

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

## Chapter 291

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

### Chapter 291: Fear Of Being Dominated

Sylvia's POV:

I almost couldn't believe my ears when Ethan said he'd give me a chance to investigate the matter of Rufus being framed.

Stuck in a trance, it wasn't until Flora gently tugged at my sleeve that I realized that Ethan had already left the hall.

"Come on, Sylvia. Let's get out of here."

"Okay." I quickly headed towards the exit along with Flora and the others.

However, as soon as we reached the door, Warren's father stopped us.

"Warren, come here right now!" the middle-aged werewolf barked, his voice trembling with rage.

Warren stopped abruptly in his tracks. His eyes swept towards the angry-looking werewolf and a trace of fear flashed on his face.

Glancing at us briefly, he turned around promptly and walked towards his father.

"Oh, my God! His dad's terrifying!" Flora murmured anxiously, hiding behind me.

Eyeing the middle-aged werewolf with a long face, I couldn't help but feel sorry for Warren. His father looked incredibly strict and must've been very difficult to deal with.

On the other hand, Harry was smiling brightly. He trotted over to us playfully and said, "Poor Warren. Unlike my dear father, his has a stick up his ass. Like father, like son, I suppose. My dad always spoils me."

Flora rolled her eyes and snorted impatiently.

Just as she opened her mouth to give Harry an earful, a burly middle-aged werewolf approached us.

Flora's expression immediately changed and she forced a smile.

Yes, Harry's father's amazing. No wonder you to be such an excellent young man!" Harry was standing in front of us with his back to the approaching werewolf, was blissfully unaware of what was coming. He yammered on endlessly his echoing across the hall. Helpless, I winked at Harry. But he didn't seem to catch my drift. He shook his head proudly. "Just wait and see. My

now just how caring he is later. He may seem fierce in public just now, but that was all an act. In private, he said to no end!" This time loudly in the hopes that he would look through him, but it was too late. The old werewolf grabbed Harry by the shoulder and yanked him backward. He lost his footing immediately and fell on his back. "What the hell?! How dare you—" Just as Harry looked up at the perpetrator to threaten him, all the color drained from his face.

"I'm doomed..."

"What are you doing? Get up!"

Harry's father roared, glaring at him fiercely.

Frightened like a child, Harry jumped to his feet and walked towards his father like a puppy with its tail between its legs.

Flora's body trembled violently as she tried so hard to stifle her laughter.

I too was at a loss whether to burst into tears or giggles, wondering if I should stop the father-son duo from quarreling.

However, before I could do anything, Harry's father suddenly smiled brightly and patted Harry on the shoulder.

"Well done, my son!"

Chuckling, he pointed at Warren's father who was standing in the distance with a long face. Not only Harry, but also Flora and I were stunned speechless.

"Dad, let's just get this over with. Scold me already!"

Harry's eyes were filled with panic, as if he was scared that his father would slap him in the next second.

"What? Why should I scold you?" Harry's father ruffled Harry's hair lovingly. "You did well today and take your friends somewhere if you don't have enough money, just call and I can transfer more to you."

CORINO

Harry's father left in high spirits, leaving me and Flora—at a loss. Just then, Shawn came over on my side and we heard his grating voice from afar. Oh, I finally found you. Do you think you're going, little slave? Don't you know that you're supposed to greet your master when you see him?"

I didn't want to even touch a second on him, so I quickly grabbed Flora's and Harry's hands and started walking away. Shawn blocked our path. "Um Off!" I spat at Shawn coldly. Now that I was looking at him, I noticed how chubby he was getting. It seemed that he was enjoying himself these days.

"I wonder if his fat can shield him from a beating" I found myself thinking. Shawn sneered contemptuously and grabbed me by the wrist.

I didn't waste time talking nonsense with him. I just grabbed his wrist and threw him over my shoulder to the ground, trampling him hard under my feet.

in sneer

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

### Chapter 292

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

Chapter 292: Embarrassed In Public

Shawn's POV:

The pain in my chest made me realize that the scene in front of me was real. I thought my words were enough to make Sylvia succumb as before. But I didn't expect that she would take the initiative to fight back and trample on me.

How could it be? Sylvia had only been in the palace for less than three months.

Even a genius couldn't make such rapid progress.

Was I hallucinating? I tried to struggle out of it, but she still stepped on my chest steadily.

The expression on her face remained unchanged.

My struggle seemed powerless in her eyes.

The eyes of the passers-by looking at me were full of surprise and ridicule. This made me feel embarrassed and annoyed.

However, the she-wolf named Flora even laughed exaggeratedly, which attracted more people's attention.

"Let me go," I said through clenched teeth.

