same burning passion inside again. But I didn't care. By the time she'd be dying from being tortured by Prince Rufus, she would be begging on her knees to come back to me.

Unfortunately, the only place I allowed lowly slave she-wolves like her to beg was on my bed.

Chapter 4 Attacked

Words Count: 4142 | Released on:16/02/2022

Sylvia's POV:

"Well, it's a good thing Shawn took the initiative to reject us himself," Yana said in relief.

"I agree entirely. Who knows I'd be assigned to be that disgusting playboy's mate?" I sighed and dragged my feet down the stairs.

"Oh, cheer up, honey. At least, Shawn is out of our worries now. That's a good thing!" Yana comforted me.

"Yeah, but is it bad that I don't think so highly of the mate bond anymore?" I frowned.

"I understand. But maybe it was just a fluke. Perhaps the second mate lined up for you by the Moon Goddess will be an excellent man."

"You think so? Oh, I hope you're right."

I thought of the current situation I was in. Considering that I was still trapped down here, who was I to expect some kind of magical love anyway?

Yana must have sensed my emotions and decided to give me some space.

All I wanted was to seek justice for my mother. No matter what I had to face, may it be thorns and blood, I knew I had to forge on for my mother. But quite frankly, I didn't have an idea where to start.

Depression overwhelmed me for a moment. Obviously, I couldn't have one minute of silence for myself as an angry she-wolf came striding towards me.

"Bitch! I've been looking for you! Have you just been hiding and slacking off all this time?" She picked up a broom that leaned against the wall and tried to whack me with it.

I dodged to the side and made up a distraction. "Shawn's looking for you. Something's wrong with the suit, I think."

The she-wolf immediately stopped in her tracks and glared at me.

"Why didn't you say so? If this impacts the business, you're going to suffer for it!" She dropped the broom and scolded me a little more before leaving me alone. "Prince Rufus is coming to the ceremony today. Get out of here and help with the preparations! If I catch you slacking off again, I will break your legs!"

When I heard that Prince Rufus was coming today, I got an idea. Maybe I could make an appeal to him.

I hurried to the banquet hall, hoping I could get a glimpse of him. Unfortunately, the guards stopped me at the entrance, saying that slaves were not allowed to enter. I decided to hide in the corner and wait there instead.

Not so far away, several she-wolves who were going to the ceremony were gossiping.

"I heard that Prince Rufus is a lustful and bloodthirsty tyrant. One time, he took a female slave to bed and then tortured her to death that same night!"

"Oh, I heard that story too! Apparently, he's powerful, but very heartless. Even the lycan king couldn't do anything about him."

"You know, I heard that it was the lycan king who was supposed to come today, but it just so happened that Prince Rufus was passing by this way on his way back, so he's the one attending instead."

"What a pity! I wanted to see the lycan king with my own eyes. It would have been better to have Prince Richard here. He's the gentle and approachable one, so I've heard. Why did it have to be the scary Prince Rufus?"

"Shh, keep your voice down! What if Prince Rufus showed up while you were saying that? Do you want to die?"

The she-wolves cautiously looked around with guilty expressions. When they saw me staring, they immediately frowned and cursed.

"Hey, bitch! What are you looking at?"

"Are you even allowed to be here? Get out of our sight!"

I rolled my eyes and ignored them, turning around. That kind of attitude was nothing new to me.

But their conversation had me worried. It seemed that Prince Rufus was not a good man at all.

He sounded just like Shawn, who was disgusting and had no regard for other people's lives.

Would such a man have the patience to listen to me about my mother's story? Obviously not.

I sighed helplessly, throwing away the idea of appealing to him.

Just when I was about to leave, several werewolves surrounded me.

"What do you want?" I cautiously asked.

I vigilantly looked at them and stepped back, but I didn't look behind me.

I felt a quick gust of wind before feeling a sharp pain on the back of my head. Right after that, my consciousness fell into darkness.

Chapter 5 A Gift

Words Count: 4875 | Released on:16/02/2022

Shawn's POV:

The ceremony was about to begin. I was dressed expensively and looked over at the busy werewolves. I was in a great mood. The feeling of power and status exhilarated me.

While I crossed my legs and hummed a song, Mateo appeared in clothes that looked more exquisite and luxurious than mine. He swaggered towards me, surrounded by his several attendants.

My heart sank instantly. This old man was just a Gamma, but today he looked and acted like he was much more than that. People who came to this event clueless might even think that he was the one who was taking the Alpha position.

"Stop slouching." Mateo looked at me in disdain.

I got up and stood up straight.

"Good day."

"From today on, you will be the Alpha. I only hope you can do your job well and not let anything distract you from that." Mateo patted me on the shoulder. "You must remember that we werewolves have to value our origins and be grateful for the help. Never forget who helped keep our pack alive and prosperous, and of course who gave you the chance to become an Alpha today."

There was a lot of meaning behind Mateo's words. He was obviously warning me not to attempt to undo all the control he had worked so hard to attain.

"Yes. I will always remember your kindness and repay it with my life. Don't worry. I cannot take away what is not mine." I smiled. But deep inside, my heart was disgusted.

The Alpha position was always supposed to be mine in the first place. Sooner or later, I would have to get rid of Mateo and take back everything that truly belonged to me.

"Good. Don't even think of playing any tricks. I am watching you." Mateo smiled back.

I nodded politely, keeping this scene as harmonious as possible. Satisfied, he then left.

Once he was gone, I couldn't hold in my anger anymore and kicked over a trash can.

Of course, Mateo wouldn't forget to embarrass me on such an important occasion. He clearly did not take me seriously. If that was what he thought, then I would show him that this "puppet" could fight back too.

At this moment, my subordinate carefully came forward.

I plopped down in a chair and huffed in annoyance, "What is it?"

"We have successfully caught Sylvia," he reported to me in a low voice.

"Nice work." I said excitedly. "Now strip Sylvia naked and leave her in the room prepared for Prince Rufus."

Although she was a lowly slave, Sylvia was still a beautiful girl. Giving her as a gift to the prince would not only give him a good impression of me, but that damn she-wolf would also learn her lesson. Imagining this plan in my head was enough to put me in a better mood.

"But sir, aren't you going to sleep with her first? Sylvia is probably still a virgin. It must be a wonderful experience." The subordinate smiled obscenely, but was careful not to maintain eye contact with me.

"You idiot! Why would I give the prince a used gift? Do you want to die?" I slapped the back of his head. Although, I had to admit I was a little worried. What if the prince did to Sylvia what he did to that slave girl before and tortured her to death? If that happened, then I wouldn't be able to have my turn with her anymore.

"Sir, Prince Rufus is here." The subordinate gently tapped my arm, jolting me out of my thoughts.

I looked ahead and saw the man himself, Prince Rufus Duncan, at the entrance of the banquet hall. He wore a silver suit, most likely customized to fit him perfectly. His facial features were handsome, but cold enough to make everyone around him flinch whenever he moved.

Some werewolves were just born to be kings, and Rufus was definitely one of them.

"Prince Rufus, I'm so glad you could make it. I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack." I strode forward and spoke in a flattering manner.

But Rufus didn't even reply. He just coldly glanced at me. In his eyes, I was probably no different from any other ordinary werewolf in this room.

Smiling awkwardly, I reached out my hand and pointed him to a direction. "You must be tired after your journey. Please, have a seat."

Other than giving a speech and becoming the new Alpha, it seemed that this banquet also became an opportunity for me to try and please Rufus. Still, he didn't say much no matter what I tried. It was difficult to even get close to him. But although he was acting indifferent now, I still had to do my best in flattering him. I was willing to do anything for power.

When the banquet was about to come to an end, I walked up to him with bright eyes.

"Prince Rufus, I have prepared a room for you that I think you will like. I have left a small gift there for you." I spoke ambiguously in a low voice and winked, hoping he would understand what I was implying.

Seeing that he still wasn't going to respond, I said, "Well, I hope you have a great night."

Chapter 6 Crazy

Words Count: 4370 | Released on:16/02/2022

Rufus' POV:

I lazily sat on my chair. As I watched Shawn try to flatter me desperately, I couldn't help but feel that all this was funny.

