

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 238

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Chapter 238 Extra Training

Sylvia's POV:

I thought that I could train with Flora, but then Warren showed up out of the blue. Harry and I scooped over to make room for him to sit.

"Sit here, buddy. You're finally here! Please do help your weak wife," Harry teased. I didn't know if it was because of the heat or because of Harry's words, but Flora's face turned even redder than Harry's hair.

"What wife?" Flora retorted in a low voice.

But it was time for us to practice on our own. Flora's words were soon drowned in the noise around her. Warren glanced at her and repeated himself firmly. "I can train you." A hint of embarrassment appeared on Flora's face. Blushing, she whispered shyly, "Thanks. I'm sorry to trouble you." Something was off. Why were they so formal and polite with each other? Were young couples so awkward and reserved in their relationship these days? "It's no trouble at all." Warren stood up and held out his hand to her. "Let's start now." "Already?" Flora was still in a daze. I elbowed her slightly and hissed, "Hurry up. There aren't that many days before the parade. Take advantage of this period of time to train." Flora hesitated, as if her butt was glued to the chair. "Okay then..." "Go on now." I nearly shoved her off the bench. After Flora was led away by Warren, I was left alone with Harry. Then Rufus walked towards us. Since we were in public, I didn't dare to act rashly. I wanted to wait until Rufus came a little closer. Unexpectedly, Harry rushed up to meet him halfway, rambling about how he wanted to pick his brain on some fighting styles. As a teacher, Rufus couldn't refuse a student's reasonable request. He had no choice but to be dragged away with a long face. I was left behind, alone with the punching bags on the playground. After class, Rufus finally got rid of Harry. He strode straight to me, grabbed my wrist, and started to walk away. I followed Rufus in a daze, with Harry at our heels. "Mr. Duncan! I have one more question! Do I really have to shave my hair?" I was a little surprised to hear Harry's words. Grabbing Rufus' hand, I asked worriedly, "Did you ask him to shave his hair?" Rufus' jaw tensed up and he said in an unfriendly tone, "Naturally. Colorful hair is not allowed in the army. I couldn't help but burst into laughter. "He doesn't need to shave it all off. He just needs to dye his hair back to its original color."

Rufus snorted and turned around, intending to keep walking away whilst holding my hand. "It's a matter of self-discipline. If an army man wants a bird to nest on his unruly hair, then I have no choice but to ask him to shave it." I couldn't help but feel sorry for Harry. It seemed that if he wanted to join the army, he would need to shave off his hair. Soon, Rufus led me to an open and bright place. There was a whole wall with floor-to-ceiling windows facing the south. The light of the setting sun penetrated through the glass windows, illuminating the majestic oak floors. "This used to be a martial arts gym, deserted for years though I have asked someone to clean it up," Rufus turned to me and explained, seeming to notice my confused expression "What?" Despite his brief explanation, I was even more confused. "Silly girl, I'm going to train you here. Do you understand?" Rufus pulled me into his arms with a helpless expression. "Aren't you going to take part in the selection? So let me practice with you." I was so moved that I hugged him back tightly. This was great. Now I didn't need to train with Harry, the big fool who liked to fight in his own messy

style. Rufus was the best boyfriend, so I imagined he would hug or kiss me whenever I got tired. I couldn't help but smile at the thought. But I was naive. Little did I know that Rufus was a harsh trainer. He didn't show me any mercy, and he treated me even more ruthlessly than the other students in his class. Kissing and hugging? I reasoned that it'd be better to delete that daydream. I should focus on finishing the ten laps first.

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Chapter 239 Clingy

Sylvia's POV In the following days, part of me felt happy to be in Rufus' company, but a bigger part of me was in pain thanks to the grueling training. While I saw Rufus in class every day, every night my dreams were filled with nightmares of me being tortured by Rufus in training. Days passed by in the blink of an eye. Only two days were left before the parade. That evening, Rufus and I practiced as usual in the martial arts gym. After a few rounds, Rufus loosened his grip on me and pulled me up from the ground. "Not bad. You've made a lot of progress. After this period of training, I think you'll have a place in the finals." Hearing Rufus' words of affirmation, I felt a surge of happiness. "Thank you." "There's no need to thank me. You did this by your own efforts. I just happened to guide you and give you some direction." Rufus gently dabbed the sweat on my forehead with a clean handkerchief. "I hope you win the competition. That way, I'll get to see you more often." My face was flushed. I felt the same way as Rufus. I also wanted to see him more often, so I spared no effort to train these days. I rubbed my cheek against the palm of his hand, murmuring, "Rufus, I love you so much." Rufus paused and a hint of excitement flickered across his eyes. Then he scooped me up and demanded, "What did you just say? Say it again." I wrapped my hands on his shoulders and lowered my head, leaning my forehead against his. "Rufus, I love you so much." As soon as I finished speaking, Rufus pressed his lips against mine. His kiss was very gentle, and his tongue slipped into my mouth and intertwined with mine. I closed my eyes to feel his warmth and savor the moment, until my hands and feet began to feel weak.

"Breathe," Rufus whispered, pulling away slightly. I took a deep breath but before I could say anything, he kissed me again. This time, he kissed me passionately. He held me tightly, as if he wanted our bodies to become one. I couldn't control myself anymore, let out a low moan, grabbing at his clothes, as if this was the only way I could relieve the suffocation. The romantic kiss made our bodies hot. Only when Rufus' hand reached under my clothes was I jolted back to reality.