Sylvia lowered her eyes to look at me and withdrew her foot gracefully.

got up from the crond awkwardly with a footprint on my glared at her fiercely and shouted, "You... You must be courting deal "No I t want to die," Sylvia retorted coldly. There seemed to be a twinge of colmes wo a delicate eyes. How about you? Do you want you do, I can actually fulfill your wish." She looked at me with as sharp as a sword and filled with killing intent. I swallowed back the rest of the words || wanted to say.

My legs in

trembled, and I felt a chill down my spine finally realized that Sylvia was no longer the lowly and powe v e i used to control in my hands. L it of here! Otherwise, I will kick your a " the werewolf named Harry, standing next to Sylvia, shouted at me.

I glared at Sylvia and thought, 'She is sucra siren! Wherever she goes, many werewolves offer to help her" But I didn't dare to say anything more. I just hurried away with the guards. I didn't stop until I was sure that I was far away from Sylvia. I couldn't help breathing a sigh of relief.

Sylvia almost took my life.

I didn't expect her to progress this much. I hated her to the core but in my heart, I also feared her. I couldn't deny the fact that she still tantalized me. I even thought that if I didn't refuse her and sent her to Prince Rufus' bed, she would still be my mate.

This brave and beautiful she-wolf could have been my exclusive slave. The more I thought about it, the more I felt regretful.

"Go keep a close watch on Sylvia," I ordered my subordinates.

When I returned to my temporary residence, I saw Gamma Mateo coming out of the room, looking very unhappy.

I tried my best to suppress the disgust in my heart and greeted him politely.

He gave me a hard look and said, "Shame on you! Everyone in the palace now is talking about how you were beaten by a slave and begged for mercy like a coward."

"It isn't that serious," I retorted.

But Mateo glared at me. "You are the Alpha of our pack. Isn't it a serious matter to lead on by a slave in public? You disgraced our pack." The more Metrophe, the angrier he became. He then kicked me hard. I endured the grievance forced a smile. "Please don't be angry. I was just careless. I didn't expect Sylvia to be this powerful now."

I clenched my fists tightly, all hatred in my heart to be cloud my remaining sense of reason. Sylvia was the daughter of the man who killed my parents. How could she live such a good life as if nothing had happened?

"Don't you see she is living comfortably here now? Events go on like this, I'm afraid she can get rid of her slave identity."

I nodded.

I hated Sylvia as much as I did. So at the moment, all I needed to do was goad and use him to achieve my goal. Sure enough, he sneered with viciousness in his eyes. "Don't worry. I already have a way to bring Sylvia back to our pack. Let's just wait for the selection process to finish tomorrow. We can't let her stay here. She only deserves to be a slave forever." I didn't know what Mateo was planning to do, but I started to look forward to it.

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

### Chapter 293

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

Chapter 293: Analysis Before The Competition

Sylvia's POV:

Even after Shawn left in a huff, Warren was still getting an earful from his father. I figured that he wouldn't be able to get rid of his father anytime soon.

Eventually, Flora, Harry, and I decided to leave Warren behind and go back to school first. We settled down in a cafe to discuss the competition.

Although joining the selection was voluntary, it was estimated that there was going to be a lot of applicants.

Flora took out a small notebook and started scribbling on it.

She jotted down the names of all the people in Class A. Then she analyzed the list carefully and crossed out names one by one.

Harry propped his head on his hand and took a sip of his juice dejectedly.

"It's not going to be easy. All the competitors have to fight one-on-one. Only the top six will be qualified to enter the forbidden forest. So few! What if the referee

makes the wrong call? Or what if Flora and I end up in the same set? Should I let her win or—”

Before Harry could finish his sentence, Flora bonked him on the head.

“You don’t need to let me win, you dummy. I’ll defeat you with my own strength! Besides, the names will be drawn randomly. The referees are from the military, so I doubt they will tamper with the names.”

Harry rubbed his bruised head with one hand, scowling unhappily.

“You could’ve just said so. I don’t know how Warren tolerates you.”

Flora blew her fist and shot him a fierce glare before Harry obediently fell silent.

The more we discussed, the more I began to worry about the competition.

As Harry mentioned, there were only six places that’d make it to the finals. There were simply too many uncontrollable factors and unpredictable circumstances. I could fail utterly if I took one wrong step. Even the final six people would have to enter the forbidden forest and return with the blue cornflower before they formally passed the test. The competition would start with in the outermost circle of the forbidden forest. Beforehand, this area was roped up to ensure the safety of the contestants. However, the ever-changing nature of the forbidden forest was outside human control.

Sylvia, together, we’ll figure out how you can do Galist place.”