With a new Alpha like this, the Black Moon Pack seemed to be doomed. Not only was he a fool, but he also seemed to have poor vision.

"I hope the arrangement I've prepared for you will be satisfactory, Prince Rufus. If there is anything else you'd like, please don't hesitate to tell me. I will have it brought to you as soon as possible."

Shawn was still blabbering on about something. I had never met a man more talkative than the usual woman.

I rubbed my temples and felt a headache coming on.

"Another attack of that illness? It's not even evening yet," my wolf Omar asked.

"I'm afraid it came early this time."

"Maybe we should leave now."

"No, I can still take it. Besides, if I leave now, it'll just attract even more attention."

Every full moon, I would be attacked by the most painful and splitting headaches that would make me lose control of myself.

In order not to hurt anyone, I learned to just lock myself in my room whenever it was time.

I agreed to come to this ceremony in behalf of my father because I didn't think I would have an early attack.

Nevertheless, I endured the pain as best as I could until the banquet was over. By that time, my head felt like it was being pounded on by thousands of hammers all at the same time. That primitive desire to destroy everything in my path was slowly making its way out of my body. I had to control myself and stay rational until I could be alone. But this nosy Alpha stayed beside me and decided to test the limit of my patience.

"Prince Rufus, let me accompany you myself." Shawn caught up to me.

I sighed and turned to him. "I'm sorry, but I would prefer to be alone for some peace and quiet." I tried to smile, but I was aware that my tone did not sound friendly at all.

Shawn's face turned red as a tomato as he pursed his lips and covered his mouth, nodding vigorously.

"Please, go." I coldly glanced at him.

"Right away, Prince Rufus." Shawn turned around and hurriedly left.

Once I finally sent Shawn away, I briskly walked to my room. I could barely hold the beast inside any longer.

Sylvia's POV:

I woke up dazed, but the cold air blowing on my body was enough to sober me up quickly.

I tried to get up, only to realize I couldn't move. My hands and feet had been tied to the frame of this huge bed, and I was completely naked. There was even something stuffed in my mouth that muffled every sound that came out of it.

What was happening?

I turned my head to observe my surroundings. I was in a room I had never seen before with no one else around. I tried to break myself free, but the ropes just got tighter and tighter around my wrists. I cried and roared, hoping to send out a distress signal to anyone nearby.

"Shut up!" A man outside banged on the door and scolded me.

"What a pity. That chick seemed so attractive!"

Another man's voice sounded from beyond the door. I craned my neck higher, trying to hear what they were talking about.

"Pity? She just looks like any other seductress, to be played with by many men sooner or later."

"If she wasn't sent to Prince Rufus, we could have had the chance to have a go at her. Even just thinking of her body turns me on!"

I frowned, disgusted by how they talked about me.

"There is no chance that we can get such a good thing." One of them gloated. "Well, she's a gift from our new Alpha, and has already been sent to Prince Rufus' bed. I heard the prince is vicious. That girl probably won't even make it through tonight."

I realized the two men were Shawn's guards. It seemed that Shawn was taking revenge on me for rejecting him as my mate! Of course, he would be absolutely despicable with it! I groaned, but the sound was simply muffled. I tried to free myself again from the ropes, but the friction only ended up burning the skin off of my wrists.

At this time, I heard a third voice come from outside. It was deep and somehow magnetic. "You may leave. I don't need any guards around."

"Yes, Prince Rufus."

It was him! Prince Rufus! My pupils shrank and I looked around the room in panic, trying to find a way to escape. But how could I escape if I couldn't even move? I was left with no choice.

Chapter 7 The First Meeting

Words Count: 3692 | Released on:16/02/2022

Rufus' POV:

When I got to my room, I immediately dismissed the guards at the door.

As I turned the knob, my nose was filled with a faint scent that stopped me in my tracks.

Something was wrong. It seemed like there was someone else in my room. Judging by the scent, it was a she-wolf.

It suddenly occurred to me what Shawn had been implying to me all this time. He wished me a great night with an ambiguous smile.

That idiot! Was he trying to win me over in this way? What an arrogant move!

I knew that the moment I stepped into this room, I would no longer be able to restrain my destructive desires. That she-wolf would be torn to pieces in no time.

I was not in the mood to play Shawn's game, so I just turned around and was going to leave.

But then that faint scent filled my nose again. This time, I could smell it clearly. It smelled like a sweet orchid that had just freshly bloomed, instantly washing away the manic desires in my head. Gradually, I felt my sanity return.

I couldn't help turning back around at the door. The fragrance was coming from inside. That scent...

"Go, Rufus! It's our mate!" Omar exclaimed in my mind with excitement.

Sylvia's POV:

As the door creaked open, I heard footsteps in the room getting closer. I was so nervous I could almost feel the blood rushing through my veins. But just when I was in despair, I suddenly smelled the fragrance of lily and jasmine.

What was going on? Was this my second mate already?

I looked up, shocked.

I saw the so-called cruel and cold blooded Prince Rufus, slowly walking towards me.

He didn't turn on the light, so he was shrouded in darkness. But under the moonlight, I could still feel him staring at me, like a beast lurking and observing its prey.

My body was trembling. I tried to curl up and cover my body in shame.

He stood in front of me and didn't say anything. I couldn't tell if there were any expressions on his face either.

"Please, don't touch me. I..." My voice quivered and my tongue was tied. I couldn't finish my words.

Slowly, he bent down. Even with just one movement, I could tell that he was raised in a noble and elegant home. Who would have thought that this regal man was cruel and bloodthirsty on the inside?

Sensing that his fingers were about to touch my body, I shut my eyes and couldn't help crying. I would much rather die right now than live with this shame. 'Mother, please help me...'

But for some reason, I didn't feel any pain that I was expecting. Instead, I felt my wrists get freed from the ropes. I opened my eyes in shock. He had untied me.

Without thinking twice, I got up and retreated backwards, trying to keep a distance from this dangerous lycan. I kept walking back until I had hit a wall. I pressed myself against it and crossed my arms over my chest, looking at him with vigilance.

But as soon as I looked up, I found a coat thrown at me and covered enough of my body. My nose was filled with that cold, floral fragrance from the coat.

When I got back to my senses, I slipped the coat off of me and looked at him strangely.

"Put it on." His tone was cold, but I didn't feel any murderous hint to it.

Even though I could see why people would think his appearance was cold and ruthless, he actually seemed a little different. He didn't seem to be as cruel as I thought. Was it because of our mate bond, perhaps?

I obliged and put the coat back on, catching a whiff of that amazing mate scent again. I bit my lip and saw him leaning towards me, but I didn't feel I needed to be as vigilant anymore. In fact, my heart even seemed expectant of something else.

What was he going to say to me?

Chapter 8 Out Of Control

Rufus' POV:

I never expected that this was how I would meet my mate.

She had fear in her eyes. Her body looked so fragile and frail, especially that my coat was obviously too big for her. I saw her lips tremble slightly as her beautiful doe eyes looked up at me. My heart trembled like it never did. I wanted to comfort her, but my head began to ache again.

This

time I felt even more painful than a while ago, which meant that I was about to break into madness

soon.

"Go," I said to her in a harsh tone, trying to keep the beast inside. She thought that something was wrong and didn't leave. Instead, she reached out to touch me. But I could feel my reason fade away. I was about to lose control of myself any second now. "Fuck off now!" In desperation, I pushed her away.

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With the fear back in her eyes, she scampered to the side like a little rabbit.

I took a deep breath and clenched my fists, trying to suppress the restless desire in my heart. I should at least wait for her to leave.

Omar was also doing his part in trying to keep me sane for a little longer.

But why was she still here? I felt a slight movement behind me. Sometimes I could hear her breath close to me, other times it would sound farther. She was moving around the room.

