

Chapter 146 The Dead End

Sylvia's POV: **When Flora and I returned from the training ground, we saw a couple of we reworks standing at the gate.** "What happened?" Flora and I exchanged quizzical glances.

We eventually heard shrill cries; the onlookers grew restless and broke into hushed whispers. **I heard** them mention Cherry's name. Flora soon dragged me and elbowed our way in. I soon saw Cherry in a state of despair. She **was barefoot**, and her long hair was a mess. I saw a trail of eyeliner on each of her cheeks, and her eyes looked puffy and bloodshot. She was cursing and shouting at the two guards in black pressing her from either side. "Finally, someone taught her a lesson. She deserves it!" Flora cursed, breathing a sigh of **relief**. Just then, Cherry turned around. Her face reddened with rage when her gaze met mine. She pushed the two guards away and rushed to me. "You bitch! It's all your fault! I hate you!" However, Flora stood in front of me protectively and shouted, "What are you doing? Mind your tongue!" I grabbed Flora's hand and pulled her back. Cherry had lost her mind, and I was afraid she would vent her anger on Flora. I knew Cherry too well. She hated anyone or anything related **to me**. "Sylvia! You must be happy I'm expelled from school, right? You fucking bitch! Do you think you can get popular just because you're pretty? Let me tell you something. As long as I'm alive, I'll make sure you don't live a good life!" I stepped back to keep a safe distance from Cherry. "Behave yourself, Cherry. I don't want to argue with you."

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Cherry

gripped her teeth and glared at me as if she wanted to tear me into pieces. She picked up a stone from the ground and tried to throw it at me. However, the men in black grabbed her hands and dragged her away. The people sneered at Cherry as they watched the men drag her away. "She is paying the price for being arrogant and rude to everyone. Look at her. Poor girl! She is like a drowned rat now." "I heard her private life is a mess. She has slept with several men." "Every time I tried talking to her, she has ignored me. What a snob!" "Yeah. She is just the daughter of a Gamma from a small pack but thinks she is a queen. She deserves the punishment." The Dead End – The crowd gradually dispersed after Cherry was dragged away. Just as I looked up, I saw Rufus looking at me from afar. I didn't know how long he had been staring at me, but the way he looked at me made my heart stutter. It felt as if a thousand butterflies were set loose in my stomach. I grew excited every time I saw him. I avoided the crowd and walked to a secluded place with Rufus. He held my hand tightly and looked into my eyes. "So you mistook someone else for me and danced with her at the ball?" I asked. Rufus nodded. "But so

on, I found it wasn't you, so I came looking for you." **That was when** I understood what Flora meant when she told me that Rufus went berserk halfway through the party. However, the fact that Rufus had been intimate with another she-wolf, thinking it was me, made my heart sink. **Jealousy reared** its ugly head. It felt as if some other she-wolf had stolen my man. If I had **known it earlier**, I'd not have skipped the ball. I couldn't think of Rufus being with anyone **else other than me**. "So you danced with another she-wolf and held her waist?" I asked, trying to swallow my **jealousy**. "That was because I thought she was you." Rufus pursed his lips like a stubborn child and looked at me. "You have no idea how long I waited for you that day." **My anger disappeared** in an instant. "I'm sorry. I'm not angry with you. I'm just a little mad **at myself**," I said, shaking his hand. "I regret missing the opportunity to dance with you. I practiced for so long, only to cancel it at the last minute. I even ruined your reputation **online**."

Chapter 147 The Gift

Rufus' POV: Sylvia looked so adorable when she pouted. I gently squeezed her soft hand and said, "It's good that you know you were wrong. Don't scare me like that again." "Yes, sir! I will follow your order." Then she gave me a playful salute, which made her look **so cute**. I felt like I was enchanted. My heart, mind, and soul had all been completely dominated by Sylvia. "As for the ball, there will be more opportunities in the future." I smiled and stretched out my arms to hug her. It was only then that I find that I was still holding the bracelet that I

took off from Cherry's wrist with my other hand. "Hey, isn't that the bracelet you gave me before? I asked Maya to return it to you." Sylvia reached out her hand to get it, but I raised my hand, so she couldn't touch it. Sylvia put down her tiptoe and mumbled, "Isn't it for me?" "Don't touch it. It's already dirty," I said and threw the bracelet to Maya in the distance disgustedly. Then I ordered, "Go and donate it." "Yes, Prince Rufus," Maya answered. Then she turned around and left with the bracelet. Sylvia watched Maya's receding back with her big eyes. It was as if she was reluctant to give up the bracelet. I turned her head back jealously. "I'm here. Don't look at anyone else." "She's Maya, not anyone else," Sylvia retorted and pouted helplessly. "It doesn't matter who it is. Your eyes can only look at me." After saying this, I kissed her beautiful eyebrows and eyes. Then I pecked her lips again. The possessiveness and paranoia in my heart surged up crazily, and there were faint signs of losing control. I really wanted to lock her by my side, so I could see and touch her all the time. She only belonged to me. "Do you know that you're so bossy?" Sylvia complained, looking dissatisfied. But still, she **allowed me to** kiss her, which made my heart swell and burn. After holding her in my arms and kissing her for

a while, I finally let go of her contentedly. Then I took out a velvet box from my suit pocket and handed it to her. "Open it." "What is this?" She took the box but didn't open it immediately. **Instead, she looked at me** with burning eyes. Her red lips were slightly swollen and watery. Obviously, it **was the trace** left by the lingering kiss just now, **I swallowed my saliva, suppressed the urge** inside my body, and **forced myself to look away.** "A present for you. Open it." **Sylvia smiled sweetly and opened the box.**

The Gift "Wow, it's so beautiful!" she exclaimed as she took the necklace out of the box. "Is this really for me?" "I was supposed to give it to you on the day of the ball. But it doesn't matter. You have it now." I took the necklace from Sylvia's hands, walked behind her, and put it on her. "It's so precious. I..." "No more refusal," I interrupted her, knowing that she was about to refuse my gift. "You **have to wear** it all the time. Never take it off." "But what if I lose it?" Sylvia couldn't turn around, so she turned her head slightly to look at me out of the corner of her eye. "It doesn't matter if you lose the necklace as long as you are here. It's you I don't want to lose." I chuckled to make her feel relaxed and accept my gift. After putting the necklace on her, I turned her around and asked, "Do you like it?" Sylvia nodded shyly. "Yes. Thank you, Rufus." I rubbed her head and teased her, "You're just saying thank you verbally. You're not being sincere at all." She blushed at once. "What kind of sincerity do you want then?" I pretended to think for a while. Then I said, "Think about it yourself." As soon as I finished speaking, I felt warm in my mouth. A fragrant kiss pressed against my lips without warning. I took the initiative and deepened the kiss with satisfaction. I thought this gift was a better **one.**

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After the kiss, I tidied up her hair and whispered to her, "Let's meet at the side entrance of the royal palace this Saturday morning. I'll take you to see her." **Sylvia was stunned for a moment.** Then her expression gradually became solemn. She nodded her head and said, "Okay,"

Chapter 148 The Miserable Alina

The magnificent palace was as cold as ice, and I felt it was freezing me to the bones. I lay on the bed and turned over in pain. A thick layer of gauze was wrapped around my neck. Rufus had strangled me so hard that my windpipe and gullet were both injured. So now, I could only eat some liquid food. Queen Laura had sent her servants to call me many times, but I lied that I had a headache. I couldn't show myself to her. If she saw the bruises on my neck, she would definitely know that I was the one who danced with Rufus.

s at the ball. Although I knew that she was on my side, I wouldn't dare to gamble. It would be so embarrassing if she knew. I didn't want Queen Laura to think that I was an idiot. I was afraid that she would throw me away. Besides, she just stood aside that day and didn't even defend or save me. Thinking of this made me angry. I heard the heavy door being pushed open, and Coco came in with the food cart. I propped against the headboard. "What is today's food?" "Pumpkin porridge." After saying this, Coco lowered her head, carefully took the porridge out, and put it in front of me. "What? Pumpkin porridge again?" I took the spoon from Coco's hand and stirred the porridge in the bowl vigorously. "How many times have I eaten this thing?" I was lying in the palace every day now, and I could not see anyone. My only hope was to eat something good. I didn't expect Coco to send me this cheap pumpkin porridge every day. "But the doctor said that you can only have porridge for now." "I know! But can't you change it into another kind of porridge? Red bean porridge is also fine!" I was so angry that I couldn't help rolling my eyes. Coco was such an idiot! Coco agreed in a low voice. Then she leaned over to me with a cunning smile and whispered, "I heard that Cherry was expelled from the school for stealing. The guards had already thrown all her luggage away." "Is that true?" I put down the spoon, pleasantly surprised. Such news had really lightened up my mood. "Tell me the details. What happened?" "Yes, it's true. Our spy saw it. Cherry was miserable. Prince Rufus' men directly threw her out of the academy, and she could no longer step into the capital again. **She was screaming outside the gate that she wanted to see Prince Richard. But Prince Richard didn't show up at all. She was embarrassing herself, right? I snorted coldly and felt that Coco was no longer annoying. "Fortunately, you have prepared a dashcam in every dead angle of the academy in advance. From now on, you should do**

The Miserable Alina things more cautiously, and this matter will be over soon." "I know. But it's all because you are so thoughtful, Miss Quinn. Cherry thought she would be fine if she dodged the surveillance cameras, but she didn't know that she had already fallen into our trap." Coco's eyes narrowed as she smiled complacently. "And she even stole the bracelet. For me, a she—
wolf like her is only qualified to serve you as a slave. She is far inferior to you." I just snorted coldly and said nothing. Although I used Cherry as my scapegoat, I was still a loser. I lost to Sylvia. I lost to her miserably.

The failure at the ball made me angry, but I had nowhere to vent my anger. I could only swallow it hard. And
I didn't expect Rufus to be so terrifying. I thought he would at least restrain himself in public. But he didn't even take King Ethan seriously. Such an unfathomable and ruthless man doted on Sylvia so much. How lucky she was! As long as I experienced the feeling of being cherished by such a terrible man, I would never be able to escape. I would keep thinking about him all the time, and I would do everything to be the only light in his eyes. It was as if I was addicted to him. This feeling made me even more unable to give up on Rufus. But fortunately,

I wasn't exposed this time. After the wound on my neck healed, I must find an opportunity to drug him again. At this moment, Coco handed the phone to me. "Miss Quinn, look! The comments about Prince Rufus on the Internet have all changed." "What?" I took the phone from her and checked it curiously.

Chapter 149 Public Opinions

Alina's POV: I didn't expect to see so many positive comments on Rufus appear so quickly. At first, they **were most** definitely negative. But after Rufus personally exposed Cherry's theft and had her expelled, the netizens then began to rethink about the real reason why Rufus acted strangely at that party. One of the comments speculated that Prince Rufus had invited his beloved she-wolf to the dance, but Cherry had taken her dress and replaced her. When Prince Rufus found out, he was furious.

This comment garnered the most amount of likes. Soon enough, the netizens were now defending Rufus. Some even started guessing as to who this beloved she-wolf was and started a poll online. After seeing these comments, I chucked the phone away in annoyance. "Ugh, I didn't expect these netizens to actually figure out the truth." "Well, since everyone is still trying to guess Prince Rufus' beloved, why don't you just play along?" Coco suggested. "Yes. I supposed you're right, Coco. You actually make sense this time." I gave her an impressed look. "Go and pay some rumormongers to lean the public opinion toward me." At this time, there was suddenly a knock on the door. The voice of the guard came from outside. "Miss Quinn, it's Warren. He wants to see you." I was a little surprised. Ever since Warren injured Sylvia for me, he hadn't contacted me yet. He hadn't even replied to any of my messages. I wonder what brought him here today. "Miss Quinn, are you going to see him?" Coco eyed my neck with concern. "That wound on your neck might expose you." "No, it's fine. I will see him." I straightened up my back. For now, Warren was still a good pawn. I couldn't dispose of him while he was still useful. **I asked** Coco to help cover me up before telling her to let Warren in. **When Warren walked** in, he had a very serious face. It didn't help that **he was wearing a black coat, making** him look taller and **thinner**. I coughed and fidgeted with my turtleneck **sweater awkwardly, placing down my coffee back on the table. "Long time no see, Warren. We do have a lot to talk about."** I smiled gently and scooted to **the side of the couch. "Please, come sit."** **But Warren didn't sit down. Instead, he looked at me and frowned, his expression cold and distant.**

My smile faltered a bit as this made me uncomfortable. "I can see you're not in the best mood today, Warren." "Alina," Warren addressed me flatly. "Yes, what's going on? I've never seen you like this before. Did something happen to you?" I asked patiently, holding back some

emotions. His expression became complex and he said, "You were the girl who danced with Rufus at the ball, weren't you?" Shocked, I subconsciously touched my neck. Fortunately the collar was high enough to cover my wound. "What are you talking about? They already confirmed that it was Cherry and even drove her **away**. I didn't—

" "Don't lie to me." Warren interrupted and sat on the opposite side, slamming the table with his palm. "I grew up with you. We've been to countless parties together, so I know your habits and how you dance. Even with a mask on, I could still tell it was you." Warren had never been this fierce to me before. I was stunned, but I was also angry at the same time. He had always been obedient to me. I never thought I'd see the day he would go against me. "Warren, are you suspecting me?" I clenched my fists. "If that's the only reason you came to see me today, then you should just go." "Suspecting you?" Warren smiled bitterly. There was disappointment in his eyes. "I know how much you like Rufus. You didn't even hesitate when you asked me to hurt Sylvia. Why wouldn't you show up at the ball that night? Unless you showed up as someone else, the she-wolf who danced with Rufus." Warren had analyzed the situation perfectly and accurately. I had no reason to hide the truth from him anymore. "**Fine, so it was me**. And what about it?" I raised my head with arrogance. "I **am the fiancée** of Prince Rufus. No one else is allowed to dance with him but me."

Chapter 150 The Evil Princess

Warren's POV: Alina's attitude shocked me. I didn't expect her to say something like this. "Do you have any idea of what you just said?" I looked at her with a little pity. Indifferent, Alina smiled. "Of course, I know what I'm talking about. I'm willing to do **whatever** it takes to achieve my goal.

As for other people and their opinions? They have nothing to do with me." "Your goal?" I stood up and took a few steps closer. "You just got someone kicked out of school because you made her your scapegoat. What do you mean it has nothing to do with

you?"

