

## Chapter 92 Gossipy Flora

Sylvia's POV:

"No, there's nothing going on between us," I quickly denied and threw the card back into the box to hide it.

But Flora squinted suspiciously and touched her chin. "If you two are not in love, why does he have to give you such a precious gift? Just the dress alone is from a top luxury brand that even rich werewolves can't easily buy, not to mention the jewelry and other accessories. All of them are invaluable."

As she spoke, she slowly approached me. "I also heard that you lived in Prince Rufus' palace before you entered the academy."

I swallowed hard, stunned by her words. I didn't expect that she could be this sharp at times.

"Flora, let me explain. I..."

"Sylvia..." Flora interrupted before I could even start explaining. She smiled and said, "Haven't you had any intimate interaction with each other? Prince Rufus always looks cold and abstinent in public. But what does he look like in private? Is he like a crazy beast that pounces on you and eats you up?"

The more she spoke, the more excited she became. She even shook my hand and added, "Come on, tell me. How intimate are you?"

I withdrew my hand and smiled awkwardly. I couldn't help recalling those moments I spent with Rufus. The first time he picked me up in his arms, the high temperature of his palms, his gaze at me when he spoke, his smell, and his heartbeat... Everything seemed to be engraved in my bones and had become indelible marks.

"Have you two kissed?" Flora wouldn't give up easily.

"No, of course not! Will you please stop assuming?" I covered my hot face. Remembering that brief kiss we had shared that day made me feel like I was burning.

"You're lying." Flora seemed to feel that she had caught me, so she looked complacent.

"Don't be shy. It's normal for girls to talk about some in-depth topics, okay?"

I pushed her away angrily. "Don't make fun of me, Flora. I really have nothing to do with Prince Rufus."

She pursed her lips and finally stopped teasing me. "All right. But I really think that you and Prince Rufus are a perfect match. It will be wonderful if you two can be together."

I lowered my head and smiled, feeling helpless in my heart. "Flora, don't forget that I'm just a slave. I have no right to even dream of being with a prince."

"Why not? As long as you love each other, everything else doesn't matter," Flora countered.

A sense of bitterness surged up in my heart. Love was such an extravagant word, and I never dared to ask for it.

"I'm only grateful to Prince Rufus. That's all." No matter how much I liked him, I couldn't say it out loud just like that. I didn't want to make things difficult for him.

"Oh, poor Prince Rufus! He's being denied," Flora exclaimed exaggeratedly.

I shook my head, walked to the window, and looked up at the starry sky. "Flora, I'm very rational now. Since Prince Rufus is willing to help me and send me to this academy to study, I will always keep the debt of gratitude I owe him in my heart. I will also serve the royal family in the future and..."

I paused, turned around, winked, and smiled at her. Then I continued, "Prince Rufus sent me the dress only because he wanted me to be his partner at the ball. So please don't think too much about it."

"Okay, if you say so," Flora said with a pout. Obviously, she was not convinced. "You're a very capable she-wolf, and Prince Rufus is discerning. That is why he defied others' opinions and persuaded them to let you study in this academy. It's just a pity that I can't see you two together."

I reached out and pinched her pouting mouth. "Hey, cheer up! I know you only want what's good for me. I will do my best to become stronger and get rid of my identity as a slave. And you have to work hard too."

My words made Flora smile again. "Rumors have it that Prince Rufus is terrifying, moody, cold-blooded, and cruel. Is that true?"

## Chapter 93 Photos

Flora's POV:

"No. They just misunderstand him. Prince Rufus is actually a very gentle lycan. He is not cruel or cold-blooded. On the contrary, he is very considerate," Sylvia explained. Her voice was soft, and her eyes seemed to be covered with a layer of mist, deep and quiet.

I nodded to show that I believed her. But I felt more intrigued. Obviously, she was deeply in love with Prince Rufus, but she just refused to admit it.

"He just doesn't like to talk, so others think he's cold," Sylvia added. Every word she said was praising Prince Rufus.

My long-lost passion was ignited. I felt that I had to try every means to bring her and Prince Rufus together. A handsome lycan and a beautiful she-wolf. Such a perfect match, wasn't it? But before that, I had to do something more important.

"Sylvia, come on, try this dress on." I shoved Sylvia towards the gift box. "If you keep praising him, it will be dawn when you finish talking."

"Flora!" Her face flushed.

She got angry and embarrassed at the same time. I pinched her smooth cheek, acting like a hooligan. "I can't wait any longer."

