

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 333

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

### Chapter 333 Tears

#### Flora’s POV:

Sitting in the shadows, Warren was shrouded in darkness. He looked worse than earlier. Frowning, I hurried over to check on him. “Is your condition getting worse?”

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Warren lowered his eyes, avoiding my gaze. After a while, he suddenly said in a hoarse voice, “Hyenas move in groups with a strong sense of vengeance. Although that one ran away, it will come back with its friends.”

Finally, my smile faded. Embarrassed, I clenched my fists and whispered, “I’m sorry. I wasn’t strong enough and let it run away. Let’s go right now. If we get far enough, the hyenas won’t be able to catch up to us.”

Warren’s expression darkened. “I mean, you can’t get very far with me on your back. Just leave me here.” I didn’t like hearing this from him. It even angered me a little. Did he want to d\*ie that badly? Why wasn’t he willing to even try? He kept asking me to give him up.

‘No. I’ll never give up. You’d have to K\*ll me first!’ I thought angrily.

I was so annoyed that I briskly picked up the vines on the ground, tied them around our waists, and hoisted him back onto my back. I trudged onwards silently.

“Flora, put me down” Warren struggled to move, but he immediately stopped and let out a cry of pain.

“What do you think you’re doing? Don’t you know how badly hurt you are? If you want to keep your legs, stop moving.” I snapped impatiently.

Truth be told, it wasn’t just my anger talking. I was also anxious. I needed to get Warren to a hospital as soon as possible.

“Flora, please. Listen to me. You have to put me down and go out to find help,” Warren insisted. Since when did this quiet man become such a nag?

“We can’t continue like this. The hyenas will be back soon—”

“Shut up!” I cut him off angrily. “Say another word, and I will never talk to you again.”

Warren finally fell silent. An obed\*ient Warren made me feel better. I couldn’t help but whistle a cheerful tune as I trudged onward with Warren on my back. Although I was dead tired, I was happy.

A little while later, I suddenly felt a couple of drops of water pattering on my neck. I looked up at the sky, wondering if it was raining. It wasn’t. So where did the droplets come from? I suddenly realized something and almost turned my head in surprise.

“Don’t look at me. Please.” Warren buried his face directly into my neck. He spoke in a muffled, nasal voice. I faced forward obed\*iently, at a loss for words.

What was I supposed to do? I actually made Warren cry...! Damn it! Why was I so harsh just now?

“Uh...” I wanted to say something, but on second thought, I decided not to. It seemed that anything I said would be useless right now. How could I comfort him? I racked my brains, trying to come up with ideas, but my mind was completely blank.

“I’m sorry,” Warren said in a low voice, interrupting my thoughts. Stunned, I didn’t say anything. I didn’t know what he meant.

“I’m nothing but a burden. I can’t protect you; I’m just weighing you down.” Warren sounded defeated. I had never seen him like this before. A lump formed in my throat. I wanted to say something heartfelt, but then we heard rustling up ahead.

“It’s the hyenas!” I screamed. Without thinking, I started running desperately with Warren on my back regardless of anything else.

At this moment, I broke past my physical limit. I moved so fast that even I couldn’t believe it. But even then, I couldn’t get rid of whoever was chasing us. I even didn’t dare to look back, fearing that if I slacked off, I would be ripped to shreds instantly.

Suddenly, I heard a chopper roaring in the sky. I looked up in surprise. It was a military helicopter! Although it was far away, I could vaguely make out that a figure was poking its head out of the side and seemed to be searching for something with binoculars.

I immediately turned in tire direction of the helicopter and ran. As I got closer to the helicopter, I could see now that the figure was Sylvia.

I shouted at the top of my lungs, “Sylvia! Over here!”