

Chapter 74 Conflict

Warren's POV:

Blair's cold stare felt like a wake-up call. It was as if he was trying to see through me, which made me kind of intimidated.

"I'm sorry. I lost control," I said bluntly. I felt like a laughing stock at this moment, with everyone staring at me.

"Don't apologize to me. I think that it's Sylvia you should apologize to," Blair said seriously.

I looked at Sylvia, who was still on the floor. With her hair wet with sweat, she looked like a drowned mouse. She looked back at me with those beautiful eyes, except they were filled with confusion.

I averted her gaze, feeling a little guilty. But I still couldn't bring myself to say anything.

Sylvia managed to stand up. "It doesn't matter. It was a sparring session. Getting injured is no big deal. Besides, I'm totally fine."

"Are you really?" Blair raised an eyebrow. He then turned slowly to me. "You should still apologize at the very least. I already declared that the fight was over, but you still kept kicking Sylvia. What's going on with you? It's not like you to lose control of yourself."

"I said I'm fine. I don't think Warren meant it," Sylvia shrugged. With her arm, she wiped the sweat off of her forehead and smiled weakly. "We're classmates, after all."

The sincerity in Sylvia's eyes made me feel even more shame. I would have preferred she did not forgive me instead of acting so nice.

I could feel eyes staring at me from all directions, which made me nervous. Unsure what to do next, I just turned around and left.

"Why are you just leaving? Shouldn't you apologize for hurting someone?" Behind me, Flora mumbled.

Harry also reached out and stopped me. He had on a provoking smile. "Where do you think you're going? You haven't apologized yet."

"Fuck off!" I shoved past his shoulder, heading straight for the gate.

"Fuck you!" Harry tried to chase after me, but someone seemed to have stopped him. I heard some other students whispering about me.

I didn't care anymore. All I wanted was to get out of this suffocating place.

Sylvia's POV:

As soon as I got off the stage, Flora and Harry immediately rushed over to me.

"Sylvia, come on! We need to get you to the infirmary," Flora said anxiously.

"Flora, you're up next. Don't worry; I'm fine." I patted my leg, trying to put on a convincing smile. It was Flora's turn to fight next. She couldn't leave right now.

"It's all right. I'm here. Flora, you go and get up the stage," Harry urged Flora. He then bent down in front of me and offered me his shoulder. "Sylvia, come on! I'll take you to the infirmary myself."

"Okay, fine. I'll go ahead." Flora looked reluctant.

Harry easily heaved me over his shoulder and stood up.

"Be careful, Harry! Don't hurt Sylvia anymore," Flora reminded Harry as she patted his other shoulder.

"Yeah, yeah. I know. Quit nagging and go fight. At least get us a win!"

Without waiting for Flora's reply, Harry took off sprinting to the infirmary. He was going so fast I almost vomited.

"Harry, slow down! I'm not dying or something!"

"No way! Have you ever seen a slow ambulance before?" At this, Harry sped up even more, our hair collectively flying backward in the wind.

When I felt a sudden brake, I knew that we had arrived at the infirmary. Thud! He plopped me down on a chair on the side and went straight to rummaging through a cabinet.

"Young man, I'm right here. What are you looking for in the cabinet?" A chubby doctor with gray hair pulled open the curtain and walked out. He slightly glared at Harry and asked,

"Where is the patient?"

"Here. It's my leg," I squeaked.

The doctor saw me and put on his glasses, bending down to roll up my pant leg. Watching this, Harry let out a scream, startling both me and the doctor.

Chapter 75 Comments

Sylvia's POV:

"Nothing. I'm just surprised to see it swollen like this," Harry said in embarrassment, touching the back of his head.

The doctor examined my shin carefully. "Fortunately, the bones are okay. I'll prescribe some ointment for you, and you must apply it on time. You also have to rest more lately."

"Okay," I replied with a nod.

"Doctor, will there be any sequelae?" Harry asked with a frown. There was an obvious trace of worry on his face. "It looks painful. Warren is such a bastard. I'll definitely teach him a good lesson. You know what, I heard that he lives alone. Why don't we hide under his bed in the evening and scare the crap out of him?"

