

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 286

/ [Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)
Chapter 286: The Parents Meet

Sylvia's POV:

Alina didn't reply immediately. She seemed in deep thought for a while, looking hesitant.

"It's okay, just say it. You have nothing to be afraid of. I just want to confirm something."

Shawn looked extremely hypocritical in his smile.

Alina bit her lower lip, then said affectionately, "I don't know Sylvia that much. But since she came here, several riots that happened here seemed to have something to do with her."

"That's bullshit!"

Flora murmured indignantly.

"I don't know the exact reason why. But everyone around me wants me to stay away from her. I also don't know why everyone shies away from talking about her,"

Alina said softly, putting on an innocent look.

There was a trace of panic in her eyes too. I fixed my eyes on Alina coldly.

Her words undoubtedly pushed me over the edge.

Although she didn't neatly point out my fault, her specious were more likely to cause everyone to speculate. Shawn smiled smugly and said, "Now that Missi so, then it must be true." Then he turned to the lycan king and said, "Incer My King, please forgive me for not educating this slave well and letting her make trouble in the imperial S a. Please allow me to bring her back to our pack to discipline her."

sneered coldly, "I've already pack long ago. Who do you think you are to decide for me?"

But Shawn just ignore ha continued talking to the lycan king, "Sylvia is a slave, so she is not qualified to enter the military academy t a se expel her from the academy to bring back the peace there." The lycan d to look at me and asked, "Do you hav Sany explanation for these allegations?"

won't admit anything I haven't done" and indifferently, raising my eyes. Surn shook his head, pretending to be the Bos.

"You are still the same as before. You're not only good at lying but also impenitent. Even the distinguished Miss Quinn has already testified against you. What else do you have to defend yourself?"

"That's nonsense!"

An extremely irritable voice rang out outside the hall.

Then Harry rushed in with his flamboyant hair.

"I'm the son of the Alpha of Sunset Pack. Can my words count?"

Then from the crowd, there came a more irritable voice than Harry's.

"Damn! What are you doing here? Do you think this is a place you can break into?"

The voice came from a burly man. He almost took off his shoe and threw it at Harry.

But he was stopped by the person next to him.

Harry stood beside me, slightly trembling. He looked so anxious as he tugged at my sleeve.

"That's my father". So "I've figured out," I whispered to him.

Not their hairstyle but also their temper were the same. It was only that Harry was a little softer than his father.

"Your father is a little fierce," Flora's voice, shrinking her head in fear. "Fortunately, you only inherit his hot temper." "Come over here!" Harry's father

Confronted. The lycan king is looking at you," warned the man next to him.

He forced Harry's father to fall silent.

Harry didn't dare to look at his father the next time. He plucked up his courage and shifted his steps towards the lycan king. He then said, "Your Majesty, please know the truth first. Sylvia is an excellent student, and that's enough for her to be qualified for the military academy. She is also very sincere and friendly to everyone in private. She is not what the rumors say about her at all. You can't convict her just because some villains slander her with made-up stories. I also

firmly believe that Sylvia is innocent. What's wrong with listening to her own heart?"

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 287

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)

Chapter 287: Heated Argument

Leonard's POV:

I eyed the slave warily.

Once upon a time, I was betrayed by a slave in my pack. It was in the middle of a war.

My pack had spent days preparing for this battle.

But on the night before we set out, a slave had snuck out and leaked our strategy to the enemy.

They then trapped us in a valley and started a fire.

The fire ravaged for a whole day, and the smell of scorched flesh never left my nose.

I was lucky enough to survive that horrific night, but I didn't come out unscathed.

Ever since then, the condition of my body had just kept deteriorating.

I could do nothing but watch as my strength and power slowly degraded.

This was why I hated traitorous slaves.

Unfortunately for this Sylvia, she wasn't only the daughter of a traitor, but also a slave.

The fierce stubbornness on her face irritated me even more.

But what I couldn't understand was why the two kids insisted on protecting this slave—one of which was even the sole son of the Sunset Pack's Alpha Martin.

Just then, Martin's voice sounded. He was cursing at Cson angrily. "Fuck it! Tracing him a lesson when I get bar! The Gre he spoke, the angrier he became. He began to pull at his hair madly. I couldn't bear to watch this since the hair on his head was scarce enough as it was. If he continued to pull at the strands, he would probably go bald sooner than later.