Sylvia rolled her eyes at me, at a loss for words. She then walked into the bathroom with the dress.

I rubbed my hands together, looking forward to seeing her come out with the dress on.

Sure enough, she took me by surprise when she came out. Her fair and flawless skin was glowing like finest jade. And the beautiful dress made her originally delicate features more radiant.

Damn! We were both she-wolves, but why only she had such a perfect figure? I lowered my head and looked at my flat breasts. I thought I must force Sylvia to tell me some breast enhancement techniques.

"Hurry, put on your mask now." I handed her the mask and took out my phone. "Can I take photos of you and post them on social media?"

I saw that Sylvia was hesitant, so I immediately added, "Don't worry, I'll only take photos of your side face. And you'll still wear the mask. Your identity won't be exposed."

Sylvia pulled up her hair into a bun and nodded slightly. "Okay, I also want some photos to someday remind me of this moment."

While taking her photos, I couldn't help but be impressed by her beauty again and again. I began to imagine how she and Prince Rufus would look when they stood side by side. It must be a sight to behold. I became more determined to do everything for them to be together.

After happily taking photos of Sylvia's side face, I posted them on my social media account.

Alina's POV:

All kinds of dresses were piled up on the floor. I sat on the sofa in a silk slip dress and looked at the busy servants coldly.

"Miss Quinn, this is Teresa's new perfume. Please try it," Coco, my loyal servant, sincerely said as she handed over a blue transparent glass bottle to me.

"Where's my dress?" I asked, taking the perfume from her. I got more irritated. The smell of the perfume was a mix of citrus and peppermint oil, somewhat similar to the scent of that bitch Sylvia.

"It... It's coming," Coco stammered, shivering.

I threw the perfume bottle at her. "I don't like that. It smells like shit. Don't ever give me that kind of rubbish again."

"Yes, Miss Quinn," Coco lowered her head and said in a very low voice.

I snorted coldly and stood up. This group of losers had spent so much time, but they couldn't even get a good dress for me. I felt more furious, especially when I thought that Rufus hadn't shown up in the past few days.

When the bell rang from the bell tower in the distance for the third time, I totally lost my patience. I was about to lose my temper when Coco finally came in with a gift box.

"Miss Quinn, your dress is here."

"Open it," I ordered. My anger was quelled, and I began to cheer up. I had used all my connections and spent a lot of effort to get this dress.

I sat down happily, looking forward to wearing this one-of-a-kind dress and dancing with Rufus in the middle of the dance floor. I would enjoy the envious gazes of the other she-wolves. And I was sure that it would be a slap on Sylvia's face.

But when Coco took out the dress from the box, I instantly exploded.

"Why is the color so yellow?"

It was not the one I wanted at all. Did these lowly slaves think they could fool me by finding one with a similar color?

## Chapter 94 Defective Product

Alina's POV:

I glared at Coco. "I want Eos' new dress from this season. Is there some mistake? What the hell is this?"

"No, there is no mistake, Miss Quinn. This is indeed the latest dress of this season from Eos," Coco mumbled, glancing around nervously.

I grasped the dress from Coco's hand. The quality of it was totally different from what I had expected. "This is not the one designed by Naphtali Bancroft by himself!"

Naphtali Bancroft was one of the finest designers and innovators acknowledged in the history of fashion. He had made an immense contribution to Eos -- a brand that had a history of about a century. A werewolf would be recognized as a top-level celebrity only if he or she wore the clothes designed by him.

"You're useless!" I threw the dress on the floor and took deep breaths to calm myself down.

"Miss Quinn, the one you opted for is the designer's own collection. It's not for sale." Coco hurriedly picked up the dress from the floor and cautiously walked up to me. "Although this one wasn't designed by Naphtali Bancroft himself, it is the work of a famous new designer of Eos. Many aristocrats are scrambling for this dress. It was originally not for sale either. But when you asked for it, the designer decided to lend it to you. Only your beauty and figure deserve this dress. You will be the noblest and the most gorgeous she-wolf at the ball. Prince Rufus would surely admire you."

Coco's words made me feel better, and the dress in her hands didn't seem so terrible anymore. "But the color is a little too yellow."

"No, this color will only accentuate your fair complexion," Coco said.

"He is just a tailor who makes clothes. How could he be so arrogant?" I snorted, crossing my legs. Although I was still a little unhappy, Coco's words successfully pleased me. I gave her an approving nod. "You surely know what I want. After all, you have been following me for so many years. Fine, I will wear this dress."

