

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 271

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)
Sylvia's POV:

Amused Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 271 Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 271 Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 271, I didn't know whether to burst into tears or laughter.

Rin and Rufus had never liked each other, ever since the first time they met. It seemed the two still hadn't reconciled.

"Rufus looks mean, but you'll know how good a man he is as time goes by," I said gently, rubbing Rin's head comfortingly.

Rin whined and withdrew its head, as if it begged to differ.

Thinking for a while, I pulled out the whistle Rufus had given to me from under my collar.

"Look. Rufus made this whistle for me so that I could meet you whenever I wanted."

Rin's beady eyes glanced at the carefully carved whistle in my hand.

Without saying anything, it swung its big tail to the ground.

I knew it was its way of telling me that its attitude was softening towards Rufus, so I added, "Rin, Rufus is my mate. If you can't accept him, I'll be very, very sad."

I pretended to be sad and wiped imaginary tears from my eyes.

"Just look at him! He looks so pitiful. If I just leave him here, he'll be eaten by a wild beast. And if he dies, I can't keep on living in this world."

Rin lowered its head and whined anxiously, as though to reassure me that it understood where I was coming from.

"So let's take Rufus with us, okay? Don't make me leave him here."

I buried my face in my hands, pretending to be sad, peeking at Rin from between my fingers.

After I pulled Rufus off the brown wolf's back, I hurried to turn off my phone to prevent being tracked. Then I went to the lake and gathered some water on a lotus leaf to clean Rufus' dirty and bloodied body.

When I returned, he was still in a coma. I carefully made him drink some water first.

Then I pulled his shirt off and ripped it into small shreds to use as rags to wipe his face.

His chin had been scratched.

There was blood caked around the wounds.

Additionally, there was a swelling purple bruise on his forehead, as well as other wounds scattered all over his body.

Rin squatted down next to me and snorted.

I turned to look at it questioningly.

But Rin just covered its eyes with its forepaws, as if it couldn't bear to look at Rufus.

With a gentle smile, I touched its head then continued to deal with Rufus' wounds.

A little while later, Rin stood up to leave, as though it had grown bored. I carefully cleaned the blood off Rufus' body, my expression darkening.

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Lucy's POV:

As Sylvia ran off with Rufus, Ethan dispatched a large number of men to chase after them.

In the meantime, I was sent to the hospital for my , wounds to be treated.

The do Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 272 PDF, Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 272ctors there conducted a thorough physical examination.

As soon as I walked out of the examination room, I found Ethan and Richard waiting for me by the door.

"How do you feel?" Ethan asked, his forehead creased with concern.

Stunned, I glanced at Richard subconsciously. He winked at me meaningfully. I knew that he wanted me to continue with the pitiful act.

“What’s the matter? You must tell the doctors if you feel anything off,”

Ethan added quickly when I didn’t respond fast enough.

“No, no. I’m fine, and so is the baby,”

I lowered my head and answered respectfully, twiddling my thumbs nervously. If I wanted the baby to be born without a hitch, then he needed to be born as a prince. I needed to completely conceal the fact that the baby’s father was Kyle, not Richard.

Ethan sighed with relief.

“That’s good. I’ll have the best doctors treat the wounds on your face. Don’t lose hope, my dear girl. Just take good care of yourself and the baby for the time being.”

I nodded, not daring to say anything more.

I felt extremely bad.

Never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined that my face would be permanently disfigured one day. I was thankful to be alive, but...

He kept his arm wrapped around my waist, planting kisses on my forehead from time to time, all the way until we made it back to the palace.

The whole time, I tried my best to endure the nausea and forced a smile until we were inside my room.

As soon as I closed the door behind us, I shook off Richard’s hand with disgust.

Richard dropped the act, too. He grabbed my collar violently and hissed, “Where do you think you’re going?”

I pushed his hand away and kicked his shin.

“Stay away from me, you bastard.”

Richard sneered and hugged me forcibly.

“Why so cold, my dear? You should thank me for saving your life.”

My eyes went as wide as saucers.

“How dare you? If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have been disfigured for the rest of my life!”

“You were the one who betrayed me first, remember? Huh?”

Richard whispered in my ear, his voice as cold and vile as a snake’s.

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Lucy’s POV:

I hadn’t eaten anything the whole day, so my stomach could only release some gastric fluid when I vomited.

Richard reacted quick, but not quick enough.

The stinky liquid sprayed on his suit, making him furious on the spot.

He hurriedly took off his coat and threw it away while cursing me.

“What have you done? You really fucking puke up in front of me? You are so disgusting, you ugly disfigured bitch!”

He was making so much noise, so I covered my ears with my hands. But I could still hear his voice.