"Well, she deserved it. She's stupid!" Alina suddenly became emotional and her eyes became teary. She glared at me and said, "Don't lecture me with that fake lofty attitude of yours, Warren. Who do you think you are?" "Who do I think I am?" I echoed her and couldn't help but burst out into laughter. My laugh sounded lunatic, and I didn't care. I just realized at this moment that everything I had ever done for her all these years meant nothing. That story of the knight and the princess was just pure fantasy. "Honestly, do you just see me as your lackey or something?" Alina didn't say anything, but she gave me a cold look. Even with the brightly-

lit room, I still felt that she was completely enshrouded in darkness. I couldn't see through her anymore. "I guess that gives me my answer." I chuckled. "Do you seriously like Rufus that much? To the point where you are willing to go through extremes to just to have him?" Alina slightly raised her gaze and casually smoothed her hair. "Rufus is the only one who is noble enough for someone like me. I want to be the future lycan queen." "Get your head out of the clouds, Alina."

I was no longer afraid to tell her the harsh truth. Her obsession and delusion made me feel like I was staring at a mirror. "Do you actually think Rufus will like you? I don't think he will even look at you!" "Sooner or later, he won't have a choice but to want to look at only me!" Like a **madwoman, Alina swept** her arm through the table, knocking over everything on it and sending them flying. The hot coffee splashed onto my trousers. "You are my knight, Warren. Why aren't you standing by my side?" "**I used to be** your knight. Not anymore." I felt the coldness in my heart spread all the way to **my bones, I didn't know who this Alina was any longer,** "What do you mean?" Turning around, Alina glared at me. "What are you going to **do? Stand with those stupid bitches? Are you now going to stand against me?**"

The Evil Princess "I'm not going to stand with anyone or choose any side." I took out my handkerchief and **reached** out to wipe some coffee splatters on her sweater, but she angrily pushed my hand **away.** "Don't touch me!" **I froze for a moment** and then proceeded to wipe the stains on my trousers instead. The room was filled with an eerie silence. After silently wiping my pants, I stuffed my **handkerchief back into** my pocket and stood up to face Alina. "You have to stop this, Alina. If Alpha finds about this, he will be very disappointed in what you have done," I said blankly. Surprisingly, I was at peace. In a panic, Alina grabbed my sleeve. "Are you going to tell my father? No! You can't do that. All my efforts will be in vain! What do you want? I'll do anything for you. Just don't tell my father!" I shook off her hand and didn't even look at her. "I'm not going to report you to him this time, but I will no longer help you with anything. Be careful of how you conduct yourself from now

on."

I turned around and walked away. Alina caught up with me and begged hurriedly, "Promise me you won't tell my father!"

I paused, but I didn't turn around to answer her question. Instead, I just continued walking.

Chapter 151 Her Childhood Sweetheart Is Gone

Alina's POV: I was so angry that I smashed the vase in the direction where Warren left. "So ungrateful!" Then I suddenly heard Coco scream from the outside and saw her running in a panic. "Bad news! Warren threw all the sculptures in the cupboard into the trash can. I can't stop him." "Just let him. Those are a pile of rubbish, anyway." I got even angrier and directly overturned the table. Those sculptures were all handmade by Warren. Every year, he would give one to me as a birthday present. He was obviously doing this now to make a clean break with me. He said that he would always protect me and stand on my side forever. He lied. He was only good at saying fine words. Did he really think I cared about these things Not at all! They were nothing but rubbish to

1. **me.**

I smashed the lights on the wall one after another. The carved screen was slanted on the edge of the sofa, and the entire floor was in a mess. I only calmed down after venting out my anger. I didn't even know when I lost one of my

shoes.

I stepped on the cold floor with one bare foot. For the first time, I felt lonely and helpless. My heart was like a leaking pipe. It was empty and couldn't be filled in no matter what. "Miss Quinn, are you all right?" Coco asked as she carefully squatted down and put my shoe

on me. I sat down in a trance, like a puppet whose strings had been cut loose. "Do you think Warren will tell my father what I have done?" I asked. "I don't think so. He's not the kind of werewolf who likes blowing the gab," Coco said to **comfort** me, putting a coat around my shoulders. I cupped my face in pain, feeling flustered. Warren was so disappointed in me, and there **was no guarantee** that he wouldn't tell my father. **My father had** always been a serious and stereotyped werewolf who was upright and honest.

Thus, he had trained Warren to be a man of justice too. Since I was a child, my father was always displeased whenever I showed a little bit of **scheming**. Then he would teach me a lesson harshly. **Therefore**, I had to pretend to be innocent and kind-hearted all the time to win his favor. **I deceived** not only my father but also **Warren. Warren always liked the gentle and considerate me. And now that my disguise was removed**, he left me without hesitation. **If my father also knew my true color, the consequences would be unimaginable. It was**

either I would

be forced to leave the royal palace or lose the position of the pack's heir. These consequences were both unbearable to me. So now, I could only beg Warren not to tell my father about me for the sake of our past. But when I thought that he only liked the girl I disguised myself to be, I felt annoyed. It was as if there was a fire burning in my heart. "Coco, do you think a man's heart can really change so fast? Can it happen in such a short time?" I asked blankly.

"Maybe if there's a reason. Before you came to the capital, Warren was so good to you, and everything between you went smoothly. He was always obedient to you. He couldn't have changed so fast," Coco replied and sighed meaningfully. I glanced at her coldly and said, "What reason can it be? His attitude towards me has changed so much since he went to the academy. Or is it because I asked him to hurt Sylvia? It's such a trivial thing. Before we came here, no matter how unhappy he was, he would never get mad at me." "He..." Coco hesitated for a while and gave me a frightened look. "What? If you have anything to say, just say it. Since he wants to go against me, we don't need to have scruples." After all, it was Warren who betrayed me first. "It seems that Warren has gotten very close to Sylvia in the academy. They often train together, and they talk and laugh a lot. They look like they are having a really good time."

Chapter 152 A Perfect Plan

Alina's POV: "How did you know that?" I asked coldly. I felt like my heart sank into a dark ancient well, and it was extremely cold. Instead of answering my question, Coco quickly took out her phone. "Here are some pictures of them while training together. These were taken by the spies we arranged in the academy." I grabbed Coco's phone to check the photos. I even zoomed in on them to see clearly. In the photos, Warren was laughing so wantonly. He had never laughed like this in front of me since he came to the capital. 'Damn it, Sylvia! You again?' I thought inwardly. My hand clenched the phone tightly, wishing I could tear Sylvia into pieces right now. "Besides, Warren didn't really break Sylvia's leg. He just had a talk with her, then she decided not to go to the ball," Coco added hesitantly. "Why didn't you tell me these important things?" I was so furious that I instantly smashed the phone to the floor. "Imbeciles! All of you!" I gasped, the feeling of betrayal and humiliation welled up in my heart. Coco just shrugged her shoulders but didn't dare to get close to me. "I'm afraid that you'll get mad, and your health will be affected." I couldn't help but sneer, "So why are you telling me now? Are you not afraid anymore that my health will be affected?"

"I..." "Enough! I don't want to hear anything about it anymore." I interrupted her, pinching my forehead. Then I asked, "Any other pictures taken?" "Yes, there are." Coco nervously picked up her phone from the floor and showed me the other pictures. And in each one of them, Warren was smiling happily. I closed my eyes and waved my hand helplessly. "I don't want to see them anymore. It seems that Warren likes Sylvia too." "If that's the case, then why don't you take advantage of the situation and frame them both?" Coco suggested. I didn't say anything. Thinking of Warren and Sylvia being together really made me feel **uncomfortable**. The werewolf who had been protecting me since **I was a child was now protecting** another she-wolf. The discomfort felt inside me was comparable to drinking a **pound of vodka**,

"In that case, Prince Rufus will definitely dislike Sylvia. It will be better if **Warren really falls** in love with her and takes her back to the pack," Coco continued as if she had **already analyzed the situation**.

A Pentect Plan — "**You want Warren to take** Sylvia back to the pack? That will only **make me feel more uncomfortable!** I don't even want to see that bitch in the capital," **I said in a bad tone**.

"**Taking Sylvia back** to the pack is just the first step in killing her. Have you forgotten **what Alpha Leonard** hates the most? He hates betrayal the most. So if Warren takes Sylvia back to **the pack**, you can act in front of him and tell him that Warren has betrayed you for her. In **that way**, your father will have a bad impression of her." After saying this, I noticed that **Coco** stopped talking. So I opened my eyes and glanced at her casually. "Go on." This seemed to have encouraged her. She smiled excitedly and continued, "And you clearly know that Alpha Leonard also hates slaves so much. Sylvia is not only a slave but also the daughter of a traitor. Then she seduced Warren and made him betray you. These will be enough to make her die several times. Imagine how hard her life will be if she really dares to go back to the pack with Warren." I snorted coldly. "I didn't expect that you also have brains. But I still have to think about it." Warren had always been my knight since I was a child, and I regarded him as my possession. Thinking that I had to push him to Sylvia, I felt very uncomfortable. Even if it was something I didn't want, she was not qualified to have it. "Miss Quinn, what are you hesitating about? It's actually a good opportunity. As long as you **drive** Sylvia away, Prince Rufus will definitely fall for you." Looking anxious, Coco tried to **persuade me**. "We don't have much time left. If Sylvia an

d Prince Rufus really get together, it will be too late for us to make a move." I pursed my lips . Coco's words were almost tempting me. Warren was indeed nothing **compared to Rufus.**

After thinking for a while, I made up my mind. "Okay, let's do it."

Chapter 153 The Witness

Sylvia's POV: Finally, it was Saturday. I got up early in the morning, put on a thick coat, and walked out of **the dormitory**. Since it was still early, and the sun hadn't come out yet, there were only **a few werewolves** on the empty road. A flock of pigeons suddenly flew past me, flapping their wings, so I couldn't help quickening my pace. The guards at the gate were still the same group of werewolves. When they saw me, they all smiled mischievously. "Wow, you're so early! Finally, you're not going out late in the evening this time." I touched my nose embarrassedly, smiled awkwardly at them, and left. As soon as I walked out of the gate, I saw a grayish blue car parked in the middle of the road, which looked very cool. I hesitated for a moment and didn't dare to go forward. Then I began to look around. At this time, the car honked twice as if catching my attention. I walked towards the car in confusion. The window was rolled down, and Rufus' handsome **face** appeared in the driver's seat. "Get in," he said. I nodded, quickly opened the door, and sat in the passenger seat. "Why were you looking around just now?" Rufus asked as he leaned over and fastened the seat belt for me. I coughed awkwardly and said in a low voice, "I was looking for a different car, an ordinary one. I thought we would keep a low profile since we are sneaking out." Rufus chuckled and gently patted me on the head. "You've watched too many movies. The **more** cautious we are, the more suspicious we will appear. So today, I'm taking you out **arrogantly**." He then handed me a carton of milk and a sandwich. "Have something to eat first." **I took them from him**, had a bite of the sandwich, and asked, "Have you eaten yet?" "Not yet." As he spoke, he turned the steering wheel and drove towards **downtown**. **I poked the straw** in the milk carton and put it in front of his mouth. "You drink first." **Rufus** took a sip of the milk. Then I broke off a piece of sandwich and fed it to him. We **quickly finished our breakfast in this way**.

He drove me around the city the entire morning and only headed to the suburb at noon. Finally, the **car stopped in front** of a villa hidden in the middle of **nowhere**. "Rufus... I'm a little nervous." I got out of the car, stood beside Rufus, and held his hand

tightly He clasped my fingers soothingly and comforted me, "Don't be afraid. I'm with you." "**By the way, who is this witness? What happened back then was so sudden that I didn't have time to know the whole story before my mother was executed.**" As I spoke, I looked up **at him. I noticed that** Rufus hesitated for a moment. **The n** a trace of pity flashed through **his eyes as he said,** "You'll know when you see her. But promise me, no matter what you see later, you'll stay calm." **I nodded** and followed him into the villa with a heavy heart. The villa was not big, but it was incomparably empty. There was no furniture inside, and the **windows were** sealed. The thick curtains also tightly blocked the sunlight outside. **The door creaked** when Rufus closed it.

Then I suddenly heard a whimper. I raised my eyes and looked in the direction where the sound came from. I saw a figure at the bottom of the stairs. It was a she-wolf. But her hair **was disheveled, so** I couldn't see her face clearly. She curled up with her arms around her **knees, trembling all over as if she was very scared.** "Who are you?" I felt that she looked familiar, but I couldn't tell who exactly she was. "Sylvia!" As soon as the she-wolf heard my voice, she suddenly raised her head, rushed over **to me frantically,** and hugged my leg. She said in a trembling voice, "Sylvia, it's really you. I'm **sorry, I was wrong.** Please forgive me. Please forgive me, Sylvia..." Her unique hoarse voice and speaking tone made me freeze for a moment. I was so shocked. I pushed the hair from her face, feeling cold inside. **How** could it be Lena, my previous wet nurse?

Chapter 154 The Truth

Sylvia's POV: Lena was my mother's maid and most trusted friend. My mother had even said once that apart from me, Lena was probably the last person on **earth who would ever leave her.**

always have time to take care of me. Lena was basically the one who raised me. I had **always regarded her as my** second mother. **However, right after my** mother's execution, Lena disappeared. I was convinced **she was** killed. I had even grieved for her already. But here she was in front of me, crawling like a lunatic and begging for my forgiveness. My body was rooted to its spot and trembled all over. As Lena called my name, I couldn't help but be confused. Why was she begging? Could she really be the witness? She had to be. Otherwise, she wouldn't have appeared **before me** like this. "What happened to her?" With tears in my eyes, I looked at Rufus. Rufus bent down and cried

Lena off of my leg. "Ever since she left the pack, she's been hunted down." Lena lay still on the floor with madness in her eyes. She seemed as though she was living in **her own** world, unable to hear everything around her. Trembling, she mumbled, "I was **wrong. I was wrong.**" I couldn't bear to see her like this, so I turned away in disbelief. "How is she the witness? What does she know?"

Although I already had a feeling of the truth, a big part of me **was too afraid to confirm it. Something** inside me told me I couldn't bear it. **Rufus** placed a steady hand on my shoulder. 'All these years, she's lived her life in fear and **hiding**. Since her family got implicated in the matter as well, they were also killed. Even her **only son had gotten assassinated** just last week. We were fortunate enough to find her in **time, or else she** wouldn't have been able to survive on **her own anymore.**" **Lena's son, Micah, was only a year older than me. He was one of my childhood friends. I did not expect that the next time I would hear about him was of his death. My heart cried out for Lena, who was heaving and sobbing so hard she was about to suffocate.**

"What does she have to do with my mother's case?" After taking a deep breath, I finally asked the question I was afraid of. Rufus made sure to hold my cold hands before answering. "She was the one who testified against your mother, saying that she had always been rebellious against your Alpha."

