

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 1253 Hold Him Tight

Crystal's POV:

I choked, words stuck in my throat like stubborn pebbles.

My determination, however, was evident as I propelled myself forward in the wheelchair.

"I don't want you!"

Rufus' strong grip rendered my efforts futile; the wheelchair squeaked as it jostled restlessly in place.

My frustration boiled over, and I grabbed his pristine sleeve, crumpling it in my anger.He tenderly caressed my head, trying to pacify me.

"Don't be upset," he soothed, his dulcet tones low and soft.

I turned my head away, a disdainful snort escaping my lips.

"Tell me, what the hell do you want?"

I demanded, my voice laced with unbridled contempt.

To my surprise, Rufus lifted me from the wheelchair with ease, treating me as if I were a mere child.

Caught unawares, I grasped his shoulder tightly, consumed by a mix of shame and fury swirling viciously in my chest.

"Put me down! What the hell do you want?"

I seethed.

Rufus, however, appeared unfazed by my ire, tender concern etched on his face.He spoke in hushed tones as if coaxing a child.

"Calm down.You're still weak.Save your strength."

Enraged, I had an overwhelming urge to ruffle his hair.

Rufus proceeded to effortlessly carry me toward the desk.

I writhed in his hold, insisting, "Put me down.I can walk by myself."

Surprisingly, Rufus complied with my request, releasing his grip and allowing me to stand unaided, though he still clasped my arm with a single hand.

My legs trembled with weakness, unable to sustain my weight.

I cast a grudging glance toward the wheelchair, longing to take a seat.

Rufus' towering figure blocked my line of vision.

Resolutely, he declared, "You need rehabilitation."

I muttered unhappily.

But his intentions were genuinely aimed at my recovery, so I relented.

"Well, don't let me go,"

I warned, my fear of falling ringing in my voice.

Rufus replied unflinchingly, "No, I'm going to release you."

He loosened his hold and I began to slip out of his grasp.

I jolted, scrambling to wrap my hands around his neck.

"Don't you dare!" I yelled.

Rufus tried to soothe my rumpled feathers.

"Don't worry, the floor is carpeted.It won't hurt."

I remained silent, aware that the pain was not the problem.

My apprehension stemmed from a sense of shame rather than fear, and I couldn't bring myself to voice it.

"If you don't want to fall, hold me tight.I will always stand by your side, and will never abandon you," he said seriously.

I crinkled my nose, disdainful snort escaping my lips.

"You wish!" I retorted with a scoff. I was well aware of Rufus' intentions.

He wanted to see me turn to him for help and rely on him.It was just as he had done in the past when teaching me close combat.

First, he would make me lose face, and then he would derive satisfaction from instructing me.

"I'll let you go when you're ready.3, 2..."

Rufus commenced the countdown, gradually relaxing his grip on my shoulder.

I gulped a mouthful of air as my legs trembled, threatening to buckle beneath me at any moment.

Overcome with fear, I instinctively clung to Rufus' waist, trying to steady myself.

As I was about to curse, I felt a cold, metallic shiver crawl down my neck.

Rufus was fastening a necklace around me.

I froze, my mind flashing back to when I first met Rufus.

He had gifted me a necklace then too, but I had misplaced it.

The atmosphere took an unexpected turn, brimming with rosy red hues.

My gaze fell upon the exquisite necklace.

Rufus had impeccable taste.

I discreetly cleared my throat, feeling a tinge of unease swirl in my belly as I asked, "What do you mean? Why this sudden act of generosity?"

Rufus chuckled softly, his thumb gently tracing the delicate lines of the pendant that adorned my neck.

His eyes sparkled with admiration as he replied, "I just think it suits you very well."

"Humph, I don't believe you."

I couldn't help but scoff, a touch of skepticism creeping in.

I knew Rufus too well.

If it were just a casual gift, he wouldn't be so cautious and wouldn't shy away from looking at me.

I regarded his shaky composure with a suspicious eye.