“Do you really think you’re pure and innocent? You’re a slut! You’re as disgusting as that bastard in your belly.”

I wasn’t in the mood to argue with him, but he was too aggressive. So my anger also flared up.

I stood up still naked and sneered at him, “So what if I vomited at you? You are more disgusting than me. Just being in the same room with you is so unbearable.”

Richard raised his hand and was about to slap me.

“Do you really think I won’t dare kill you?”

I leaned my face closer to him and said, “Come on, slap me here. You’d better slap my face until it swells so that the lycan king will know how you treat me.”

“You... You’re such a shameless bitch!”

No slap fell on my face.

Richard was furious, but he couldn’t dare hit me as long as I used the lycan king as my shield.

But I did my best to suppress my fear. I pretended to act normal and even smiled at him casually.

“I don’t believe you. If so, you should have killed me when you saw me just now. But I’m still alive. Especially now that the king knows that I’m pregnant, you just can’t touch me, Richard.”

Richard didn’t say a word, and his grip on my neck loosened a bit.

“Why don’t we just work together? After all, you need this baby in my belly, right?” I said in a soft tone of voice.

From what the lycan king had said earlier, I could tell that he cared about the child so much.

Richard must know something and want to grab this opportunity to take a chance.

Richard’s POV:

“What do you really want?” I asked Lucy coldly as I let go of her neck.

“Very simple. We both get what we respectively want. I’ll pretend to be your mate and give birth to this child. In exchange, you will keep Kyle alive.”

As she spoke, Lucy touched her neck and returned to her indifferent look.

I snorted coldly, “How sure are you that I need your child?”

“Having a child with royal blood will do no harm but only good to someone like you who wants the throne, right?”

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Sylvia’s POV:

Before heading to town, I went to a shop in the suburb and bought a cloak with a hood. I wanted to hide myself as much as possible.

There were many soldiers at the gate of the city, and everyone who entered the city had to undergo an interrogation.

If I went straight to the gate, I might be caught on the spot. I tightened my hood and looked around vigilantly.

Today was market day, so most werewolves who entered the city were pushing a cart. I observed for a while before I chose the most inconspicuous cart and hid in it. I wasn't surprised to know that the soldiers were searching for Rufus and me everywhere in the city. I hid in a bucket full of hay and heard the loud noises of the soldiers outside.

When the cart I was in was stopped, I quietly moved the bucket lid a little bit.

After making sure that no one noticed me, I jumped out and quickly ran into an alley. I deftly avoided the patrolling soldiers and managed to sneak into a pharmacy.

Fortunately, no one else was in the pharmacy except an old doctor who was reorganizing the herb cabinets.

The smell of various kinds of herbs were mixed together, creating a strange herbal fragrance.

"Doctor, if a patient is in a coma, what medicine can he take?" I immediately asked when I stepped forward.

The old doctor pushed his glasses and said, "I guess he has lost too much blood. I'll find you some medicine that can replenish blood. But if he still doesn't wake up, you have to take him to the hospital as soon as possible."

"Oh my God! It was actually a very tragic scene. It was a good thing you didn't go there."

The old doctor shook his head, took out a bag, and slowly packed the medicine on the table.

"That child was too little, but he was torn alive."

"How did it happen? Was it during the parade?" I continued to ask.

If it had happened at the military parade, the lycan king should have immediately known it.

The soldiers wouldn't possibly waste time.

They would report to him as soon as possible.

"No. The boy's dead body was found in the dense forest in the suburb, near the swamp. It was too awful. The boy's body seemed to be torn apart by a beast. Nothing was left intact. It's said that even the bones of his hand were broken into pieces," the old doctor said indignantly.

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Sylvia's POV:

"There are witnesses? It's such a remote place. How can there be witnesses?" I said, feeling surprised.

The old doctor handed the medicine to me and said, "Yes there are. One werewolf even swore that he saw Prince Rufus in his wolf form kill the boy."

If there were really witnesses, then everything would be a lot more complicated.

On my way looking for Rufus that night, I had passed by the crime scene near the swamp.

But at that time, I didn't see any dead bodies.

So whoever that witness was, his testimony was very suspicious.

"What was that witness doing? Why was he in such a remote place?"

I continued asking the old doctor about the witness, trying to get more information about his identity.

"Many hunters live in the suburb, so it's not surprising that someone happened to pass by there when Prince Rufus killed the boy," said the old doctor.

"Well, that makes sense. Spring is coming, so it's a good season for hunting," I said with a smile.

I had to agree with him so as not to arouse his suspicion.

Then I asked casually, "But it was such a coincidence, wasn't it? Do you know where he lives?"