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— Chapter 154 The Truth **I bit my lip hard and shook my head, not wanting to believe the truth that Rufus had just said. "No... Why..." I crouched down and pulled Lena up with my trembling hands. "Why, Lena? Tell me." Lena had a blank expression. Her dry lips moved subtly. "Miss Todd, I'm so sorry..." "Don't call me that!" I burst into tears. Lena always called me Sylvia. We were that close. Her calling me Miss Todd was like ripping out a piece of my heart. "Please, just tell me. Why did you do that?" I shook her by the shoulders, holding back my tears. Lena closed her eyes helplessly and cried. "I had no choice! Gamma threatened to kill Micah. My only child! I couldn't just give away his life like that." "And so you chose to give my mother's away instead... You know, she had always thought of you as the most trustworthy one." I gritted my teeth. "How could you do that to her, Lena?" "You don't understand. I didn't want to lose my son!" Lena pulled her hair in frustration. I released her from my grip and sobbed. "But in turn, I lost my mother!" "I'm sorry, Miss Todd. I had no choice. If it would make you feel any better, you **may as well** just kill me right**

t now. Micah's dead anyway. There's no reason for me to stay in this world any longer." Lena clasped her hands and lowered her head, begging me. The desire to live **could** no longer be seen in her eyes. **Seeing this, my heart softened.** I saw Lena as a mother myself, but it was obvious that the most important thing in her life would always be her own son. Nothing could ever **compare to him.**

"No, Lena. You can't die yet. You must live on. For now." Wiping my tears, I found my **reason and calmed down.**

Chapter 155 The Whole Story

Rufus' POV: Sylvia's face was pale, and her eyes were filled with tears. She was like a broken glass doll. I stepped forward and wrapped her hand with my big palm. Her hand was cold. It was as if it had just been taken out of a cold cellar. I tightened my grip on her and rubbed her slender fingers. She lowered her head and held my hand back It was her response to my comfort. **Lena had already stopped crying.** Her wet hair stuck to her ravaged face. **Her eyes were out of focus,** and her whole body was like a broken bag. "Lena, I want to know everything that happened back then," Sylvia asked in a soft voice. Her lifeless appearance made my heart sink. I couldn't help holding her in my arms. Lena didn't answer immediately. She slowly stood up from the floor and limped towards Sylvia. "Alpha and Luna were framed by Gamma Mateo." "Then how did you frame my mother?" Sylvia asked, looking confused. I looked at Sylvia, feeling sorry for her. The calmer she was, the more I felt her violent emotional turmoil. I could sense that she was just restraining herself. Lena's dark purple chapped lips trembled. She couldn't even say a complete sentence. It **seemed that she was suffering from great pain.** "We..." "My mother has been dead for so many years. Don't you think it's too late for you to feel guilty now? If you remembered how good she was to you, you wouldn't hide for so many **years.** I'm not interested to know about the difficulties you have gone through. I just want the truth." Sylvia looked down at Lena. She seemed a little tired because she leaned her body slightly and rested her forehead on my shoulder. "1..." Lena was so agitated that she suddenly coughed violently. Her gruff wheezing sounded **like a dying animal. Sylvia pursed** her lips tightly and glanced at her. **After** coughing for a while, Lena finally stopped. She took a deep breath and said, "That day, **the pack was celebrating a festival.** Gamma Mateo first killed Alpha and Luna when their **guard was down. Then to frame your mother,** he asked me to let her **drink a**

drug that could make wolves go berserk. After that, he locked her up with the corpses of Alpha and Luna. **Later, he pretended to come to their rescue and caught your mother in the act.” “My mother was such a cautious person. How did you manage to deceive her?”** Sylvia asked through clenched teeth. **Her hands were trembling** slightly. **“... I lied to her. I told her that it was you who pour the juice for her.”** **Lena’s body bent lower, showing the roots of grey hair hidden in her scalp that was in stark contrast to her brown hair tail. She seemed to have aged several years in the blink of an eye.**

The Whole Story — “What? Lena, how could you do that?” Sylvia couldn’t hold back her **anger anymore. Her trembling** voice was filled with anger as she added, “My mother treated you well. How could you betray her? You were the one she trusted the most. And Mateo... I will definitely kill him.” Sylvia’s full red lips had turned bloodless at once. She bit her lower lip hard as if she didn’t feel any pain, even if there was already a faint streak of blood on it. I felt so sorry for her that I held her in my arms and touched her lips. “Don’t bite yourself. If you feel bad, bite me.” She didn’t say a word. She just threw herself into my arms and whimpered like a wounded cub. Her tears seemed to fall on my heart, making it so **ur and swollen. I lowered my head and kissed her tears away and her thin eyelids. “Sylvia, I’ll help you with this. Let me take care of everything. Killing Mateo is not enough. You have to expose him in front of everyone to prove your mother’s innocence and clear her name.” “Sylvia...”** Lena timidly called Sylvia’s name. When she saw that Sylvia didn’t show any antipathy, she continued, “I’m sorry for you and your mother. Now that my poor son is dead, there is nothing in the world that I care about anymore. Since Mateo has harmed us to this **extent**, we can’t let him continue to get away with it. Please let me use my remaining life to make up for my mistakes. I will cooperate with you to expose his crimes.”

Although I clearly heard her words, I didn’t look at her. I just kissed Sylvia on the forehead and said, “I’m afraid it’s not enough to just have a witness. We also need some critical physical evidence.” “I have all the evidence hidden,” Lena said.

Chapter 156 The Secret Compartment

Sylvia’s POV: **I broke free from Rufus’ arms in pleasant surprise. “You still have the evidence? Where did you hide it?”** **Lena nodded,** and

the look on her wrinkled face changed. "I knew that **Mateo was going to** kill the Alpha, so I hid a recorder pen in the secret compartment of the Alpha's room in **advance**."

"It has been so many years. How sure are you that it's still there?" Rufus said plainly. "I hid it very well, and no one knew about that secret compartment," Lena hurriedly said to Rufus. Then she turned to look at me. "Actually, only the deceased Alpha and your mother knew about it. Then your mother told me." The corners of my mouth twitched. Back then, many of my mother's affairs were handled by Lena, both private and pack-related. My mother regarded Lena as her family, so she never hid anything from her. "You really took advantage of my mother's trust in you," I sneered and smiled sarcastically. Lena's eyelids trembled. It was as if she was very embarrassed. She looked away to avoid meeting my gaze and said, "Your mother told me about the secret compartment because she wanted me to hide you there in case of danger." I just stared at her without saying anything. Then I felt a big, dry, and warm palm touch the back of my hand. It was Rufus, comforting me silently. "I wanted to take the recorder pen with me, but Mateo was too cautious. When I left the pack, they had to search my entire body, so I simply left it in the secret compartment," Lena added when she noticed that I was quiet. "The Alpha's residence remained untouched for three years before it was converted into Mateo's own place." I rolled my eyes as the memory of those dark and difficult days flooded in my mind at once. "If Mateo has found the secret compartment, it will be more difficult to **redress my mother's** case. And just as you said, how can a cautious werewolf like Mateo **allow an outsider** to enter his room?" "**Has Mateo become** the Alpha of the pack?" Lena looked at me in surprise. "I **have been hiding everywhere** in the past few years, uninformed. And I never dared to inquire about the

pack."

I pressed my lips tightly, feeling bitter in my heart. "Haven't you ever thought of coming out to give my mother justice? Not even once?" "I..." Lena said in a hoarse voice with her mouth half-open. "I've thought about it. But..." "Okay, stop!" I interrupted her, having no desire to continue listening. Then I answered her question, "Mateo hasn't taken over the position of the Alpha of the pack. But the new Alpha,

Chapter 156 The Secret Compartment **Shawn**, is a puppet trained by him. So the real power is still in Mateo's hands. Titles are not **the most important**." "What about the secret compa

rtment? I have to find a way to confirm if the recorder **pen is** still there," Lena said anxiously stretching out her thin hand to touch my **sleeve**. With an expressionless face, I slightly dodged her hand. Rufus put his arm around my waist and switched positions with me. "I'll send someone to check first." I nodded slightly. I felt so depressed that I couldn't come up with a better way. "I want to know the exact location of the secret compartment and the way to open it," Rufus said coldly, glancing at Lena. Lena flinched in fear and quickly lowered her head. "There are three rooms in the house, and the study is in the innermost. On the shelf in the study, there is an ivory stone lamp. If you push the lamp, the secret compartment will reveal itself." "But what if Mateo finds out? We will be exposed," I said, looking at Rufus worriedly. **Rufus stroked my hair.** "There will be a military parade at the beginning of next month. The **leaders of various packs** will come to participate." A flame of hope rekindled in my eyes. "Shawn is just a puppet. Knowing Mateo, he will **definitely** come to attend such a big event." || Rufus nodded slightly. "You're right. So we can take advantage of this opportunity to send **my men there.**"

Chapter 157 Backup

Sylvia's POV: **I finally relaxed when Lena explained** everything to me in detail. **I accepted the truth and didn't want to face Lena anymore. "Let's go back." I tugged at the corner** of Rufus's shirt and whispered to him. **Rufus held my hand** and led me to the door. Then, he **ordered his men to keep a close watch on Lena before ushering me out. I was excited** to come here. But now, I felt depressed and heartbroken. **I leaned** against the car window and watched the scenery flash past me. Rufus reached out and touched my face. "Are you feeling stuffy?" I nodded and said in a nasal voice, "Yes. I wish I could jump into a big icy river and swim to my heart's content." Rufus didn't say anything. He rolled down the window beside the driver's seat. The rush of cold wind instantly awakened me. Then, he stopped the car, and I turned around to look at him in confusion. "Wait for me in the car," he said, rubbing my head soothingly. With that, Rufus strode away and quickly disappeared from my sight. He finally returned when I felt drowsy and was about to fall asleep. "Where have you been?" I asked softly Rufus took my hand and placed a small box on it. Under the **transparent cover was a soft white cream cake** with fresh blueberries on it. All traces of sleep disappeared in an instant. I happily removed the cover and smiled **gratefully**. "Is there a cake shop nearby?" Rufus tore the package with a fork, opened the box, and gave it to me. "Taste this. It's **ice cream flavor.**" **I cut a slice** of the cake with the fork and took a bite. The soft fluffy cake coated with **ice cream and whipped cream made me moan** with appreciation. The sweetness exploded in **my mouth**, lifting my mood in an instant. **I closed my eyes** and licked my lips contentedly. I felt a lot better now. **When**

I looked up, I saw Rufus looking at me with a big smile on his face. Feeling **embarrassed**, I scooped a spoonful of cake and gave it to him. **Rufus shook his head. "You eat."** Then, he reached out and wiped **the cream on my lips gently, and smiled at me. A blush flamed my cheeks when I looked at him. He was sweeter than cake, which made my heart stutter.**

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Chapter 15, Backup

Rufus watched me finish the cake

and then started the car. **I played with the buttons on** my clothes and cast a sidelong glance at Rufus. His lips **were pursed in concentration** as he drove the car. After a moment's hesitation, I **decided to tell what I was thinking.** "I want to go back and look for the evidence myself. **I have been in the pack for many years.** No one knows that place better than I do."

Rufus frowned. "No. The elite team's selection will be held during the military parade. If you **return to your pack, you will miss the opportunity.** After all, that's your **dream.**

Are you going to give it up?"

"I don't want to give up, but..." I wanted to say something but stopped on second thought. I **was in a dilemma.** I had to choose between my past and the future. However, both were **important** to me. I didn't know which to prioritize. "Don't worry. Leave it to me, okay?" Rufus reached out one hand and squeezed my palm **reassuringly.** "I will arrange my men to find the evidence. Don't worry. I will always be there **for you** and support you. Trust me." **My cheeks** grew hot, so I withdrew my hand shyly. "Focus on driving now. Do what you **think** is right. I trust your decision." **Rufus seemed** pleased with my answer. He let go of my hand and concentrated on driving **the car, , Just then, his brows narrowed.** He glanced at the rearview mirror and said, "Sit tight. **Time to speed up.**" I **also looked at the rearview** mirror and saw a black car following us.

Chapter 158 Wild Racing Sylvia's POV: **I quickly sat straight** nervously. "God! Why are they following us?

Who are they?" **Rufus pursed his** lips and drove calmly as if he were used to such things. "Don't be afraid. **Everything will** be fine." **Rufus** hit the accelerator and drove at full speed. The black car behind continued to follow **us. My palms grew sweaty.**

The beautiful scenery that I

had been admiring all along turned into a hazy blur. Rufus drove at lightning speed. I gripped the seatbelt for dear life. For

a moment, I thought the car would fly in the air. "Relax, Sylvia.

I won't let anything bad happen to you," Rufus said, glancing at me. However, nothing reached my ears. My heart leaped to my throat when I saw the car **was** about to collide with the iron railing ahead. "Watch out!" I squealed. Rufus quickly turned the steering wheel, and our car drifted to an unexpected turn, leaving the black car far behind. I took a deep breath and looked back. The black car had turned into a speck. "Did we finally get rid of them?" Rufus glanced at the rearview mirror and stepped hard on the accelerator. **It was dusk**. The rays of the setting sun cast a golden hue on our car. The entire stretch of **land was** soaked in the luxurious light, but I was not in the mood to appreciate the **magnificent** scenery. My heart was still hanging in my throat.

The wide road broke into two lanes. The sky turned dark as the sun sank into the horizon. **Just as we were** about to enter the urban area, I saw two cars parked in the middle of the **road**, blocking the path. "**Slow down**, Rufus! Someone has set a row of spikes on the ground!" I shouted nervously. **They were arranged** in a manner where driving one step forward could puncture our tires. **Rufus's jaw tightened as he slowed** down the car. **I glanced at the rearview mirror** as my heart continued to crash in my chest. I saw a black **speck that seemed to grow** bigger with time. Panic wracked my nerves as I saw the black car **catch up with us again**. **I didn't know how many werewolves were there in these three cars. But I knew we were definitely outnumbered, and defeating them wouldn't be an easy task. I tried my best to calm down and stop myself from screaming. I couldn't cause any trouble** to Rufus. **Rufus also noticed the black** car behind us. Without hesitation, he pivoted the car to the

Wild Racing **mountain road nearby. The roads were narrow and curvy.** My body jerked back and forth as we traversed the bumpy **terrain. I clutched the groove beside the car door.** I was so terrified that I could **barely breathe.**

The darkness only seemed to worsen everything. The pitch-black road ahead frightened me. **We were driving** across the rocky mountain path. **I was afraid** we might encounter an **accident. I looked** at Rufus and wanted to ask him to slow down. **However**, he looked eerily calm. There was not a trace of fear or worry **on his face.** As if noticing my concern, Rufus smiled, his eyes focused on the road. "Don't worry. I'm **familiar** with this area." "I'm not afraid. I trust you." I tried to control myself from **screaming.** "I know you are afraid. Close your eyes then. That will help," Rufus said softly. Then, he **increased the** speed of the car.

