

# Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 1229 You Are Powerful

(Rufus’ POV)

Crystal carefully concealed the meticulously crafted origami bears beneath a plush pillow, as if they were precious jewels. But to her dismay, as soon as she reclined, the bear limbs lay in tatters.

She scowled and wept. “They’re ruined.”

What a foolish girl!

I gingerly rubbed my forehead, resigned to the fact that I had no other choice but to tuck the crumpled creations into a storage box. “I’ll fold some for you again.”

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Crystal’s face lit up like a lantern, her eyes wide and earnest as she gushed, “You’re so kind! I want one hundred more! They’ll look beautiful on my shelf! And let’s make them with colorful paper!”

I gasped for breath, my words caught in my throat. “Don’t worry. It’s a simple task. I’ll hand them over to you tomorrow.”

One hundred of them? No problem. It was a mere origami folded into the shape of a bear. As the lycan king, was it not within my capabilities?

After coaxing Crystal, I took the medicine and helped her swallow it.

Crystal scrunched up her nose at the sight of the murky black liquid. “Can I not drink it?” Her eyes sparkled as she made her humble request.

“No, you can’t. You will recover soon after drinking it.” I maintained a stern demeanor and steeled myself as I served her the cooled mixture.

Undeterred by the unappetizing appearance, Crystal vigorously shook her head and grabbed the bowl of medicine. “I’ll chug it all down in one go,” she declared boldly, hands balled into tiny fists.

After she spoke, she hastily swallowed a bowl of medicine. Her eyes bulged as she tasted the intensity of its bitterness and almost cried out in surprise.

Without delay, I placed a piece of candy into her m\*outh, reassuring her, “The sweetness of this candy cancels out the bitterness of the medicine.”

Crystal sniffed pitifully, her spirits lifted by the delightful taste. She mumbled, “I almost forgot to ask, how many years younger is Beryl than Arron?”

“They’re twins. They are the same age,” I replied, wiping her m\*outh with a handkerchief.

“When can I see Beryl?” Crystal asked, her eyes searching for answers.

I hesitated for a moment, hands growing still. I felt uncertain about how to break the news.

Beryl was still unconscious, and I didn’t want to worry Crystal. Finally, I said, “You can visit her in a few days. She cries a lot. She will be sad to see you like this.”

Crystal chirped happily. “Okay. I must admit that I’m struggling to connect with the children. I’m afraid they’ll be sad. In fact, I felt uneasy earlier. Thankfully, Arron didn’t pick up on my apprehension.”

Her words triggered a memory of her early days at the imperial palace in me, where she displayed the proficiency of her acting skills. With a faint smile, I complimented, “You possess remarkable acting abilities.”

“Perhaps I should consider the entertainment industry. I could even win prestigious awards in the film industry.” Crystal misinterpreted my words and began daydreaming, building castles in the air.

I frowned, feeling uneasy at the thought of Crystal’s beauty being exposed to others. I intervened, “It’s unnecessary. You’re very powerful, and joining the entertainment industry would make your true potential go to waste.”

“I’m powerful? Really? Tell me about it. Am I good at fighting or do I have some other amazing talents?” With bubbling enthusiasm, Crystal barraged me with a string of queries, leaving me with no option but to commend her.

“You possess not only a fighting prowess but also exceptional managerial skills to handle the pack. And you’re a smart businesswoman, and you’re good at making money for the empire. You pay extra tax every time. Even the vampires are afraid of you.”

The corners of Crystal’s m\*outh lifted into a broad smile. “I must be incredible. The admirers must be lining up.”

My expression turned grim as I retorted, “No one dares to pursue you because they know they stand no chance against you.”

“Damn it! Am I really so powerful?” Crystal scratched her head in disbelief.

I grasped her shoulders, locked my gaze with hers, and enunciated each word with conviction, “Yes, you are remarkably powerful. In my heart, you are the most exceptional she-wolf.”