"Harry, forget that absurd idea. The academy has strict rules and regulations. You will only get yourself into trouble," I said amusingly. But I know how hard it was for Harry to restrain his fury. He always took revenge on the spot. But this time, he couldn't immediately vent his anger even though Warren had provoked him over and over again. He might be very upset.

At this moment, the doctor applied some ointment and bandaged my wound. "Don't worry, there won't be any sequelae. But you always have to take good care of yourself."

Before I could say anything, I heard Flora's voice from afar. "Sylvia!"

Then she ran towards me like a gust of wind.

"Sylvia, are you okay?" She leaned over beside me nervously.

"Step back." I moved my leg away in pain. "You're pressing on my injured leg."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just too anxious." Flora immediately stepped back with an embarrassed and panicked expression on her face.

"What an idiot!" Harry sneered, pulled Flora aside, and asked, "How was your fight?"

Flora folded her hands and clasped her fingers. "I... I lost miserably. My opponent was too strong. But fortunately, I didn't get hurt. My opponent stopped in time."

As she spoke, she suddenly became angry. "That Warren guy really is a bastard. I used to think he's a good man."

When I saw that Harry and Flora were about to scold Warren together, I quickly changed the topic.

"Of the three of us, Harry was the first to lose," I said, deliberately teasing Harry.

As expected, he didn't continue talking about Warren. My words made his face flush with shame and anger. "I didn't expect that skinny man to be so powerful. His moves were too weird. And I had never seen such moves before, so I couldn't guard against him at all."

Actually, I agreed with him. I also felt that John's moves were strange. They didn't match his

appearance. It made me feel a sense of familiarity, but I couldn't figure out why.

After taking medicine, we went straight to our class. I had to sit at the side because of my injured leg.

"Harry, your limbs are well-developed, but your brain is too simple. You are likely to be impulsive." As soon as Blair said this, his words elicited laughter.

"What's so funny?" Harry was embarrassed and annoyed at the same time.

But our classmates were not afraid of him anymore now that they knew that most of the time, he was just pretending to be fierce.

I couldn't help laughing too, and he noticed it. He glared at me angrily, curled his lips, and turned his back to everyone helplessly.

"And you, John, you excel in speed and skills, but your strength is too weak. You need to train more in this aspect," Blair continued. Then he turned to look at me and said, "Sylvia, your moves are too simple, and your opponent can easily see through you. You still need more combat experience."

I listened to Blair's comments carefully and thought that I should find someone to fight with. After all, only actual combat could make me improve effectively.

"Warren, needless to say, your comprehensive abilities are excellent in every aspect. On the contrary, Flora's comprehensive abilities are poor in every aspect." Blair's words were so sharp and straightforward that Flora blushed and almost cried.

"It's okay. It's just the beginning. From now on, we will practice more to improve ourselves," I tugged at Flora's sleeve and comforted her in a low voice.

After Blair finished his evaluations on us, the boring targeted training began. But since I was injured, I could only watch the basic video lessons as remediation to fill in my foundation.

Chapter 76 Blair's Warning

Warren's POV:

After leaving the training ground, I felt restless, wandering around like a puppet. It was my first time doing something this evil on purpose, and I felt so terrible that I couldn't even hold my head high.

I sat by the lake and held my head remorsefully. Things went totally beyond my control. All I wanted was to stay by Alina's side. I didn't want to hurt anyone. They must have found out that I deliberately made things difficult for Sylvia.

"Warren, it's okay. No one will find out that you did it on purpose," Salt, my wolf, comforted me.

"No. Judging from the way Blair looked at me, I think he must have noticed it." I was extremely tormented. And it was more painful than being cut by a blunt knife.

"You guys were fighting, and everything you did was just reasonable. Besides, if Blair had known it, he probably wouldn't have let you go just now."

Although what Salt said made sense, I still felt very uneasy. "I really don't want to do such kind of thing again."

But when I thought of Alina, I was in a dilemma. I didn't want to make her cry again because of my failure. She trusted me so much that she had entrusted this task to me.