I nodded and squeezed my eyes shut. It felt like I was on a rollercoaster ride. My heart was about to leap out of my throat. He finally stepped on the gas, and the car skidded to a halt. I felt like I might go straight to heaven if I opened my eyes. "It... it's fine. I'm not afraid! I trust you, Rufus!" I stammered. If worse came to worst, we could die together. As soon as I finished speaking, I heard a soft chuckle, which frustrated me. "Damn it! How could he remain calm even now?"

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 159

Assassination Sylvia's POV: Just then, a loud crash reverberated across the silent road. I quickly opened my eyes and looked back. One of the cars following us tumbled down the mountain at a sharp turn. "There... look... two more cars are left," I nervously told Rufus. Just then, another car collided with the tree and rear-ended the third car. I rolled down the window and heard the loud roar of the engines mixed with the angry curses of the werewolves.

I turned around and looked at Rufus. He seemed calm and composed as he looked ahead, holding the steering wheel. The car gradually slowed down, and my racing heart finally returned to my chest. "Are you not afraid anymore?" Rufus grinned at me. "I didn't say I was afraid." I pouted. "Oh, really?" Rufus chuckled. "Indeed, I was the one freaking out. Not you." He looked at me dotingly. My heart skipped a beat when I saw the love shining in his eyes. I quickly rolled down the car window to let the cool breeze inside.

After getting rid of the other cars, Rufus quickly drove to the main road. I felt better as we were back on track. The gentle breeze kissing my skin and caressing my hair made me happy. "Gosh, this is exciting!" I stretched my hand out of the window and looked out. The night sky looked breathtaking. The crescent moon in the starlight sky brought a smile to my face. "Do you want to try something more exciting?" Rufus smiled and opened the roof, turning the car into a convertible. The cold wind made me shiver. The chilly weather increased my excitement. We were the only ones traveling on the empty road. The starlit sky and the way the car sped on the road felt incredibly romantic. It felt as if Rufus and I were the only ones in the world. My blood burned in my body. I laughed, feeling happier than ever. When we finally entered the urban area, Rufus closed the car roof and slowed down the car. I gradually calmed down and sat obediently. Rufus stopped smiling and touched my earlobe, "Your ears are cold. I shouldn't have opened the roof."

"Although my ears are cold, my heart is warm" I leaned over and smiled at him. "I think you can become a car racer instead of being a prince." Rufus chuckled and gently pushed me back, "Sit back. I'll make you ginger tea when we get

back." I nodded

and sat back obediently. "What happened now? Who was it?" "Maybe it was an assassination." Rufus shrugged nonchalantly. "Assassination?" I was taken aback, but Rufus looked relaxed as if it didn't matter to him. He

rested his arm on the edge of the window and stroked his chin. "What can I say? I'm used to it." "How can you be used to it?" I grew anxious. "You have to be more cautious from now on. Has anyone tried assassinating you before?" "Once, a killer disguised herself as a slave and sneaked into my room at midnight to attack me. However, I caught her red-handed, so she committed suicide."

That was when I remembered the rumor I had heard about him killing a female slave in bed. People made it seem like he was a ruthless murderer. However, I finally understood the truth.

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 160

Sylvia's POV: All the rumors seemed ridiculous now. Some even said that Rufus would **eat werewolves on every full moon**

night. It seemed like people came up with **their own version of rumors to make everyone believe that** Rufus

was a ferocious beast. In the past, I had almost believed **those rumors** and stayed away from Rufus. Fortunately, Moon Goddess had brought us together. I turned around and looked at Rufus. He was driving with a serious look on his face. The faint light seemed to soften his features. Rufus looked like a dangerous man when he

didn't speak. His sharp gaze would frighten anyone. Although he looked handsome, his sharp features would stop people from approaching him. However, only I knew about his tender heart that lay beneath his tough exterior. I had **never** seen him get angry or lose his temper. I had tested his patience **several** times. But if at all he got angry, he would remain silent and not utter a word, looking

like an angry cat. I pictured the way Rufus looked when he got aggrieved and burst out laughing. Rufus looked at me quizzically as if I had lost my mind. "What happened? Why are you laughing all of a sudden?" I glanced at his silky hair and resisted the urge to run my fingers through them. I covered my mouth

and leaned toward him. "Do you know what others say

about you?" Rufus snorted nonchalantly, "I don't know. I'm not interested in knowing it either." "Don't be such a joykill. Tell me that you want to know." I nudged his arm playfully. "I can't wait to tell you all about it." Rufus looked at me and shook his

head. "Go ahead then." **"Beg me," I said**, raising my chin proudly. **Rufus scratched my chin**. "I beg you not to tell me." "All right. I won't tell you." I gently patted the back of his hand and leaned back **on my seat**. "The others all misunderstand you. Why don't you explain yourself? You're not such a **ruthless lycan like they said**. I wish people could see you for who you really are." **"There is no need to explain,"** Rufus said disapprovingly. **I snorted.** **"Weren't you trying to explain yourself to me? Don't try to deny it. I heard it with both ears."** **Rufus coughed awkwardly. I rested my chin on my palm and looked** at him. I couldn't get enough of him. The man **always stole my breath. How could someone be this handsome and yet have a heart of gold.**

He was perfection. His luscious lips, magnetic eyes, silky hair **drove me crazy. I loved him with all my heart. An awkward** silence fell. Finally, Rufus cast a sidelong glance at me and said, "Stop looking at me." "I'm not looking at you. I'm waiting for your answer. Why did you explain yourself to me?" – I lied, trying to take my eyes off him but couldn't.

"Because..." Rufus's Adam's apple bobbed. "You are not others." His answer made my heart stutter. I blushed and looked away. "Of... of course, I'm not others." "Hmm..." "Let's stop talking. Focus on driving." "Okay." I squirmed on the passenger seat as waves of emotions consumed me. I couldn't remain calm, yet I had to. I stared out of the window in silence. Today's incident proved how much Rufus loved and cared for me. The way he protected me made me feel special and lucky. I often felt like I was living in a dream, and everything would change once I woke up because **it was** too good to be true. Today, I realized I finally found the missing piece of my life. Rufus **was real**, and he loved me as much as I loved him. However, my heart sank when I saw the palace from afar. It indicated that our trip was about to end. I wanted to travel with Rufus all my life. I couldn't be away from him even for **a second.**

The love in my heart was like the rising tide crashing in my heart. Unable to control my **emotions, I leaned over** and planted a soft kiss on Rufus's ear. **However,** he jerked up in shock. His hand slipped from the steering wheel as he lost control **of himself. Before I could react, the car sped toward the gate of the imperial palace.**

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 161

Embarrassment Sylvia's POV: Seeing that our car was about to crash against the gate, I freaked out and squeezed my eyes shut. The car skidded to a halt. My body jerked forward, and my chest hit the **seatbelt with full force before I was propelled backward. I slowly opened my eyes and saw**

that we were just a foot away from the gate. I patted my chest, breathing a sigh of relief. "Thank God!" "Sylvia!" Rufus shouted. Rufus clamped his ear that I had kissed and glared at me. "Don't do this while I'm driving! What if I really crash the car?" "I'm sorry. I won't kiss you this way again." I lowered my head guiltily. "Don't be angry. I couldn't help it. You are adorable, after all." Rufus didn't say anything. I slowly raised my head and peeked at him. He covered his ears with his hands with a grim look on his face. I tugged at his sleeve to coax him. "I was wrong. You're the best, Rufus. You won't blame me, will you? I don't know what I was thinking. I couldn't control myself. But I promise never to do it again. If I have the urge to kiss you again, I will restrain myself no matter what." I summoned the courage and gently stroked his ears. "You..." Rufus's jaw tightened, and the wolf ears on his head grew more prominent. That was when it dawned on me that Rufus had sensitive ears. No wonder he lost control when I kissed his ear just now. I clamped my mouth and laughed. "God, look at Rufus's ears! I love them! I want to stroke him," Yana screamed in my mind. "Sylvia, touch his ears! Hurry up! Please. Otherwise, his ears will shrink back." **His big ears were as soft as feathers.** I wanted to stroke them again. Without thinking further, I stretched my hand and touched Rufus's head, hoping he **wouldn't** be mad at me. He had allowed me to touch his ears before, so I didn't think he **would mind now. Just as my fingertips were about** to touch Rufus's ear, I heard the voice of a man and froze in **horror, I turned around and saw** Richard walking toward us. "Rufus? Is that you?" "Shit! What do we do now? Why is he here?" I subconsciously bent down in shock. "**What... what are you doing?**"; **Rufus looked flustered for the first time. I had not seen him lose his cool before. I didn't have time to think, so I shrank lower. "Get up quickly. It doesn't matter if he sees us. We don't have to hide our relationship," Rufus whispered, wriggling his legs.**

I lifted my head hurriedly to look at him. "Yeah, you're right." Just as I propped my hands on Rufus's thighs to help me get up, Richard called him again.
As the voice grew louder, I freaked out again and bent down clumsily. The tip of my nose hit Rufus's belt. Rufus jerked up in shock. "Did you get hurt?" I clamped my nose and shook my head in pain. I felt so angry and frustrated.
My mind was racing a mile a minute. I didn't know what I was afraid of. It wouldn't have been a big deal to sit beside Rufus on the passenger seat. However, the way I was hiding now looked weird and scandalous. My cheeks flamed with embarrassment. I didn't dare to look up at Rufus. Before I could react, Richard walked to the car and knocked on the window. "Rufus, what are you doing? What happened?" I grew anxious, so I buried my face against Rufus's thighs. I just had no idea how to face Richard under such circumstances.

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 162

Richard's POV: **Just as I walked past the main gate** of the imperial palace with an army squad, **I saw Rufus's car suddenly** lose control. It dashed toward the gate and skidded to a halt at the **last minute**, It looked strange. Rufus was an excellent driver. I wondered how he lost control.

I walked to the car in confusion. "Rufus?" The windows of this car had one-way glass. I couldn't see what was happening inside. I waited for a while, but there was no response from him. He didn't even bother rolling down the window. I suppressed my anger and knocked on the window. Then, the window finally rolled down, leaving only a small gap. Rufus gripped the steering wheel with both hands and glared at me. "What's the matter?" I forced a benign smile. "What happened? Your car almost lost control now." As I spoke, I managed to peek inside through the gap but didn't see anyone inside. Rufus didn't answer me. "Do you need my help?" I knocked on the window again. I wanted Rufus to roll the window further down so that I could see what was going on inside the car. Strangely, the people I had appointed to keep an eye on Rufus reported that Sylvia had got in Rufus's car, and they had gone out together. I wondered why he came back alone. Rufus sneered. "Anything else? If not, you can leave now." Anger surged through my veins, but I managed to control my anger. "Father wanted to see you this afternoon, but you weren't in the palace." Rufus nodded indifferently as if he didn't care about it. I almost lost my cool. Rufus was cold as ever. I took the initiative to talk to him, but he didn't even bother responding to me properly. There was only a small opening in the window, and he didn't even bother fully rolling it down, which infuriated me. It looked like he simply **didn't want** to talk to me. **"Don't forget to see Father** later. He is not in good health. **Don't make him angry in any way. If you need any** help, call me." I forced a smile at him, pretending to be a good brother.

Rufus seemed to have heard something funny and suddenly burst out laughing. "Oh, **thank you very much.**" **I was rendered speechless. Pleased** with his response, I smile. "You're **welcome. We are family.** By the way, why did you go out **today! You seldom take the car without a driver.**" "What? Do you know **every time I go out? You even know whether I've taken a driver** or not?" Rufus **glanced at me and smiled faintly as if he were looking —**

Chapter 162 Probing was a sensitive guy. "No, I just mentioned it casually. Don't bother about it. Where is Sylvia? Why aren't you with her?" I casually inquired him about Sylvia, but Rufus's face stiffened as if he was enduring some pain. Then, he stepped on the gas without looking at me as plumes of gas hit my face. "Fuck you! What the hell was that? Pure waste of time!" I was so angry that my mouth almost twitched. I took a deep breath and walked back once I calmed down. My subordinates followed me. "Prince Richard, the men y

ou had appointed to follow Prince Rufus today lost track of him right at the very beginning. All they knew was Prince Rufus left the urban area but didn't **know where he was** headed to. Later, we set up a roadblock on the only way back to the **urban area**. But Prince Rufus managed to get rid of them again." "You idiots!" I glared at him. "You couldn't even handle such a trivial thing. Besides, I asked you to secretly kill that old she-wolf. But you failed to do that as well." **Previously**, I found that Rufus had been investigating the case of Sylvia's mother. I **wanted to make** trouble for him, so I sent my men to assassinate the witness first. However, to my utter dismay, Rufus saved the witness before my men arrived. **I was so angry** that I kicked my subordinate. "If you fail again, you know what's waiting for you." He nodded, not daring to even look at me. "Go and tell Mateo that the old she-wolf is with **Rufus.**" **I snorted.**

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In The Car **Sylvia's POV: I finally breathed** a sigh of relief when Rufus started the car. But the next moment, I felt a change in Rufus's lower body. I hurriedly sat on the seat and cast a sidelong glance at him. **A frown** lined his forehead as he sped back to his residence. Rufus stopped the car but didn't move. I didn't get out of the car either. I didn't know how to break the embarrassment. I stole a glance at him. He looked restless as he ran his fingers through his hair. I played with my fingers nervously, not knowing what to do. "I just... I'm sorry..." I didn't know what else to say. I had acted dumb and stupid in front of Rufus. I wanted to hit myself. Rufus didn't say anything. He loosened his tie, unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt, and got out of the car. My eyes followed him all the way. Rufus walked out of the car and opened the door for me. Just as I was about to get out, he picked me up in his arms. When I finally returned to my senses, I realized we were in the back seat of his car. "My intuition as your mate tells me that you want something to happen." Rufus looked at **me**; I could see the lust burning in his eyes. Before I could understand what he meant, he grabbed my hand and pressed it against his crotch. I gulped and looked at him. "No... I didn't mean it," I tried explaining as I withdrew my hand. **However, Rufus** grasped my wrist tightly and stared into my eyes. "I want it to happen." I could see his dick grow under my palm, pitching a tent in his pants. Rufus's muffled **groans sent my hormones on overdrive. I looked up at him and saw him stare at me with unrestrained passion and desire. It looked like he wanted to swallow me alive. Rufus straddled me on his lap. His one hand clasped my neck as he kissed me. His hot breath blowing against my skin and the wet trail of his lips made me tremble. I lifted my body to get closer to him and moaned in pleasure. Rufus continued to pepper little kisses on my neck and bit my collarbone, "Take off your clothes." He wrapped his hands around my waist and buried his head on my bosom. His hot tongue drew patterns on my breast before he took a mout**

hful of

it and sucked hard. His hoarse voice made the hair on the nape of my neck stand on end. He pressed his face on my breast and bit my nipple.

