

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 1344

Flora's POV:

For a span of approximately fourteen days, we resided within the grandiose confines of the imperial palace. Throughout our stay, we ventured once again into the heart of the imperial capital. A serene ambiance embraced us, as if we went back to our days at the Royal Military School.

What set this experience apart was the fact that we had children now. Leading the kids with unwavering enthusiasm was Harry, who seemed immune to fatigue amidst their playful escapades. Both Crystal and I could tell that Harry was eager to embrace fatherhood.

To everyone's surprise, Joanna announced her pregnancy.

Seated at the table, I meticulously chronicled the tale of my relationship with Sylvia in my personal journal. Despite Rufus regaining his lost memories and Sylvia getting back together with him, she insisted on being referred to as Crystal, to commemorate the last five years.

Sylvia and I had shared a special bond for almost a decade. Our friendship was as deep as the ocean and as immovable as a rock. Our memories were secured in my diary, its pages adorned with the ink of my pen.

Just as I immersed myself in my writing, a familiar voice wafted in from beyond the confines of the room. It was Warren.

"Baby, they are all here. Come out."

I raised my gaze and peered through the doorway, where Warren stood. He was clad in a finely tailored ensemble, and his face lacked its usual seriousness, revealing a hint of restlessness.

I abandoned my pen and hurriedly followed Warren out of the room.

The sight that unfolded before my eyes startled me. Unbeknownst to me, Sylvia had personally designed an exquisite bridesmaid gown for me. Its champagne-hued train boasted a lavish display of delicate feathers, adorned with a sparkling row of diamonds.

An exclamation of awe escaped my lips as I couldn't resist running my fingers along the fabric. Anticipation surged within me

“Luna Flora, let me help you change into it.” Sylvia had enlisted a team of professionals to tend to my makeup and hairstyling needs.

Grasping the dress’s hem, I twirled exuberantly before Warren, my voice taking on a coquettish tone. “Am I gorgeous?”

Warren, however, appeared dissatisfied. “It’s not you who are going to get married. There is no need for a married woman like you to look so gorgeous,” he said, an unhappy twist to his mouth.

In response to his complaint,

I smiled, leaning up to plant a tender k**s on his

chin, coaxing him gently, “Does it still trouble you that you’re not the best man?”

“Of course not.” Warren averted his gaze, at a loss for words. Suddenly, the joy of victory surged within me.

Sylvia’s wedding featured a lone groomsman and a sole bridesmaid. She handpicked Harry and me.

Lately, a palpable tension had been brewing between Warren and Joanna.

Joanna remained unaffected, yet in Harry’s presence, Warren tried to charm me relentlessly. He meticulously curated his appearance, seemingly eager to engage in a battle to the bitter end with Harry. However, the reasons behind this eluded me. After all, both Harry and Joanna were deeply in love, as were Warren and I.

Eventually, I unraveled the mystery. Perhaps it was driven by a male wolf’s unyielding desire for victory.

Warren’s possessiveness grew increasingly precarious, rendering him unstable, like an impulsive youth.

I couldn’t help but entertain suspicions of Sylvia’s intent. Yet, when I beheld her innocent gaze, I realized my thoughts had spiraled into needless complexity.

Hand in hand, Warren and I arrived at the wedding venue, accompanied by the melodies of jubilant music that permeated the atmosphere.

However, our progress was abruptly halted by a jarring, grating sound that assaulted Warren and me. A white wolf with crimson manes took the stage and unleashed a raucous cacophony. The voice resounded, leaving the wolf intoxicated. Unable to bear the piercing dissonance, Warren and I instinctively shielded our ears from the sound.

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