

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 309

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

### Chapter 309 K\*ll Them All

#### Sylvia’s POV:

Almost immediately, the sticky swamp mud engulfed my body, weighing and s\*cking me down into the pit. My instincts told me to struggle, but soon I realized that it only made me sink faster.

Title of the document

After panicking for a moment, I stopped and stabilized myself, refusing to move an inch. I carefully turned to Peter, who was standing on the shore. “What happened?”

Peter smiled sheepishly and held up his hand. “Sorry. I stumbled a little bit and accidentally pulled the vine.”

He then pulled on the vine again, causing me to sink deeper into the swamp. I felt that something was off, but I still pretended to be calm and asked him for help anyway. “That’s fine. Can you just pull me out now?”

Just then, Peter tossed the vine away from him. The innocent look on his face was replaced with mockery. “Pull you out? In your dreams.”

My face hardened. “What do you mean by that? Are you saying that you did this on purpose?”

Peter flash a wicked smile. “Yes! What do you think? Was my acting brilliant?”

“Who sent you? Who was it?” I asked coldly. I should have known that Peter was not just some student. Participating in a stunt like this was detrimental to his future, but he did it anyway. There had to be a powerful mastermind behind him,

“You are quite smart, Sylvia.” Peter snorted as he walked closer to the edge of the swamp. Pretending to be guilty, he sighed. “Fine. Since you’re about to d\*ie anyway, I’ll tell you the truth. It was Prince Richard who sent me.”

I sneered, “I knew it. He really will not give up!”

“Oh, Prince Richard’s actually arranged everything so that you would definitely d\*ie today.” Peter crossed his arms and chuckled at me.

I ignored him, deciding it was better to spend my energy in trying to think of a way out of here. But my body slowly sunk deeper and deeper. The mud was almost up to my chest.

Suddenly, it occurred to me that I had a rescue device on my wrist that the military installed. Once I pressed the b\*tton, the army patrolling around the forbidden forest would come and save me. I was overjoyed at the realization. But when I was about to reach for my wrist, Peter laughed.

“Yes, go ahead and call for help with that device!” Peter reminded me,

I felt that there was a tinge of irony in his tone, so I hesitated. Richard’s plan could not be foiled this simply. If he really wanted me to d\*ie, he wouldn’t go through all this trouble just for me to be saved by this small device. I began to wonder. Was this device secretly broken or something? Was it not going to work?

“What? What are you waiting for? Won’t the troops around the forest come and save you once you press that b\*tton?” Peter added.

“No...” I carefully observed the expressions dancing on his face. “If you really wanted me to d\*ie, you wouldn’t have let me keep this device in the first place.”

After hearing my assumption, Peter broke out into a wild laughter. “Oh, that would be interesting, actually. If it weren’t for Prince Richard’s order to K\*ll you, I would have just let you go for your bright little head. But there’s one thing you haven’t figured out, Sylvia.”

“What is it, Peter?” I glared at him.

“Not only does Prince Richard want you dead, but also all of Prince Rufus’ people!” Peter smiled deviously. “All of the troops stationed around the forest are Prince Rufus’ subordinates. And that swamp you’re about to drown in? It’s already filled with bombs, timed to explode in fifteen minutes.”

“You were going to let me call for help, but I would actually just be luring the army to their deaths?” I thought out loud. This dirty trick of Richard’s infuriated and sickened me to my c0re.

“Smart girl!” Having confirmed this, I put down my hand. I wasn’t going to call for help anymore.

“You see, if you press that b\*tton, there may still be a small chance that you could live. If you don’t, then all you can do is wait for your death. You would either be blown up by the bombs, or drown in the swamp, whichever comes first.” Peter continued to persuade me to press the b\*tton.

I closed my eyes and refused to look at him any longer. “No, I’m not putting the lives of others at risk, even if it means losing my own.”