

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 392

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 392 Why Do You Come

Sylvia’s POV:

I was so startled by Rufus’ sudden action that I gave out a short cry.

Title of the document

There were screams and cheers all around us, and it made me feel a little embarrassed.

I held Rufus’ shoulder, wanting to throw a tantrum. But when I saw that his ears had turned red, I couldn’t help laughing.

His handsome face remained calm, but his ears got redder and redder.

“Rufus, your ears are so red,” I deliberately whispered to him.

He turned to me and said, “Stop it.” His tone was stiff, and he was frowning. He looked so serious that I had the urge to tear his disguise. So, I snorted and scratched his ear with my hand.

Rufus slapped my b*tt, and it created a crisp sound. “I said stop it.”

I bit my lower lip and didn’t dare to do anything anymore. My face turned red and hot. How could he slap my b*tt in front of so many people? That was so embarrassing!

Rufus quickened his pace. He was almost trotting to the dormitory. He lived in a single room. The room was neat, and many oil paintings were hanging on the wall. I was looking at the paintings and was about to appreciate them when Rufus threw me on the bed.

Before I could react, he pressed his body against mine and kissed me. Rufus kissed me passionately and aggressively, plundering my breath. The atmosphere heated up sharply, and I felt the obvious change in his body. Also, something against my abdomen was slowly growing. My whole body felt weak under Rufus. My tongue was sore and numb, and I could hardly breathe.

“Hmm...” I gr0@ned and nudged his shoulder, trying to get him to let me go.

Rufus reluctantly let go of my lips, bit my tongue, and s*cked it hard. I was panting, so I tried to calm myself down. But my eyes were fixed on Rufus, unwilling to look away. Just like me, his breathing was disorderly. And his deep eyes were full of possessiveness.

I looked up and couldn’t help touching his eyes, fascinated by him. Rufus grabbed my hands and put them behind his waist. Then he lowered his head, buried it in my neck, and said in a low and hoarse voice, “Stay still.”

I obed*iently acted as a pillow, feeling his burning temperature.

“Why didn’t you kiss me when we were at the training ground just now? Didn’t you say you wanted to be aboveboard?” I couldn’t help but start teasing him again. “We’re in the army. I need to pay attention to my image,”

Rufus responded lazily in a depressed tone.

After saying this, he pulled my slightly open collar and bit my collarbone. He was like a big dissatisfied dog that couldn’t get his treats. My heart melted in an instant. I couldn’t help hugging him and rubbing my body against him. “Rufus, you are so cute. Show me your wolf ears. I want to see them.”

Rufus’ body stiffened even more. He hurriedly grabbed my hands and said, “Stop it. I have to go back to training in a while.”

“Okay,” I replied, pouting. But I had no choice but to stop. “Wait for me here. I’ll just take a quick shower.”

Rufus let go of my hand, turned around, and rushed to the bathroom. He looked embarrassed and anxious at the same time. It seemed that if he stayed one more second, the beast imprisoned inside him would rush out of the cage and become out of control.

Feeling both sorry and amused, I knocked on the bathroom door and asked, “Do you need some clothes?” “No, it’s okay.” There was a low gasp from the inside. It sounded restrained and forbearing.

A few minutes later, Rufus came out, still a little wet. I took a towel and wiped his hair. He quietly sat down and let me do it. After drying his hair, I helped him fasten the b*ttions of his shirt one by one.

Rufus looked at me and said, “Why did you suddenly come here today? You don’t usually come to me during training time.”