Had half a mind to step in on second thought, I figured it wouldn't be a good idea. After all, Martin's tempered werewolf. If I didn't curb his anger here and now, it would only be a matter of time before he exploded in the future. I had known her since we were young. Her nature hadn't changed at all over the years. It turned out his son grew up to be as imprudent as him. After Harry broke into the hall, Beta Owen, who was standing next to me, dropped his poker face and smiled smugly. I could tell that he was gloating.

He was usually expressionless, unbothered by most things. Martin was one of the few people who could affect his mood.

The two had been at odds since as far as I could remember.

When they went to the military school together, they often got into fights.

Owen, who had always been cold and arrogant, couldn't ever seem to stay calm whenever Martin was around.

Thankfully, whenever Martin would find himself losing against Owen, he would initiate a compromise between them.

But this only bought him time.

The two would always resume fighting another day.

So this was the history between Alpha Martin and Beta Owen.

Rarely could they ever hold a decent conversation without exploding at each other.

Sure enough, now that Martin was at a loss, Owen couldn't help but sneer after keeping silent for a long time.

"What an amazing son you have. Not only is he brash, he's also prone to making mistakes," Owen said in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

He didn't sound like a serious and authoritative superior at all.

"Watch your mouth!" Martin shot Owen a murderous glare. "Do you seriously think that I won't hit you just because there are so many people around?"

'n wonder your son behaves like this is father is so impulsive. He must've learned it from you," Owen snorted arrogantly. Back then, Owen always be Fighting wasn't Mart surt. Martin was sro Seethin e , he stomped his foot and turned his head away from the infuriating Owen. i o b a, I felt relieved to see Martin respond this.

He wally knew his own strength. When he was young, he would charge into a fight stubbornly despite knowing he couldn't win. In the end, he would be beaten to a pulp, crying and in need of comfort. "Like father, like son. You should feel ashamed that your son sided with a slave. Warren would never do such a thing." Owen added even though he had already gained the upper hand. However, just as soon as he finished speaking, Warren burst into the hall and shouted, "I, the son of the Silver Moon Pack's Beta, also want to prove Sylvia's innocence!"

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 288

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)

Chapter 288: A Sense Of Familiarity

Leonard's POV:

Martin couldn't help but burst into giggles.

Then he raised his eyebrows at Owen, his eyes flashing viciously.

"What an excellent child you have. He would never do such a thing, you say?" Owen's face immediately darkened.

"Warren! What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"He's doing something excellent of course!" Martin cried, trying hard to stifle his laughter. But his body betrayed him, trembling like a leaf in silent giggles.

"Compared to my child, your son is absolutely amazing."

The hall was in such chaotic noise that my head started to pound. I pressed my fingers against my temples helplessly.

How could these two grown-up male wolves be more noisy than teenaged she-wolves?

"Warren, come here right this instant!"

Owen growled at his son.

But Warren, who had always been respectful and obedient towards his father, didn't listen to him this time.

Well, well, well.

I raised my eyebrows curiously.

The scene unfolding before me just kept getting more and more interesting. 'Warren!' Owen was anxious that his face turned as red as a tomato. Warren paused for a moment, as though I had just heard his father's voice calling him.

But he didn't turn his head to look at me. Instead, he walked resolutely towards her. "I can guarantee that the kind of person you've painted her to be. She's not frivolous, nor is she evil. Her kindness and sincerity are obvious to all. If you have any prejudice against her background, you should know that no one can change her or she came from. The only thing you can do is to strive hard to take the right path." Warren's clear voice resounded through the hall.

Owen, at a complete loss for words, was expressionless once again. However, his straight face was purple from anger. Martin was delighted at this, clapping his hands gleefully. But I was more concerned with the scene in front of me.

Why did these excellent children all speak on behalf of a slave? Even Warren chimed in. I had watched that boy grow up and I knew him very well. He was a proud man by nature.

In his eyes, ranking in society should be strictly divided and observed.

But at this moment, not only did he speak for a slave, but it seemed he was also very close to an Omega she-wolf.

I even observed him reach out his hand to comfort the she-wolf when she was emotional.

That kind of tacit understanding hinted that the two were in fact intimate.