My toes curled up as I became wet in an instant. "No, don't take it off." Rufus planted a soft kiss on my nipple before ruthlessly tearing my dress. He grabbed my **waist and** turned me under him. I could feel the heat of his body seep into my skin. **As the kiss deepened** and we grew breathless, he pressed his forehead against mine. "Honey, **I need you** right now. Give yourself to me!" **My heart** raced in my chest. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him hard. Our loud moans filled the car. My eyes were blurry with pleasure. I unzipped his pants and gripped his dick — the enormity of it startled me. I couldn't hold it with one hand. Rufus was gasping for breath. He pinned my hands above my head and put my leg on his shoulder His penis gently rubbed against my entrance as if he were testing me. A lone tear escaped my eyes as the desire was almost killing me. I grew wet in an instant Unable to take it anymore, I twisted my waist to get closer to him. "I'm uncomfortable..." Panting, I rose my hips in silent invitation. Rufus kissed me hard as he straightened his back and gently thrust his dick inside me. I let out a loud moan as a wave of pleasure engulfed me at once. I squeezed my bum as he continued to thrust harder.

Everything else seemed to fade into oblivion. The ever-increasing pleasure and the way our **bodies** rubbed against each other were the only reminders that I was still alive. With every thrust, he awakened a part in me that I didn't know existed. I buckled my hips as **my orgasm** reached its peak, and my body shattered against the cold seat of the car. I felt his hot fluid trickle on my thigh as Rufus gasped for breath.

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Chapter 164 Good Time **Sylvia's POV:** Rufus

only let go of me contentedly after we made love several times in the car. **He gently helped me** put on my clothes. I leaned against his chest with my eyes half-opened, **like a rag** doll at his disposal. How could his physical strength be so good? I was so tired that I didn't even want to move **my fingers.** **But** he, on the other hand, was still so energetic. **It was already** late at night, so Rufus picked me up and took me back to his place. **As soon as we** entered his room, he walked straight into the bathroom and put me on the **washbasin.** Then he filled the bathtub with water. After it, he turned back to me and was about

to help me take off my clothes. "I can do it myself." I grabbed my collar, refusing to let him take off my clothes. Although Rufus and I had already made love several times, I still felt embarrassed to be **naked** in front of him.

Rufus didn't say anything. He just cupped my face with his hands and started kissing me on the lips. I

felt like I had lost all my strength with his kiss, so I let him take off my clothes. Looking at his neat clothes and the

complacent expression on his face, I was so annoyed that I bit his nipple. He

could not blame me. He used the honey trap on me after all, and I **simply** played along. The consequence of two people bathing together was making love. And since we did it **several times**

in a row, I totally lost all my strength. **It was only** then that I realized how hard he had restrained himself before. But now that he **had a taste of the sweetness** of lust, he just couldn't get enough of it. **I lay under the** soft quilt next to him in a daze. Our skin close to each other was clean and **comfortable**, so I couldn't help burying myself deeper into his arms. **Rufus took my hand**, raised it to his lips, and kissed my fingertips

dotingly. **I shrank my fingers back** and couldn't help laughing. "It tickles." **He put my hand down**

and went under the quilt with me. We were forehead to forehead. "Move back here," Rufus said and kissed the tip of my nose. I hugged his waist and hesitated. "But I don't want to attract unnecessary attention." "Forget about it. We'll talk about it later," he said helplessly. Then he hugged me tightly and kissed my eyelids. "Sleep now," I nodded slightly, buried myself into his arms, and fell asleep. I stayed with Rufus for two days before I reluctantly went

back to the dormitory. Good Time **As soon as I entered** our room, I saw Flora throwing left and right hooks. **She seemed to be** practicing boxing. "Hey, what are you doing?" I asked in confusion, putting down the things in my hands. "Don't ask too many questions, beauty," Flora said after

jumping twice and standing on one **foot**. I frowned, walked over to her, and touched her forehead. She didn't have a fever. What had got into her then? Still standing on one foot, she looked at me up and down with a smirk. "Where have you been during the weekend? Were you with Rufus? You were out all night!" I blushed at once, so I diverted the topic. "How about you? How was your weekend?" Flora grunted, "I have been studying these past two days. Studying hard makes me happy. Unlike someone else there who indulged in pleasure and forgot to come back." I looked at her amusingly. When I was about to say something, I felt a sharp pain in my heart. This was happening a lot

recently. I had often felt this kind of tingling pain, but today **was more** intense than usual. **Flora was** startled. She immediately became serious and asked, "What's wrong with you?" I clutched my chest, breaking out in a cold sweat. "Nothing. Maybe I

just didn't sleep well." **Because** Of my conflict with Rufus, I didn't sleep all night. And when I learned the news about my mother's case, I also didn't sleep well. It looked like I

really had to go to bed early tonight **The next day, I woke up the same time as** usual and changed into my uniform. **When I was about to go out, I suddenly received a message from an unfamiliar number. "Warren needs your help for something. Please go to the equipment room after the morning exercise."** **I read the message several times, feeling confused. Why didn't Warren contact me personally? Who was the person who sent me the message?**

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A Suspicious Werewolf Sylvia's POV: **I felt very strange**, so as I followed Flora out of the dormitory, I texted back and **asked what was going on**. The person who messaged me replied quickly, But I was once again told to go there alone. **I found it even more suspicious**. Was there anything that only I had to know? Warren was a **straightforward werewolf**. If he had something to tell me, he would say it directly. He would not let anyone else pass on a message. I called the number directly to know who was on the other end of the line. But unfortunately, no one answered. So I simply texted back to refuse. I asked the message sender to find someone else for help. This time, there was no reply. "Sylvia, hurry up! We are going to be late," Flora urged me, standing at the bottom of the stairs. "Coming!" I answered and immediately put my phone back in my pocket. I didn't care about that message sender anymore. While doing the morning exercises, I noticed that Warren wasn't there. He was hardly **absent** from the morning exercises. And even if he didn't come, he would ask for leave in **advance**. Obviously, Blair also didn't receive any notice of leave of absence from Warren because he still called Warren's name during the roll call. This made me feel more worried about Warren. After a few laps, I took out my phone to check. There was no new message. That stranger still did not reply to my last text. "Sylvia, stop playing with your phone and run!" When Harry passed by me, he brought a **gust of wind** mixed with sand. His voice was so loud that he seemed to want to compete **with me again**. I put my phone back in my pocket and caught up with him. Then I asked, "Harry, did you see **Warren?**" "**Warren? I have no idea where he is**. Don't worry about him so much. Just run. If you don't **finish running in time**, you will be punished." After saying this, Harry **started rushing over again**.

After the morning run, I shook my coat off and put it back on. Flora **put her arm around my shoulders and asked, "What do you want for breakfast?"** "**Anything will do,**" Harry **said with a smile after stepping forward**. I didn't **mind the question about breakfast**. I **looked at them seriously and asked, "When was**

the last time you saw Warren?" "Warren? I haven't seen him

today yet. Is something wrong with him?" Flora **looked at me in confusion**. "The last time I saw him was yesterday. When I passed by the school gate, **I saw** him going out in a hurry." "Sylvia, did something happen?" Harry asked. He also became serious. "I was not in the **academy** during the weekend, so I didn't see Warren." I shook my head. "Nothing. I just feel like something is wrong." "What happened?" Flora asked nervously. I thought for a while and made up my mind. "You two go have breakfast first. I'll go talk to Blair. I'll tell you the details later." "Go ahead and find Blair first. Flora and I will wait for you," Harry said with a stern look on his face. It was rare for him to be this serious. I nodded, said goodbye to them, and went in the other direction. Blair's office was on the other side of the academy, close to the imperial palace. It was opposite our classroom and cafeteria. I quickened my pace as I became more and more uneasy. I had this feeling that something **was** about to happen. After passing an arched door and walking down the stairs, I saw a suspicious werewolf with a cap and mask looking around. It seemed that he was afraid of being seen by others. He was **wearing** a pair of white gloves that seemed to have blood on them. My heart tightened as I watched him turned around a corner and was about to disappear. I **followed** him without thinking, but I still lost him. **I hesitated for a moment**. Then I took a few more steps forward, looking around vigilantly. **Then I** suddenly found someone lying straight on the grass in front of me. It was Warren. His **eyes were closed**, and his head was stained with blood. I didn't know if he was dead or alive. **I hurriedly rushed over to** check on him without thinking too much. I couldn't care about **anything else but make sure** of his condition. But before I could get to his side, **I was knocked out from behind and lost consciousness**.

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The pounding headache made me groan. I slowly opened **my eyes and squeezed them shut again as my vision** was blurred. **The** dim light made me uneasy. The humidity and musty smell floating in the air made my **stomach churn**. 'Where was I?' I propped myself to sit up and looked around as I massaged my wrists. **A variety** of training equipment piled up on the shelves caught my attention. The place looked familiar. I guessed it was the equipment room of our school. I looked up and saw the spider web dangling on the ceiling. It seemed like the people hadn't used the place for a long **time**. I touched my aching head and saw blood on my hand. I winced and wiped the blood with **my sleeve**. Anger surged through my veins. My consciousness gradually returned, and I sobered up in an instant. I racked my brains and recalled what happened before I passed out. I saw a familiar figure in the military school and was sure it was Alina. I didn't know why she came to the school out of the blue

and what tricks she wanted to play now. Although I had said that I wouldn't help her anymore, I couldn't leave her alone because I had loved the girl all my life. **After a moment** of anxiety and hesitation, I followed her. But soon, I entered a dead end. Just **as I turned around, someone** knocked me out from behind.

Just as I recollected the incident, I realized it was a trap, and Alina was the bait. She had easily lured me into her trap. So, was Alina plotting against me? What the hell did she want to do? Was it her revenge? It **was** ridiculous. How could she even think of harming me after all the things I have done for **her? I was tired** of her using me for selfish gains. Perhaps the utter disappointment was a relief. **I could finally move on. My throat was dry**, so I began to cough violently. I wanted to get out of the place. **Just as I stood up, I felt something was wrong** with my body. **I could feel my blood surge southward, leaving a burning sensation on my abdomen and crotch. 'Damn it! Has someone drugged me?'**

Just then, a seductive voice snapped me out of my thoughts, | I turned around and saw that it was Sylvia. Her hands and legs were tied behind her back. It

looked like she had just regained consciousness. 'Damn it! Was she trapped too?' She looked uncomfortable. Her lips parted as she gasped for breath. Seeing her flushed face, I wondered if someone had drugged her as well. I didn't dare to take a step toward her because I couldn't control my impulses. The only thing I could do now was to leave this damned place as soon as possible. I darted toward the door, trying to push it open. As expected, the door was locked. I was so angry that I kicked the iron door over and over again, but it didn't move. The door was welded in place. My desire to have sex was at its peak. I pulled my collar as my body temperature spiked up. "Warren?" Sylvia had already woken up. She looked at me in confusion. "Why are you here? I remembered seeing you lying on the ground with blood all over your head. Just as I was about to check on you, someone attacked me from behind. Who kidnapped us?" Sylvia screamed in horror and began to struggle. Her fair wrists swelled up as she tried wriggling

free.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath to restrain my impulses. However, Sylvia's voice and her scent seemed to shatter my reason and logic. "The door won't open," I grunted and pounded the door. "Untie me first. I'll come up with a solution" Sylvia looked anxious. She tho

ught freeing herself from the shackles would save her. But I knew it was pointless because Alina wouldn't let us escape. Besides, I was drugged. **Sweat ran down my back.** I clenched my fists, trying to control my raging hormones. I couldn't stand it anymore. It was killing me. **I looked** at Sylvia lying on the ground and lost my **mind I remembered** telling Rufus that I liked Sylvia. Although I told Sylvia that **it was a lie, I was indeed attracted to her bravery and kindness. I took a deep breath and walked toward her.** 'Sylvia, I will **be responsible for you.**' **Those were the words that constantly rang in my mind at that moment.**

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Sylvia's POV: **I looked around and saw** all kinds of things stuffed in the old equipment room. The **doors and windows were sealed.** It was winter, but I still felt stuffy. **I tried** wriggling out of the rope, but it was secured tightly around my wrists. I struggled up to my feet and leaned against the wooden frame behind me. My head began to spin, and I wiped the sweat on my forehead with the back of my palm. It felt weird. I couldn't tell why I **was sweating.** "Warren, help me!" I shouted. **However, he** didn't respond and didn't bother to even look at me. His eyes looked gloomy — as if he were lost in thought. Blood continued to drip from the horrifying wound on his head. All of a sudden, Warren smashed the iron door with his fists. The door vibrated, letting out a loud buzz that sounded like a tragic warning. "Warren?" His sudden reaction startled me. Before I could figure out what was going on, he turned around and trudged toward me slowly but steadily. I glanced at his wound **and saw** that blood was still oozing out. It looked like a serious injury. "Does your wound hurt? What the hell happened? Who hurt you?" I tried standing up, but my legs gave away, and I fell on the hard concrete. That was when I realized my legs were also tied. Warren continued to walk toward me without saying anything. The place looked weird, and so was Warren. Everything about the current situation made me uncomfortable. **Before** I could react, Warren was already close to me. My body grew tense when I saw the **blue veins stand** out on his bare arms, and his usual sober eyes were red. "Warren? Are you okay? Say something! What the hell is going on?! Let's get out of this place **first!**" I stared at Warren and sensed that something was wrong with him. **I felt nervous to see him** acting weird, so I had to **find a way to save myself. I twisted my wrists** to loosen the rope. The friction tore my flesh, and blood oozed out, but **the rope was still strong. My stomach began to churn with anxiety,** and my heart drummed in my chest. I felt my **shirt stick to my back. Even a small movement made me breathless.** I bit my tongue and **tried** not to pant loudly like an animal. The emptiness **seemed to gn**

aw my bones. Realization hit me like a ton of bricks. Someone had drugged me. I had no control over my body now.

A shiver ran down my spine, and I frantically moved my hands to break free from the shackles. Meanwhile, my brain began to race as I tried to figure out what was going on.

Warren must have been drugged as well. The mastermind behind all this had plotted to make us have sex. The thought frightened me. I looked up and saw Warren close the distance between us. "Warren, calm down!" Before I could react, Warren pounced on me. He grabbed my shoulders, and his bloodshot eyes stared at mine. Sweat beaded his face. His hands were hot as he seemed to crush me with his grip. I tried my best to bite his hand, but he didn't seem to feel any pain. I bit him until he bled, but the man refused to let go of me. I felt powerless as he pinned me under his body. I kicked him hard on his shins. "Wake up, Warren! I'm Sylvia!" Warren stopped and looked at me. "I know you are Sylvia." His voice was thick with lust. I could see the desire blazing in his eyes. Before I could say anything, he snapped his eyes shut as if trying his best to calm down. However, as he opened them again, his eyes had turned a shade redder as if he could no longer control himself. Panic wracked my nerves. "Sylvia, I will be responsible for you... I will be responsible..." Warren mumbled as he began to tear my clothes.