Coco's face broke into a triumphant smile. She handed me the delicate jewelry box and said, "This is a necklace from the queen. She wore it at her wedding. It's invaluable. It proves how much she values you."

"Really?" I couldn't help but smile. I tried to hide my excitement and gently touched the necklace. "The diamond is a little small, but it'll do."

I picked the necklace and gently put it around my neck. "Not bad."

"You look amazing, Miss Quinn! You're so beautiful! You are the most beautiful she-wolf I've ever seen. Sooner or later, you will win Prince Rufus's heart." Coco crossed her hands over her chest and looked at me in awe.

Her reaction amused me, and I burst out laughing. "All right. Don't flatter me," I said, sliding my fingers across the necklace. "You have done a great job. Go and get your reward."

"Yes, Miss Quinn! Thank you!" Coco smiled and hopped out happily. Finally, I felt relieved and slumped on the bed, feeling happier than ever.

I sighed and checked my phone leisurely. But as soon as I logged in to Instagram, an alluring photo popped up. It was the profile of a she-wolf; the comments under the picture were full of compliments. The she-wolf was wearing the dress designed by Naphtali Bancroft himself, which was not for sale. The very same dress I wanted but couldn't have! My blood boiled at the sight of the picture.

I was so angry that I threw my phone on the floor.

## Chapter 95 The Expensive Necklace

Alina's POV:

"Coco! You bitch! How dare you lie to me?" I bellowed. Anger surged through my veins.

Coco hurriedly came to my room. The panic was evident on her face as she trembled and kneeled before me. "Miss Quinn, what happened?"

I slapped her across the face. "How dare you ask me what happened? You bitch! When did you learn to be all sweet in front of me and stab me in the back?"

Coco's face flushed, and her body began to tremble. I kept poking her forehead hard with my sharp fingernail as I talked, leaving marks on her skin. But it was not enough. I twisted her ear and said, "Don't you want to live anymore?" How could you turn a deaf ear to my orders?"

Coco winced in pain but didn't dare to resist. "Miss Quinn, I really don't understand what you mean," she said in a shaky voice.

The pitiful look on her face infuriated me. I was so angry that I kicked the phone, lying on the floor, toward her. "See for yourself!"

Kneeling on the floor, Coco whimpered and picked up the phone. Her eyes widened in horror when she looked at the picture. "Miss Quinn, what's going on?"

I sneered and looked down at her. "What's going on? If the dress was not on sale, then how the hell is she wearing it? You can't get out of this room alive unless you give me a reasonable explanation!"

"I really didn't know, Miss Quinn! The dress wasn't for sale when I asked. Trust me," Coco begged as tears streamed down her face. She hugged my legs and continued to beg for mercy. I kicked her away in disgust. "Don't touch me."

Anger surged up when I saw the stains on my silk dress. I was wearing a limited edition nightdress. It was maddening to see her leave her tears and snot on it.

I slapped her again. "You know nothing but to cry! You haven't made any progress in these years."

Coco clamped her cheek and stopped crying. Then, she looked at me. Her tear-glazed eyes lit up all of a sudden. "Miss Quinn, maybe the dress is open for borrow now. Maybe we can get the dress now!"

I lowered my head arrogantly. "I'll give you one more chance. Go and figure out what happened. I want to know who they lent the dress to. Contact the borrower, offer them ten times they spent on the dress, and bring that dress back to me."

Upon hearing this, Coco nodded and ran out to follow my orders.

Then, I picked up my phone and stared at the photo. This post was today's hot headline, gaining over ten thousand likes and comments.

The comment with the most likes stung my eyes.

"This set of jewelry in the photo is the most luxurious piece ever sold by CHRISTIE'S auction house. It was the first lycan king's gift to his queen. Took the country's best craftsmen five whole years to finish this masterpiece. I was fortunate enough to see it at the Imperial Museum once. People call it the king of all jewelry. Nothing stands in comparison to this one."

I clenched my fists and looked at the mirror in the distance. The necklace on my neck faded in comparison to what she was wearing.

'Damn it! I am such a fool!'

Anger surged through my veins. I took off the necklace and threw it on the floor. I regretted being proud and arrogant a while ago. I naively believed I had the best things in the world but didn't think they were mere illusions.

I looked around and saw the maids staring at me in surprise.

"What are you looking at? If you continue to stare at me, I will make you all clean the pig sty!" I shouted angrily.

Flora's POV:

As soon as I posted Sylvia's photo, I saw compliments flooding in the comment section.