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Finally, I was on my last strain of sanity. I grabbed her and pressed her to the floor. I could feel the beast within me about to break through. I was in so much pain that I had to let out a scream

"What are you still doing here?" I asked her, my eyes wide with craze. "I... I need pants," she squeaked out. Her face was deathly pale. I gasped out loud, feeling the pain in my head spread to my body. I was gradually losing myself. Slowly, fur began to grow out of my back and my claws started to come out, pressing on the girl's neck. There was a desire in me to pierce her throat brutally. But I could also still feel some reason in myself, telling me not to hurt the person in front of me. Her sweet citrus scent filled my nose. The clean, floral fragrance soothed my madness a little bit. I was trying to restrain the beast from coming out, but I could not let go of the person I was holding under me. She was very scared. With tears in her eyes, she struggled against my grip and begged me to let her go. But at this time, I could not stop the bloodthirstiness and anger from clouding my reasoning anymore. I tried to hold on to this woman, hoping that her scent would save me. I was absolutely addicted to her scent and couldn't help but bury my face in her neck. I wanted to drown myself in this intoxicating fragrance. The girl in my arms pounded my chest with her fists, but it only did so much as tickle me. I got a little impatient and grabbed her hands. As she struggled, the smell of blood now filled my nose. But instead of triggering my desire to kill and destroy, my mind had gone quiet all of a sudden. The headache seemed to be less painful now. Although my head was still in a mess, at least my vision was starting to get clearer. I approached the girl subconsciously. It was her strong scent that softened my heart and made my headache disappear into

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Daster Out of Control than air I was now relaxed. I even felt like I was walking on clouds. I tightened my arms around her and didn't want to let go, like a dragon that wanted to guard its treasure

Chapter 9 Escape

Sylvia's POV:

My body was so close to Rufus. His hands on my back felt hard as iron. I felt like crying but there were no tears left in me anymore. I regretted staying to find pants. I should have left when he told me to!

There was stinging feeling on my chin. It must have been scratched by his claws. I brought up my hands to push him away, but I failed. I looked at him in fear, and he was also staring harshly at me. It felt like there was a storm brewing in his deep eyes.

He reached up and touched my neck, which made me freeze up. I did not forget about the rumors about his cruelty. I even heard one time that he had once snapped the neck of a she-wolf in bed. He had been looking at my neck for quite a long time. What was he going to do? Was he thinking of ways to break my neck? I mustered up all my strength to push him away. He

paused and stared at my face before slowly approaching again. There was not much expression on his face, but his eyes were dark and had some kind of emotion I couldn't fathom. He lowered his head to face me. I closed my eyes in fear, but suddenly, I could feel the wound on my chin getting licked. His tongue felt warm and it numbed the back of my head. This action felt gentle beyond words. In fact, if people saw us right now, they could think that we were a loving couple. No. I couldn't afford to have such thoughts. I just held my breath and didn't dare to move, but the small hairs on my arms stood on end. I made sure to avoid eye contact and only stared into the nothingness. I was afraid of disgruntling him for fear that he would eat me alive.

He then wrapped his arms around me tightly. Any tighter and it would have strangled me to death. I had no choice but to lean on his firm chest and hear his strong heartbeat. It was beginning to suffocate me. Just when I thought I was about to run out of air, his grip on my body loosened and his head lowered down to my neck. "Don't go," Prince Rufus whispered in my ear. I was too scared to move. I just let him hold me. Not long after, his breathing became light and steady. Did Rufus just fall asleep? I gently poked his waist, but he didn't move. I blinked and saw him gradually return to his human form. The silver fur and sharp claws retracted back into his skin. His two fluffy wolf ears were the last to go. I noticed that the insides of his ears were pink. Usually, wolves had black ears. I had never seen ears like his. It actually looked cute and kind of funny, because it didn't match Rufus' cold and intimidating temperament at all. When I saw that he was indeed soundly asleep, I couldn't help but reach up and feel his ears. They were much softer than I thought. I retracted my hand and tried to

push him off. I saw my clothes in the corner, but it seemed that they had been ripped to shreds. I had no choice but to put on Rufus' coat. Upon checking my trousers, I found that they could still be worn somehow.

Damn it, Shawn! I cursed him in my heart. Knowing Shawn, he would never give up until he got what he wanted. Now that he was also the Alpha, it would be so much easier for him to have me killed. My future

- Chapter 9 Escape here was

dangerous. I needed to get out of here as soon as possible. Fortunately, there were no more guards at the door. "My dear, you should take this opportunity to escape now. As Shawn da
red to hurt you

then, he will definitely try and hurt you more in the future. This is outrageous! You are the d
aughter of the former Beta, I can't believe he-

"Yana, I'm nothing but the daughter of a traitor to these people, a lowly slave. To them, I a
m a worthless piece of trash that they can just throw around." I interrupted my wolf. "Okay,
but we must take this chance at survival first. This
is the only way we can still have our revenge."

"But where will we go? If we leave our pack, we're going to become rogues." Frustration
filled my heart. "Follow your mother's instructions before she died. Go find your father. Then
, plan your revenge." Yana suggested something I had not tried considering before. "I could,
but my mother didn't tell me anything about my father.

I don't know..." "Sylvia, it really won't be easy. But if we stay here, we won't even have a chan
ce at all!" I paused. Yana was right. Now that Shawn and I were in conflict, staying
in the pack was a death wish. I guessed I would have to go and find my father to fulfill my
mother's last wish. I turned around

and left the room, heading to the border of the territory. While everyone was indulging in th
e banquet, now would be a good time to
escape. I moved carefully in high alert at all times, carefully avoiding
the werewolves patrolling. When I could see the border
of the pack's territory, I was filled with relief. I didn't see anyone guarding

the border. Just as I was about to cross over, I
heard clapping behind me. My chest tightened as the lights lit up one by one. I closed my e
yes and sighed. I was doomed. "Get

her!" Shawn ordered his men. A ferocious werewolf instantly pounced on my shoulder. "Let
me go!" I shot a glare at Shawn. I did not expect him to know that I

was going to escape. "Save you strength in bed, Sylvia," Shawn
said, his eyes lustfully looking me up and down. "You're such a slut. You really do pounce on
men when you see them!" All of a

sudden, his eyes turned dark with anger. He barked out another cold order. "Guards, get the slut's clothes off of her!"

Chapter 10 Humiliation

Shawn's POV:

"Son of a bitch!" Sylvia spat and glared at me, as if she were looking at hot garbage.

What

she didn't know was that her abrasiveness was just turning me on. The feeling was so intense that

I thought I was going crazy too. I looked at the man's coat draped over her body and recognized it was the one that Prince Rufus had worn. Surely, they already had sex. Rufus, that freak. I didn't expect him to let her live.

But I also did not expect to see this bitch audaciously running around in another man's clothes. How shameless! At the thought of this beautiful she-wolf enjoyed by someone else, I couldn't help but feel jealous. It felt like my heart was being torn apart. It was a good thing I was near the prince's residence, or else this she-wolf could have escaped. Licking my lips, I said, "I wouldn't act

so stubborn to the man I'll be begging for my life if I were you." "I don't beg to dogs." Sylvia was seething with hatred for me, but it didn't matter. I liked to think her ferociousness would greatly translate in bed. I chuckled and looked at her. With her trousers practically torn to shreds, the prince's coat was the only thing keeping her covered. There was an ambiguous red mark on her chin while her hair was disheveled. Seeing her like this made me inexplicably burn with desire. I grabbed her chin

and asked, "Tell me, did you enjoy it?" "Get your filthy hands off of me!" Sylvia turned her head away. "Disgusting!" Her words infuriated me. This she-wolf was just fucked to humiliation by a completely stranger. What right did she have acting this way to me? "Bitch! You were lucky enough to get out of that room alive. But I won't let you get away with that. I'm still going to make you beg for your life, so quit acting that way." I squeezed her chin in my hand. I tried imagining her in bed with another man, which drove me crazy with jealousy. I was the one who should take her to bed tonight. "Strip her naked!" I pushed her to the ground and stood straight. Seeing her in another man's clothes really irritated me. "No! Fuck off!" Sylvia thrashed. Her eyes were wide and her face was pale. She waved her arms around, trying to resist my subordinates.

I stood on the side and watched her struggle desperately, whistling. "This is so entertaining! Doesn't it make you feel desperate, Sylvia?" Sylvia pursed her lips and glared at me. A sharp tearing sound filled the air as the sleeve of her coat was removed, revealing her snow white skin. "Stop!" I said, pretending to act mercifully and walking toward her. "If you get on your knees and beg me to sleep with you, I can let you go." "Fuck no!" Sylvia's attitude did not so
ften at all. Instead, she gritted her teeth even more.