He patted my shoulder, jolting me back to reality. Tremor made up my mind. If we end up in same set, I’ll just quit. That way, you can save your strength for the other contestants.” Harry smiled brightly.

“I’ll do anything for my friend!” “Me, too. Me, too. And even if I tried, I wouldn’t stand a chance against you.” Flora raised her hand and echoed Harry’s sentiments. “But what about Warren? He’s so strong...”

Harry scratched his head hesitantly.

“What’re you talking about? Warren will definitely quit too if he goes up against Sylvia!”

Flora said with certainty, sipping from her coffee with a firm expression.

But this meant that if we ended up in the same set in the first few rounds and they just gave up, they would lose their chance to enter the elite team. I looked at them guiltily and couldn’t help but feel bad.

“We agreed to join the army together. I don’t want to...”

"Don't worry, Sylvia."

Harry interrupted me with a serious look on his face.

"Things are different now. I'll be able to join the army sooner or later. There's no rush."

"He's right, Sylvia. Plus, I'm not that strong, so I doubt I'll win anyway. Maybe I'll be disqualified before I even meet you."

Flora's eyes twinkled with excitement.

"You don't have to worry about us, okay? We've got your back. You just need to focus on winning the competition."

"Even if you fail, we'll fight for you!" Harry puffed out his chest. Seeing the termination in my friends' eyes, tea t e up in mine. I was so lucky to have such good friends! It didn't take before I couldn't hold my emotions bad more and burst into tears. Ar the frustrations that were pent un ins were finally vented. What... What's the matter with cry, Sylvia!" Harry handed me som hurriedly, unsure what to say. Flora dabbed my ay while glaring at Harry. "Why'd

say that? Sylvia's not going to lose!" Criming, I said softly, "I've been depressed for a long time, so I

ut cry when I heard how supportive guys are. I'm just so glad that we met and became friends."

Norm was Flora's turn to cry. Tears in her eyes, she sobbed, "I'm happy we became friends, too!" "Come on, you guys!" Harry's eyes turned red, too.

"Now I'm going to cry." He opened his mouth as though he was going to burst into sobs the next seconds. However, Flora quickly covered his mouth and changed the topic. "Now the problem is the other contestants. There are other volunteers in Class A whose comprehensive ranking is higher than ours, like that strong guy, Tom, and that mysterious guy, John. They've signed up for the selection as well."

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

### Chapter 294

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)  
Chapter 294: A Discussion Between Three People

Sylvia's POV:

"Tom's sturdy enough to take a beating, but he's almost as weak as Flora in terms of attacking. He won't be a threat for Sylvia."

Harry waved his hand dismissively, as if he didn't take Tom seriously at all.

Flora snorted indignantly. She seemed to be used to being teased. She eyed Harry, a mischievous smile playing at the corners of her lips.

"And what about John? How about you analyze him, too? I remember how he beat you to a pulp. He's really powerful."

A flicker of annoyance flashed on Harry's face.

"Don't bring that up again! I let him win back then!"

Flora made a face, sticking her tongue out at him.

"What're you talking about? Why would you let him win in an exam? Do you seriously think I'm stupid enough to fall for such a lame excuse?"

"You..."

Harry found that he couldn't argue with Flora and turned away huffily.

"You forgot someone. That guy named Toby from another class also signed up," I said calmly, steering the conversation back to the matter at hand.

"Damn it! I almost forgot about him. I can't believe that he also signed up!" Harry exclaimed, smacking his palm against his forehead.

"He's the head of Class B now and has a lot of followers."

sighed.

Toby was the student that got kicked out of Class A thanks to Blair, and he was one of the strongest students this year. "Even stronger than Arren?" Flora questioned, one level e d. "Of course wair hadn't kicked him out of Class

ass wouldn't have been as peaceful as it is now," Harry explained with meer.

What do you mean?" Flora looked on I sighed. What does a strong the most?" That no one will i c trength and appreciate him," Harry an ered grimly. "Let also o pued man like Toby. Not only that, he was born with a sense of superiority. It's normal for a hooligan to kr . ght with brute force. But it's scary wheat hooligan's also smart and shrewd. Toby's not only an excellent

he he's also smart. He knows how to mandate situations to his advantage. That's why Class B is divided into so many groups and the whole j class has been tor apart." "What? Really? Good thing I'm not in Class B," Flora muttered bitterly.

“Recently, he announced that he wanted to humiliate Blair by letting him know that all the students he picked for Class A are good for nothing. In short, he wants Blair to regret kicking him out of Class A,” I concluded with a frown. Before this, I didn’t know Toby at all. However, judging from the sound of his threats, I reasoned that Toby was not as smart as Harry claimed him to be.