"How about we think of another way without hurting her? As long as Sylvia can't attend the ball, everything will be okay." Salt started helping me come up with new ideas.

"I still need to think about it." I lowered my head, lost in thought. How could I stop Sylvia from going to the ball without hurting her?

I thought about it for a long time, but I still couldn't come up with any idea, so I decided to go back first.

It was already dark when I returned to the dormitory. I opened the door of my room dejectedly and found Blair sitting on a chair and reading a book leisurely. It seemed that he had been waiting for me for a long time.

My heart sank.

"You're finally back," Blair said nonchalantly without even looking at me. He turned another page.

I clenched my fists, loosened them, closed the door, and asked, "Why are you here, sir?"

"Because I care about my students." Blair finally put down the book and walked up to me. He raised his eyebrows, looked at me up and down, and said, "Your muscles are well-built. But it's a pity that they still don't have enough strength."

I couldn't stand the sarcasm in his voice, so I sat down on a chair and said, "Sir, please go straight to the point. Why did you come to see me?"

There was no smile on Blair's face anymore. He snorted coldly, "I know you tried to break Sylvia's leg on purpose. I didn't say it in public this afternoon because I didn't want to make the situation too embarrassing for you."

I wasn't surprised that he found out because I knew how keen he was.

"Sir, what are you talking about? I don't understand what you mean." I didn't want to respond to Blair's words directly. With his power and status, I was likely to be expelled from the school immediately if I admitted it now. But I didn't want to be kicked out of the school for the time being. I had to help Alina fulfill her wish first.

"I thought you were a smart guy," Blair sneered and squinted at me.

He stared at me so impatiently that I got irritated at once. "Are you going to protect Sylvia to the end? Why are you accusing me of something without evidence?"

"You hate Sylvia because she is a slave. Warren, you are just like everyone else." Blair didn't take my anger seriously. He looked at me lazily as if I was a clown.

I felt relieved after hearing what he said. Fortunately, he didn't know my real purpose. No matter what, I would protect Alina well and wouldn't let her get involved in any trouble.

"So what?" I feigned indifference and smiled. "She is just a slave. Why do you care so much about her?"

I shifted the topic to the slave issue.

Blair's eyes turned fierce when he heard what I said. "I'm warning you. If you dare to do it again, you won't stay in this academy anymore. I'll make sure that you will immediately get kicked out of here."

Chapter 77 Hidden Strength

Warren's POV:

"As our teacher, are you not favoring Sylvia too much? Your students just sparred with each other, but you especially came to save her. I'm afraid you have other intentions," I sneered coldly. I didn't expect Blair to care about Sylvia so much. Sylvia must really be something.

Blair smiled mockingly and also sneered, "I saved you, you idiot!"

He then turned around and left. I looked at his receding back in confusion. How could he save me? It was Sylvia who got beaten at that time.

It was only then that I noticed that Blair's right hand was bandaged and slightly trembling. I didn't see it just now because it was hidden in his sleeve.

Something was wrong. I was sure that his right hand wasn't injured yet when we were in class.

Then I suddenly remembered that Blair blocked Sylvia's fist with his right hand. Did it mean that her strength had caused his injury?

That was impossible! I was in denial. When I had a fight with Sylvia, she didn't have the strength to fight back. It didn't make sense at all.

Then I also recalled what had happened during the strength test. At that time, she broke the giant boulder into pieces. But I didn't think too much about it back then. Was it her true level? Had she been hiding her real strength?

It was only then that I understood what Blair meant. If Sylvia's punch hit my leg, the consequences would be unimaginable. At the thought of this, I felt more anxious than scared.

Sylvia's POV:

After class, everyone rushed to the cafeteria.

Harry and Flora scrambled over to help me, but I refused both of them.

"It's okay. I can go by myself."

Although my leg still hurt, the pain was tolerable, so I slowly walked. Harry and Flora were relieved to see that I could manage to walk, so the two of them started bickering again.

They were like two woodpeckers pecking at each other crazily. No one wanted to give in. They were chattering along the way, creating noises.

Looking at them like this, I felt that not only my leg but also my head ached.