"No." I gasped. "Not here." Rufus saw that I was being serious and had to give up. He gave me one last kiss before finally letting go of me. I blushed and nestled in his arms, enjoying our alone time.

"By the way, I'm not coming to school tomorrow," Rufus said suddenly.

I looked at him in surprise. "Really?" Suddenly, I felt a sense of loss. During this period of time, I had gotten used to seeing him every day. "Yes." Rufus pecked me on the forehead and explained, "As the eldest prince, I have to attend a parade

with the soldiers in the city over the course of the next two days to prepare for the ceremony. Children will present flowers and gifts and there will be other traditions. I'm going to the army today to make the necessary preparations for

tomorrow." "Oh, I see..." I couldn't help but pout, reluctant to see him leave. "Are you leaving now?" "A few minutes from now. Why? What's wrong? You don't want me to leave?" Rufus asked with a knowing smile I didn't try to deny it and simply nodded, "Yes." Rufus sighed and hugged me tightly. "Wait for me at school. Members from various packs will come to the city these days, one after another. If you see your enemies, don't act rashly. You have to wait for me to come back first." "Fine " I still pouted, but my heart was warm. With him, it was as though I could face the world. After a long time, Rufus finally sent me back to my dormitory and prepared to leave. As I watched him leave, my heart began to feel uneasy inexplicably. I wanted to call out his name, but I found myself unable to utter a sound, so I had to let him go. "Honey, you are head over heels in love. You can't even be separated from him for a moment." Yana teased me. Looking at his receding figure, I laughed helplessly. "Am I too clingy?" Maybe I was overthinking. I patted my own shoulder and shook my head wryly.

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Chapter 240 Like A Caged Bird

Lucy'n l'OV: In the dimly lit room, the stale air circulated the room, now mixed with the choking smell of tobacco

I knew that smoking wasn't good for the baby, but it was also my only escape from this hell.

Richard had confined me to this room twenty-four-seven. No one was allowed to even get close to this room, other than the person who would bring food to me daily

Several guards stood watch by the door at all times, all of whom were Richard's trusted men

I couldn't even make it to the door before a guard would bark at me to stay in the room. It seemed that Richard was really pissed off with me this time. In the past, no matter how I provoked him, he would simply turn a blind eye to it. Even after knowing what happened between me and Kyle, he just called a few ordinary guards to keep a close watch on me.

I couldn't help but touch my slightly bulging belly, feeling restless. Over the past few days, Richard had been making sure I was in good health by making me take all kinds of tonics and medicines. Despite this facade of kindness, I knew that I was doomed. But I didn't want to accept my fate for the sake of my unborn child, I had to fight to live. Staring at the food on the table, a lightbulb went on in my head. The sun was shining outside, but inside the room, it was freezing cold. I hung my thick coat to the side and went to the bathroom to take a cold shower. It wasn't until I was shivering that I sat down at the table. Then I picked up a fork to eat a few mouthfuls of food. I suddenly threw the fork on the table with a bang and I staggered to the door, trembling all over, knocking weakly at the door, I cried urgently. "Help! Somebody, anybody! My stomach hurts! Call the doctor!" A guard soon came in and inquired about my condition. My face a deathly pale, I held my belly with both hands, teeth chattering in my mouth. "My belly hurts badly. Call the doctor please!" The guard was very cautious. He first glanced at the half-eaten food on the table and then asked me what had happened in detail. "I don't know what's wrong with me, but I just had a few mouthfuls of soup and

my stomach began to ache" As I spoke, I began to cry. I even pinched my thigh secretly, digging my nails into my skin, to squeeze out a few tears.

As the tears rolled down my cheeks, the guard was finally convinced and immediately ran out to call the doctor for me.

I snorted and stood up as if nothing had happened. I wrapped the thick coat around me and sat on the edge of the bed, expectantly waiting for the doctor. It didn't take long before a she-wolf came in. It was Susan, the doctor Richard had sent to make sure

I wouldn't have a miscarriage.

He didn't want to expose my pregnancy ahead of time, so he specifically assigned me a doctor with simple background who had just come to the city. Susan was a she-wolf in her early twenties. She had blonde hair, blue eyes, fair skin and a prominent

more-typical northern appearance, she was also will dawn and silent. C'very time she can lein, slie would just do bici buninons and never devinto liom her work michan onmle are that I couldn'? communicate with outsiders so every time I had a check up, those would be grandi peront She coughed my cold belly alig litly and drowned, "You need to take out youll panen la forme contact detailed examination Close the door." 'The last sentence was addresses to the guards. They exchanged unensyslancom and asked, Duat ole homve to take off her panta" "Who's the doctor hove, you or me?" Suuan whol back nerously The guards were still leuitating "BULL..." "What Do you wont 10 neo the private parts of Prince Richard's mater" i mnooneid as I banan 10 undrens The guards were so itglitened that they uhu their eyes immediately, "No, no, We're going out now!" with a bang, the guarda closed the door behind them. All soon as the door was closed, my lacade fell and I grabbed Busan's hand anxiously, "Well? Have you found anything?"