But if I dared to underestimate him, I would be doomed. “So Toby is our number one enemy!”

Flora drew a big circle around Toby’s name and said fiercely, “Just wait and see. I’ll go around and ask about him tonight!”

“And I’ll dye my hair a new color tonight in honor of tomorrow’s challenge!”

Harry ran his fingers through his hair excitedly.

“Then I...”

Both Flora and Harry looked at me expectantly, waiting to hear what I was going to do.

“rest well!”

“Good girl! It’s pointless to practice anymore since the competition’s tomorrow. You need to get a good night’s rest and save your energy!”

Harry smiled at me reassuringly.

Flora nodded in agreement.

“Okay, but I have to go see Maya first.”

After we bade each other goodbye, I went to the hospital to visit Maya. Maya had already woken up and lay listlessly in bed. As soon as I saw me come in, she immediately burst into surprise. “Mie ludd! You’re here!” hurried to support her and clicked y toot reproachfully. Calm down, Maya. Your leg’ sohu.” “I’m fine, Miss Todd.

worried about you and Prince Rufus.” Maya smiled at “We’re

on the bed next to her and smiled, relating to her the agreement I had with Ethan. Ma, a practically beamed at me when she heard the news. “That’s good! I believe in you, Miss Todd! You’ll definitely win first place tomorrow! Although, I’m a bit sad I won’t be able to witness it.”

tucked her hair behind her ear and said, “Just focus on your recovery. I’ll be sure to take some photos tomorrow and send them to you.” “Okay! As for Prince

Rufus, I just know you'll be able to prove his innocence!" Maya clenched her fists and became energetic again, encouraging me passionately.

Don't worry. I will."

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

## Chapter 295

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)  
Chapter 295: The Parade

Sylvia's POV:

As soon as [I got back to the dormitory, Flora immediately pushed me towards the bathroom so that I could wash up and go straight to bed.

"It's already ten o'clock! Hurry up!"

Flora's voice sounded from outside the bathroom.

"Okay, okay. I'm getting dressed."

Just then, my phone pinged.

Harry just sent me 10 GB worth of videos, all about fighting techniques. I absentmindedly clicked on one randomly.

Immediately, the video played and a dog's loud barking sounded.

Startled, I muted my phone hurriedly.

"Sylvia? What the heck are you doing in there?"

Flora knocked on the door a few more times impatiently.

"Nothing!" I looked around for an excuse.

"There's still shampoo in my hair. I'm going to go rinse it."

As the sound of running water echoed in the bathroom, I continued to browse through the videos Harry sent me.

The one I had just clicked was called "Mad Dog Fist".

It was a move that would take one's opponent by surprise. The fighter would use the fatal weakness of the opponent unconventionally unexpected way. They would

be like a mad dog, which would be the opponent. Although it was an unorthodox martial art, there were a few takeaways. For one, I should learn to fight my opponent without hesitation or delay. A martial artist had to be ready to move. Scrolling through the posts, most of them were ordinary martial arts.

I decided against watching any more clips. After all, I had a general idea of what I should do, at least in theory.

Someone banged on the door, demanding that I hurry up. So I quickly finished up in the bathroom and headed to bed. Despite my restless mind, I forced myself to close my eyes and tried to go to sleep. The following day was quite sunny. All the students of the school were bustling, ready for the military parade that was held only once every four years. The chaperon today was a young male werewolf who had just graduated from military school. He was still full of youthful vitality, and his passionate voice echoed across the square. He seemed to be as flamboyant and proud as Blair himself.

Speaking of Blair, he had left for Black Moon Pack for several days now, but we had heard no news from him until now. I couldn't help but feel a little worried.

"Sylvia, look! It's starting!"

Flora yanked at my arm excitedly, jumping up and down like a little child.

The thunderous firecrackers whistled and exploded in the sky, signaling the official start of the parade. The combined honor guard of the army led the parade to the central square, protecting the national flag. The rest of the soldiers followed suit closely behind. The sound of steady steps of soldiers' feet could be heard from a mile away.

Soon after, it was the armored soldiers' turn.

Their armor glistened under the bright sun, while the missiles resembled unsheathed swords, pointing towards the sky.

The grand scene left me stunned for a long time.

Only when the country was powerful could its people live in peace and prosper.

But behind every veil of peace was someone silently shouldering the burden and forging ahead.

In this moment, I suddenly felt as insignificant as an ant.

"I need to join the army and serve my country,"

Harry suddenly murmured firmly.

Even if it means shing all my hair off!" For a change Flora didn't laugh at him. Her eyes remained fixed on them before us and she echoed Harry's sentiments.

