

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 1256 Trying To Please Me

Crystal's POV

I suppressed a chuckle, my hand gently pressing against Rufus’ chest as I tried to maintain a serious expression. “I’m going to take a bath. Get out of here,” I said solemnly.

“Wait, there is no hurry.”

Rufus turned around with a mischievous grin, filling the bathtub with water before returning with a set of pajamas and a bottle of essential oil in his hands.

“Do you want some petals?” he asked, presenting a small bag of dried flowers.

Title of the document

I nodded, my eyes scanning the bag. “I prefer the lily’s scent,” I replied.

Rufus chuckled, carefully selecting lilies from the bag and sprinkling them into the pool of water. The room soon filled with a captivating fragrance as the petals floated on the surface, dots of color in the water.

Gently, Rufus hoisted me up and gently placed me on the rustic wooden stool next to the bathtub. He carefully positioned the wheelchair to the side, ensuring it was out of the way.

“Are you sure you can wash yourself?” Rufus asked, his concern palpable as he lingered by my side. His worries didn’t ease until he had meticulously prepared everything to assist me.

A wave of warmth washed over me. I was t*ouched by Rufus’s unwavering support. I mustered a smile and gently pushed his hand away, saying, “You should leave now. The water is starting to cool.”

“Call me if you need anything. I’ll wait for you outside,” Rufus reassured me, his hand brushing softly against my head before he departed.

I stared at the closed door, lost in thought for a moment, my f*ingers absently tracing the delicate necklace adorning my neck.

Rufus had insisted I keep it on, a tangible reminder of his care and devotion. I exhaled deeply, rising to my feet and shedding my clothes with deliberate care.

Slowly, I stepped into the warm embrace of the bathtub, the water curling around my feet.

The warmth rejuvenated me, suffusing my senses with strength.

Clad in my attire once again, I steeled myself and attempted to move independently. I took slow, measured steps, despite the lingering weakness in my muscles.

I succeeded despite my snail’s pace. Relief washed over me as I realized the efficacy of the rehabilitation process. Furthermore, as a werewolf, my inherent regenerative abilities granted assured me that I could already walk slowly.

I’d noticed a swift surge of strength wafting through my body, invigorating me with each passing moment.

Despite the arduous and sometimes painful process of rehabilitation, its effectiveness was undeniable. I had unwavering faith that with a few more days of rest, I would make a complete recovery.

In an effort to evade Rufus’ keen watchfulness, I decided not to tell him of my imminent departure.

If he were privy to my plans, he might deploy additional covert guards to trail my movements.

It was unwise to openly play tricks in front of him at this point as he would surely find out about my plan. I had to move quietly.

I cautiously settled back into my wheelchair and wheeled myself out of the bathroom, taking note of the stillness that enveloped the room. The only sound that broke the silence was the rhythmic ticking of the clock’s hands against the wall.

I swept my eyes across the room, surveying the area to assure myself of Rufus’ absence.

When I confirmed that the room was empty, I stealthily pushed myself forward. “Rufus?”

I nudged the door ajar, only to find no trace of the towering figure.

Hmph! Something must have spooked him into a hasty retreat.

He was undeniably a busy man with a schedule packed to the brim, always on the move, and h*ardly with a moment to spare.

He had assured me he would wait outside, but alas, the treacherous werewolf proved to be unreliable once again. Trust was a rare commodity with him, it seemed.

A wave of despondency washed over me in an instant. I had tried every trick in the book to drive him away earlier, but now that he was truly gone, I felt a pang of sorrow.

I knew I had a penchant for being stubborn, but my emotions were beyond my control. I yearned to lay my eyes on him incessantly, unable to resist the pull he had on me.

Seated in my wheelchair, I pouted with a sense of melancholy drumming in my chest. I attempted to reassure myself that his departure was a good thing, sparing me from further dishonesty. Nevertheless, my mood remained sour.

Suddenly, a tingling sensation tickled my ankles, brushing my skin with a feather-light t*ouch.

I glanced downward and caught sight of a majestic wolf, with its luxurious tail swishing playfully around my feet. It nuzzled against me affectionately, as if reminiscing about our past encounters.