

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 377

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 377 Lost Contact with Her

Warren's POV:

I refused to give up calling Flora. But this time, there was no response because her phone was out of the service area.

Title of the document

What was going on? I frowned as I searched up what a caller would hear if their number was blocked by the person they were calling.

Just as expected, the Internet had different answers. I scrolled and read through some for a long time, but I was still not sure. The more answers I read, the more annoyed I got.

I tossed and turned irritably on my bed. On one toss, I accidentally tore my wound open and it was so painful that I broke out into a sweat. But compared with the pain in my heart, this wound was nothing in comparison.

Damn, what on earth could Flora possibly be busy with? Why hadn't she come to see me? No matter how busy she was, I knew she would try to come.

"Send her another message," my wolf Salt suggested to me.

"It's useless now. She hasn't replied to any of the messages I sent before. What more now?" I stared at my phone for a long time. If I could crawl into the network cable and find Flora, I would and ask her why.

After thinking for a little longer, I messaged Harry and asked him on Flora's whereabouts.

But Harry also didn't reply. What the hell were these two doing that made them too busy to even look at their phones?

Finally, I asked Sylvia. But she didn't reply to me either. Frustrated, I threw my phone away and slumped into my bed like a dead fish.

"Maybe Flora is just really busy?" Salt said gingerly. "What could she be so busy with that she can't even check her phone for several days?" I knew that Flora liked surfing the Internet. She usually replied to my messages almost instantly. I let out a weak gr0@n, feeling like I had lost all my strength.

"Maybe she just received too many messages and yours got buried underneath. Remember, Flora risked her life to save you that day. She must have feelings for you." Salt tried to comfort me. "I could also feel that Flora's wolf didn't dislike me as much." 1

Still, it didn't mean that Flora's wolf actually liked Salt.

I recalled the time in the forest and remembered that Flora never left me alone in dangerous situations. She promised to share life and death with me, even going so far as to risking her own life for mine. I was almost sure she had feelings for me.

Thinking of this, I felt a little bit more relaxed. Maybe Salt was right that Flora was just too busy right now that she couldn't visit or reply yet.

But I couldn't deny the fact that I felt horrible about it. When Flora would come back, I would definitely ask her to put our chat box at the topmost part of her phone.

Depressed, I stuffed my face into the pillow. As much as I wanted to leave the hospital right now, my wounds still didn't allow me.

If Flora wouldn't be able to visit me here, the next time we would see each other would probably in the army already. When I received the notice to join the army, I asked a friend to confirm that Flora had also been recruited.

Was that what she was so busy with all this time? The army thing?

Perhaps so.

I tried my best to calm down.

I must focus on recovering as soon as possible, so that I could join the army and see Flora every day.

Unfortunately, I didn't know how much time it would take for me to make a full recovery.

A horrific thought then entered my head.

What if by the time I got out of the hospital she didn't have feelings for me anymore? I worked hard to get her to like me.

I sat up from bed and got my phone again. This time, I was going to call up my friend and ask him to send Flora some desserts, maybe check on how she was doing as well.

After that, I lay back down and opened Flora's Facebook page to see if she had posted anything recently. Maybe I could find out what she was so busy with.

Immediately, I saw a group photo on her feed.

In the photo, Flora was smiling brightly. Beside her stood a tall and handsome man who had his arm around her shoulders. The photo was also captioned, "Thank you, my hero."

I noticed that the photo had been posted just ten minutes ago.

Her hero? I was supposed to be her hero!

In my anger, I almost fainted. Was this what she was busy with all this time?

I threw my phone away again and tried to get out of bed, hoping to look for Flora myself. But I had forgotten that my feet were still wrapped in thick bandages and unable to move. The moment my feet touched the ground, a piercing pain shot up my body.

I lost balance and fell straight down.