Then let's strive to join the army to the

I wrapped my arms around

ers and smiled. I couldn't help but feel I had more motivation than my friends. After all, this year's was not only for Rufus, but also for achieving my goal. After the par

y, Ethan declared that the selection was about to begin. Alphas and Gammas of all the packs stayed to watch the selection process.

A total of seventeen applicants, and two designated sets were soon displayed on the huge screen. In the first round, everyone had to fight one-on-one with their opponents. There were a total of seventeen competitors, so they couldn't be divided evenly. Studying the sets on the screen, I quickly realized that Flora was the odd one out and wasn't assigned to any set. Fortunately, I was facing neither Harry nor Warren either. All four of us made it to the second round without a hitch. However, in the second round, Flora still wasn't assigned to any set again. Harry couldn't believe it. "Damn it! What a lucky girl!"

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

### Chapter 296

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)  
Chapter 296: Tryouts

Sylvia's POV:

People would really find it difficult to be on a lucky streak three times in a row. It would be so strange if someone was lucky all the time. It was either this person had some superpowers, or God just favored him a lot.

Obviously, Flora passed the first two rounds because of pure luck.

And she was overjoyed that she wasn't assigned to any opponent in these rounds. She raised her chin proudly, fished out a small fan, and fanned herself.

Then she looked at Harry with a seemingly annoying expression and said, "I want to show the results of the special training that Warren gave me, but it seems that I don't have a chance now. I'm in the top five now, and I'm qualified to go to the forbidden forest."

Harry was obviously envious of Flora. He took a deep breath as if trying to absorb her good luck.

"Come on, wish me luck! Pass on all your luck to me."

It was Harry's turn to fight, and John would be his opponent again.

"Just wait and see. He'll be beaten to death today."

Harry laughed out loud and stepped into the battle ring valiantly. His great momentum showed that he was hell-bent on defeating his opponent this time.

But much to his dismay, he was defeated soon. He screamed hysterically, covering his bruised eyes.

However, the strange thing was that John gave up in the third round after defeating Harry in the second round.

This meant that Flora would have an opponent in the next round.

"It's okay. I'm qualified to go to the forbidden forest anyway. I'll abstain from the fight later." As she spoke, she fanned herself, looking fearful.

Harry sorted coldly and nodded in agreement. He squinted his swollen eyes, put one hand on my shoulder, and rested his chin on Flora's head, still trying to absorb some luck from her. It was time for Warren to fight soon. Just as Harry said, Warren was strong enough to bear the beating, and he only liked using brute force. But even though he had a huge advantage when it came to size, he was still suppressed by Warren soon. The corner bunt faster than I expected.

One period, I fought against a werewolf in the arena. It was relatively easy for me to deal with him. However, his moves had some features. He tried to outflank his enemies and make detours. This was his strategy to make them easily miss him.

But in the end, I still won.

At the moment, only four participants were left.

But only two would proceed to the final round.

When the opponents were announced, it turned out that Warren and I would be fighting against each other, while Flora would be fighting against Toby. I glanced at Flora, feeling a little worried.

After all, Toby was famous for his fierce fighting.

Warren and I were the first to fight.

We walked to the center of the battle ring and waited for the referee to whistle.

"Warren, just abstain!" Flora's hysterical roar attracted the referee's attention.

Warren straightened his back and stood firmly on the battle ring like a proud rooster.

He looked at me seriously and said, "No, I won't abstain. It's against the principle that Alpha Leonard and my father had taught me since I was a child." "Fuck you! You broke your promise."

Flora was cursing below the stage. Fortunately, Harry was there to stop her. Otherwise she would have blurted out our secret under my lips and smiled.

Get you, Warren. Let's play fair."

Actually, I would feel more uncomfortable if Warren gave up directly. After all, it would prick my conscience if I won without using my strength. And the greatest respect I could give to an opponent was taking the competition seriously. As soon as the

referee's whistle, Warren and I started right. However, I could even touch him, he flew out directly, hit the guardrail, and bounced to the floor.

I rolled down the battle ring like a sack of old iron. After I completely rolled down the battleship, he stood up, turned to the referee, and said grimly, "I concede. My skills are not as good as hers."

I was stunned for a moment. Then I looked at my hands in confusion. What happened? I didn't even touch the hem of his clothes. How could he roll that far? I was even more confused when I saw the sincere expression on Warren's face. It seemed that he was not acting at all.

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

### Chapter 297

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

Chapter 297: A Good Show

Ethan's POV:

I stared at the farce unfolding before me, wide-eyed and speechless. Warren's acting was horrendous!

