

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 364

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 364 The Disappearing Race

Rufus’ POV:

“Noreen?” Sylvia looked at me in confusion.

Title of the document

“She was the witch my father had an affair with. She later cursed my father and his offspring because her love turned into hatred,” I explained to Sylvia, pulling a long face. “We didn’t know until after we were cursed that Noreen was from the evil dark witch race.”

The difference between dark witches and ordinary witches and wizards was that the former was born in darkness and were destined to go against the light. Their magic was evil and all the spells they practiced were fatally dangerous. They tended to hide among ordinary people and rarely ever exposed their identities. If it weren’t for Blair’s incident, I wouldn’t have realized that the dark witches were actually closer to us than I’ve imagined.

“There are witches and wizards among the werewolves?” Sylvia narrowed her eyes, clearly unable to wrap her head around the situation. “But werewolves seldom talk about them.”

“There are, but they’re rare—especially the dark witches,” I patiently spelled it out for her. “Witches and wizards in general are hostile to neither vampires nor werewolves. They are neutral and are on relatively good terms with both sides. In fact, they have cooperated with both sides before. But since vampires and werewolves signed the truce, their race has been keeping a lower profile. They only showed up occasionally.”

About a hundred years ago, they had their own territory. But later, a civil war broke out, and it lasted for nearly thirty years. As a result, their race gradually declined, until it collapsed completely.

After they lost their territory, the remaining witches and wizards scattered all over the place. Their whereabouts these days were mysterious, especially since they hid themselves among creatures from other races.

“So do they will also disguise themselves and live on werewolf territory?” Sylvia c*cked her head to the side curiously.

“Yes. They usually develop all sorts of drugs and potions and sell them. The poison Kyle used on you was made by a witch. And the test stone used to gauge strength during the placement test was also developed by a witch. Also, all the products of a powerful witch or wizard will have their own unique scent.”

“Just like a patent?”

Amused by Sylvia’s analogy, I couldn’t help but smile. “Yes, just like a patent—comparable to a logo.”

Generally speaking, more basic potions were made by primary level witches and wizards, such as beauty products and the like. Whereas poisons were usually made by high level ones.

“Since we didn’t find any toxins on Blair’s wound, he must’ve been cursed. What if we go to the black market to find someone who can remove the curse?” As she spoke, Sylvia’s eyes lit up with hope.

I shook my head sadly. “We can’t. Although most poisons or curses made by ordinary witches and wizards can be undone, dark witches are different. They are a taboo race. The poisons they make and the curses they cast have unprecedented power. Only the witch who actually cast the spell can remove it.”

That was why we had been searching for Noreen all these years. My curse could only be removed by her.

But years had passed and we still hadn’t found a single trace of her. I had mentally prepared myself for the worst, in case Noreen might’ve d*ied.

If she was in fact dead, my curse would never be removed.

“But then that means Blair won’t…” Sylvia’s eyes went as wide as saucers and her hands flew to cover her mouth.

I hurriedly comforted her. “Don’t worry. At least now we know that Noreen’s behind this. There’s nothing we can do but wait and see for the time being.”

“But…” Sylvia glanced at Blair worriedly. “I’m worried that Blair doesn’t have much time…”