

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 393

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

### Chapter 393 Martyrs’ Cemetery

#### Sylvia’s POV:

Upon hearing Rufus’ words, I pouted and looked at him gloomily. “You can always see through me.”

Title of the document

Rufus cupped my face in both hands and pecked me on the lips. “Is it because of Leonard?”

I didn’t say anything. I just nodded with righteous indignation. But when I suddenly thought of Leonard’s words, I knew he made sense. So, I shook my head dejectedly. “Not really. It’s mostly because of myself.” “Tell me about it.” Rufus wrapped his arms around my waist and let me sit on his lap.

I briefly told Rufus everything that happened. But after listening to me, he flicked me on the forehead with a long face.

“Leonard is right. You deserve to be penalized.”

I covered my forehead and looked at Rufus in confusion. “But why? I don’t understand.”

My experiences from my childhood to adulthood taught me not to lose. Because if I did, I would be ridiculed, bullied, and humiliated by others. I could only gain respect from others and continue to survive if I won.

Rufus stared at me for a while and said, “Come with me. I’ll take you to a place.”

I was confused, but I still followed him until we arrived at a magnificent manor. It was in a remote place, and I didn’t see anyone along the way. Only sold\*iers were guarding the entrance. I only found out that we were at the cemetery of martyrs when we entered the gate. No wonder I didn’t see anyone here.

The neatly arranged white tombstones turned slightly yellow after being baptized by wind and rain. And the wildflowers and weeds on both sides were growing messily, some of which had covered the stairs.

My heart sank, but I still followed Rufus until he stopped in front of a tombstone. The inscriptions were already blurred, but the photo was still vivid. In the photo was a handsome werewolf with a bright smile and youthful face.

“His name is Chasel. He was only eighteen when he d\*ied, and he was on duty,” Rufus said to me lightly, introducing the werewolf in the photo.

“He’s too young…” I murmured in surprise. His life had just begun, but it had already come to an end.

Rufus looked at the tombstone with a complicated expression. He seemed to be lost in thought for a moment. Then he said, “He was also a squad leader like you. During the first war between the vampires and the werewolves, the werewolf race was completely defeated. For them to survive, Chasel led his teammates to surrender. Then they became traitors in others’ eyes and mouths.”

I listened to Rufus intently without saying a word.

He continued, “At that time, everyone scolded them for being shameless traitors. But this group of ‘traitors’ was the one who successfully poisoned the blood the vampires fed on before a crucial battle, allowing the werewolves to gain their first overall victory.”

“Then what happened next?” I asked. I was so shocked that I couldn’t help covering my mouth.

“Until now, no one knows what they went through that day. What I only know is that when my father and his troops found them, there was no complete corpse on the scene.”

I felt extremely sad. I couldn’t imagine how desperate their families and loved ones must be when they saw the incomplete corpses.

Rufus then took me to the next tombstone. In the photo was an ordinary-looking she-wolf. Unlike Chasel, she had no military rank on the inscription. She was just an ordinary logistic sold\*ier.

“She was the most inconspicuous one in army before. She was not outstanding at all. But during the battle, she rushed to the vampires alone with explosives tied to her body and dragged the enemy. No one had expected that she could make the werewolves of the entire pack escape successfully with her own efforts. It was such a devastating sacrifice.” Rufus told me the heaviest story in the lightest tone, but his face was covered with a layer of haze.

Rufus took me to more tombstones and introduced them to me one by one. They were heroes and heroines from different places. Noble or ordinary, each of their stories shocked me deeply.

When we reached the last and newest tombstone, I saw a familiar face.