"They're not taking the competition seriously! Do they think we're idiots or something?"

Shawn stood up and whined incessantly.

Thankfully, the Gamma sitting next to him yanked him back to his seat and whispered something in his ear.

Shawn's expression changed dramatically. He immediately fell silent and sat down meekly, not daring to say anything more.

Back in the day, Shawn's parents were very powerful.

Unfortunately, their power didn't translate to their child.

Even after Gamma Mateo's training, Shawn grew up to be a spineless loser. He didn't have what it took to be an Alpha at all.

After so many years, Mateo's ambition was painfully obvious.

Poor Shawn was just a puppet.

Even just thinking of the future of the Black Moon Pack gave me a serious headache. I sighed heavily. Then, Martin's cheerful voice interrupted my thoughts.

"I don't think Warren's acting. He's probably that weak in reality." I raised my eyebrows, admiring Martin's consistency.

From the parade to now, he had never stopped talking.

There were always some people who either echoed his sentiments or argued with him, such as that stubborn Owen, but Martin always remain a stood by his beliefs. "I think you and have your eyes checked." Owe, etort triggered yet another round of qua Martin was not the kind of person who we asily admit defeat. Whenever he argued with others le face would contort with anger. "Did I say something a fa en is a good kid. Why would he cheat and let her win deliberately in front of so many people? Just cal

na admit defeat. There's nothing to be achamed of." Owen rolle

and stomped his foot. e say something like that about my seat lave you forgotten that your son was beaten to a pulp by a thin,

e rewolf before? Although your son Haias a strong built, I think he is physically very weak." The two quarreling werewolves started raising their voices louder and louder, to a point where things were getting out of hand.

Finally, I coughed loudly to put an end to this. "Leadership is one of the aspects we consider in this selection. I have a feeling that these kids all believe in Sylvia, which proves that she is a capable leader. Besides, the competition isn't over yet. We still don't know what the outcome will be." Hearing this, Owen regained his composure and smiled brightly.

"You're right. We can't draw any conclusions now. Talent is important, but knowing when to seize opportunities is important as well. We don't want our kids

to grow up to be someone who still acts rash and impulsive, doing nothing but mess around all day.”

couldn't help but smile slightly in amusement.

Obviously, Owen was talking about Martin. I sat there leisurely, waiting for Martin's reaction.

Martin simply puffed out his chest proudly.

“You're right, and it's obvious that Sylvia's closer to my kid. Birds of a feather flock together after all.”

“You're so unbelievably immature! How dare you try to cause trouble between our children?”

Owen was so angry that his face turned purple.

This time, it was Leonard who stepped in between the two werewolves.

“Stop quarreling like children and just watch the competition.”

Obviously, Martin and Owen had respect for Leonard.

Upon being scolded by the elder, they immediately fell silent and turned their backs to each other.

Even though they still acted like children, this was for the best.

I sighed with relief now that they had gone quiet. Looking at the competition, I asked Leonard, “What do you think of the situation?” He didn't answer me right away and thought about it. He said, “If nothing goes wrong, then Sylvia and Toby will enter the final round.” “I know Toby. He's the son of the Rainbow's Alpha. I heard that Toby had been excellent ever since he was a child, even winning the national fighting championship several times in a row,”

commented lightly. “That's true. It might be easy for Sylvia to make it to the finals, but won't be easy to beat Toby,” Leonard said solemnly. “Well, e

places first in the competition, she needs to pass the test of the forbidden forest, which is the most important.” I sighed heavily.

couldn't help but worry about that poor girl. The forbidden forest was a dangerous place. It didn't matter if Sylvia was a slave; she was still Rufus's mate. And while Rufus and I might've been at odds right now, I couldn't bear the thought of seeing my son heartbroken from losing his mate. “Hey, the next round is about to begin.” Leonard's voice interrupted my thoughts. Following his gaze, my eyes

landed on the thin but lively she-wolf in the center of the stage. She was Toby's next opponent, Flora.

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

## Chapter 298

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

Chapter 298: Goad Her To Make A Move

Flora's POV:

Harry and I cheered wildly below the stage when the referee declared Sylvia's victory. Then I hopped to Warren's side, smiled at him, and handed him a bottle of water.

"Good job! Keep it up and continue working hard."

Warren took the bottle and gave me a restrained smile. He seemed a little shy.

I was about to take a closer look at him when Sylvia came over.

"Flora, come on, get yourself ready. It's your turn soon. Remember, immediately concede at the beginning of the game. Don't fight with him," she reminded me worriedly.

I nodded vigorously.

"I get it. I will definitely surrender before he starts to make a move."