Since I walked too slow, the cafeteria was already crowded with students when we arrived there. There was no empty table left. Only Warren occupied an entire table alone, which was very eye-catching.

"This guy is really unpopular. No one even wants to sit with him," Harry commented. He deliberately raised his voice for Warren to hear him.

"How about we just take out our food and eat in our room?" Flora whispered to us. Obviously, she was a little afraid of Warren.

At this time, Warren glanced at us. He snorted coldly, stood up with his tray, and directly left, although he wasn't done eating yet. Judging from the expression on his face, it seemed that he despised us and disdained to stay in the same space with us.

Harry hurriedly sat down at the table Warren just vacated. "Isn't he a big fool? He left his table to give us a place to sit."

I didn't say a word. Watching Warren's back, I vaguely felt that he deliberately vacated the table for us, and it seemed like his silent way of apology.

But when I thought of what he had said to me, I guessed he probably wouldn't bow his head to a slave. I couldn't help laughing at myself. Maybe I was thinking too much.

After eating, Flora forced Harry to spar with her, but he didn't want to. He said that she was too weak, so the two of them argued again. I just watched them helplessly. They were really like two little children.

As soon as I arrived at the dormitory building, I saw Maya waiting at the entrance. My heart jolted, and I groaned inwardly. I forgot that I had agreed with Rufus to have a dance lesson.

I looked down at my leg, feeling I was in a dilemma.

Chapter 78 Dance Lesson

Sylvia's POV:

I told Flora to go back to our dorm room first. Then I slowly walked to Maya.

I could see from Maya's face that she was very happy to see me. "Good evening, Miss Todd. I'm here to pick you up to meet your dance instructor."

I hesitated for a while. But in the end, I didn't refuse.

Every time I took a step now, I felt like my calf was breaking apart all over again. With my current situation, taking the dance lesson should be strenuous. But I promised Rufus, and there were only three days left before Friday. If I didn't learn how to dance, I would make a fool of myself at the ball and disgrace him. It would be more troublesome.

"Miss Todd, is everything alright?" Maya must have noticed that I was in a daze, so she leaned over, tilted her head, and asked me.

"Nothing. Let's go," I said through clenched teeth. Since I had to do it, I had to do it well. As for my leg injury, I should be able to endure it for a while.

Maya took me to a garden full of roses. In the middle of the garden stood a white palace glazed with glass lanterns hanging in front of it. I felt like I was in make-believe.

"Miss Todd, I can only take you here. The dance instructor is in the hall. You can go inside and find him," Maya said with a smile and left.

When I pushed the door open, I was startled.

How could my dance instructor be Rufus?

"Why are you just standing there? Come in." Rufus still looked cool, sitting upright in front of the ebony table with a notebook and a pile of official documents.

He was a busy man, but he still spared time to come here to teach me how to dance. I really felt like crying!

I closed the door nervously, feeling helpless. "How about some other day?"

"Sylvia, what are you afraid of?" Rufus raised his eyebrows and seemed very dissatisfied when he saw the timid look on my face. He simply walked over to me, grabbed my wrist, and pulled me to the desk. "Drink the soup."

As usual, it was the same nourishing soup. Looking at Rufus' handsome profile, I inexplicably began to feel nervous.

When I finished drinking the soup, he took me to another room to start our dance lesson.

"Come here," Rufus said, reaching out his hand to me. He looked at me seriously and deeply.

"Does it really have to be so formal?" I stretched out my hand, but I was trembling, and my heart was beating fast.

Rufus didn't say anything more and just held my hand tightly. When I felt the temperature

of his palm, I felt like I was losing my mind. My temperature began to rise, and I blushed.

Looking up at his chin made me start to think about how intimate we could be.

But when I moved, the pain in my leg instantly sobered me up.

Yana hissed in my head, "It hurts!"

She startled me. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing. I'm just crying in pain for you. After all, you can't cry out, right?"

I couldn't help but secretly roll my eyes. Yana was a real drama queen.

"First, chest up. Focus your upper body strength on your shoulder blades," Rufus said, tapping my back.

I responded in a panic, feeling numb on the part he touched.

