

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 395

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 395 I Take This Place

Rufus’ POV:

“Of course, I don’t want you to live such a kind of life.” Sylvia held my hand and looked at me with her bright eyes. “Just as you said, I used to have nothing to be concerned about in the past. But now I have you, and I will never leave you alone.”

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She paused for a while, and her pretty face twisted again. “But I don’t think there is any conflict between that and me serving my country.”

I knocked her head helplessly. “You still don’t get it. When you become a real sold*ier in the future, you will have not only me and your friends, but the citizens who trust and respect you, and the responsibility to defend the land.”

She nodded and said, “That’s right. But to protect all these we care about, we must pay with blood.”

“But you have to understand that losing once is not terrible. What is terrible is that you will never have a chance to win again. There are many games in life, but you must never gamble with your own life,” I said in an unprecedentedly heavy tone, putting my hands on Sylvia’s shoulders. “Otherwise, I can’t accept the possible consequences, Sylvia.”

Sylvia fell silent. Then after a while, she raised her head and looked at me. This time, she no longer looked confused. “I understand, Rufus. I now have the ability to love and the man I love. But before that, I have to learn to love myself first, so I won’t joke about my own life anymore.”

I calmed down. But I couldn’t help but make her promise. “Sylvia, promise me that before you do anything that may endanger your life in the future, think about me first. Okay?”

“Yes, Rufus, I promise.” After saying this, Sylvia tiptoed and kissed me on my lips. “Nothing is more important than you. Without you, all the things I pursue are just meaningless.”

I sighed and held her tightly in my arms. My heart was overflowing with my love for her. I felt the same as her. Without her, my life was also meaningless.

“I’m going to apologize to Leonard tomorrow,” Sylvia said in a low voice, then buried her head in my arms.

I touched her head, feeling relieved. “Although Leonard looks fierce, he is softhearted. Communicate with him more when there is a chance.”

“No,” Sylvia refuse with a long face. She grimaced as if she was having a headache. “I guess every time I communicate with Leonard, he will only scold me. I’m really scared of him.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “Don’t worry, honey. I’ll talk to him next time and ask him to scold you less.”

“No, don’t do that.” Sylvia reached out and covered my mouth. “I don’t want to make a mountain out of a molehill. Anyway, it’s not a big deal, so just let it be. And what he said makes sense after all.”

Sylvia was afraid of Leonard. It was as if she was a mouse afraid of a cat. This was my first time to see her so cowardly. When she saw my father for the first time, she was not this scared.

I kissed her forehead lovingly. “Don’t worry. I’ll always back you up.”

“I can do whatever I want then?” This time, Sylvia smiled, and the deep dimples beside her lips showed. She looked at me with her bright and beautiful eyes, her face flushed like a sweet peach.

I touched the tip of her nose and looked at her dotingly. “Yes, you can do whatever you want.”

Sylvia giggled coquettishly in my arms, acting like a spoiled child.

Suddenly, she popped her head out and looked in another direction. “What’s that over there? There seem to be a lot of empty tombs.”

I was silent for a moment. Then I explained, “Those are the tombs chosen in advance by many generals who are still alive.”

Sylvia seemed to think of something, and her smile faded away. “Have you chosen yours too?”

“Yes,” I replied with a nod.

“But you’re a prince…” Sylvia wanted to say something. But on second thought, she stopped.

I knew what she wanted to say, so I kissed her hand and smiled at her. “Since the first time I led the army back from war, I no longer treated myself as a prince.”

I was telling her the truth. From the moment I joined the army and went to the battlefield, my identity as a prince meant nothing.

“Take me to your tomb then. I want to see it.” Sylvia held my hand and walked towards the empty tombs. I shook my head in amuse*nt and went with her.

After seeing it, Sylvia nodded with satisfaction. Then she pointed at an open space next to my tomb and said in a domineering tone of voice, “I’ll take this place. When I d*ie, I’ll be buried next to you.”

I frowned as I subconsciously felt uncomfortable about this topic.