

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 311

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 311 The Edge of The Cliff

Warren’s POV:

When the six of us broke into three groups, we each chose a path and continued exploring the forest. Tom and I were in the same group but neither of us spoke a word. I was a withdrawn man, so talking didn’t come naturally to me. Rut it was strange for Tom, a loud and lively student of Cl@ssA, to stay eerily silent. He would only say a few words whenever we came across some wild animals.

Title of the document

At first, I didn’t think it was that big of a deal. But when I spotted a familiar black tattoo on his arm, I felt that I had seen that pattern somewhere. Om seemed to have noticed that I was observing him. Without a word, he pulled down his sleeves and covered the black tattoo from my sight. Shortly after, it started raining—hard. It quickly became difficult to walk along the muddy mountain road. Just then, the ground began to shake violently.

“A wild elephant’s passing nearby.” Tom could tell only by the sound. I couldn’t help but steal a glance at him in awe.

He smiled at me and continued to walk forward. Tom had a distinct look. He had a large black mole on the comer of his forehead, and he was obviously fit. He had a tough look about him, but upon a closer look, there seemed to be a hint of tenderness in his eyes.

A blurry memory was stirring in my mind, but I still couldn’t remember how I knew Tom. Finally, I couldn’t help but ask him bluntly, “Have we met before?”

“I don’t think so. You’ve probably mistaken me for someone else. People say I have a common face.” Tom didn’t even look at me as he answered. It was as though he didn’t take my question seriously.

Soon we reached a cliff. The cliff was so steep that we couldn’t see tire bottom, only mist. The strong wind blowing up from the bottom of the cliff was so violent that it whipped at our clothes. And it was howling. We could barely hear each other over the sound of the wind.

I found steady footing then gestured at Tom, indicating for him to look for the blue cornflower. But as we walked around the cliff in circles, we didn’t see any signs of the cornflower. Just then, the wind stopped howling. It was still raining, but the dark clouds in the sky parted slightly, allowing the sunlight to pierce through,

“The weather’s so fickle.” Tom looked up at the sky, deep in thought. “Let’s go back and look for Sylvia and the others. We have reached a dead end,” I suggested.

Tom nodded but he showed a slightly regretful expression. Just as we were turning around to leave, he suddenly exclaimed, “There it is! The flower!”

“Where?” I immediately whirled around in surprise.

“There! In a crack under the cliff.”

I couldn’t believe that Tom had such a good eyesight. I quickly but carefully headed to the edge of the cliff and peered down, but I couldn’t see the flower.

“Take a few more steps forward. It’s to your right,” Tom stood behind me and explained. The mist at the bottom of the cliff had dissipated a little, revealing a rugged ridge of sharp rocks. I looked around carefully but didn’t see any crack like Tom had mentioned. When I was about to turn around, Tom walked to me. He put his arm around my shoulder and pointed down. “Over there.”

I frowned and couldn’t help but feel that something was off. Even though finding the cornflower in the forbidden forest was supposed to be a difficult test, the army wouldn’t put the flower in such a dangerous place.

“Check if it’s the flower we’re looking for. Hurry; we’re running out of time. We can go back for Sylvia and the others as soon as we find the flower.”

Tom’s words dispelled my doubts for the meantime. I pursed my lips and looked over the edge of the cliff again. The barren mountain had little to no vegetation, I doubted a flower could grow down there.

”Can you see it yet? How can’t you see such a conspicuous flower? Warren, do you need glasses?” The mountain breeze started to howl again, making me unable to hear Tom’s voice clearly.

All of a sudden, some of my memories were rekindled again. It finally occurred to me that I had seen Tom in tire pack before. At the time, there was a scandalous murder that had shocked the whole pack. A fire had burned a family of eight to death. If I was remembering correctly, Tom was the sole survivor. The tattoo on his body was to cover the burn scars.

But just as I was about to turn around to confirm, Tom’s hand, which had been around my shoulder, suddenly moved to my back and shoved me.