

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 1222

Chapter 1222 She Didn't Eat The Fish Skin (Rufus' POV)

I couldn't stop the laugh that escaped my lips and flicked her forehead with my fingers. "Don't be upset. Let's go and eat." Crystal nodded awkwardly and slowly lifted the quilt to get out of bed. However, her legs were weak and she collapsed.

I instantly rushed to her and wrapped my arms around her. Then I carried her to the table.

After she was seated, she didn't dare to meet my eyes. The tips of her ears were red. She wanted to pick up the spoon, but couldn't get a firm grip on it.

I knew this was caused by the three raging forces. They had left lasting damage to her body.

Title of the document

I was about to comfort her, but she was so furious that she flung the spoon into the bowl of soup and angrily said, "This is all your fault. You didn't control yourself last night. You're a pervert!"

I was at a loss for words. I shouldn't have lied to her. Now I would have to endure it. "I'm sorry. This is all my fault. Don't be angry. It's not good for your health. Let me feed you." I scooped some potato paste into a spoon and brought it to her mouth.

Crystal shrugged and reluctantly ate the food.

"Do you want some porridge?" I softly asked.

"I want some meat," Crystal replied with a groan, her eyes constantly darting toward the beef.

"How about I give you porridge with meat?" I negotiated with raised eyebrows.

Besides Beryl, I had never treated a she- wolf so patiently and willingly.

"Okay." Crystal gave me a reluctant nod, quietly urging me to take a large piece of meat.

I felt strange. I put a piece of meat on a spoonful of porridge.

Crystal ate the food with a moan.

"Slow down. Chew the food extremely well," I reminded her as I was worried she would get indigestion.

"I know," Crystal replied with bulging cheeks while nodding her head.

As I watched her reaction, I finally knew where Beryl had got her personality from. The mother and daughter were both soft and lovely, and impatient and irritable.

I continued feeding Crystal in this way and she ate obediently.

The atmosphere was very warm and harmonious, and for some reason this situation filled me with a sense of familiarity, as if it had happened before.

I frowned, trying to remember, but I couldn't recall where this had happened. "I want some fish." Crystal nudged my arm, pulling me out of my reverie.

"Okay." I returned to my senses and got the fish for her.

It had been cooked well and all the fish bones had been removed, but the skin remained. Crystal didn't eat fish skin, so I had to peel it off for her.

While I was peeling off the fish skin with a fork, it suddenly struck me that Crystal had never told me she didn't eat it. How could I know that she didn't eat fish skin? I stared at the fish on the plate, lost in deep thought.

"Hurry up. I want to eat fish," Crystal urged, eyeing it eagerly.

I paused with the fork in my hand, and I speared a piece of fish with skin to feed her.

She wrinkled her delicate nose, turned her head away, and said with disgust, "I don't want to eat the fish skin."

My heart sank as if I had just received some proof.

A variety of blurry visions flashed through my mind. I couldn't see them clearly, but I felt familiar with them. When I tried to focus on them, my head began aching violently, and I experienced the sensation of being bitten by little bugs again.