

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 1238 Indulging In His Tenderness

(Crystal’s POV)

Rufus was so mean!

I was so pissed off that I turned my back to him and snorted.

“Crystal, wait! Are you mad at me?” Rufus asked in a panic, reaching out to shake my shoulder.

I bit my l*ip and ignored him stubbornly. He kept making fun of me, so I made up my mind not to talk to him for the rest of the night.

Title of the document

“Say something please. I was just kidding, okay?” Rufus made me face him and tried to coax me.

I closed my eyes and pretended not to hear him, although his tender advances made my heart softened somewhat.

“Crystal, if you don’t say something, I’ll k*iss you.”

Rufus’s deep, masculine voice echoed in my ears. My heart skipped a beat at the thought of being k*issed by him, but I didn’t take his “threat” too seriously.

However, the next second, I felt his warm, soft l*ips pressed against my forehead.

I couldn’t help but shiver under his t*ouch. “Crystal, please don’t be mad at me,” Rufus whispered gently. Then he k*issed me on the eyelid and the tip of my nose. Finally, his l*ips wandered to the corner of my m*outh.

I secretly tried to take a peek at him, but Rufus caught me. He pinched my nose dotingly and chuckled, “I know you’re awake. Don’t be angry, okay?”

Truth be told, my anger dissipated the moment he k*issed my forehead just now. But for the sake of my dignity, I pretended to be stubborn and muttered, “Fine. Go to sleep already—”

Before I could finish my sentence, he suddenly pressed his l*ips against mine. His k*iss was gentle but possessive, and I gradually succumbed to the pleasure.

Lost in his tenderness, I finally gave in. Without any sense of timidity, I basked in this rare feeling of pleasure and warmth.

We hadn’t slept together in a long time, so I cherished every second of our night together. I fell asleep with my head resting on his chest, listening to his steady heartbeat.

I had countless cold and lonely nights over the past five years. This warmth suddenly made me feel vulnerable.

I really wanted to ask Rufus about our current relationship, but only a silly person would ask such a question.

I could only lie to myself for now. Forgetting everything else, I indulged myself for one night.

The following day, I woke up alone in bed.

I hurriedly put on my clothes and wanted to look for him, but just as I was reaching for the doorknob, the door suddenly swung open. Rufus came in with a bright smile. He pecked me on the forehead and then led me to the dining room for breakfast.

When I saw the burnt bread on the table, I knew that it was Rufus who had prepared breakfast for me. But I was happy. This was Rufus’s old way of making amends.

I gobbled up all the burnt bread happily and downed a large glass of creamy soy milk.

When I finally put the glass down, I burped contentedly, feeling very satisfied.

“It looks like I used to cook for you,” Rufus commented. My heart leapt to my throat, causing me to choke.

While coughing violently, I stole a cautious glance at him, but he looked ordinary—amused even. He reached out and patted me on the back, saying gently, “What’s the rush? There’s no need to eat so quickly.”

I didn’t say anything. My mind was a complete mess. What did Rufus mean by saying that? Did he remember something? He had fished for answers on more than one occasion. If things went on like this, I was really scared that I wouldn’t be able to keep our past a secret forever.

Just then, there was a sudden commotion outside the door.

The next second, Adela barged in regardless of the guards’ obstruction.