"Oh, my God! Your son has a girlfriend? Congratulations! You're going to be a grandfather soon."

Martin added with glee, rubbing salt into Owen's wounds.

"I never would've thought your son's type was cute and lively girls."

"What the hell are you talking about? My son is a picky man. He would never settle for an Omega."

Owen glared at him.

“Even so, he’s way better than your son. Harry has never had a girlfriend. And the reason is as plain as day. He’s imprudent and immature; it’s no wonder no she-wolf likes him!”

Seeing them quarreling like children again, I was both amused and annoyed. They made such mountains out of molehills.

That bitch has blind Gu Warren!” Alina, who standing next to me, suddenly spoke owned subconsciously, suspecting that I had misheard her. Hou Suid Alina, who had always been a unific cung lady, say such vulgar words? “Alina, mind your manners,” I scold her low voice. At my reproach, Alina imme

ed down and returned to being a gentle, elegant Jady.

“Oh, I’m just angry fo . “Mind your own

hissed aight face.

ran a didn’t say anything more. Sho just stood beside me and behaved lia angel. Seeing this, I nodded with satisfaction and turned my attention back to the center of the hall. Just then, the slave named Sylvia looked straight at me.

When our eyes met, my heart skipped a beat. I had never seen her before, but somehow, I felt a sense of familiarity from her. In a trance, I faintly heard my name being called by a she-wolf who looked similar to Sylvia in the depths of my mind.

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 289

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)

Chapter 289: At Risk

Leonard’s POV:

The she-wolf’s face in my mind was blurry, as though a wall of flowing water separated us. I tried to focus on her face, but the image collapsed in an instant and my head started to ache severely. I couldn’t help but stagger backwards.

Thankfully, Owen hurried to support me.

“Are you okay?” Owen looked at me seriously, although there was a hint of nervousness in his tone.

“Dad, you should get some rest.” Alina also looked at me worriedly.

I took a deep breath and shook my head.

"I'm fine. It'll look bad if I suddenly leave now."

These days, my health was deteriorating quicker than ever. I feared that my days were numbered.

What worried me more was the fact that my pack had a lot of enemies.

Once I fell sick, we would definitely face chaos. Luckily, only a few people knew about my current physical condition.

The outside world didn't know anything about it.

Other packs were jealous of the Silver Moon Pack, but little did they know that we were facing a crucial problem. I still didn't know who the next Ar Ra should be. Originally,

I led to train my only child, Alina, to be on the new Alpha. However, I soon realized that she was too weak to carry the entire pack on her shoulders. Fortunately, I had another option: Warren. I had watched the young man grow up.

He was brave, resourceful, and righteous. He reminded me of myself back when I was at my prime. The only thing I was worried about was his stubbornness. Once he had made up his mind about something, he would never give up, even if it meant a lot. It was often difficult to mold this kind of person. But it wasn't too big a problem. Nobody was perfect, and young people always had their own edges. I held onto the hope that, with time, he would be shaped by his experiences and life.

That

e

sent him to the Royal Military School

Originally, I wanted to train him, as an elder of our pack, I knew that he could do better. As for Alina, although I had a lot of expectations for her, I couldn't help but feel helpless and powerless. Now I wanted to see her live a happy life and be free from the chaos of this world.

After all, if one became ambitious but didn't have the ways and means to achieve their goal, their life would become a living hell. I knew what was on my daughter's mind, but if she could marry into the royal family, the safety of our pack would be guaranteed.

That was why I had allowed Alina to get close to Queen Laura.

But ever since she left to live in the palace, I found myself worrying about her day and night.

Had I made the right choice or not? This question plagued me endlessly.

Obviously, given Alina's character, she wasn't a good fit for the palace.

That place was a nesting ground for intrigues.

Maybe, if she found someone who could love and protect her for the rest of her life...

Maybe I should just let her live her own life. But as of right now, it seemed Alina's plan was failing.

Before I even came here, I had heard that Prince Rufus had gotten close to that slave.

This meant that Prince Rufus would most likely have a fallout with the royal family.

Prince Richard had a higher chance of ascending to the throne. But he already had a mate, who was pregnant even. I would allow my daughter to destroy another person's family. So her path to power was doomed to fail for a lot of things. I sighed and stole a glance at my daughter, who was waiting quietly beside me. Mixed feelings plagued my heart.