"So beautiful! Looking at her is as thrilling as seeing your first love."

"Excuse me, is this beautiful lady the blogger herself?"

"Why don't you show your face? Come on! Post a photo of your face. I'm sure you look stunning."

"Gosh! If her side profile is this mesmerizing, imagine how beautiful she must be."

There were so many comments and compliments, and I couldn't reply to everyone individually. Therefore, I decided to post a general comment answering everyone's questions.

"That's my friend. She doesn't want to expose her identity."

After posting the comment, I put my phone away and went to class with Sylvia. My heart swelled with pride when I saw people complimenting her. I was happy to make friends with such a beautiful she-wolf. Being around her made me happy.

After class, I found that I had gained thousands of followers because of the post. New comments were added every few minutes.

"This dress is from Eos -- the most renowned brand with a history of over a hundred years. It exclusively serves the royal family. Which noble clan does your friend belong to?"

"Does your friend have an INS account? I want to follow her."

"I saw this necklace in the Imperial Museum during an exhibition. It's worth hundreds of millions."

"Really? Looks like the woman in the picture belongs to a powerful family."

"Is she a member of the royalty? But why haven't I seen her before?"

"Never seen her before? Are you one of the royals, buddy?!"

Comments continued to flood as people started paying more attention to the photo. I felt my friend looked breathtaking with the look, so I wanted to share it with the world but didn't expect it to gain this much attention. I was getting afraid when things seem to get out of control.

I quickly discussed with Sylvia and deleted the post.

## Chapter 96 Incompetence And Rage

Alina's POV:

A while later, Coco rushed in. "Miss Quinn! I found it out."

Perhaps she was afraid of me that she paused for a moment and looked at me before continuing. "The dress wasn't lent out; it was sold to someone. The buyer had once saved Naphtali Bancroft's life, so the designer sold it to them. But they refused to tell me who the buyer was."

The one who had bought the dress was undoubtedly an influential person. I remembered the comments on the necklace, so I asked Coco to check who had bought the necklace from CHRISTIE'S auction house.

I had an answer in mind and was almost sure of it. However, I wanted to confirm everything before jumping to conclusions.

As expected, it was Rufus.

The answer drove me insane. I leaned against the sofa as I felt the anger bubbling inside me. I couldn't figure out why Rufus had done that. He never replied to any of my messages or even bothered to look at me.

I ran my fingers across my face. I was the most beautiful she-wolf in the empire. Countless men were attracted to me, but Rufus hadn't bothered even to glance at me. His indifference seemed to rub my inflated ego.

I felt powerless and depressed.

If I couldn't win Rufus's heart, I would eventually be an abandoned pawn of my father's game of power. I fisted my hair and gritted my teeth to control my anger. I didn't know how to make Rufus fall for me.

A wave of humiliation consumed me. I cried out to vent my emotions. I didn't know what to do.

Moments later, I took a deep breath to calm down. When I looked up, I caught a glimpse of the trembling Coco. The timid, innocent look on her face reminded me of Sylvia.

At that moment, I realized the woman in the photo looked quite familiar. I quickly took my phone to see the post. However, to my utter disappointment, the post was already deleted. I immediately asked Coco to check the IP address of the blogger. Although we couldn't find the specific information, the result revealed someone in the military school had posted the picture, which seemed to intensify my doubts. I knew the bitch in the photo was Sylvia.

It was almost Friday. Her leg wasn't injured as I had planned; she was more brisk and ostentatious instead.

I angrily sent Warren a few more messages, asking him if he had dealt with Sylvia or not.

However, he hadn't been responding to my texts or calls since yesterday. I only asked him to

break Sylvia's leg but couldn't understand why it was taking him so long to do such a trivial task.

Warren's hesitation infuriated me. 'Is he also planning on betraying me?'

Warren's POV:

My phone buzzed several times, but I didn't bother checking it. I took a gulp of beer to ease off the frustration.

Even without checking the phone, I knew the texts were from Alina. She had been texting me since yesterday, asking me if I had dealt with Sylvia. But I didn't reply because I didn't dare or want to.

I couldn't help but laugh at myself because there had been a time when I was desperate to receive messages from Alina. But now, the same thing had become a nuisance. I didn't want any messages from her.

I didn't know why Alina had become aggressive. She didn't seem like the considerate, sweet girl I knew before. I sighed helplessly and gulped down the rest of the beer.

It was ridiculous. I had thought my love for Alina was as firm as a rock, but the mere thought of her bored me now.