"When moving forward or backward, use your middle body muscles, which is at the hip and crotch area. Come on, try it." Rufus pulled me a step forward. Then I took a few steps forward despite the pain in my leg.

"Remember to hold my waist when we whirl." As he spoke, he put my hands on his waist.

I bit my lower lip and listened to every word he said. But my leg hurt so much that I couldn't concentrate.

I was still lost in thought when Rufus suddenly let go of me. He seemed to have noticed that I was absent-minded.

"If you don't want to learn, you don't have to force yourself," he said coldly.

I hurriedly wiped my sweaty palms. "It's not that I don't want to learn. I'm not forcing myself either. It's just that..."

I hemmed and hawed for a long time as I couldn't come up with a good excuse.

Chapter 79 Injury

Rufus' POV.

Sylvia's hands were cold. I frowned and clasped her palm tightly, hoping the warmth of my skin would seep into her body and make her feel better. She didn't know how to take care of herself. The wind was strong outside, but she was only wearing a thin coat.

She was lowering her head the entire time, like a scared turtle, ready to retreat to its shell at any time. Looking at her fluffy head, I felt a little helpless. 'Why was she so afraid of me?' She didn't even dare to look me in the eye.

"Chest out. Don't hunch. Look straight ahead. Your gaze shouldn't drop to the floor," I said in a low voice.

But Sylvia didn't respond. She was absentminded the entire time. She didn't return to her senses until I gently nudged her.

I didn't say anything. I gently wrapped my arm around her waist and said, "Raise your foot."

Sylvia was in a daze the entire time. She responded to me slowly like a puppet. I pursed my lips and looked at her, feeling unhappy. It seemed like she didn't want to stay with me.

Her cursory behavior made me think she didn't want to attend the ball with me.

Finally, I lost my patience. "If you don't want to learn, you don't have to force yourself."

Seeing that I was angry, Sylvia looked up at me, panic and fear evident in her eyes. "It's not that I don't want to learn..."

Only then did I notice that her face was pale, and beads of sweat had covered her forehead.

My heart sank. "Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

"Nothing. It's just a little hot." She averted her gaze and held my hand, gesturing for me to teach her. I had an inkling that she was trying to hide something.

I grabbed her hand and stared into her eyes. "Sylvia, I know you are lying. Are you hiding something from me?"

"No, please don't ask. Let's continue," Sylvia croaked, dropping her gaze to the floor.

Anger bubbled up within me. "All right. I'm not going to continue until you tell me the truth. I have this whole night to spare anyway."

"No, I have to go back to the dorm before nine!" Sylvia grabbed my sleeve and pouted at me.

I snorted and looked at her. Seeing her unwillingness to answer, I pushed her hand away and walked toward the door.

It looked like Sylvia wanted to follow me. But after taking a few steps, she fell to the floor and held her left leg, wincing in pain.

At that moment, all my anger disappeared. I was only anxious and worried for her. I quickly ran over to see if she was okay.

"Let me take a look at it."

I rolled up Sylvia's left trouser and found a thick bandage wrapped around her leg.

"I got scratched by accident. I'll get better if I rest for a few days." Seeing the unhappiness on my face, Sylvia withdrew her leg and explained cautiously.

"Why would you get such a thick bandage if you only got scratched?" I narrowed my eyes and studied her face. The fact that she was hiding something irked me. I was not only mad at her but with myself as well. If I had noticed sooner that something was wrong with her, she wouldn't have endured the pain.

"It's really just a scratch. It's just a small injury. It doesn't hurt much. I'll be fine soon." Sylvia smiled awkwardly. Her pale face was not convincing at all.

I scowled at her. She was lying to me, and I didn't want to talk to her unless I examined her wound.

"Are you angry?" Sylvia blinked innocently.

'What a heartless guy!' I thought to myself.

I reached out to untie the bandage to check her wound, but she covered it with her hands, stopping me from seeing it.

Her action ignited the fury in my heart. I gripped her hand and looked at her. "Don't move!"

Seeing that I was unhappy, Sylvia withdrew her hands.

I untied the bandage on Sylvia's leg slowly, and her swollen skin came to view. My hands began to tremble as I saw the big purple bruises on her leg.