"Well, don't say I didn't try. But anyway, it didn't matter what you were going to say. You're j
ust a
slave, after all. Whether you like it or not, I will have you tonight." I leaned closer to her ear a
nd whispered, "Unless you want all of these werewolves to fuck you one after the other?"

Bang! Sylvia butted her head against my chin. I touched the corner of my mouth and found
that it was

– Chapter 10 Humiliation heavily bleeding. "You bitch! How dare you hit me now?"

"Why not? Is there a different time you'd prefer I hit you?" Sylvia sneered.

At this point, my anger had been ignited and I shot her a glare.

"Fine, if you wish for death so much, then I'll give it to you." I straightened my back and turn
ed to my men. "This bitch is yours. Do with her
whatever you like. No need to keep her alive." 2

My men cheered and whooped, encircling her with obscene smiles on their faces. I was a littl
e unhappy with how this turned out, but I didn't bother stopping them. This bitch had to pa
y the price. 1 All of a sudden, Sylvia let out a terrifying roar, knocking several of my werewol
ves to the ground. I was shocked. Had she always been this powerful? Even my men were als
o stunned and rooted to their spot.

"What are you standing around for? Go! If you can't even defeat this she–
wolf, then don't bother showing your face to me again!" I scolded them. Obediently, they be
gan to approach Sylvia again. "Stop!" A male's voice resounded. •

I irritably turned my head to see who this man trying to hinder me
was. Unexpectedly, I met a pair of eyes colder than mine, which sent a chill down my spine.

It was Prince Rufus. Damn it! What was he doing here?

Chapter 11 Savior

Sylvia's POV:

I didn't expect Rufus to suddenly appear. The werewolves encircling me retreated in fear of him. But obviously, they still had their eyes on the prize. Their stares were still glued to my body. I subconsciously crossed my arms over my chest in shame.

I bit my lip and felt a lump in my throat. I was trying to calm down deep inside. I had already gone through tougher and more humiliating situations. I could surely make it through this one.

Suddenly, I felt a shadow cast over me and that familiar cold fragrance filled my nose.

With tears in my eyes, I looked up to see Rufus standing in front of me. I didn't know why he was here, but I was grateful for his presence nonetheless. "Prince Rufus, what are you doing here?" Shawn took a few careful steps forward, putting on a flattering smile on his face. He had completely switched his attitude. I used to think he was just some puppet, but some part of me actually pitied him in this moment, for he was actually pathetic.

"I'm here to take back the escapee to my room." Rufus asserted, making sure his domineering aura was felt by everyone.

I was then filled with unease again. I had no idea what Rufus meant. Shawn rubbed his palms together and laughed nervously. "Ah, yes. Are you satisfied with my gift so far, Your Highness?"

I really wished I could strangle Shawn to death right now. But I knew that if I tried, I might not even survive through the night.

I stared at Rufus' broad back that was faced towards me. How I wished I could be as strong as him!

"Yes." Rufus replied nonchalantly. There was an indifference in his tone. He didn't seem to take Shawn seriously at all.

"That's why I'm taking her back."

I looked at Rufus in shock, but his face was absolutely calm. Shawn smiled awkwardly. "What do you mean, Your Highness? Are you perhaps kidding?" "I don't joke around," said Rufus. "Why would you? She's just some slave, the lowest she-wolf in our pack!" I could tell that Shawn was beginning to get anxious. "I could get you other she-wolves in the pack, purer and more innocent than her!"

"Are you telling me what to do?" Although Rufus' voice still wasn't raised, there was a subtle murderous tone to it which stopped Shawn in his tracks.

Seeing that he was speechless, Rufus turned to me and reached out his hand. "Get up. Come with me," he commanded.

I was in shock, but I also knew that taking his hand right now would save my life.

Gritting my teeth, I reached out and took his hand. After pulling me up, he dragged me away. I had no choice but to follow him. I slightly raised my eyes to look up at him. When he found out that I was his mate, he immediately asked

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Chapter 11 Savior me to leave. But now, he was taking me back. What on earth did this man want from me? Did he want to

sleep with me?

My heart was filled with bitterness. It seemed that he was just like Shawn after all. Still, I guessed it was better to go with this man than to stay and get humiliated in public by Shawn and his men.

"Prince Rufus! You should know that she is not only a slave, but she is also the daughter of our pack's biggest traitor!" Shawn called out, as if he was trying every last means to stop us. My heart sank. So, this was all done on purpose. Perhaps the royal family could spare a regular slave's life, but they would never think of shielding a sinner.

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Sure enough, Rufus stopped when he heard this. He slowly turned his head to look at me. I looked into his eyes, but they were like a bottomless well. I couldn't read them at all.

"The daughter of a traitor? What do you mean?" Prince Rufus asked coldly.

Chapter 12 Admission

Sylvia's POV:

I kept silent. Whenever my mother would be mentioned, I was always filled with resentment. These werewolves loved to pretend that they were righteous on the surface. But deep down, they were no cleaner than sewer rats. What made them think they could judge my mother?

"Sylvia, calm down. You must endure." Yana was always the one to remind me to be cautious.

"I've endured for too long, Yana. In the end, all I get is humiliation."

"If you don't endure now, you won't even get a chance to live. How can you prove your innocence from under the grave?"

"But what's the point of living if I don't even have dignity anymore? I have been enduring all my life, Yana, but nothing good ever happens. I was even sent to a man's bed, essentially to my death, to be tortured tonight." I was losing all hope. There really were times when I thought ending my life would just make things easier, but then I would always think of my mother. I couldn't die without clearing her name. "Why don't you explain for yourself? Sylvia?" Shawn's harsh voice jolted me out of my thoughts. I ignored him, shutting my eyes. I knew my mother was innocent, but I just didn't have any evidence to prove that right now. What an incompetent daughter I was! "Fine. If you don't want to say it, I'll do it myself." Shawn shot me a glare before switching up to a righteous tone in his voice. "Her mother used to be the Beta of our pack, but she got too greedy for power. She betrayed the pack. The late Alpha and Luna, my parents, were brutally murdered by her." He gritted through his teeth

with every word. I clenched my fists, trying to follow Yana's advice and restrain myself. "Her mother was born to be nothing but a bitch. An ungrateful shrew! When she got pregnant without knowing who the father of her child was, my parents mercifully took care of her and helped her through. But what do they get in return? Treachery and death! She killed my parents and deserved to go to hell. In my opinion, I think just executing her was even too light of a punishment!" "Shawn! Shut up!" I

could not hold back anymore. "I will not allow you to speak of my mother that way!" "Why? Did I say anything that wasn't true?". "My mother is not like that. She is innocent. She would never betray the pack." Tears welled up in my eyes as I defended my mother.

"Oh, please. There are records of evidence to prove that your mother is the murderer of my parents!" Shawn looked at me with murderous intent.

"Records made by someone who cheats and uses torture for inquisition? Those don't mean anything." I yanked my hand away from Rufus' grip and took a few steps forward, pointing my finger at him.

"You. Don't think you're clean either! Who is the one playing puppet to an evil man right now to maintain power in the pack? Shame on you!" "You talk too much for a slave, a daughter of a traitor! You're going to learn your lesson today!" Shawn turned to his men and shouted, "Beat this bitch to death!" Chaos ensued. I was immediately shoved to the ground and surrounded by Shawn's men. All of a sudden, one of the werewolves in front of me was kicked down to the ground, leaving him howling in pain.

—— Chapter 12 Admission

It was Rufus who attacked. He stood in front of me, staring down the other werewolves like a demon ready to send souls to hell. Some of them were frozen to their spot in the presence of his murderous glare. With one cold warning glance at the werewolves, he turned to me and bent down. I unconsciously flinched and dodged. "What? Do you really want to stay here?" he whispered. My eyes widened. Before I could even reply, he picked me up in his arms. My body stiffened and didn't know how to react to his touch. It was a little uncomfortable at first, but then I felt the warmth of his hand press onto my back. "Why are you protecting the traitor's daughter?" Shawn questioned hysterically. I pursed my lips, unsure whether I wanted to hear Rufus' answer. "Because she's my mate." When he said that, I felt my heart beat in a way I had never felt before. I looked up at the handsome lycan, surprised that he had said it.