"Damn it! Shut the fuck up!" I struggled and kicked Warren with all my strength. But my reaction seemed to have tempted him even more. He parted my legs and began to tear my clothes. I couldn't take it anymore. Just as he was about to tear the last piece of clothing in my body, I cried loudly.

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Sylvia's POV: My hands were tied, and I couldn't even move them. Now, Warren had pinned me down. I cried out in despair as I realized what was about to happen. **I would rather die than betray Rufus.** "Warren, please calm down, please..." Tears streamed down my cheeks. **I was angry, scared, and devastated** —

all at the same time. I felt foolish for not being more cautious. I had taken the bait and fallen into the trap. **Warren lowered his head. He kissed my tears away and** gently licked my cheeks. His smooth tongue made me gasp in horror. Bile rose in my throat. I slammed my head on Warren's nose. He blinked and stared at me as if he had finally realized what was going on. However, he **soon leaned forward and** continued to lick my face, leaving wet trails on **my skin.** Anger surged through my veins. I gritted my teeth and slammed my forehead against his nose again. Warren yelped in my pain and looked at me. I glared at him, silently warning him to

stay away from me. Blood dribbled out of his nose. He casually wiped it with the back of his hand and turned me **over**. I closed my eyes, not knowing what else to do. It felt like the end **was near**. **A wave of** disgust washed over me as I waited for what was about to happen next. All of a sudden, I felt my hands loosen. I opened my eyes and saw that Warren had untied **the** rope for me. I quickly sprang to my feet and moved away, keeping a safe distance from him. **His eyes had** regained clarity, and I felt he had finally understood what he had done. Seeing **my reaction**, Warren slumped on the floor dejectedly. The blood on his face made him look **pitiful**. **"Are you okay?"** I asked, walking toward the door. "Let's find a way to get out of here first." "I'm sorry. I couldn't help it." He smiled sadly "It's not the right time to talk about that. Let's get out of here **first**," **I said anxiously. I grabbed the handle** of the solid iron door and shook it. **"First, tie me up before you find a way to get out because I can't control myself for long. The effect of the drug is too strong,"** Warren hissed through his teeth. **He lowered his head and took deep breaths as if he** couldn't control himself anymore. **My hands and legs grew weaker. The drug** began to work on me. **If Warren went berserk again, I might not be able to stop him.**

Without thinking further, I immediately walked over and picked up the rope on the ground. "And my coat. Tie me with the coat as well as the rope." Warren sounded restless again. I quickly walked to the other side and picked up his coat. Then, I twisted it with the rope to **form a plait** and tightly secured it around his hands. **After that, I squatted down to rest** because I felt breathless and exhausted again. "It should be okay now." I wiped the sweat on my forehead and licked my dry lips. The drug **in my body had started working**. "Help me." Warren groaned in pain. **He wriggled on the ground, without caring about his image, and continued to pull the thick rope.** If things went on this way, sooner or later, he would tear the rope. **I was so anxious** that I looked around to find an escape route. Unfortunately, the door was the only way out, and it was locked. I broke into a cold sweat as my body grew hotter. I tried to send a telepathic signal to Rufus, but he didn't seem to respond. I quickly took out my phone from my pocket. There were several missed calls from Flora. I called her back, but she didn't answer. I tried my best to calm myself down. My hands were shaking, but I quickly typed a message and sent it to Flora. "I'm in trouble. Come to the old equipment room ASAP and open the door for me. PS. Make **sure no one knows** about it." The situation was complicated. People might misunderstand us if they saw me and Warren **alone** in the equipment room. Therefore, it was better to keep it a secret. **A loud bang** snapped me out of my thoughts. I looked up and saw Warren banging his head **against the wooden shelf. My body temperature seemed to rise, and I tried my best to control myself. Panic and worry consumed me.** I checked my phone again, but there was no reply from Flora.

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Flora's POV: After breakfast with Harry, I headed down to the training grounds for class. **Sylvia** still didn't show up all morning. **I began to worry. Sylvia was not** the type to disappear for no reason, not **unless something bad** happened to her. I tried ringing her phone, but there was no answer. The class was already about to begin, but Sylvia was still nowhere to be found. After some hesitation, I decided not to leave my phone in the cabinet and brought it to class instead. Blair took attendance as part of the routine. With a quick glance at the class, he frowned and asked, "Does anyone know where Sylvia and Warren are?" It was only then that I realized Warren was also missing. I got even more worried for Sylvia. "Anyone know about Sylvia's whereabouts?" Blair glanced at his phone and then turned to me. "Do you know anything, Flora?"

"I... I don't..." I staggered to my feet and stuttered. I wasn't comfortable letting everyone here know that Sylvia was missing. "Flora?" Blair took a couple of steps closer, frowning. Finally, I cleared my throat. "Sylvia's sick." "Sick? If she skips classes without telling me in advance, she will get deductions from her **grades,**" Blair said sternly. All of a sudden, I felt my phone buzz. But I didn't dare take it out right now while Blair was **still looking at me. While the class was** warming up, I discreetly took out my phone and saw a message from

Sylvia. My instincts told me that she was in danger. I had to find her as soon as possible. "**What** are you doing?" Leaning over, Harry whispered to me. "What happened to Sylvia? She **was completely** fine during the morning exercise." "I'll tell you later." I made a gesture telling him to keep silent. Our actions attracted Blair's **attention.** "**The new equipment room** is still being reconstructed. Any volunteer to go to the old **equipment room in the west wing** to fetch the equipment?" Blair asked, looking at us. **I immediately raised my hand.** "**Me!** I can go alone!" "**Alone? You're too weak to even fight. How are you** going to bring so much equipment on **your own?**" **One of the male students beside me laughed. Rolling my eyes, I grabbed Harry's ear.** "**Come.**" "**Hey! It hurts!**" Harry's face **distorted** in pain. "What are you doing?" **I let go of his ear.** "**Come with me to the equipment room!**" Harry rubbed his red, swollen ear and pouted. "**No way! That's so tiring. You shouldn't be the one to do that either. Just let someone else do it!**" **At this point, I was very impatient** that I pinched his arm. "Come on, **you're a tall and muscular guy.** How could you be tired from such a task? Are you a weakling? Just go with

me!”

Harry yelped with tears forming in his eyes. He was confused as to why I was hurting him. I tried my best to give him a wink. “Don’t you want to go? The equipment’s not that heavy. We can move it easily! Just the two of us, right?” Harry rubbed his arm and looked at me in confusion. “Come on, I’ll go with you.” I softened my voice. “You need to put those beautiful muscles to

use!”

The praise instantly lifted Harry’s mood. He confidently placed his hands on his hips and nodded. “You’re right. I’ll go with you to let you know my real strength.” “I’ll come too.” A male student named Tom spoke up. He ranked fifth in the placement test **and was** also the strongest werewolf in class. He had dark skin and big muscles, covered in frighteningly large black totem tattoos. **I swallowed** the lump in my throat. “Oh. You don’t... have to come. Harry’s already coming **with me.” He** was the one who usually did such things as lifting and moving, but I didn’t want him to do it today. Without even looking at me, Tom grabbed my collar and flung me to the other side of the **grounds** as if I weighed nothing. He then walked up to Blair and scowled, “I said I’m coming

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too.”

Blair gave us a cold look. He probably didn’t expect this to come out of a simple request to **move equipment.** “Whatever. You decide amongst yourselves.” Blair immediately excluded himself from the matter. **He crossed his arms and** watched as a quarrel was about to **ensue. His words just seemed to** imply that Tom would go with us either way. **Tom walked up to me and aggressively** said, “Let’s go.” “**I said Harry and I are enough already.” I waved my hand desperately. “What did you just say?” Tom’s deep voice warned.** “Nothing... I guess we’ll all go together.” I tried everything I could, but I was **left with n**

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Skylight **Flora’s POV: Blair gave me a suspicious look and seemed to have something to ask me. But in the end, he gave up and threw the key to the equipment room to Tom. Then he waved at us, gesturing us to leave. On the way, I deliberately walked slower than Tom to just follow behind him, eager**

to take **action**. **When we** finally reached a corner where no one was around, I rushed over and hit Tom's head directly. **I wanted** to knock him out. However, my hand hurt so much, but Tom stood still **and even** turned his head to glare at me. I smiled awkwardly. "That... was an accident... I, I tripped..." Obviously, my excuse was too far-fetched. Of course, Tom didn't buy it. He grabbed my collar with one hand and asked, "Are you challenging me?" Now that he had already seen through me, I pushed his hand away and rushed up to fight with him! "Harry, come on! Hurry and help me!" I jumped onto Tom's back and pulled his mouth with both hands. Then I shouted at Harry, "Hit him!" "What is going on?" Although Harry was confused, he still joined the fight. Tom was like an unbreakable shield, and his body was as hard as a stone wall. He **was so ashamed into** anger that he threw me to the ground. Then he picked me up like an eagle **grabbing** a chick and smashed me to the ground again. I could only cry in pain. "Harry, come **on! Strike him down there!**" **Harry immediately** understood what I meant. He quickly threw a punch at Tom's lower body. **I took advantage** of this opportunity. I immediately jumped up and hit Tom on the neck. He **was knocked unconscious before** he could even react. **Only after I took** the key from Tom that I had gotten the chance to explain everything to **Harry and showed him Sylvia's text message**. | **"Then what shall we do next?" Harry asked me. "Take Tom away and find a place to hide him. And don't let anyone go to the equipment room."** **After saying this, I patted him on the shoulder and** added, "I'll leave him to you then. I'll just go **to the equipment room to check the situation.**" **Sylvia's POV: My patience was running out, and I couldn't wait any longer. I looked up at the skylight. It was a little high, but it was the only way I could possibly get**

out

Fortunately, there was a ladder there. I leaned it against the wall and climbed up. I stood at the top of the ladder, jumped hard, and grabbed the edge of the skylight. **Obviously, the skylight** hadn't been opened for a long time because it **was already covered with thick rust**. I tried pushing the window but nothing happened. **When I felt that I was about to lose** my strength, I got so anxious that I directly smashed the **skylight with my fist**. After punching it about a dozen times, it finally shattered into pieces. **But the** back of my hand was cut by the broken glass. **I shook my hand**, propped myself up, and crawled out. Then I turned my head and looked at **Warren on the floor**. "I'll get some help, then I'll come back to save you."

The architectural style of the equipment room was a Gothic spire. Although there was only one floor, the roof was very high. I looked down and swallowed nervously; then I closed my **eyes** and directly jumped down. **There was no buffer** on the smooth ground, so I fell lik

e a

piece of dead meat. My elbows and **knees** rubbed hard against the rough concrete surface, and blood seeped out. The most **serious** injury I got was a sprained ankle. **At this** moment, I heard a voice from a distance. I immediately **dragged my legs and hid behind the** equipment room. **The** drug in my body was still taking effect, and it seemed to be getting stronger and **stronger. I was not** properly dressed now, so it would definitely cause misunderstanding if someone **saw me**. It would be difficult for me to explain things clearly. So all I could do was patiently **wait for** the crowd to disperse. I clutched my chest and took a deep breath, enduring the discomfort in my body. Then I took **out my phone and** called Rufus for help. But before my call connected, I **saw several men wearing masks and caps** looking at me in the distance. **Their outfits looked exactly** the same as that suspicious man I saw earlier, **I quickly stood up and took a few steps** back. Then I **turned around and ran away. They chased after me at once. I stumbled and dashed to a place where no one was around.** The pain **in my ankle made me sweat profusely**, but I still **rushed around awkwardly. There was only one thought** in my mind. I could never fall into the hands of my opponent **just like that**

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Chapter 171 The Forbidden Forest

Sylvia's POV: I ran into the dense forest as fast as I could, and the men behind me still followed closely. "Stop right there!" one of them shouted. "We will spare your life if you stop running." **I just ignored them and** continued running forward without looking back. "Damn! How can she run so fast?" I rushed forward regardless of anything and soon reached the edge of the **dangerous forbidden forest.**

The entrance of the forbidden forest was blocked with barbed wire. The forbidden forest was connected to the mountain behind the imperial palace. The sky-high **trees covered the sky.** Like a deep bottomless well, no one knew what it was like inside this forbidden forest. No one from the palace and the academy was allowed to enter the forbidden forest because **there were** real wild beasts in here. Moreover, the terrains there were complicated. There **were** countless swamps and poisonous creatures. Generally speaking, it was difficult to get out of here once one entered. "Sylvia, there is no way out. What are we going to do?" Yana's anxious voice suddenly rang out in my head. "How about we make a bet? Let's go in." As I spoke, I looked at the barrier in the forbidden **area** with hesitation. "No way! If you go in there, you may not be able to come out. Why don't we think of another **way?**" "I don't think there are other ways." I turned my head and looked

at the enemies chasing after me. I gritted my teeth, ripped open **the barbed wire** with all my strength, and rushed into the forbidden forest. **Flora's POV:**

I arrived in front of the equipment room and looked around. After making sure that no one **was there, I walked to** the iron door. **"Sylvia, are you in** there?" I gently knocked on the door and peeped through the crack to look **inside, Since it was very narrow,** I could only see the equipment scattered on the floor and **the dust floating in the air. I knocked on the door again.** "Sylvia, may I come in?" **Still, no one answered.** So I took out the key to unlock **the chain and pushed the iron door open with a creak. As soon as I stepped in, I was knocked down** to the floor by a figure. **He was so strong and fast that I didn't have time to react at all.**

I rubbed my waist in pain and looked up to see who he was. It turned out to be Warren. His whole body was horribly hot, and his naked upper body was covered with sweat. His face was red as if he was drunk. I could tell at first glance that he was drugged. "Hey! You..." I was about to say something, but before I could finish my words, Warren grabbed my arm and held it tightly. I pushed him away as hard as I could, but I failed. "Warren, let go of me!" But Warren didn't seem to hear me. He shook his head desperately and tried to squeeze it towards my neck. "Help... me..." I put my hands against his chest and looked around, hoping to find Sylvia. But I couldn't see her. What I saw was the trace of fighting and blood on the floor. I looked up, and my eyes landed on the skylight above my head. The window glass was already broken. I breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that it was Sylvia who broke it. It seemed that she had escaped. Suddenly, I felt a pain in my neck. It was only then that I found out that Warren was biting the tender flesh on my neck with his sharp teeth. "Hey, are you a dog?" I grabbed his short hair angrily and pulled it backward. But he didn't give up. He was like a puppy that had just been weaned. When I finally managed to pull him away, he leaned in again and rubbed his face against my chest. I slapped him on the face. "You pervert!" The crisp sound of the slap made Warren pause. He covered his face with his hand and stared at me with his blank eyes. I retracted my hand in embarrassment, pushed him away, and ran out of the door. "Don't... go..." Warren murmured behind me. His low and hoarse voice made me stop and look back. This time, I saw him lying on the floor in pain. He must have been overwhelmed by lust because he looked pitiful and embarrassed. Even his hair, which had always been neat, was disheveled now. "You..." I subconsciously took a few steps towards him. I had never seen Warren like this before. When we were still in the pack, he was always so high-spirited and energetic. He always wore a clean white shirt, looking elegant. And he was the strongest werewolf among his peers. Although I didn't want to admit it, I once secretly admired Warren. He was actually the most ideal lover in my heart. After all, such a righteous

werewolf

was not hard to like. However, the gap between our social status was definitely huge. And Warren already had someone in his heart. He had been waiting for Alina since then. Everyone in the pack knew that he was the most loyal knight for her, so I never thought about the possibility of us being

whopiti in The Forbidden Forest – together. Even if I had, it would only be in my dreams.