Come back home with me " I whispered to her gently. If she stayed here and was worried that she would cause more trouble. Whether it was

us or Prince Richard, she couldn't afford to offend any of the princes right now. Alina looked at me with wide, doe-like eyes and was speechless for a while. She seemed to want to say something, but on second

thought, she kept silent. Further she lowered her head in silent resignation, albeit reluctant. I felt helpless, but I had no choice. For the sake of the pack, I needed to hold on until Warren became strong enough.

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 290

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)

Chapter 290: Give Her A Chance

Ethan's POV:

The hall was in a complete and utter mess.

Everyone discussed heatedly, contributing to the chaotic noise. It was hard to determine who exactly was speaking.

The endless noise made my head ache and I pursed my lips unhappily.

"Enough!" I exploded.

"What kind of place do you think this is? How dare you come in here one after another? This inexcusable behavior will go on your record and I will be issuing demerits!"

Finally, the hall fell quiet. The three students surrounding Sylvia all looked at me, terrified.

In particular, the little guy with the shaggy hair finally shut up.

That kid was just like his father they both had voices loud enough to pierce through one's eardrums.

I pressed my fingers against my temple, feeling helpless. I was getting old.

Exhaustion had overtaken me already, and it had only been a short while. I didn't speak up immediately.

Instead, I stared back at the four pairs of eyes that were looking straight at me. I could tell what they were thinking from the expressions on their faces.

Seeing this, my heart couldn't help but soften a little. They were just in-zone kids after all. How could the blame be on them? But I couldn't let them go so easily, or else they wouldn't take me seriously and wouldn't think they could make a scene in the center whenever they pleased. At last, I snorted coldly, breaking the silence. The four kids standing in a row in the center of the hall all trembled and lowered their heads. Out of the four, Sylvia remained calm and collected. She even patted the Omega she-wolf's shoulder comfortingly.

I eyed them all and found it difficult to solve this tricky problem. It would've been simpler if it was only the Omega who stood out to or Sylvia.

The son of an Alpha and the son of a Beta stood firmly by her side.

Among the four, it seemed that Sylvia was the leader. The first time Rufus brought up Sylvia, I didn't take him seriously. Even if the Moon Goddess herself designated them as mates, there was no possible way they could break through the barriers of social rank- Rufus was a prince and Sylvia was a slave.

I firmly believed that the relationship would be cut short.

But now it seemed that Rufus actually had good taste and had chosen a good mate.

No matter what happened, Rufus was my son and I wanted to keep him alive.

However, now that an innocent civilian was dead, a little boy even, the public demanded justice and I couldn't just intervene. I couldn't let Richard handle this matter either, who obviously wanted Rufus dead.

So Sylvia just might be the turning point I need to save Rufus.

"Sylvia," I finally said.

Now, all eyes were trained on her. She looked up at me with a respectful yet determined look.

"Are you sure that Rufus was framed?" I asked carefully.

"Yes, Your Majesty. Please give me a chance to prove it. Prince Rufus is not that kind of person. This whole thing is too odd," Sylvia said straightforwardly, sounding neither humble nor pushy.

She was standing up straight with her chin high, looking extremely dignified.

Even though everyone was against her, she never seemed to shrink back. Seeing the fierce determination in her eyes, I made up my mind. Turning to the crowd, I said loudly, "But Sylvia can't convince everyone here, what with your current identity." As I said this, everyone began to nod in agreement. Sylvia frowned slightly and seemed to want to say something, but I quickly continued. "You already know that the ceremony for the elite team will be held after the parade tomorrow. The chosen students will become the unit of the royal army. They will serve in the army in advance for a year's training, and will even have the chance to be directly inducted into the army and assigned a rank." After a nod back at Sylvia and said, "If you can take first place and become the leader of the elite team, I will give you the responsibility of leading the investigation. She was pleasantly surprised.

"I won't let you down!" "Father, please don't do this!" Richard objected immediately, puffing out his chest indignantly. Shawn, who was standing next to him, also seemed to want to object. But when I cast them a cold glance, they sulkily shut their mouths and retreated. "Well, that's it then. I'm tired. You're dismissed now."