

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 398

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

### Chapter 398 A Strange New Roommate

#### Sylvia’s POV:

Harry howled in pain. I quickly yanked the confused Flora inside and locked the door behind us.

Title of the document

“What’s the matter, you guys?” Layla tilted her head and looked at Flora and me questioningly.

Flora’s eyes landed on the n@ked Layla and her face turned red. All of a sudden, blood started gushing out of her nose. I covered her nose in a hurry, which made Layla even more confused.

“What the hell? Why’s my nose bleeding?” Flora finally snapped out of it and stomped her food in frustration. She looked like she was in denial. She muttered to herself with chagrin, “How embarrassing!”

The n@ked Layla walked over and asked with concern, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah…” I didn’t dare to look at her. Face flushed with embarrassment, I stammered, “Wh-why don’t you put on some clothes?”

Layla wrapped the bath towel she was holding around her body. With an indifferent shrug, she said, “Just had a shower. And we’re all girls here, so why bother?”

I bit my lower lip agitatedly. How could I have forgotten that it wasn’t just me and Flora anymore and we just got a new roommate?

Harry banged on the door indignantly.

“What the hell, you guys? Let me in! Open this door right this instant! I know you can hear me! Open the door!”

As Flora stuck a piece of tissue into her nostril and shouted, “You pervert, get out of here!”

“What about the fried chicken? Fried chicken, Flora!” Harry banged the door incessantly.

Layla sat down on the edge of the bed and wiped her hair, with her legs crossed casually. She looked at us in confusion and asked, “Is he planning on sleeping here?” Flora nodded honestly. I wanted to explain, but to my surprise, Layla smiled without qualms.

“Okay. I don’t mind.”

Then she turned around and pulled on her clothes.

I was floored. I didn’t expect her to respond like that. Layla was so beautiful that she looked like an unattainable goddess. But the more I got to know her, the more she seemed quite extroverted and approachable even.

Because we were good friends with Harry, she didn’t mind him moving in. Even though Layla wasn’t close to him at all…

While I was pondering over this, Layla’s sweet voice interrupted my thoughts.

“That is, as long as he doesn’t mind becoming our sister.” Did she mean she was going to castrate Harry?!

Her words sent a shiver down my spine, and I silently thanked God that I had kicked Harry out just in time. Otherwise, Harry would’ve needed to kiss his manhood goodbye.

Flora frowned and gave me a meaningful look, indicating that we should just give up.

In the end, Harry couldn’t move in with us. Harry stubbornly kept knocking on the door for a little while. Finally, the knocks stopped.

Now that Harry had left, I chatted with Flora and Layla with ease. Layla was a talkative she-wolf and a master when it came to conversations. She controlled the topics like a natural.

It only took a few minutes before she got to know me and Flora better. But on the other hand, Flora and I still didn’t know a thing about her. She didn’t even tell us which pack she was from.

Flora and I exchanged wary glances, and I knew she was thinking what I was thinking. Although we were all she-wolves here, I always felt awkward staying in the same room as Layla.

Flora was also very strange. She always engaged with others naturally, but now she had become as awkward and reserved as me. She didn’t try to strike up a conversation with Layla at all.

Later that evening, when we were all settled in bed, I quietly took out my phone and wanted to send a message to Flora.

As soon as I opened our chat box, I saw that Flora had sent me an embarrassed emoji first. Flora then sent me a lot of messages, all about how she felt about our new roommate. She said she didn’t know why, but every time she got close to Layla, she would feel inexplicably nervous and even a little scared.

I frowned slightly.

Why? Flora had exceptional intuition that was always accurate. Her instincts hadn’t failed us yet. If she felt something was wrong, then there might’ve been more to Layla than what met the eye…