But now, such a noble werewolf was writhing painfully in front of me like a drowned mouse . He hunched over and trembled. He seemed to be in a terrible situation now. He kept saying sorry, and I didn't know who he was apologizing to. But seeing him like this made me feel sorry for him.

I frowned and stared at Warren, who was rolling on the floor. Finally, I sighed, turned around, closed the door, and locked it. Then I walked towards him without hesitation.

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Passion **Flora's POV: The moment I stepped** closer to Warren, he wrapped his arms around my **waist and began** kissing me. I gulped and pushed him away helplessly. "Don't be so anxious. We haven't taken off our **clothes yet.**" **Warren understood what** I meant and immediately grabbed the collar of my shirt, intending to tear it apart. "No, no, no!" I stopped him right away. But Warren didn't seem to care about what I said. He ripped my shirt apart. "Stop it!"

Seeing that I was only in my bra and underwear, I felt shy. After all, I was still a virgin. I didn't expect to have sex for the first time this way. But I decided not to think too much about it because I wouldn't lose anything

if I slept with a guy like Warren. I pulled Warren's belt and took him to the soft cushion. Then, I stripped him naked. I gasped in shock when his enormous penis came to view. Blue veins popped on his ruddy **erection**.

It looked like a stiff iron

rod. It looked frightening, and I didn't know what to do. Warren looked

at me and back at himself in confusion. Suddenly,

the beast in him awoke, **and** he pinned me under him. He pulled off my bra, cupped my breasts, and began to rub **them**. "**Hmm...**" I was caught off guard. The strange sensation made me

moan with pleasure. **However, as** if not satisfied, Warren bent forward and licked my breasts. The heat of his **body seeped** into mine. I fisted the hair on the back of his

head and pressed him against me **to close whatever** little distance we had between us. I couldn't wait for his penis to enter my body. **Warren let go** of my breasts and pressed his dick against my pussy. **I was already wet** for him. He continued to slam his penis against my pu

ssy. Ripples of **pleasure coursed through my** body. His juices wet my underwear and pubic hair. I took off **my underwear and wrapped my legs** around his waist. Then I leaned over and kissed **Warren's chest. His muscular physique made the experience** all the more exciting. I **trailed my fingers across his body and gripped his firm butt and wide shoulders. His chiseled muscles made me feel safe and secure. Having sex with him didn't seem like a bad idea, after all. When my body was ready to welcome him,** Warren didn't live **up to my expectations. It seemed that he couldn't find the right way to enter into me, so he randomly poked his dick**

Passion around my pussy. I was amused to

see him struggle to enter me, Seeing his helplessness, I fisted his penis and positioned it against my pussy. Warren instinctively rubbed his penis against my entrance. My breath caught in my throat; his slow movements seemed to drive me insane. I wanted him right now, riding me like a sailor.

I bucked up my hips and aligned with his rock-hard dick, pulling him closer to me. However, I regretted it the next moment because his enormous dick got stuck in my opening. It was pleasurable yet painful. "You... you come out first..." I blushed and didn't dare to move. My pussy hurt as my walls gripped his length. Warren snorted and grabbed my hands with one hand as he thrust his dick into me, ignoring my pleas. It looked like he had found the right place and was reluctant to pull back. He leaned closer and started a steady rhythm. "No. It's too deep..." I patted his shoulder. My voice was barely above a whisper. Warren was incredibly strong. He pushed himself deeper within me and continued to thrust harder.

Moments later, he parted my legs and let out a loud moan. He knelt in front of me, and his firm butt seemed to sway in and out. My eyes rolled up as he thrust harder. Waves of pleasure crushed me over and over again. I was on a joyful ride that seemed to get pleasurable with every thrust. My body shattered after an intense orgasm, and I came. Warren gripped my waist and licked my earlobe. "Sylvia..." My body stiffened, and my eyes widened in horror. 'How could he mistake me for Sylvia?' I turned Warren over, pinned him on the sofa, and slapped him across his face. "Open your eyes and tell me who I am!"

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Rufus' POV: I was in a meeting the entire morning. By the time it finished, it was almost noon. The first thing I did after was to take my phone out to call Sylvia. I wanted to ask her out for lunch.

To my surprise, it seemed that Sylvia had tried to call me earlier, but she was supposed to be **in class at that time. I immediately got a strange** feeling in my stomach. Did she mistakenly press the call button? I called her back but there was no answer. I was beginning to get uneasy, so I called Blair. He didn't pick up either. At this time, the bell tower rang two times in the distance. I remembered that it was still supposed to be class time. That was probably why Blair didn't **answer**. "Prince Rufus, I have a document for you to sign here." A senator walked up to me holding a pen and paper. I haphazardly signed my name and gave it back, rushing to my car right after and heading to the school to look for Blair. Sure enough, Blair was indeed in class. He was surprised to see me. "What are you doing here?" Blair smiled and walked over, patting me on the chest. "You don't usually come to see me in school." I was not exactly in the mood to joke around. I turned my eyes to his class on the training grounds. No Sylvia. "Where's Sylvia?" "Sylvia? I thought she was sick. Didn't she tell you?" Blair was confused. "Sick? She was just fine yesterday. How could she suddenly get sick?" I grew anxious. My **calm demeanor** faded at the very thought that something bad happened to Sylvia. "I'm just as confused as you are. She was pretty fine during morning exercise today. But **Flora just said that she was** sick."

Blair also began to worry. "Maybe we should call the dorm **administrator first.**" **I nodded as Blair went to phone the administrator. He dialed and rang the number several times, but it seemed no one was there to answer the phone. My patience was thinning. I turned** to him and said, "I'll go to Sylvia's dorm room myself and check." "Wait. The dorm administrator's picked up." Blair **stopped me and held up a hand. "What are they saying?" I frowned.** "Is Sylvia in her dorm?" **Blair put down the phone and looked serious. "There's no one in Sylvia's room. Is there**

All Out Of Contact **something going on?** Now that I think about it, Flora did **seem nervous when I asked about Sylvia.**" "Where's Flora?" I quickly grabbed Blair's arm. "Hey, students are watching us. Don't embarrass me in front of them." Blair gently **removed my hand** and smoothed out his clothes. "Don't worry. Sylvia's just probably around here. **She won't get lost.**" "**Easy for you to say.**" I gave him a cold look. "You don't know what it's like to care deeply **for someone.**" All of a sudden, Blair straightened his back and slapped his thigh as if he remembered something. "Flora left to fetch the equipment with other students, but they haven't returned yet. If you didn't mention her, I would have forgotten completely!" "What do you mean they haven't returned yet?" I asked, getting suspicious. "Yeah. They're not here yet. It's been quite a while." Blair glanced at his watch. "More than half of the class time's already passed. I wonder if something happened to them." I looked at him, not saying anything. Blair faced his students and told them to practice on their own for the meantime before **taking** me to the equipment room. Just when we were about to arrive, a silly-looking werewolf appeared in front of us. "You can't go in there." Harry stood in front of us,

blocking the way by holding out his hands. "Why not?" I pushed his hand away and stepped forward. But Harry stopped me again. I scowled and was about to throw a punch, but Blair held me back.

"Calm down." He turned to Harry. "Where are Tom and Flora? Aren't you supposed to be with them?"

Harry couldn't meet my eyes or Blair's. He stuttered, "They... I don't... You shouldn't go..." My doubts and worries had taken over me. I pushed Harry to the side and forced myself into **the equipment room**

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Sober Warren's POV: My spirit

felt like it had left my body as I entered the tight and moist passage. I felt like a drill, constantly moving deeper insider. **I couldn't get enough of it.** My penis pushed hard into the softness **that was inside as if to destroy it. Endless desire** burned within me, reason and logic leaving my body. **It went** on like this for a while until I felt a slap on my face, sobering me up instantly and **allowing me** to clearly see the she-wolf in front of me. "Wait, you..." I froze when I saw the beautiful girl before me. The girl reached up and seductively pulled my hair. She fiercely said, "Do you recognize who **I am?!"** **My face burned, too embarrassed to say** anything, but my penis was still inside of her. **As I grew**

more sober by the second, I vaguely remembered calling out Sylvia's name just now. No wonder this she-wolf was angry. I looked at her with guilt. I wanted to say something, but I couldn't remember her name. All I knew was that she was Sylvia's roommate and we were in the same class for a while now. But I never seemed to care enough to know her name, even though we came from the **same pack.** I stopped in shame, but my lower body felt a sudden surge and swelled up inside of her. We both gasped unconsciously, She blushed and looked a little embarrassed herself. She stared at me in a coy yet charming way. **"Maybe you're not sober enough yet."** The girl raised her hand to slap me again. **I grabbed her wrist mid-**

air. "I'm sober already. I just... I don't remember your name..." **I stammered. I moved a step back,** the flesh of our bodies creating an intimate sound. **I couldn't find the courage to look at her.** This situation was quite embarrassing and I didn't know what to do. **All of a sudden,** the girl pulled me back. **"Well, you've been satisfied already.** Now, it's my turn." She

brought her lips to touch mine **as she let her tongue explore my mouth. I was stunned. I had never encountered such a wild she-wolf before.** **"Unless, you're too weak to have another go?"** The girl bit

my lower lip provocatively. Her words immediately turned my instinct to fight back on . I pressed myself on top of her body and sucked her tongue, pushing my penis deeper back inside her body. "Ah... Slow down..." She snaked her arms around my neck and arched her back as I thrust deeper. Her eyes glazed over. "Be gentle..." @ | **I snorted** and held her legs to spread into a letter M, keeping a constant rhythm. I did not stop until the girl squirted. Only then did this absurd sex come to an end. The moment we finished, the girl pushed me off of her body and stood up. Without even looking at me, she got dressed with no expression. "Hurry up!" When she realized I was just standing there, she coldly urged me. I was stunned. How could she quickly change her attitude like that? We were so intimate, and now she was acting like a total stranger. The girl tossed me a pile of clothes and said, "Quit dawdling." I looked at the torn up clothes and didn't know what to do. My naked body made me feel **ashamed**. She was almost completely dressed. Even though her shirt were torn by me, she still had her coat intact. She looked neat. **I was** caught in a daze, lost in thought. She turned to look at me and suddenly chuckled. Her soft laugh made me flustered even more. I slowly unfurled my ripped clothes and did what I could to cover my chest. At this time, we heard the sound of approaching footsteps from the door.

Chapter 175 Embarrassment

Warren's POV: I was so scared that I jumped up from the floor. Then, I realized that **I was naked and subconsciously covered** my lower body with my hands. "Big deal! I've seen your body, and even touched it," the girl said coldly. Judging from her cool demeanor, I sensed she hadn't heard the noise outside. **My ears** burned with embarrassment. I quickly put on my clothes. Before I could explain, the **noise** outside grew louder.

The girl finally heard the noises and hoisted herself up in a fit of panic. She paced across the **room and said**, "What should we do? Someone is coming! We can't let others see us like this!" "Use that skylight on the ceiling." I looked up at the only source of light in the room and held the girl's hand. "Yes, yes. Why didn't I think of that?" The girl clambered up the ladder. When she was **halfway** through, her face darkened. "This ladder is short and doesn't reach the window. I don't think I'd make it outside." The voices outside grew loud, and Harry's was the loudest. "No one is inside! Flora and Tom are not inside." "We'll get inside and find out whether you're telling the truth or not." "Step aside." I looked up at the girl who was looking at me bitterly. "Your name is Flora?" **She snorted** coldly. "Wow! I'm glad you finally know." "I won't forget it ever again," I said in a hoarse voice. I felt so

guilty that I didn't dare to look **at her eyes**. Just then, the iron door began to shake violently, and the quarrel outside grew louder. "Harry, just stop it! What the hell are you doing? Are you hiding something?" "L... .." **"I said get out of the way!"** **Flora bent down and** tugged at my sleeve. "What are you thinking? Hurry up. What do we do **now? They are** coming in!" **I didn't want to drag** Flora into trouble under such circumstances. We wouldn't be able to **explain ourselves if people saw us**. It would ruin Flora's reputation as well. I quickly thought of a solution and helped Flora get down. "I'll go **up first and serve as another ladder for you. You step on my shoulders**, climb up, and jump out of the skylight." "Okay, hurry up."

I quickly clambered up the ladder and lifted Flora up. She stepped on my shoulder and struggled to balance herself. "I won't be able to jump. **Can't you raise me a little higher?"** **I focused my attention on her and gripped her ankles to make sure** she didn't fall. **"Higher! You were strong while riding me. What happened now? Show me your strength and** lift me higher." I obediently lifted her. **However, a stream** of sticky liquid trickled down her leg and fell on **my palm.** **My face turned red. Embarrassment** consumed me as I realized it was **my semen. My hands began to tremble,** and my grip loosened. Flora lost her balance and leaned toward me. I quickly reached out to grab her. Our movements shook the ladder, and it collapsed under our weights. I held Flora tightly in my arms and rolled on the floor with her. Plumes of dust rose up, and then the door flew open. **Flora and I were startled.** We blankly stared at the door. Harry, Blair, and Rufus stared back at us.

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I stared at the three men at the door and then at Warren, who was still holding **me in his arms. Blinking, I was so scared** that I quickly **removed myself from Warren. Blair was first** to break the ice. "Well, it looks lively in here." I blushed and froze in my spot. Warren scooted closer to me without saying anything. I stepped aside. I didn't want to be so close to him. "Flora, what... What were you doing?" Harry's eyes were wide. "Your face... It's red..." I looked down and didn't know how to explain myself. I checked my clothes and was **relieved** they looked intact. But when I took a look at Warren, I found how disheveled he appeared. His face was flushed, his lips red and swollen. His neck had scratch marks as well. All signs pointed that he had just had sex. There was no denying it at all. Lowering my head, I sighed. I just ignored Harry and walked up to Rufus instead. * "I need to talk to you."