Chapter 13 Regret

Shawn's POV:

I stood dumbfounded as I watched Rufus leave with Sylvia in his arms. His words resounded in my mind.

Did he just say that Sylvia was his mate? How could it be possible? Could the Moon Goddess really have assigned her another mate so soon? Why would her mate be a lycan prince? I massaged my face to alleviate some stress. My heart was filled with anger, but at the same time it was also unwilling to accept the truth. Because of one wrong action, I had lost a beautiful she-wolf that was meant to be mine. "Are you regretting it now? I told you to

go after Sylvia

immediately, but you so stubbornly refused. Now, the Moon Goddess paired her up with a lycan prince!" Zeke scolded me. "Don't provoke me!" I was furious. I hated that I didn't get the she-

wolf I wanted for myself, and she was just right in front of me! "Well, it's too late to regret anyway. Maybe the Moon Goddess will give you a new mate soon." There was still a mocking tone in Zeke's voice. He

obviously was disappointed in what I had done. "I don't regret anything. Especially not for some skittish slut like her. Just wait and see. I'm sure the Moon Goddess will bring me a she-wolf who

is a hundred times more beautiful than Sylvia," I argued. But deep inside, I knew it was not going to be easy to find someone more beautiful than

Sylvia. Of course, I would never admit that. No matter how much it broke my heart. "Alpha, are you okay?" One of my men asked me, seeing that I seemed to be in a daze. "Fuck off!" I kicked him away. "Bring me several she-

wolves now." I needed to do something to vent out my anger and frustration. As the Alpha of the pack, it wasn't right for me not to have any she-

wolves by my side. As soon as I turned around, my face was met by a hard slap. This was the second time I had been hit tonight.

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When I saw who it was that slapped me, I had to restrain myself and put on a fake smile instead. "What are you doing here?"

"How dare you even ask me that? What was all that commotion about? Aren't you afraid that others would hear?" Mateo asked disdainfully. "Where's Sylvia?" "She's gone."

'I lowered my head, exaggerating disappointment. This old werewolf was being too nosy. He slapped and scolded me like I was some clueless school boy, despite the fact I was their new Alpha. I just had no choice but to play along even though it was humiliating. "Gone? Why didn't you stop her?" Mateo sounded angry. I looked at his wrinkled face and saw that it looked gloomy. "Prince Rufus just said Sylvia was his mate and took her away. I couldn't stop them," I murmured, acting like a total loser. Mateo was a very suspicious werewolf. If I pretended to be cowardly and know nothing, he wouldn't be so vigilant around me. Mateo's POV:

Chapter 13 Regret Shawn's words shocked me. I thought that Sylvia was never one to stand up for herself and would remain a slave for the rest of her life. Having a lycan prince as her mate was something I would have never expected at all.

"She's a traitor's daughter. Did Prince Rufus not know about that?"

"Of course, I told him. Sylvia seemed adamant about refusing it all. She said her mother was wronged. Prince Rufus didn't really reply to that. He just insisted on taking her away." Shawn gritted his teeth. Hearing this made my heart drop. I thought that Sylvia always looked meek and even pitiful at times. I never thought she would realize that her mother could have been set up. Perhaps her obedient and timid demeanor was all just an act, and she would only bring out her claws when totally necessary.

But now that she had Prince Rufus on her side, she could tell him her suspicions about the real reason the former Alpha and Luna died. That would inevitably put me in danger.

"You idiot!" I berated Shawn, who just hung his head low. It was all because of this incompetent boy. I should have just sent him to die with his parents long ago! But now that it already happened, I couldn't just sit here and wait for my doom. I needed to come up with something and take action first. I needed the news that Sylvia's mother was a traitor to reach the imperial city. Surely, the great lycan king would never allow someone with such a controversial background to stay by the side of any prince.

Chapter 14 Change Of Clothes

Sylvia's POV: On the way back, I was nervous and shaking all over. The proud prince didn't say anything to me. He just kept his lips pursed and kicked the door to his room open, leading me to the bed. I looked vigilantly at him and then turned away quickly, realizing he made me feel uneasy. He was difficult to read. I couldn't quite figure out why he was doing this. "Go and fetch a set of women's clothes and some food as well." Rufus commanded the servant.

"I'm not hungry!" I blurted out. I didn't want to cause a fuss. Besides, there was also an old saying that prisoners would be fed well only when they were on death row. "No, but I am," Rufus replied without even looking at me. He walked over to the couch and sat down. "Oh... Okay." My voice was small. I was so embarrassed with myself that I wanted nothing more than to be invisible right now.

The servant returned not so long after with clothes, saving me from the awkward situation.

With the clothes in my hands, I hesitantly looked at Rufus, who was still sitting on the couch.

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. I wasn't sure if he had fallen asleep. But he was still in the room. How could I change my clothes? "Um, are you ..." I asked nervously. My voice was only as loud as a whisper, but he heard it clearly. Opening his eyes, he glanced at me and

stood up. "Call me when you're done changing." "Okay." I breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he didn't insist on staying inside while I changed. Once he stepped out of the room, I unfolded the clothing and saw that it was a dark purple dress. It was well-made and of great quality, but I noticed that there seemed to be a slit along the leg that might have been too revealing. Grumbling to myself, I put it on anyway. Not only was the slit very high up on my leg, but the dress was also tightly hugging my body. My waist and chest looked too emphasized, which made me uncomfortable and want to pull it loose. I bit my lip and felt shy. This dress made me feel awkward. I didn't even know if I had the courage to face Rufus.

Pacing back and forth, I was contemplating on how to show myself to him looking like this.

Rufus' POV:

The air was still tonight. I stood outside the room quietly and stared at the beautiful full moon in the dark sky.

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This night was different from all my other full moon nights. I didn't have to hide in a dark room alone and suffer in madness. Instead, I was just standing here, leisurely appreciating the peace and beauty of the night. All thanks to Sylvia. I waved my hand at the guards who were guarding my door to dismiss them again. Now, I was really alone in the corridor. I waited for what seemed like a long time, but Sylvia still hadn't called me in. Gently, I knocked on the door. "Are you done changing yet?" "I, uh... Yes." Her sweet voice came from inside. She sounded a little flustered.

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Chapter 14 Change Of

Clothes Before I could open the door myself, she had already cracked it open from the inside. I met a pair of clear eyes as the door swung open. But Sylvia didn't dare to look at me for more than a second without her eyes wandering elsewhere.

I stepped inside and saw her standing behind the door, as if shielding herself with it. She was wearing a

wonder Shawn couldn't forget about her.

She squeezed her shoulders together meekly and tugged at her dress. Obviously, she was a little uneasy.

I turned away and walked right to the couch.

She still seemed afraid of me. For some inexplicable reason, this made me unhappy.

"Come, sit." I patted the spot next to me. Sylvia lowered her head hesitantly before slowly sitting down beside me. "Why are you shaking? Why can't you look at me?" In a panic, Sylvia looked up. "No, it's not that—I... I'm sorry." I reached my hand out to apply medicine on some of her wounds and bruises.

Sylvia dodged, although it seemed to be out of her subconscious. Her fingers were trembling too. She then clenched her fists and took a deep breath, pretending to appear calm. "Don't move. I'm going to treat your wounds and bruises," I said in a low voice. Sylvia looked at the ointment in my hand and blankly said, "Thank you." When my fingers felt the warmth of her face, something that felt like an electric current coursed through my body and I had the sudden urge to want to get closer to her. I had to restrain myself.

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Seeing that she was still silent, I asked, "Are you afraid of me?"

Sylvia stiffened up and nodded. "Mm." "Why? Do I look scary?" "Not really. No, it's not that." "Then why are you so afraid of me?" "Well, I heard that... You once had a female slave. And.. . You tortured her to death in bed." Sylvia seemed to shrink down as she said that.

