

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 331

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

### Chapter 331 Take Him Away

#### Flora’s POV:

Warren was lying in a pool of his own blood. He looked terrible. I immediately set out to check his injuries. Both his legs and arms were broken and dislocated, and the back of his head was hemorrhaging. But the most severe injury seemed to be the wound on his chest, the main source of the bleeding. I didn’t dare to move him. I was scared that it’d only hurt him. After all, his internal organs were probably badly injured from falling from such a great height.

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I didn’t know how long he had been lying here. Sand and leaves had stuck to his body, caked in blood. At the thought of Warren lying here with wounds all over his body and waiting for death, I couldn’t help but feel inexplicably sad. Although he was no longer my prince charming, I never wanted something like this to happen to him.

“Warren, what the hell happened?” I asked in a low, trembling voice. A werewolf as cautious as Warren couldn’t have possibly fallen off a cliff by accident.

Warren’s dry, cracked lips parted slightly and he whispered with difficulty, “I… Tom… pushed me.”

”I was always suspicious of that bastard! He said you left him alone! How dare he!” Anger and shock surged within me. Tom was our classmate. He had never interacted with Warren, let alone had a grudge against him. Why would he want to hurt Warren so cruelly?

Warren started to smile but then quickly winced in pain, as though the wound hurt because of his movement. “You—don’t move!”

I At a loss, I ran my fingers through my hair anxiously. I wanted to ease his pain, but didn’t have a clue as to how. Warren took a deep breath and said hoarsely, “Never mind that. How did you find me?”

“I searched in the direction you took,” I answered simply.

“I was just about to give up when I saw footprints on the soil. Then I found your wooden sword by the edge of the cliff.”

As I spoke, I took out a small sword from behind me and ran my fingers along the carved patterns on it. “It’s exquisite.”

“I… I carved that. Take it… if you like,” Warren said weakly.

“Seriously?” I looked at him in pleasant surprise. Back in the pack, I had already known that Warren had a hobby of woodcarving. His craftsmanship was hailed in the industry. I was overjoyed to be gifted a piece done by a master.

Warren opened his mouth to reply, but then he suddenly began to pant, as though he couldn’t breathe. I was scared out of my wits. “I… I’m getting you out of here!”

Warren was seriously injured. He needed urgent treatment as soon as possible. But when I fell just now, my phone was smashed. I couldn’t contact anyone at the moment.

I looked up and surveyed the cliff. I reached up and tried to climb. But very soon, my legs started to wobble. I couldn’t climb out of here myself, let alone carry Warren.

I wasn’t sure where the path under the cliff led to, but I had to give it a try. Maybe, just maybe, we could get out of here alive. I carefully helped Warren sit up and prepared to carry him on my back.

“I… I can walk.” Warren’s low voice sounded. Without responding to him, I used all my strength to hoist him onto my back. Warren was much taller than me—and much heavier. I felt like I was carrying a ton of cement and was out of breath after just a few steps.

Warren’s feet were dragging on the ground. Worried about his leg injuries, I stopped and asked, “Can you wrap your legs around my waist? I could hold your legs that way, like carrying a child. Maybe it’ll be easier…” Warren seemed to be more at a loss than me. He awkwardly raised his long leg and dr@ped it around my waist.

I grabbed his leg and bent down so that he could lean over my back more steadily. “Now, the other leg.”

Warren’s face was contorted in pain. Grunting, he lifted his other leg with difficulty. I successfully hoisted Warren on my back, which was no easy feat. I winced in pain, and my legs began to shake uncontrollably. Warren was too damn heavy.

“Err… Are you sure about this?” Warren asked worriedly.

“Yes… I can… do this!” I tried to keep my voice as steady as possible. My leg was injured when I fell, and now it hurt with every step I took.

After a few more steps, I had bent my back to the limit, trying not to let Warren fall.

But my focus was all on Warren. I didn’t care about my feet. Suddenly, I lost my footing when I stepped on a loose stone, twisting my ankle and falling forward unexpectedly.

Warren on my back was thrown out. I rushed out and hugged him tightly to prevent him from getting injured again.