I hurriedly walked through alleys one after another until I finally arrived at the west of the city.

As soon as I walked out of the last alley I had to pass through, I saw a group of soldiers passing by. I wanted to turn around, but it was too late.

They already noticed me.

"Hey, where are you going? Remove your hood and show your face to us," shouted one of the soldiers at me.

I was flustered, and I panicked for a moment.

Then I lowered my head, coughed violently, and said hoarsely, "I have a flu, so I have to cover my body, in case it gets worse."

After saying this, I coughed in the direction of the soldiers several times.

As expected, they all subconsciously stepped back.

"What are you holding in your hands?"

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Shawn's POV:

The military parade was only held once every four years, so I didn't want to miss it.

My people and I even went to the imperial capital one day earlier.

As soon as we arrived at the palace that the lycan king had arranged for us, I heard from my men that Sylvia and Prince Rufus were being hunted down.

This piece of news made me snicker gloatingly.

Sylvia was a bitch.

Anyone who got involved with her would be in trouble.

It didn't even take long for her to turn the superior Prince Rufus into a wanted criminal.

Sylvia's bad luck was contagious.

I was in a good mood, so I asked two of my men to go out with me to experience the hospitality of the imperial capital and have some fun by the way.

But I didn't expect that today would be my lucky day.

As soon as we passed an alley, I saw a suspicious figure wrapped in a hooded cloak.

Although she had her back on me, I felt a very strong sense of familiarity.

I couldn't see her face, but my intuition told me that she was Sylvia.

Damn! She had only been staying in the imperial capital for a few months.

How could her speed dramatically improve? When Sylvia's figure suddenly disappeared at a corner, I frantically sped up to catch up with her.

When I turned at the corner, I saw a dead end.

Sylvia was struggling to climb the wall with her back to me.

God was really on my side.

I rushed over and grabbed her cloak to pull her off the wall. Then I threw her to the ground.

"You're trying to run away, huh! Sylvia, you won't get away this time."

"Ouch! You're crazy!"

It was an unfamiliar voice that answered me. I thought I heard it wrong, so I hesitated for a moment. Then I pulled off her hood.

Under the hood was not Sylvia but a she-wolf I had never seen before. The she-wolf stood up from the ground angrily and yelled at me.

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Sylvia's POV:

I lay prone on the roof, holding my breath as I peeped at the scene below. Shawn could see me if he looked up. But he was entangled with Flora now and didn't even have the time to raise his head.

"Warren, help me teach him a lesson. He not only touched my butt but also said that my boobs are small!" Flora cried out loud in Warren's arms.

I had never seen Shawn look this helpless before. He was trying to explain something, but Flora's voice muffled his words.

"You want to die?" Warren asked coldly.

He glared at Shawn as if he was going to burn him down with his gaze.

Shawn looked flustered.

"I never touched you. I'm not even attracted to your body."

"See? He is still insulting me!"

Flora clamped her face and howled, "He touched my face with such ferocity. He blocked me here and tried touching me as if he had never seen a she-wolf in his life. I was frightened witless."

Flora was an exceptional actor.

No one could stop her when she was in the mood to deliver one of her performances. I tried my best to hold back my laughter.

"Why can't I run away when an ugly man chases after me? What's your logic?" She burst into tears.

"I wouldn't have reacted this way if he only chased me. But he touched me and pulled my hair as well. I take good care of my hair. Losing even a strand would break my heart. He grabbed me so hard and plucked a fistful of my hair. Warren, you should help me teach him a lesson for plucking my hair."

"Honey, it's going to be the last day of his life."

Warren stood in front of Flora and looked at Shawn — his eyes blazing with anger.

"Tell me, which hand did you use to touch her?" Shawn didn't bother explaining.

"Both my hands. So what?"

"Then, I'll cut both your hands!"

Warren growled menacingly.

Shawn quickly put his hands behind his back and retreated behind the soldiers.

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Sylvia's POV:

Once everyone had gone, Flora and Warren headed up to the roof to meet me.

"Sylvia, what's going on? What happened to you and Prince Rufus?" Flora looked anxious.

"The soldiers are searching all over the imperial city for you."

"Rufus is still in a coma. He's temporarily placed in a safe place somewhere outside the city."

With a heavy heart, I bit my lip.

"I know all the werewolves are talking about how crazy Rufus was and his murder. If the lycan king finds us, we'll be doomed."

"We did hear about the news and assumed the situation was serious. When we couldn't get in touch with you, we took to the streets to try our luck. I did not expect to hear your name come out of that stupid man's mouth when we arrived. Thankfully, we found you and followed you all the way here." Flora's face was dead serious.

