

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 358

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

### Chapter 358 Clues About Her Father

#### Sylvia's POV:

At the mention of the word "father", my mind went blank. It was a very strange word to me, and there was nothing my mind could conjure to describe my father. I lowered my head sadly. "I've never had a father." "Didn't your mother tell you anything about him?" Rufus c\*cked his head to the side, confused.

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I shook my head and hunched my shoulders. "No. One time, when I was a child, I heard another child gossiping about me right to my face. He said that my mother was a wh\*re who left the pack and then came back pregnant with me, which was why no man wanted us. Hearing this, I taught him a lesson. Since then, no child wanted to play with me—that is, except Shawn."

Recalling this, the pain from the past resurfaced like a throbbing scar. "The truth is, I didn't care so much about being the black sheep. What I cared about was my mother. She was such a good she-wolf and didn't deserve to be treated like that."

Rufus' expression darkened. "What if your father's still alive? Maybe there's a reason why your mother didn't talk about him."

I lowered my head and didn't reply, lost in my own thoughts.

When I was a child, I had sometimes asked my mother about my father, but she always said the same thing: that my father had left for a faraway place.

And whenever I asked, she always looked so sad. I didn't want to make her sad, so I slowly learned to stop asking about my father's whereabouts.

When I was older, I came to believe that either my father had abandoned us or he had d\*ied. Compared with my longing for father's love in my childhood, now I wanted an answer more. So even if my father had chosen to leave me and my mother, I hoped that he was still alive.

"Before my mother d\*ied, she gave me something, saying that I'd find my father with it." I suddenly remembered and raised my head to look at Rufus. "But because I was a sl\*ve, I wasn't able to leave my pack for years and was never able to try looking for my father."

"Did you bring it with you here?" Rufus asked.

I nodded. "Yes. Flora has seen it, too. She said that my father might've come from her pack."

"Why? Is it a symbol of the pack?" Rufus frowned slightly, trying to put the pieces together.

I shrugged, not sure of the answer myself. "It's a pattern. Flora said it was a totem that their pack used to use before. I actually had planned to go to her pack after I finished school. Maybe I'd find some clues there."

Although chances of finding my father were slim, I was still hopeful.

But there was a nagging fear in my heart that my father was already dead.

"Can you show it to me? If it's an old pack symbol, maybe I can find a lead." Rufus looked at me, his eyes flashing with determination. "Your mother didn't want to tell you who your father was when she was still alive, which means your identity isn't so simple. Your father probably isn't an ordinary werewolf, so we will have to think out of the box and look for him in an unorthodox way."

"Unorthodox? What do you mean?" I tilted my head to the side, not understanding where he was going with this.

Rufus smiled and ruffled my hair. "Silly girl, you have to show me what your mom left you first before I can figure out how to begin the search for your father."

"Oh, okay. But it's in my dormitory. Let's go back and get it."

It was getting dark and night was about to fall. Perhaps I could have dinner with Rufus after fetching the thing from my dorm.

Rufus got on his feet. Then he helped me up and patted the dry gr@ssoff my clothes.

But before we could turn to leave, we suddenly heard ambiguous sounds around us—it was a mix of she- wolves gasps and M0@ns and the rustling of clothes. Obviously, some werewolves were having s\*x.

And judging from the sounds, there were more than one couple.

My body went stiff. We couldn't leave, lest we get caught in an awkward situation. Rufus and I exchanged knowing glances and quickly squatted down again.