

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 397

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 397 The Homeless Harry

Sylvia’s POV:

“What happened to you?” I looked at Harry, bewildered. Harry stood up and pouted, looking like a sad, homeless puppy.

Title of the document

“There’s an empty bed in your room, right? Let me stay with you. Look, I’ve brought my pillow and—”

But before Harry could finish his sentence, Flora bonked him hard on the head. “Are you insane?! This is the girls ‘ dorm!”

Harry blinked his watery eyes and whined, “Aren’t we supposed to be friends? I don’t even see you as she- wolves anyway!”

This only made things worse. Flora stomped her foot and flicked his forehead. “Wake up, you idiot!”

“What’s wrong with your room?” I asked, struggling to stifle my giggles.

Harry tinkered with the corner of his quilt and said falteringly, “I… I don’t want to share a room with John.” Flora clicked her tongue with disdain. “He beat you a few times, so what? Why do you hate him so much? You’re too judgmental.”

“I’m not!” Harry protested loudly. “How could I take such trivial things seriously? It’s just… Well, I…”

“Just what?” Flora snapped impatiently. Then, she seemed to catch a whiff of something and sniffed Harry suspiciously. “You ate fried chicken behind my back!”

Harry licked his lips and smiled like a mischievous fox. “I left some for you, on the condition that you let me sleep in your room.”

Hearing this, Flora hesitated. Finally, she snorted and wrinkled her nose. “First, tell us why you hate John so much. Does he bully you in private?”

“What? No!” Harry puffed his chest indignantly. “I’m the one who bullies others, not the other way around.”

“So why don’t you just kick John out of your room?” Flora rubbed her chin, lost in thought. “That way you wouldn’t have to stay in our room or share a room with him.”

“Don’t be unreasonable, Flora. John has already settled down in their room. Harry can’t just drive him out.” Before Flora could retort, I clamped my hand on her mouth. “Besides, I doubt Harry could kick him out even if he wanted to.”

“How dare you, Sylvia!” Harry snorted in exasperation.

Flora and I burst into helpless giggles.

Seeing that Harry was getting more and more gloomy, we finally stopped laughing. But now that I thought about it, I felt that something was off. Squinting at Harry suspiciously, I mused, “When we entered the forbidden forest for the test, your attitude towards John was normal. But ever since you left alone with John, you’ve been acting weird.”

Now, whenever we mentioned John’s name, Harry would instantly clam up and he’d try to change the topic immediately. And recalling how I found them in the forest both wet —and Harry was even shirtless—I felt that something was really, really off.

“What exactly happened when you and John were alone in the forbidden forest?” I asked Harry again.

Harry’s eyes darted around anxiously but instead of answering me, he sat at the door and stuck out his lower lip. “If you don’t take me in, I’ll sleep at your door so that everyone can see how heartless you are.”

Flora stepped in and said seriously, “As long as there’s enough fried chicken, there’s room for negotiation.” “Okay, okay.” Harry immediately cheered up. “I’ll buy fried chicken for you for the rest of your lives.”

“No need. Just enough for this month.” Flora waved her hand, acting like a big boss.

Harry’s eyes formed two crescent moons. “Don’t worry. I’ll be here for a few days at most. I’ll just move back to my room as soon as Warren comes back. I just don’t want to be alone with John.”

“Okay.” I nodded and agreed, thinking that it was a good deal.

But as soon as I opened the door, I found Layla coming out of the bathroom fresh from a shower, stark n@ked. I was so startled that I kicked Harry who was about to follow me into the room away.