When the referee's whistle sounded, I knew that the competition was about to begin, so I walked to the battle ring with a confident smile under everyone's expectant eyes.

Toby, who had garish dreadlocks, always wore an expressionless face.

But as soon as I approached him, he suddenly sneered. I stood in front of him and asked in confusion, "What are you

laughing at?" The corners of his mouth raised mischievously. He Blair has a bad taste. He doesn't deserve to be a teacher at all."

I was a little pissed by his words. Although Blair was strict, he was a good person in private. Do you think that Toby liar! I involuntarily said, "Sylvia is just a logical slave, so people who hang out with her are also losers."

o do you think you are to say such this about Sylvia? You have no right!”

I clenched my fists as anger surged up in my heart.

Toby clicked his tongue and continued mocking, “And that Harry, he looks like a very smart person. But unexpectedly, he is a rash fool. Only a blind fool like him will make friends with losers like you. And there’s another werewolf named Warren. He is kind of smart, but he is just a mere son of a Beta. For me, all of you are as insignificant as ants.”

I was so angry that I wanted to bite him to death.

“Who the hell do you think you are? Don’t you know that you’re spewing nothing but rubbish?”

Toby snorted coldly.

“Are you angry? But what can you do? You’re just a weak she-wolf. How can you fight against me? I already know your plan. You bunch of cowards will only admit defeat. But it’s okay. At least I don’t need to waste my energy. However, once the game starts, I won’t spare you. So if you want to surrender, hurry up and do it now, you loser!”

Every word that Toby said fueled my anger. I was so furious that my whole body trembled, and my throat was dry. I would never let this bastard go.

Maybe I could use what Warren had taught me to fight against Toby. Even if I couldn’t win this game, I must punch this idiot ha admitting defeat. The referee baw his whistle again, indicating that s officially began. I gathered all my strength and attacked first. We said that I had to be quick and ru’ ss I made a move.

shouldn’t have too many concern nd airs at the enemy’s fatal point. I kept in mind everything he had taught me. At this critical moment, I did m unched Toby hard at his vital part. But before I could fe

but myself, I found that my strength didn’t shake him even a little.

Toby was fast Befora c t, he slammed me to the ground. S ||

mile crept across his face.

“I dont know where you learned that movcut it’s really good. However, all your efforts are in vain in the face of absolute power.”

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

## Chapter 299

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)  
Chapter 299: Pain

Sylvia's POV:

As soon as Flora stepped onto the battle ring, she said something to Toby. I had no idea what they were talking about.

But seeing the angry look on her face, a bad feeling surged up in my heart.

When the game began, Flora didn't concede as we had planned.

Instead, she took the initiative to attack first.

Toby didn't seem to expect that Flora would suddenly make a move.

He was stunned for a moment.

This gave Flora an advantage at the beginning, quickly gaining the upper hand.

Warren's training seemed to be useful. Her moves were much more organized, and her strength was more concentrated.

But she was still soon suppressed by Toby.

Standing in the audience and watching Flora losing the battle slowly, I was so anxious.

Toby's moves were too savage.

She was no match for him at all.

"Flora has completely understood the content of my special training, but she still finds it too difficult to compete with Toby," Warren said with a frown.

He also became anxious.

"Damn! Can we stop this game now?"

stepped forward and tries to get close to the battle ring, but I was stopped by the referee, who maintained the order. "Flora, concede po stop fighting anymore," I shouted a Flora was al disadvantage. She was completely sed by Toby now. He b ed so stimulated that he strangl her n very hard. Things were getting

out of hand. "Floral" Harry shouted Flora's separately as if trying to convince her to surrender. Flora looked

in with difficulty and nodded, indicating that she heard us. But at

41, Toby covered her mouth tightly to prevent her from speaking. Harry was so angry that he cursed. O Flora pulled Toby's hand, resisting violently. Blue veins stood out on her slender neck, and her face flushed. It seemed that she was running out of breath.

Toby became crazier and crazier. He firmly suppressed Flora and punched her in the stomach.

Flora couldn't even scream in pain.

She could only struggle with her legs, but it was in vain.

Tears streamed down her face profusely.

Someone like her who was so afraid of pain was now being crushed and beaten senselessly.

I was so distressed that I directly asked the referee to stop the game, but he just ignored me.

"Stop the game!"

Warren was so furious.

He clenched his fists and was about to rush into the battle ring.

But he was stopped by the guard beside the referee.

"No one concedes, so the game is not over yet, the referee said coldly, looking insensitive about Flora's pain.

Harry was so angry that he grabbed the referee's collar and cursed, "Are you fucking blind? Flora has been beaten up. What if something happens to her? Are you willing to compensate it with your life?"

