

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 385

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 385 Out of Control

Sylvia’s POV:

I was a bit surprised, but before I could react, Layla quickened her pace until she was running right next to me.

Title of the document

“I know you! You’re this year’s sold*ier king,” she said with a bright smile.

Whoever was given the rank of staff sergeant was also called the “sold*ier king”—the highest rank among sold*iers. After this year’s ranking ceremony, everyone discussed it in private.

I smiled stiffly. “I’m sorry I got you in trouble on our first meeting. You don’t have to run with us, you know.”

Layla chuckled, as if she didn’t care so much about it. “It’s fine. I was late anyway, so I deserve the punishment.”

She was running really close to me. I could even hear her inhale clearly. What the heck was wrong with me? I didn’t know why, but Layla’s voice was so pleasant that it made my heart beat faster.

I bit my lower lip, wondering why my heart was out of control.

I turned my head to steal a glance at Layla’s face. She was stunningly beautiful. I was so taken aback that I got distracted from the path under my feet and tripped on a rock.

Before I could hit the ground, Layla reacted quickly and wrapped her arms around me. Was I imagining things or was she trying to protect me?

We both rolled on the ground in a heap until we slammed into a step. When I finally came to my senses, I found myself lying prone on top of Layla. My hands had landed on her soft, plump breasts.

I quickly sat up and got off her. With my hands behind my back, I apologized to her, cheeks aflame with embarrassment. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to touch your…” We were both she-wolves. Plus, Flora and I often wrestled in private. But facing Layla, I felt weird and awkward.

Her beautiful eyes curved like crescent moons and she smiled at me warmly. “It doesn’t matter, since it’s you.” What? What on earth did that mean?

Lost in my own thoughts, I stared at her pretty face blankly. It wasn’t until Layla called my name that I came back to my senses. She tilted her head to the side and smiled. “What’s on your mind?”

“Nothing!” I shook my head adamantly, feeling more and more awkward.

Just then, Layla suddenly approached me and whispered in a charming voice, “I’ve liked you for a long time, Sylvia.”

My eyes went as wide as saucers and I wondered if I was hallucinating. But to my horror, she added, “You’re just too cute. It’s hard not to like you, Sylvia.”

Somehow, I forgot what it felt like to breathe. My brain seemed to shut down and my body went numb—only Layla’s pleasant voice echoed in my ears.

“Sylvia! Sylvia, are you okay?”

Flora’s voice suddenly pulled me back to reality. She was looking at me anxiously. I blinked at her blankly, wondering if what just happened was only a dream.

“Hey, are you okay? What made you fall all of a sudden?” Harry jogged over and asked worriedly. Behind me, Layla suddenly chuckled. As soon as I heard her singsong voice, I instinctively jumped up.

“What’s the matter with you, Sylvia? Why are you so jittery? Are you sick? You don’t look so good.” Flora stroked my hair and looked at me worriedly.

“I’m fine, guys.” I threw my hands up at a loss. I really had no idea what was wrong with me.

Layla also got to her feet. She looked at me with a meaningful smile, as though she wanted to tell me something more.

But before she could even open her mouth, I turned around and ran away as fast as I could.