

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 373

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

### Chapter 373 Can't Go Back to The Past

#### Alina's POV:

Warren was staying in a VIP ward, with a separate living room and bathroom.

Title of the document

When I entered the ward, I didn't immediately go to the bedroom. Instead, I leaned against the door and eavesdropped on the conversation in the corridor between my father and Uncle Owen.

Although it sounded like my father was scolding Sylvia, I knew my father; he never bothered to talk to anyone he didn't like, let alone lecturing them earnestly.

Which meant that his attitude towards Sylvia was indeed different...

But a little while later, I heard him say that he was paying special attention to Sylvia only under the orders of the lycan king. Hearing this, I couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

I hated that b\*tch, Sylvia, from the bottom of my heart. She took away everything that should've belonged to me. Naturally, I didn't want my father to side with her.

It wasn't until the voices in the corridor faded away that I went to the bedroom. The window was wide open. A gentle wind blew the curtains, bringing with it some fresh air. Warren was leaning against the headboard, deep in thought. His injuries were so serious that he had lost a lot of weight. His head was almost completely wrapped in thick bandages, covering his usually sharp features.

I walked to the window and closed it before sitting down next to Warren's bed.

Only then did Warren looked up at me. In a flat tone, he asked, "What happened outside just now? I heard a ruckus."

I smiled and casually came up with an excuse. "The family of the patient next door quarreled with a doctor, saying they weren't satisfied with his treatment plan."

Warren nodded absentmindedly. He didn't seem to doubt my explanation. He didn't say anything more. Awkward silence ensued. I quietly wondered how things became like this between me and Warren.

In the past, he had always come up with various topics to make me happy, even though he himself was not a talkative werewolf. I couldn't help but feel a little disappointed and sad, wanting to relive the good old days.

"Let me peel you an orange. I know they're your favorite." I made an effort to break the silence. Warren didn't respond. He proceeded to tinker with his phone, as though he hadn't heard me just now.

Biting my lower lip, I swallowed my complicated emotions and called out his name.

Finally, Warren came to his senses and looked at me weirdly.

"What's wrong?" I f0rced a smile and held up the orange in my hand. "How about an orange? I'll peel it for you."

"No, thanks. Eat it yourself." Warren looked down at his phone again.

My fingers clenched around the orange in my hand. I felt angry, but I couldn't lose my temper. After all, I was the one who had ruined our relationship. I couldn't blame Warren for treating me like this.

"Wait. Where are your ear stud?" I noticed that he wasn't wearing the ear stud I had given him. He wasn't wearing it the last time we met, too. Maybe he had taken it off a long time ago.

These days, I had devoted all my attention to Rufus and didn't give a damn about those details. But now...

Warren didn't even look up from his phone. "I took it off."

"What? Why?" My growing dissatisfaction reared its ugly head. I had gifted him that ear stud for his sixteenth birthday. He used to wear it every day.

"I don't want to wear it anymore," Warren answered coldly. His reason was so simple yet straightforward, which made me unable to refute.

I could've accepted it if Warren hated me and unleashed his rage, but I couldn't stand being ignored by him. "Is your phone really that interesting?" I couldn't hide the dissatisfaction in my tone.

"Mhm."

Without raising his head, Warren tapped away at his phone screen, as though he was chatting with someone. "What's so important that you won't even talk to me?" I couldn't f0rce a smile anymore. My expression darkened and I was about to lose my patience to his indifference.

Although Warren didn't answer my question, he finally looked up from his phone. He raised his head and locked eyes with me. After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "Did you really take care of me when I was in a coma? The entire two days?"