Frightened by Harry's rage, the referee stammered, "Well...Nothing has happened to her yet..."

There were sudden exclamations from the audience. When I looked at the battle ring, I saw that Flora was pale and black, and she was bleeding. But it seems that Toby had no plan of stopping, and still covered her mouth to prevent or from making a sound. "Fuck off!"

Warren didn't mind the referee and directly rushed to the battle ring. But the quick-witted to him stopped him at once. "Don't get in

t

e game." Get out y , Warren said through clenched teeth

Sion was colder than ever.

However, the guard didn't flinch. Instead, he said in a stiff tone, "No, you can't do anything without permission. The king is also watching. Please don't make things difficult for me." Warren waved off the guard's weapon and sneered resolutely, "It's none of your business." When I saw that Warren and the guard were about to fight, I held Warren's hand and turned to the referee who was standing aside. "Flora has lost the ability to fight. Can you announce the result of the game now?"

Everyone was shocked by my words. They quickly turned to the battle ring, only to find out that Flora had completely fainted.

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

### Chapter 300

[/ Fated to the Cursed Lycan Dark Knight Prince](#)  
Chapter 300: Battle Of Honor

Sylvia's POV:

The referees looked at each other before announcing that the game was over.

Warren rushed to the battle ring, followed by Harry.

As soon as they got there, Harry pushed Toby away.

"Hurry! Call the doctor!"

Harry shouted anxiously.

Warren picked up Flora and ran off the battle ring. Then the doctors waiting around the battle ring surrounded them immediately.

The scene was so noisy and chaotic that even Ethan sent his subordinate to inquire about the situation. I was soon pushed and nudged out of the circle by the crowd.

Worried, I was about to push my way in again to see what was going on with Flora when Toby suddenly walked up to me.

He sneered, "The next game will begin soon. Do you want to run away?"

I glared at him, resisting the impulse to beat him. I couldn't wait for the game to start, so I could justifiably give him a good beating.

Toby pretended to be scared and said exaggeratedly, "Oh, what a scary expression! I heard that she is your best friend, so I understand if you are very angry now. I'm sorry that I was a little harsh on her just now. It's just that I feel so disgusted every time I see such a useless Omega hanging around the academy."

"I actually feel more disgusted when I see someone as arrogant and supercilious as you," I retorted, looking at him coldly.

Toby clicked his tongue and said in a more casual tone. "Should I care about a slave's opinion?"

He paused a while, slightly leaned over, and a line with arrogance in his eyes. "Let us wait and see. I'm looking forward to seeing you cry." "Oh, really? Just make sure you do cry at a later date." I chuckled, glanced at him lightly, and went to the battle ring. The referee blew his whistle and we had four minutes to prepare for the game. Toby stood in front of it with no trace of panic at all. He even had a good look at his clothes.

The crowd's voices were an indication that they were looking forward to the next round.

They were optimistic that Toby had a greater chance of winning. "Come on, Toby! Beat Sylvia as hard as you can to Flora just now." "Toby, be a real brave man and make Sylvia cry. Ha-ha!"

"Sylvia must be so scared that she stands rooted to the spot all the time."

"I'm afraid that she will make an awful fool of herself in King Ethan's presence today."

"A slave will always be a slave. She is destined to be weak and powerless all her life. No matter how hard she strives, it's a fact that can't be changed."

Toby was so proud that he waved to the audience and said, "Thank you. Today, victory will definitely be mine."

"Fuck you!"

Harry's voice rang out below the battle ring. He took out an LED board with my name on it.

It said, "Sylvia is the strongest in the world. I'm crazy for you. I'm your biggest fan!"

But before he could say anything more, the guards approached him and took him away.

Hearing these voices made my heart calmer and calmer.

All the messy thoughts in my mind were soon dispelled and replaced by Rufus's image.

believed he was Si Chuy cheering for me somewhere. He said he could trust me forever. He always reminds me not to doubt myself. So I will win this game not only for myself but

for Flora and Rufus. The referee blew his whistle again and the fight began. I stood still and stared at Toby firmly. At this moment, the voices were so distant, and all I could hear was the violent wind blowing towards me. I knew that Toby had

me in mind. He clenched his fist like a ferocious lion that was ready for attack. Then he

attacked me fiercely at a fast speed. His fist was only a few inches away from my eyes, I firmly caught it with my bare hand. The pain that surged over made my arm numb. Toby's face turned gloomy at once. He tried to pull his hand away, but I didn't give him a chance to succeed. I gave him a fleeting smile. Then I gathered all my strength and punched him. The next second, he was thrown away.