

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 1345

Flora's POV:

Amid the televised wedding ceremony that captivated the nation's gaze, my senses were assaulted by the sight of Yana singing on the stage.

Clutching my ears in disbelief, I turned to fix my gaze upon the dashing groom, Rufus.

"You just let Yana do whatever she wants?" I questioned, my voice tinged with incredulity.

A smile flashed across his face as he said,

"As long as Sylvia is happy. She

thinks it's a good idea. Yana is a good singer." His satisfaction with Yana's performance was clear. Ah, to love her was to embrace her wolf.

I couldn't help but shake my head in disbelief as I pondered in silence. Since Sylvia's unbelievable resurrection, it seemed like their whole family took leave of their senses and developed a severe case of selective hearing.

I stole a glance at the comments in the live broadcast. As expected, a torrent of grievances filled the comment box.

"What? This she-wolf is so beautiful. Why does she sing so badly?"

"The she-wolf's singing is hurting me."

"Although it's unpleasant, the atmosphere is good. I want to dance."

"Can we skip the singing? I want to see the bride and groom!" In this moment, Laura gracefully strode onto the stage, swiftly snatching Yana's microphone and forcing her to exit the stage. "Honey, the wedding is about to begin. It would be late if you don't change your clothes now." Yana, resolute in her desire to sing, stubbornly clung to her spot, yet found herself forcefully ushered into the confines of the dressing room.

As everyone witnessed this spectacle, a collective sigh of relief filled the atmosphere.

The wedding ceremony began half an hour later.

When Sylvia finally materialized in front of us, a wave of shock washed over me.

My head began to swim; she was breathtaking.

She was adorned in a holy bridal gown, and an immaculate white draped her form. The soft fabric hugged her curves, making her look like an angel. Her long locks were intricately woven into an elaborate plait, resembling a crown that accentuated her noble temperament.

The gown's hem, weightless as the billowy clouds, swayed harmoniously with each step she took, exuding an aura of elegance.

Bathed in the luminous glow, she was a breathtaking beauty, leaving onlookers agape in amazement.

In that moment, it was as if the Moon Goddess herself had bestowed her blessings upon Sylvia.

A gentle smile danced at her lips, her dark eyes bleary with bliss.

Her face

shone radiantly, stirring the hearts of all that beheld it.

I couldn't help but sigh inwardly as I looked at her. She was my best friend, and today marked the day of her matrimony. Genuine happiness welled up within me, surging in my chest.

Rufus' bright eyes brimmed with astonishment and adoration. His intense gaze remained fixed on Sylvia. It was as if she alone existed—the epitome of beauty.

A smile tugged at my lips. I was overcome with delight for their love.

As Sylvia made her way toward Rufus, an eerie hush descended, shrouding the scene in silence.

A hushed anticipation descended in the venue as all eyes fixated on the new couple.

I gazed excitedly at Sylvia. Her eyes were filled with resolution and expectation, like the eyes of a young girl when she daydreamed about the thrilling adventures in her future. In my heart, I knew this was the life she had yearned for—a culmination of her dreams, and a love that matched her expectations.

Amidst the wedding's tender ambiance, I settled into my seat, a happy warmth coursing through my veins. I looked mutedly at Sylvia. A bright smile danced on her face. She

deserved all the happiness in the world. It was my sincere wish that she remained in perpetual bliss.

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