This was the first that someone had ever said something like that to my face, and that "someone" was actually my mate. I couldn't help but laugh. I was aware of the many misconceptions about me. Honestly, I just found that it was useless to try to explain myself every time. "I never really cared what others think of me. But you, Sylvia, are different. I think it's important you don't misunderstand me."

Sylvia looked at me with wide eyes, not seeming to understand what I said. I lightly pinched her cheek and continued to apply medicine on her bruises.

Chapter 15 Stay With Me

Rufus' POV:

The servant was very efficient and served up a table of food immediately.

As I treated her wounds, I could feel the absent-minded Sylvia glancing at the food from time to time.

"Are you hungry?" I asked.

"I said I'm not hungry. I'm fine." Her voice was stubborn. But as soon as she said that, her stomach growled loudly. She hurriedly covered up her belly, trying to keep the sound on the low. Her face flushed pink with embarrassment.

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I couldn't help but chuckle. This was the first time I had ever found a girl cute. But since I was in a good mood, I decided not to make a fuss out of her embarrassment.

"Eat with me." I invited her anyway.

Shyly, Sylvia nodded and took a seat at the dining table.

I didn't eat. I just quietly drank some water. Sometimes, I would steal quick glances at her. I could tell she was very hungry, but she was trying to restrain herself and eat slowly. When she stuffed her mouth with food, she looked like a little hamster with puffy cheeks. Realizing that I might have been staring at her for too long, I got flustered and accidentally spilled some water onto the table. Frightened by the ruckus, she froze and had a hesitant look on her face.

"Do you not like the food?" I made sure to ask in a lower voice, hoping not to scare her. "No, the food is okay." Sylvia shook her head. After thinking for a while, she asked, "Why did you save me back there?" I turned my eyes to the water stains on the table. She just happened to ask the very same question I couldn't figure out for myself. Was it because she relieved me of my headache? Was it because the Moon Goddess designated her as my mate? Was it her fascinating and addicting scent?

Before I could come up with an answer, she spoke up.

"Listen, if it was just because we're mates, you didn't have to do that at all. I'm not really interested in having a mate right now. Besides, we live in two completely different worlds. It's never going to work. You can reject me if you want. I will fully accept it. I'm sure the Moon Goddess will give you an even better mate." She kept putting herself down and even insisted that I would find another mate anyway. I know she was just being considerate, but I didn't like the sound of that at all. When she said that she wasn't interested in having a mate, I could not help but feel uneasy. I thought something must be wrong with me.

"As you know, I went berserk last night—" I started.

"Yes, but I won't tell anyone about it."

She interrupted me before I could even finish. She seemed so eager to get rid of me already. I was beginning to get annoyed, so I gave her a cold glance. "Every full moon, I lose my mind and turn into an absolute monster who destroys everything around him. That's my secret, and you witnessed it for yourself last night." I paused and adjusted my sleeves. "Everyone who has found out about my secret has never made it out alive."

Chapter 15 Stay With Me Sylvia dropped the knife and fork in her hands. Her eyes were wide and she was too scared to say a word. With a pale face, she stuttered, "I—"
"She really was a timid girl. I couldn't help but feel a little guilty for scaring her right now, so I put on a warmer expression. "But last night, I discovered that your

blood could soothe my mania. That's why I'm hoping you can stay with me and be my medicine." Thinking of how she ruthlessly spoke about our mate bond just now, I followed up immediately and said, "Nothing else. I won't hurt you, don't worry." "Is that really the only reason?" She cautiously raised her head. "Yes. Are you willing to stay with me?" I said seriously. Sylvia didn't reply immediately and lowered her head, only allowing me to see her smooth forehead. I didn't realize that I was actually afraid of her rejection. Seeing that she was still hesitant, I added, "If you come with me, I can help you investigate your mother's case."

Even though I was already going to investigate on it anyway, it wouldn't hurt to use it as a bargaining chip right now.

Chapter 16 Promise

Sylvia's POV: "Yes. Are you willing to stay with me?" Rufus asked casually. I lowered my head, feeling bitter in my heart. For so many years, he was the first person to ask for my opinion. I was just a lowly slave with no choice. But going with him was better than staying here. And if I lived, I could have the chance to take revenge. I was about to say yes when Rufus spoke again. "If you come with me, I can help you investigate your mother's case." What he said made me suddenly raise my head. I looked at him in surprise. "Really?" "Yes. That's my promise to you as a lycan prince." My heart pounded wildly. I was so surprised that I couldn't believe what I just heard. I looked him in the eye, trying to find traces that he was only playing tricks on me. But his eyes were as deep as the sea of stars, and I couldn't find a single flaw. "Yes, I'll go with you," I said word by word, still staring at him.

This was my only chance. Even if there could be a bottomless abyss ahead, I had to move forward. Rufus raised his head slightly but didn't say anything more. I stood up and asked, "When are you going to leave? I can go anytime." This was probably the best news I had ever heard since my mother died. I couldn't help smiling and started looking forward to the future. "Let's leave at dawn. There's still some time left, so you can sleep for a while." It seemed that Rufus was infected by my good mood. He was no longer as cold as before. "No, I'm not tired," I refused in a low voice. The thought of the hope of redressing my mother's case made me want to leave right away. Besides, I couldn't sleep under the same roof with a temperamental and dangerous man like Rufus.

He frowned, seemingly unhappy. He walked past the dining table and approached me. Then he grabbed my wrist and took me to the bed without hesitation. "Go to sleep," he insisted. "But I don't want to. I'm not sleepy at all," I murmured with my head down. What Shawn did to me had traumatize me. I couldn't help feeling afraid that I would be taken to another strange place when I woke up. Rufus didn't say anything more. He just carried me to the bed and wrapped me tightly with the quilt. The soft bed helped relax my tense nerves, and a

sense of fatigue swept over. "Now sleep." Rufus reached out and covered my eyes. I closed my eyes, planning to pretend to be asleep.

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— Chapter 16 Promise

Rufus raised his head slightly but didn't say anything more. I stood up and asked, "When are you going to leave? I can go anytime." This was probably the best news I had ever heard since my mother died. I couldn't help smiling and started looking forward to the future. "Let's leave at dawn. There's still some time left, so you can sleep for a while." It seemed that Rufus was infected by my good mood. He was no longer as cold as before. "No, I'm not tired," I refused in a low voice. The thought of the hope of redressing my mother's case made me want to leave right away. Besides, I couldn't sleep under the same roof with a temperamental and dangerous man like Rufus. He frowned, seemingly unhappy. He walked past the dining table and approached me. Then he grabbed my wrist and took me to the bed without hesitation. "Go to sleep," he insisted. "But I don't want to. I'm not sleepy at all," I murmured with my head down. What Shawn did to me had traumatize me. I couldn't help feeling afraid that I would be taken to another strange place when I woke up. Rufus didn't say anything more. He just carried me to the bed and wrapped me tightly with the quilt. The soft bed helped relax my tense nerves, and a sense of fatigue swept over. "Now sleep." Rufus reached out and covered my eyes. I closed my eyes, planning to pretend to be asleep. "Sylvia, it seems that your new mate is a reliable man," Yana excitedly said while kept spinning in my head. "Really? But why do I feel a sense of danger every time I get close to him?" "Just be optimistic, okay? What matters is we can get out of here safely." "Yes, you're right. But you heard it too. I am his cure. The relationship between us will only be contractual." "Well, as long as you are valuable to him, you are safe. Being his cure is better than being a slave."

Yana was right. Tomorrow would be the start of my new life. I didn't have to think too much anymore. There was a pleasant smell around me that made me feel inexplicably at ease. Before I knew it, I had already lost consciousness. I didn't know how long I had been sleeping when I suddenly woke up from a jolt. I abruptly sat up, and the thin blanket slipped off my body. I was shocked to find myself sitting in the back seat of a limousine, and the sky outside the window was bright. It was obviously close to noon. I stared blankly at the unfamiliar scenery outside the window. There were precious plants in the flower beds of various sizes. The castle not far away looked magnificent and mysterious.

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Although I had never been here, I instantly knew where I was. Right in front of me was the imperial palace.

