

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 1225

Chapter 1225 Daddy (Rufus' POV)

Arron threw himself into Crystal's arms and proceeded to act like a spoiled child. Crystal was obviously at a loss. She raised her hands, as though afraid that she might hurt the boy if she t*ouched him.

I had already told my mother about Crystal's condition, but it seemed that she had left the children in the dark. Arron was happily cuddling his mother's chest, his eyes closed, his lips curled into a smile. I looked at his innocent little face and felt a pang in my heart. I wasn't sure how he would handle the truth of the situation.

"I'm sorry, but I had no choice," my mother said helplessly as she walked up to me. "The little guy has been asking to see his mommy so early in the morning. I couldn't stop him. Go on, join them. Help Crystal out. You can't let Arron find out so soon, it will break his heart."

"I know," I nodded and approached the mother and son.

Title of the document

As soon as I came into her field of vision, Crystal shot me a look that could only be described as a plea for help. She pointed a finger at Arron, who was still burrowing in her embrace, and mouthed, "Who is this kid? He is so cute! Where is his mother?"

I chuckled under my breath, then covered it up with a cough. I leaned close and whispered in her ear, "This is your son, Arron. You are his mother. So, don't be so cold to him. He will feel hurt."

Crystal's eyes widened as she processed my words. She tried to pat Arron in the back, still looking lost and confused.

"Mommy, are you feeling better now?" Arron finally raised his head to look at Crystal.

"Yeah, much better." Crystal continued to pat him in an awkward manner and mustered a stiff smile.

Arron instantly knew that something was not right. He stood up by supporting his hands on her mother's knees. He stared into Crystal's eyes, his voice filled with grievance as he asked, "Mommy, why are you acting so distant to me?"

Tears welled up in his eyes as he added, "Are you mad at me? Mommy, do you think I'm a bad and disobedient child?"

"No, no, no, Arron! Of course, not! You are the most obedient son anyone could ask for." Crystal hurriedly gathered the boy in her arms and tried to comfort him, though her eyes kept darting back and forth. She was panicking.

I cleared my throat. "Arron, your mommy is still recovering. Come over here and let me carry you instead."

But the boy only shook his head and tightened his grip on Crystal's shirt. "No!"

"All right, then. You can stay with your mommy." I could hear the satisfaction in my voice, which earned me a glare from Crystal.

Their interaction started out strange. At first, Crystal handled Arron like she would a small, delicate animal. Gradually, her caresses became more natural.

Arron basked in his mother's affection and all but purred in her arms. There was a motherly quality to Crystal's gaze that almost made me forget she wasn't the old Crystal we knew.

I watched them with an inward sigh. Such was the power of family bonds.

I came up with a decision then. I was going to ask Arron to keep Crystal company everyday.

"Arron, would you like to spend more time with your mommy?"

Crystal was running her fingers through the boy's hair, and he looked happy and contented.

"Is that okay, sir? I do want to be with Mommy every single day!"

"Of course," I smiled.

This way, Crystal would stop trying to flee. Arron could keep an eye on her. It was a win-win situation in every angle.

I nodded to myself, pleased with my plan, when Crystal burst my bubble yet again. "We are mates. My son calls me 'Mommy', but he calls you 'sir'? Why doesn't he call you 'Daddy'?"