I threw the bottle against the wall and saw it shatter into pieces.

'How could I be bored of Alina?' I thought, holding my head in my hand. She was the apple of my eye. Protecting and taking care of her had always been my priority ever since I was a child.

My mind flitted to what Alina had asked me to do. I took deep breaths, wiped my face, put on my coat, and waited at the entrance of the girls' dormitory.

"Warren, what are you going to do? Are you planning to sneak into the dorm and attack Sylvia? I think it's dangerous. There are cameras everywhere. Why don't you go somewhere else? I think the woods would be a perfect place to attack her," Salt suggested.

However, the word 'sneak' made my heart flip. My back stiffened as I felt a pang of shame and anger in my heart. "What are you talking about? I won't make a sneak attack."

Understanding my emotion, Salt snorted arrogantly and stopped talking.

Just then, I saw Sylvia and Flora walking out of the dormitory, chatting and laughing. After a moment's hesitation, I stepped forward and stopped Sylvia. "I have something to tell you."

## Chapter 97 A Huge Difference In Identity

Sylvia's POV:

"What's the matter?"

I was surprised to see Warren, the arrogant, eccentric werewolf, walk up to me. He despised me, after all. Why did he want to talk to me now?

Warren cleared his throat and shifted on his feet as if he were in a dilemma. After hesitating for a long time, I saw him blush. He didn't seem like the same strong, powerful werewolf anymore.

"What are you waiting for?" Flora asked anxiously as she scratched her head.

Seeing Warren look at her, Flora hid behind me. "I didn't mean to urge you. I was afraid the canteen would close, and we all might end up starving."

Warren nodded in understanding. "You go to the canteen. I only want to talk to Sylvia."

"No way! Is it something I shouldn't hear?" Flora pouted to show her disagreement.

I knew she was worried about me. After all, Warren had injured me last time.

I comforted her with a smile. "Flora, you go first. I'll join you soon."

Flora studied my face for a moment and then nodded. "All right. I'll get something for you as well. Remember to come and eat as soon as possible."

With that, she ran away like a chick who had just escaped from the cage.

I smiled with amusement and walked to a secluded place with Warren.

Warren turned around and looked at me. "Are you going to attend the ball on Friday evening?"

My face darkened, and my vigilance reached its peak. "How did you know that?"

"It's none of your business." Warren grew irritable all of a sudden. He looked both annoyed and anxious. "Do you know what purpose this ball serves?"

"No. I don't," I answered him coldly. His unreasonable questions offended me. Even though I had a vague idea of the purpose of the party, Rufus asked me to be his date himself, and I didn't want to retreat.

"You..." It seemed like Warren didn't expect me to be cold to him.

Just then, his phone rang, and I wasn't in the mood to talk to him anymore.

"If there's nothing else, I'll leave now."

I turned to leave, but Warren stopped me. He decisively rejected the call as if he had made up his mind.

"I think you must know the purpose of the party, Sylvia."

I stopped in my tracks and turned to stare at him, gesturing for him to go on.

"The ball will be hosted by the queen, Laura, herself. Although the guests would find their

dates in advance, most of them would go there alone. And most of those invited to the ball are single noble ladies in the imperial capital." Warren paused to observe my reaction.

"So what?" I replied emotionlessly.

"Every lady attending the ball belongs to a reputed family," Warren said bluntly. He meant I didn't deserve to attend the ball.

"I know my place. You don't have to remind me." I sneered.

I was always very clear about my identity. That was why I trained vigorously every day, trying to keep myself busy. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to control my heart that yearned for Rufus and thought about him every waking moment.

The strict hierarchy could only enslave me but not my heart and soul. No cage could restrain my thoughts. If I didn't even have the right to like someone, then there would be no difference between me and a filthy rat in the gutter.

"I'm not mocking you, Sylvia." Warren frowned. "Don't you understand? Queen Laura is hosting the ball to find a match for Prince Rufus. It's actually a blind date party. She wants Prince Rufus to pick a noble lady at the ball as his future mate. I don't think you should go there."

"What? Was it a blind date party?" I pursed my lips and remained silent. My heart sank at the thought of Rufus having a mate from the noble bloodline. My pride and joy shattered in an instant.

"You are just a slave. If you attend the ball as Prince Rufus's date, it will undoubtedly humiliate all the other noble ladies. It's a disgrace to the queen. You will end up ruining the relationship between Prince Rufus and his mother."

I raised my head to look at Warren. His words made me tremble.