Chapter 17 Imperial Palace

Sylvia's POV: "Are you awake now?" A man's deep and magnetic voice rang out in my ears. It was Rufus. I quickly looked away and sat up stiffly. Then I suddenly remembered something, so I looked at him in a panic. "We just left. I didn't bring anything with me." "It's there." Rufus' calm voice sounded so comforting in my ears. "I took everything that could be taken in your room." I followed his gaze. Sure enough, there was a small package at my feet. I quickly opened it and rummaged inside. I soon found an old cloth bag, still stained with blood that couldn't be washed away. I breathed a sigh of relief. Nothing else mattered to me other than this cloth bag that my mother had left me. Inside the bag was a piece of cloth with a strange pattern that seemed related to my father. I couldn't lose it anyway. "Thank you." I humbly thanked Rufus in a low voice, feeling a little embarrassed. "It's nothing," he said indifferently. I stole a glance at him. He was looking out of the car window, so I relaxed a lot. I was able to look at him longer. He was only wearing a black shirt with the top two buttons unfastened. His delicate collarbone was faintly looming under his collar, and his sexy Adam's apple bobbed up and down slightly. I felt that my ears were burning while staring at him, so I quickly turned my head. It suddenly occurred to me that I was wearing revealing sexy clothes last night, so I subconsciously covered my chest with my hands. It was only then that I found out that I was covered with an expensive suit jacket with a faint fragrance on it. It was Rufus' scent. Apparently, the suit jacket was his. My fingertips gently touched the cuffs of the suit jacket, feeling a little grateful. This lycan prince didn't seem to be as cold as he looked. "I wonder how those rumors came about. I don't think he is that terrible," I said to Yana in my head. "Well, I feel like he likes you," Yana muttered softly. "That's impossible! He will never like me, and there is no reason for him to like me." I was sober about this fact. After all, Rufus had made it so clear last night. "My dear, how can you say that? You are his destined mate. Don't jump to a conclusion so soon. Anything is possible, you know," Yana said with a smile. "Don't talk nonsense. You know that there is a huge gap between us. We can't be together." I was still deep in thought when the car stopped. We had arrived at our destination.

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— Chapter 17 Imperial Palace ————

I looked out of the car window in a daze. The people outside were all aristocrats dressed in gorgeous and exquisite clothes. And they all turned to look at Rufus' car. My breathing started to quicken involuntarily, and I felt uneasy. The bodyguard on the passenger seat got out of the car first and went to open the door for Rufus. As soon as Rufus got out of the car, the aristocrats bowed their heads to show their highest respect. This was done not only to the royal family but also to the strong. There was no doubt that Rufus deserved their respect. When I was about to get out of the car, I realized that I wasn't wearing shoes. I had big and small scars all over my feet because of years of frostbites. They were very ugly and incompatible with the magnificent scenery around me. The sharp eyes of the aristocrats swept over me, making me feel a little embarrassed. I lowered my head. I was at a loss being put in such a dilemma. At this time, Rufus walked up to me with a pair of exquisite flat shoes in his hands. "Thank you," I said gratefully, looking up at him. Then I reached out to take the shoes.

But he didn't give them to me. Instead, he squatted down. I shrank my feet, not wanting him to see the ugly scars on them. But he didn't allow me to flinch. He held my ankle with his slender hand and gently slid my foot onto the shoe. It was as if he was putting an indestructible armor for a coward like me. The crowd was in an uproar. "Oh my God! Is that really the cold and heartless Prince Rufus? Am I dreaming? Pinch me!" "And who is that she-wolf? I haven't seen her around the prince before." "That she-wolf looks like a poor commoner at a glance. How can this be possible? I must be dreaming!" At this moment, I felt like I was in a dream too. Gradually, I couldn't hear the sounds around me anymore. There was only this lycan in my eyes in the world.

Chapter 18 Entering The Palace Sylvia's POV: Rufus' hands were very warm, and my feet couldn't help flinching involuntarily. But he didn't allow me to back down and put on the other shoe for me. The shoes fit in my feet perfectly. I wonder how he knew my size so accurately. And when I remembered that he even knew the size of my clothes, I felt so embarrassed that I bit my lower lip and looked at him shyly. Rufus didn't say anything. He just stood up after putting on my shoes. I tidied up my dress nervously and prepared to get out of the car. Rufus stretched out his hand and looked at me with his deep eyes. When I noticed the scrutiny in the eyes of the crowd, I hesitated for a moment, not knowing whether I should take his hand or not. But I couldn't embarrass him in public. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable if I angered him. In the end, I could only hold his cuff with my head down. My heartbeat was getting faster and faster.

In a trance, I seemed to hear a chuckle. It was like a feather that brushed my ears and tickled

1. me.

Was he chuckling? I looked up at Rufus. But aside from his pursed lips and the indifferent expression on his face, there was nothing else. Was I only imagining things? But I

inexplicably felt more uneasy. The imperial palace was very large, with high walls on both sides. I walked beside Rufus stiffly, still holding his sleeve. The werewolves around were whispering to each other, which made me a little at a loss. "Look! Prince Rufus has actually brought a she-wolf back." "She is very beautiful. Is she the daughter of an Alpha?" "You're thinking too much. Didn't you see the scars on her feet just now? Either she got injured while working, or it was caused by frostbites." Then there was a burst of laughter. My palms began to sweat. I felt like a sheep thrown into a group of lions. I trembled, taking every step. "Shh! Keep your voices down! Otherwise, Prince Rufus will hear you, and he will get offended." "I really don't know why the prince likes her." "Hey, do you want to die? How dare you question Prince Rufus' choice!" After we entered the gate of the palace, the discussions around us gradually disappeared. When I raised my head and glanced at Rufus, I was surprised that his expression became

*****-Chapter 18 Entering The Palace

even colder. Did I embarrass him? This thought made me feel a little depressed, and I had the urge to let go of his sleeve. But Rufus grabbed my wrist and gave me a light glance as if warning me to behave well. I pouted in disgust. Yana said that Rufus liked me. But I thought it was the most ridiculous joke of the century. With such a fierce attitude, how could he like me? The closer we got to the palace, the more guards there were. And they all looked solemn. The corridor was carved with ancient and exquisite totems, and the upper edge of each column was inlaid with shining gems. I was once again shocked to see the luxury of the royal family. Passing through the veranda, I saw a magnificent hall. Both sides in front of the hall were full of pomegranate flowers. But before I could fully appreciate them, I was suddenly pulled by Rufus into the hall. Then a group of servants surrounded me. "Help her freshen up and change clothes," Rufus ordered, then turned around and left. I felt like weeping but had no tears. I grabbed the hem of my dress to stop the servants from helping me take a bath. Why were these she-wolves so enthusiastic? "It's okay, I can do it myself. You can go out now." "No, we can't. Prince Rufus has ordered us to take good care of you," one she-wolf answered while taking off my coat. She had dark skin, slender eyebrows, and thick lips. She spoke with a straight face. She seemed to be the head maid here. I smiled awkwardly and said, "I'm used to doing things by myself." "Do you want us to disobey Prince Rufus' orders?" the head maid said in a somewhat aggressive tone, looking at me sternly. "Okay." I had no other choice but to compromise. I let them bathe me and change my clothes. I was like a mannequin, being tossed and turned over and over again. Until finally, I was dolled up, waiting to be served and displayed. "They are not suitable for me, right?" At this moment, I was wearing a heavy dress and looking at the exquisite high heels in front of me. If I was not mistaken, they were at least three inches high. I had never worn high heels before, and I had no confidence in wearing them at all. I could imagine how embarrassing it would be for me. "Your previous shoes are not appropriate for the banquet." As she spoke, the head maid picked up the high heels and squatted down. I hid

my feet in the hem of my dress and looked at her in shock. "What banquet?" "A welcome banquet for Prince Rufus. It's to celebrate his return to the palace. Actually, he sent someone back early this morning to make arrangements for your arrival. We have already prepared everything you'll need for the banquet." After saying this, the head maid pulled up the hem of my dress and said, "Miss, please stretch out your feet. Don't waste time."

