

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 345

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 345 Soul Resonance

Rufus’ POV:

While in bed, I vaguely heard the girl in my arms mutter something in her sleep. I peeled my eyes open and reached out to touch Sylvia’s face subconsciously, only to find that her cheeks were stained with tears.

Title of the document

It seemed Sylvia was having a nightmare.

Pursing my lips, I pulled her closer to me, stroking her back gently. But my effort to comfort the sleeping Sylvia was in vain. After a while, she began to sob. I felt so sorry for her that I kissed her eyes and brows over and over again.

Suddenly, Sylvia woke up and called out my name in a panic.

“I’m here, Sylvia. I’m right here.” I rubbed her back reassuringly.

“I... I had a bad dream. My mom had left me.” Sylvia could barely speak coherently. As though in a trance, she grabbed at my arm with trembling hands. It was clear to me that she hadn’t completely come out of her dream yet.

I reached out in the dark and turned on the bedside lamp. Sylvia’s face was covered with tears and her eyes were puffy from crying. She looked like a deer caught in headlights.

Seeing this, I sighed heavily and ran my fingers through her hair. “It was just a dream, Sylvia. You mom will never abandon you. Even though she couldn’t be by your side right now, she would always be watching and protecting you from heaven.”

Sylvia’s wide eyes looked at me and she whispered in a trembling voice, “Really?”

I knew that what was happening lately had a huge impact on Sylvia, so I sat up and pulled her into my arms, whispering into her ear softly, “Of course. Your mom loved you so much. Why would she leave you alone? Plus, you have me. I’ll never leave your side.”

Sylvia’s nose was red and she was still teary-eyed. Such a pitiful scene made my heart ache for her. I leaned over and planted a kiss on her forehead. “You’re no longer alone, okay? I’ll always be with you. I love you, Sylvia. I love you so much that I’d be willing to give up my own life for you. No one will take you away from me.”

At this moment, my strong love for Sylvia burst forth from my heart. My possessive desire for her reared its ugly head, like a beast who had come out of a coma. I closed my eyes, trying my best to control myself with my last remaining ounce of sanity.

I sincerely hoped that Sylvia would stay under my wing forever, so that no one would find out just how amazing she was. I knew this kind of love was suffocating and toxic, but I couldn’t stand the thought of losing her.

Sylvia didn’t seem to notice my internal struggle. She was still reeling from that terrible nightmare.

She looked at me with big, sad eyes. Finally, she couldn’t help but burst into tears, burying her face into my neck.

I secretly heaved a sigh of relief, knowing she finally allowed herself to vent her emotions.

Sylvia had had a fake smile plastered on her face ever since we came back from the meeting hall. Although she pretended to be fine, I could see through her facade and knew that she was depressed.

I quietly stroked her hair, waiting patiently for her to calm down. Sure enough, a few minutes later, the crying ceased and the woman in my arms let out a small burp.

“Can... can I get a glassof water? Burp... I feel... uncomfortable, eh...” Sylvia raised her tearful face and seemed even more aggrieved.

Seeing this, I really wanted to laugh out loud, but was also afraid it would annoy her. In the end, I obliged her and hurriedly got out of bed to fetch her some water.

Sylvia didn’t stop burping until she drank the whole glassof water.

When I saw that she had calmed down, I set the glassaside, lifted the blanket, and slipped into bed. I patted the gap between us, signaling her to come closer to me. Sylvia obed*iently scooted over and rested her head on my arm, her eyes puffy and her nose red. She was still sniffling.

Wanting to lighten up the mood, I poked fun at her. “Your puffy eyes look like big cand*ies.”

Sylvia’s cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. Covering her face with her hands, she murmured, “Don’t look at me.”

I gently pulled her hands away from her face and kissed them. “Why not? You’re still beautiful.”

Sylvia rolled her eyes but then wrapped her arms around my waist.

Quite a while later, she whispered, “I told Mom about you. She was very satisfied.”

“Naturally. After all, it was Miss Todd who personally picked me. She has impeccable taste. Of course, she’d choose the perfect mate.” I deliberately lowered my voice and made it raspy, pretending to talk like an old man.

My ploy worked and Sylvia giggled. I couldn’t help but chuckle with her. Now that her mood was lighter, I began to share some jokes with her that I had heard from some of my subordinates.

I had never told anyone a joke before, so I felt a little shy at first. But before I’d even deliver the punch line to the joke, Sylvia would burst into laughter like a fool. The room was filled with laughter all the way until midnight.

“Hey, you should go to sleep already,” I murmured, hugging Sylvia tightly. I lowered my head and gave her a good night kiss.

Sylvia nodded sleepily and nestled in my arms. Soon, her breathing stabilized and I knew she had fallen asleep. I gently pulled her closer and rested my chin above her head. It wasn’t long before I fell asleep too.

Although we were just cuddling, I felt unprecedentedly satisfied.

Early the next morning, right when I got out of bed, my father’s subordinate told me that I was to attend the closing ceremony of the military parade and Mateo’s trial.