Rufus nodded and followed me to a corner. I took out my phone and showed him the last message I received from Sylvia. "Look. Sylvia sent me this in the morning." Rufus read the message and asked bluntly, "Well, did you find Sylvia in the equipment room?" I shook my head in distress. "When I got to the equipment room, the door was locked. As soon as I got inside, all I saw was Warren, who was drugged. Sylvia wasn't there. I'm not sure, but she must have escaped through the sky window." Rufus looked up at the sky window and then turned to me. Sincerely, he said, "Thank you, **Flora.**"

Flustered, I waved my hand. "It's no problem. Sylvia is my friend. I was very worried about **her too.**" "If you need any help next time, don't hesitate to tell me." With that, Rufus left to look for Sylvia. Looking at his disappearing figure, I screamed deep inside. The famous Prince Rufus actually **thanked me!** He was definitely charismatic. The rumors about him being terrifying were not **true. He was** so polite and gentlemanly. He and Sylvia were truly a perfect match. I then turned and looked at Warren in disdain, who was still in ripped up clothing. He could not compare with the prince. **After all these years of admiring** this so-called prince charming before, I suddenly had a Traces **feeling that he was actually just so-so after having sex with him. When Warren caught me looking at him, he smiled shyly. He was** actually cute, but I found **that I was still** kind of unhappy. **I snorted, looking away. Before, he never even laid eyes on me. He was cold as ice, and he never even bothered to remember my name.** Now he looked at me like **he was a shy, meek sheep after sleeping with me.** I didn't buy a second of it! "**Flora, what** happened with the two of you?" Harry looked at me curiously. "Did you..." + "Shut up!" I hurriedly interrupted him, hoping he didn't see my blushing face. Harry shook his head. "Why do you have to act so fierce? You're not getting any man with **that attitude.**" "Flora." Blair smiled mischievously. "Thank you, for your hard work today." "Oh, not at all." Awkwardly, I waved my hand. It was actually Warren who did all the work, **so to speak.**

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Warren's POV: Blair

coughed loudly, trying to hold back his laughter. It seemed that he and Flora were **meaning** something else with their words, which confused Harry even more. "What are you talking about?" Harry raised an eyebrow and complained, "I think Flora looks fine. Right, Warren?"

"Come on, Harry. Don't bother Warren." Blair patted Harry's head, smiling, "It's adult talk. Children like you don't need to know yet." "But I'm a year older than Warren! I should know." Harry pouted, but soon he began to smile. He put his arm around my shoulder and whistled. "You're looking fashionable, buddy. Rugged and grungy style!" I didn't respond to Harry. Inst

head, I swallowed the lump in my throat and dared not to look at Blair and Flora. I removed myself from Harry and walked up to Blair in clothes that barely covered my body. "Sir." Blair looked at me, waiting for me to continue. I opened my mouth but nothing came out. I was too embarrassed to speak "It's fine. You can tell me later when you're ready." Blair was considerate enough to not make me speak. He just patted me on the shoulder and said, "I think the most important thing for you right now is to see a doctor first. The injury on your head looks serious. And with a swollen face like that..."

I touched the wound on my head. The blood was already drying up. As for my swollen face, it was courtesy of Flora. I quickly glanced at her. Flora immediately averted my gaze and pursed her lips. She seemed to be muttering something but I couldn't make it out. I just nodded at Blair, agreeing that I did need to see a doctor. I had to know if the aphrodisiac had any other effect on me. "Are you good to walk?" Blair looked down at my leg. My trousers had a big hole, **revealing** my bleeding knee. "I think I can walk. It's okay." Other than the aphrodisiac in my body, everything else just seemed like minor injuries to me. Harry suddenly gasped and brought his hand up to his forehead. "I forgot about Tom!" Blair turned around and crossing his arms.

"What did you do to Tom?" "... knocked him out and hid him in the bushes." Harry winced. He looked nervously at Blair, afraid that he would get scolded. "Just go and get him out of there! If you hurt him badly, you could get expelled!" Blair

.. Chapter 1 The Awkwardness **literally kicked Harry's ass in anger. Harry howled and rubbed his buttocks.** "He shouldn't be hurt that much. I didn't **even hit him that hard.**"

"How can you even say that?!" Blair glared. "Am I supposed to praise you for that?" **Harry lowered his head.** "I just need someone to come with me. Tom is too big for one **person to carry.**" "You!" Blair gave Harry's ass another kick. "Fine, I'll go with you. Lead the way." Blair left with Harry, cursing all the way and leaving me behind with Flora. **I cleared my throat and walked over to Flora.** "You..." Flora raised her head. There was confusion in her eyes. I could see my disheveled appearance in her clear blue irises. "Could you maybe come with me to the hospital?" I awkwardly stared at the dust in the air, avoiding her eyes. "Or, I could carry you back to your dorm room if you want." I wasn't able to hold my strength back during sex that I must have hurt her. I was too enveloped in the wonderful feeling. Our bodies seemed to be a perfect match. No matter how many times I thrust in and out, I just couldn't get enough.

Thinking of this, I felt a burning sensation again in my lower body. I clenched my fists in hope to suppress the desire, until

I couldn't resist it and stretched out a hand to touch Flora. But I didn't expect her to shoot me a look of disgust and leave. **I was** dumbfounded. It seemed like she left without hesitation. "Do you think she left because you weren't skilled enough? Maybe you should let me do it next time." My wolf Salt laughed at my misfortune. "Shut up!" I felt ashamed and angry at the same time. How could she just **leave me so easily** like that?

Chapter 178 Dangerous Area

Rufus' POV: After getting some useful information from Flora, I headed out to the equipment room to

check. The skylight was very high from the floor. My heart **sank when I estimated** the height. If **Sylvia jumped from** here, she would have undoubtedly gotten injured. I could see footprints and dried bloodstains on the ground. I followed the trace, and it led me to the forbidden **forest.**

The place was eerily silent, and I didn't see anyone on the way. My stomach began to churn with anxiety and unease.

The bloodstains disappeared before the forbidden forest. Just then, the sun began to sink in to the mountains, and the mist grew thicker, enveloping the trees and mountains. "I didn't think Sylvia would have entered the forbidden forest. There are no footprints here," my wolf, Omar, said worriedly. **However,** that was precisely why I grew suspicious. The traces had disappeared all of a sudden, which seemed to worry me. "The footprints tell that Sylvia has run all the way here in a mess." I squatted and inspected the soil. "It means someone was chasing her." "Then, why have the footprints disappeared here?" Omar asked in confusion. "They didn't disappear." I dusted off the soil in my hands and stood up to look into the forbidden forest. "Someone has deliberately erased the traces." "Erased the traces?" "Well, whoever **it was wanted** us to know that Sylvia had entered the forbidden forest. They **wanted her** to die here." I sneered. "There have been a series of traps today; each one, trying to kill Sylvia." "But Sylvia might not even be in the forbidden forest. Besides, there **are many fierce beasts** there. I'm not sure if I can safely get her out of there," Omar calmly explained. "What if Sylvia is in the forbidden forest?" I asked. "What if..." Omar **was taken aback.** I knew he was helpless and didn't know what to do. **I ran a hand** through my hair and sighed. "Well, I **don't want to take any risks when it comes** to Sylvia. Even if there is a slight possibility **to save her, I will go in and find her.**" "All right. Let's go **then.**" Omar **grew wild.** "It's our duty to **protect our mate. I was indecisive now, and I ap**

ologize for that." "Thank you for your understanding, Omar." Omar's support made me calm down a little. I soon turned into my wolf form and bolted into

the forbidden forest. The forbidden forest was surrounded by giant trees with bizarre plants—
like roots. Their dense branches formed a thick canopy, blocking out the sky. I ran around the forest, checking every nook and corner. "Sylvia, where are you?" However, I only heard my words reverberate across the silent forest. The night birds began to howl, and the branches swayed with the blowing wind. "Don't
go any further, Rufus," Omar gasped slightly. "There are swamps in front of us. It might be difficult to get out if we got trapped." Just then, I heard a rustling noise. I stepped forward and parted the banana leaves. A grey wild wolf darted out.

Then, more than a dozen wild wolves of varying colors and sizes rushed out from all directions and surrounded me. They snarled at me as their saliva dripped down. Seeing their wild eyes, I could tell they were ravenous.

The wolves were only half my size. Anger coursed through my veins. I lunged forward and knocked two wolves down. The other wild wolves immediately scattered and howled as if they were frightened. I glared at the wolves fleeing away from me in fear. "Imbeciles!"

Just then, the grey wild wolf let out a fierce cry, and the other wild wolves who had run away miraculously came back. It looked like they had an organized and disciplined siege. But I didn't have time to deal with these wild wolves. I broke the siege, not bothering to fight them, and left the wolves far behind.

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 179

Sylvia's POV: The dark pit was damp and gloomy. My clothes were already soaked. The weather in the forbidden forest was unpredictable. It was sunny a while ago, but it was raining now. The howling wind frightened me. I crouched behind the giant rock to shield myself but it **was useless. The downpour grew violent with every passing minute.** My hair stuck to my cheeks, and I broke into a cold sweat. Every bone in my body hurt. I tried **moving**, but the beast trap crushed my arm and held me in place.

The paths in the forbidden forest were intricate, and wild animals appeared from time to **time. I ran away from** the wild eyes and fell into the beast trap in a fit of panic. The steel clamp of the b

east trap held me in place, making it impossible for me to move. I struggled hard but couldn't open the trap. My energy gradually drained, and I couldn't even **move a finger**. Finally, it stopped raining. But the storm grew stronger and turned into a hurricane. My clothes soon dried up, but the wind didn't manage to cool down my ever-increasing body **temperature**. The aphrodisiac began to take effect again. I leaned back, gasping for breath. My eyes were burning. I felt I was about to die. "What do we do now? You have to hold on, Sylvia! Rufus will come soon!" Yana said **anxiously**. I opened my eyes weakly and felt a little dizzy. "Yana, I feel weak." "Why don't you turn into a wolf?" Yana suggested. **I listened to Yana and** turned into a wolf. Then, I tried freeing myself from the beast trap. **However**, the drug seemed to affect Yana as well. Even she couldn't open the beast trap, which seemed to worsen the situation. The trap got tighter and crushed my bones. If she **forcefully** pulled it away, it might tear my flesh and end up breaking my hand. **It soon started raining** again. I turned back **into my human form, and** slumped into the soil. **I bent down** to control my pain. The burning heat that had calmed a bit **surged up again. I sobbed sadly. My legs subconsciously rubbed against each other. Living somehow felt worse than death.** It felt like I **was trapped in a hell of fire.** "... **I'm exhausted,**" I murmured. **The aphrodisiac drained all the strength in my body.** "Don't give up, Sylvia! Think about Rufus! I'm sure **he must be on his way. Hold on. Or try transforming into a wolf** again. Give it a try. I'm sure it will work." I **could sense that Yana was afraid that I might give in and never wake up again.**

Falling Into A Trap –

just as I was about to fully lose conscience, I heard a faint noise **outside the pit as if some one was fighting.** Judging from the muted noise, I sensed it was **happening at a distance.**

However, I instantly sobered up. The heavy downpour made it difficult for me to recognize the scent of the person who had arrived. However, a voice in my heart told me that it was **Rufus** I tried my best to get up and call him. But I couldn't bring myself to shout for help. My throat was dry, and my stomach churned with anxiety. Just then, the sound of footsteps grew faster and louder. I lifted my head and saw Rufus in his wolf form. Before I could react, he jumped into the pit and held me in his arms as if he had found his lost treasure. He was gasping for breath, and I could feel his racing heartbeat. "Sorry, I'm late."

I leaned weakly in his arms

and greedily inhaled his scent. "How did you know I was here?" "I heard you calling me." Rufus pulled back a little and cupped m

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 180

Rufus' POV: **Carefully, I removed the beast trap** from Sylvia's hand and looked at her injury. **It was serious.** I could almost see her bones and she was bleeding profusely. "I'm fine. It doesn't hurt..." Sylvia smiled in attempt to comfort me, but her pale face said **otherwise.** I didn't say anything. Instead, I just took out my handkerchief and wiped as much blood off as possible. I was in a bad mood. "Are you mad?" Sylvia tugged on my clothes with her other hand and frowned. "No." I lowered my head and licked her wound, the taste of her blood filling my mouth. Sylvia winced and tried to retract her hand as she stared at me. "Are you sure you're not mad? You don't look too happy either." I felt sorry for this silly girl. I wasn't mad at her. I was angry at myself for not being able to protect her enough. I couldn't resist the urge to give her a gentle kiss. "Don't worry about it." Sylvia blinked before returning my kiss passionately. A few moments later, she spat. "Ack. Blood." "That's your own blood!" I chuckled, tucking her hair behind her ears and fiddling with her earlobe between my fingers. Leaning closer, I rubbed her soft cheek against mine. My love for her burned like a wild horse running free and with no control. I wanted nothing more than to stuff her into my pocket so that I could keep her with me at all times. "How did you know I'm here in the forbidden forest?" Sylvia asked, planting a kiss on my **palm.** "I tried calling you many times, but there was no answer. I went to your school to check and we later found Flora in the equipment room." I lowered my head and continued licking her **wound. For mates,** licking each other's wounds could speed up the healing process. In just a few minutes, Sylvia's injury had already stopped bleeding because of me. "**Flora went to the equipment room?**" Sylvia looked shocked. "Then, what about Warren?" "**He was also there. They were found together.** The two of them looked fine. **I'm guessing they're** both getting checked on in the hospital right now," I replied. "Okay, good." Sylvia nodded in relief and proceeded to tell me what happened. She couldn't help but **tremble when she said the part about her and Warren** getting drugged. I could feel **the fear that was** still in her heart. **I tightened my embrace around her in pity. "What if you just quit school instead? I don't**

want you to be in danger again. This experience is already too much. I just want you by my side all the time." "No." Sylvia shook her head seriously. She then cupped my face and kissed the corner of my mouth. "Oh, Rufus. I can't just quit out of fear. Whoever wants to hurt me will do everything

they can, wherever I am. Besides, you are much too busy to try and protect me at all times." –

I sighed helplessly. She had a point, so I gave up persuading her. Still, I decided that it was

necessary at

this point to station some secret bodyguards around her. While thinking of this, I suddenly felt Sylvia's body get warmer. She was beginning to sweat. "Sylvia, is everything okay?" I placed my palm over her forehead. "The drug... It's taking effect again." Dazed, Sylvia adjusted herself and breathed deeply. "It's so hot."

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I wanted to help relieve the drug's effects, but we were not in the proper environment. Just when I was about to bring her back, I heard the howls of a group of wild wolves from outside. Just from the sound, I could estimate that this group was even more than the group I had previously ran into. I hesitantly looked over at Sylvia. Facing the group of wolves wouldn't be so difficult if I were alone. But this time, I also had to worry about Sylvia. Sylvia began to unconsciously pull at my clothes. I didn't like seeing her this uncomfortable. I leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Is here okay for you?"