——- Chapter 18 Entering The Palace Upon hearing her words, I knew it was too late to escape. So I gritted my teeth, stretched out my feet, and put on the high heels. The moment I put on the high heels, my feet didn't act as if they were my own. I stumbled and was about to fall at any time. I tried to keep my balance and walked back and forth cautiously, lifting the hemline of my dress. Then I felt that I gradually got used to the height of the heels. I realized it was not so difficult. Looking at the shoes on my feet, I couldn't help but feel happy. But it turned out I was complacent too soon. When I was about to walk out of the hall to look for Rufus, there seemed to be a gentle push on my back. I lost my balance and threw myself out.

Chapter 19 Malice Sylvia's POV: I felt like my face was about to touch the floor. I was so scared that I closed my eyes. But much to my surprise, I didn't feel the pain I anticipated. Instead, I felt someone grasp my shoulders firmly, and I fell into a familiar embrace. I felt strange. When I half-opened one eye, I saw a delicate collar pin. I froze for a moment. "Are you not going to stand up?" A teasing voice sounded above my head. I was startled and immediately came back to my senses, wanting to break free from his embrace. But I found that my hair was tangled at his cuff. I pulled it, but it didn't work. Instead, it got even worse. I was in a dilemma. I bent over, and my face was burning with embarrassment. "Prin...Prince Rufus, my...my hair..." I said in a low voice. "Hold on." After saying this, I heard the sound of the button falling off. It sounded like he directly ripped it off violently. "It's okay now." I stood up stiffly and looked at his hand. Sure enough, he was holding a black button, which was the cufflink on his coat. He didn't say anything and just put his hands in his trouser pockets lazily. "I'm so sorry, it was my fault. I didn't take good care of Miss Todd." At this time, the head maid behind me suddenly knelt down and bowed her head to apologize. "Miss Todd is not used to wearing high heels, so we should have supported her. But she was in a hurry to come out to see you." After hearing this, Rufus raised his eyebrows and glanced at me. A faint light flickered in his eyes.

I immediately blushed and felt like a cooked shrimp. "I... I was not in a hurry to come out. It's just that..." "It's beautiful." I was stunned and couldn't help looking up at him, suspecting that I was hallucinating. "The dress suits you very well," Rufus casually said with a smile. But the seriousness in his eyes made my heart skip a beat. It was as if it was about to jump out of my chest. "My dear, you really have a crush on him. I can hear your heartbeat," Yana teased me naughtily. "Of course not! I'm just embarrassed. And this dress is so tight that I just can't breathe," I categorically denied it.

– Chapter 19 Malce

"Even if the dress is too tight and you can't breathe, your heart will not be beating like crazy," Yana murmured. Obviously, she didn't believe me. "Shut up, Yana! If I say that my dress feels tight, then it must be it." But the truth was, the shyness in my heart kept my temperature rising. I thought I was no longer a cooked shrimp now but an erupting volcano. "Why is your face so red?" Rufus touched my face with the back of his hand. It was a cold touch. "Well..." I faltered. My eyes wandered, not daring to look at him. He frowned, lowered his head, and looked down at my high heels. I was still in a daze when he suddenly picked me up. I was so frightened that I quickly wrapped my arms around his neck. Rufus walked to the sofa and put me down. Then he lifted up the hem of my dress and took off my high heels "You don't have to wear them if you're not used to them," he said casually. "Prince Rufus, this is against the rules and etiquette," the head maid interrupted at once. But Rufus just lowered his eyes and ignored her words. He turned his head and asked the other servant behind him to give him a pair of shoes with much lower and chunky heels. Although they were thick-heeled shoes, they were not bulky at all. It even suited my dress more. After changing my shoes, I sat in front of the dresser and let the head maid behind me do my hair. I peeked at Rufus through the mirror. He was wearing a black tailored suit with his head slightly tilted to the side. His facial features were as perfect as an elaborate sculpture. His fingers rested on his temples, seemingly lost in thought. "Your Highness, His Majesty wants to see you." At this moment, a guard stepped forward and informed Rufus. Rufus nodded, stood up, and glanced at me. I quickly looked away and pretended to be serious about getting my hair done. He turned around and left without saying anything. Suddenly, I felt my scalp tighten. "It hurts. I think you grab my hair too hard." "This is how the hair should be set for a royal banquet," the head maid said coldly. I looked at her in surprise through the mirror. The modest expression on her face had turned into contempt. Before I could say anything, she chuckled. "But I'm not surprised that you don't know. After all, you are just a slave and the daughter of a traitor. It only makes sense that you're so ignorant." .

Chapter 20 The Wrath Of The Lycan King Rufus' Pov: My father was Ethan Duncan. He was the lycan king who ruled the werewolves. His hall was located on the other side of the imperial palace. When I stepped into the hall, I saw him sitting upright on his throne, concentrating on the book in his hands. "Father..." I bowed in front of him. "You're back." My father put down the book, picked up a handkerchief, covered his mouth, and coughed. "Sit down. You must be tired after the long journey." "I only did what I have to do." I stood still and looked at my father indifferently. The hair on his temples had already turned grey. His body still looked strong but slightly hunched. The lycan king, who used to be so powerful, eventually became old like any other werewolf. My father seemed not to care

about my indifferent attitude. He just smiled and stood up. "I asked you to come over today not because of business. We haven't chatted as father and son for a long time." I didn't respond to him. I could already guess why he was looking for me. "Do you still have frequent headaches recently?" After saying this, my father poured a cup of tea and drank it to moisten his throat. "Same as usual," I said lightly. His concern didn't affect me at all. "I heard that you brought back a she-wolf. Many werewolves saw her when you were at the palace gate. You seemed to be a bit high-profile." My father turned to look at me, then paced to my side. "Rufus, who is that she-wolf?" "My mate," I answered bluntly. Sure enough, he asked me to come over in such a hurry just to talk about this. "Nonsense!" What I said made my father's expression immediately change. He threw the teacup in his hand to the floor angrily. I looked at him disapprovingly. "Father, just calm down. Your health is more important. The doctor said that you can't get angry." "How can I not be angry? You're such an unfilial son!" My father scolded me again. Then he took a deep breath, turned around, and sat back on his throne. "Rumor has it that you've brought back a traitor's daughter from a small pack. I'm not against you bringing a she-wolf back. But why does it have to be a traitor's daughter? Do you still have royal dignity? Do you still care about your father?" I sneered. "The news has travelled so fast. I'm afraid someone has deliberately planned it." As soon as I returned to the imperial palace, the unpleasant rumors had already spread.

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Chapter 20 The Wrath Ut The Lycan king

Needless to say, some contemptible scoundrels must have been anxious. "Whether it was deliberately planned or not, it doesn't change the truth that she is a traitor's daughter. Actually, I called the Alpha of her pack to check. He said that you admitted in front of everyone that she is your mate. Is that true?" "So what I did?" I asked coldly. "As a prince, I thought you should know what to do," my father said in a domineering tone, staring at me "As a father, I thought you should know what your son thinks," I retorted, staring back at him with deep eyes. "Are you blaming me?" My father's eyes narrowed, and his tone became dangerous. The atmosphere around us suddenly dropped to a freezing point. But I was already used to such a tense scene. I smiled at him indifferently. "No, I don't dare. After all, you are my father." "I order you to discard that humble mate of yours right away," my father said firmly. "No, I can't do that. I've already accepted her as my mate," I countered calmly. "If that's the case, then I will deal with that she-wolf myself." My father sneered coldly with depraved indifference to life in his eyes. "You are the eldest prince, the legitimate heir to the throne. You must never accept a traitor's daughter as your mate." "Heir to the throne?" I took two steps forward with a self-deprecating smile on my face. I looked my father straight in the eye and asked, "Didn't you already start training Richard to support him in his succession? Why still bother?" "You..." My father was rendered speechless

for a moment, staring blankly at me. "Do you want to ask me how I found out?" I sneered coldly. Looking at my father's wrinkled face, I felt that he was getting more and more hypocritical. Then I said in a plain tone, "I understand what you are doing. The witch's curse made me destined to have no descendants. How can a prince with no descendant inherit the throne? Now that I have lost everything, are you really going to deprive me of the right to choose my mate?"