"Don't worry, Sylvia. We'll help you figure out the mastermind behind all of this."

We then heard sudden noises come from the other end of the alley.

Immediately, the three of us became vigilant again and crouched down to hide ourselves.

Fortunately, it was just a random drunk woman.

Relieved, I sighed and turned back to Flora and Warren. I briefly told them about the anonymous letter and what happened in the manor.

"Damn it! He is really a bastard!"

The anger on Flora's face became more evident as she cursed.

"Shh, keep your voice down." Warren shushed her.

Warren and I said in unison.

After nodding at each other, we hopped off the roof and headed straight for the crematorium.

"Wait! I'll call Harry first and tell him to meet us at the crematorium. He might be still looking for you on the street."

Flora climbed down the roof a little too slow for a girl her age. She then took out her phone and dialed Harry.

"Change of plan. Meet us at the crematorium."

“Roger.Over.”

A strong voice could be heard from the other end of the call.

It was hard to tell whether it was because of Flora’s clunky old phone or that Harry’s voice was just really that loud.

“It’s time for Flora to get a new phone,” Warren muttered.

Not long after, we met up with Harry at the gate of the crematorium.

But before we could even set foot inside, the security guard had already stopped us.

“What are you doing here? No one but relatives is allowed inside.”

“Well, what else could we be here for?” Harry snorted.

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Sylvia’s POV:

The crematorium was very large inside.

In order not to attract attention, Warren and I snuck into the employee’s area and stole two uniforms, pretending to be staff.

We put on masks and sprayed disinfectant along the way to make it seem like we were working.

Finally, we found the crematory building. The building was built with its back toward the sun.

As soon as we entered it, it instantly felt gloomy.

The entire first floor was just a waiting area. We went up to the second floor.

The second floor was the place where the corpses were actually being processed.

Countless iron beds were pushed into the crematory by the staff.

“You two are just in time. Come and help me for a bit!”

A man wearing the same uniform waved one hand at us, Clutching his stomach.

Warren and I exchanged glances before walking over.

“What do you need?” Warren asked coldly.

“And the wolf fur on the wounds are not Prince Rufus’.”

Warren picked up a piece of the corpse and analyzed in a low voice.

“This was no simple death. It must have something to do with his family.”

“I think so too. They even refused an autopsy and directly sent the corpse here for cremation.”

After some discussion, Warren and I decided to steal the corpse first.

Warren would have an autopsy conducted on it.

“Careful.”

Warren put his mask back on and wheeled the corpse away.

I looked around, picked up some sandbags from a corner, and formed them into the shape of a corpse before laying a white blanket on top.

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Flora's POV:

It was a complete mess at the entrance of the crematory, and there was constant scolding and cursing in the crowd. I lay on the corpse, secretly took out a sliced onion from my pocket, and wiped my eyes.

Tears immediately flowed down my cheeks profusely.

Harry stood next to me. He seemed tired, and his voice gradually weakened.

I pinched his thigh hard, and he immediately shrieked with a slaughtering cry.

“Oh, God! Why did you leave us? Damn!”

His mournful wailing was incomparably moving. He shed tears pitifully, and his hair had lost its previous radiance at this moment. His strong arms shook the corpse fiercely and he appeared heartbroken.

While weeping, I feigned a cough, hinting at him that he was exaggerating. But he didn't get it at all.

He continued crying heartily.

The group of people standing on the other side of the corpse was stunned.

They seemed to be the real relatives of the corpse because they looked at Harry and me in confusion.

"Are they Grandpa's long-lost grandson and granddaughter?" The little girl's voice sounded so innocent when she asked.

Standing next to the adults, she blinked and looked at us curiously.

"Well..."

The adult beside her was also dumbfounded, unable to say a word for a long time.

The security guard at the door got so anxious that he rushed over and pulled Harry and me away.

Harry whimpered and quickly held his breath, forcibly holding back the hiccups that were about to come out.

Sylvia pursed her lips and chuckled.

"Guys, thank you for your help today. There is indeed something wrong with the boy's corpse. But we can only make a conclusion when the autopsy report comes out." I looked at her worriedly.

"What's your next plan?"

Sylvia shook her head helplessly and said, "I can only hide for the time being. I can't let Rufus be taken back in this current situation. They will definitely convict him."

I suddenly punched Harry's arm and exclaimed, "I'm so pissed off!"

"Hey, what's wrong?" Harry asked in confusion.

"That Richard is really a bastard! If not because of him, all of these won't happen. Things won't turn up this way."

I was furious.

We used to have wonderful days.

Prince Rufus and Sylvia were so in love and in a happy relationship.

They were such a beautiful couple.