

# Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 399

## Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

### Chapter 399 An Orphan

#### Harry’s POV:

I kept knocking on the door for what seemed like an eternity, but neither Flora nor Sylvia responded. So, I had no choice but to leave, quilt and pillow in tow.

Title of the document

And as luck would have it, it started to drizzle outside, as though the weather wanted to reflect my mood. I felt like a homeless orphan. As I walked away, I’d looked back at Sylvia’s dormitory again and again. A military officer passed by and felt sorry for me, so he gave me a raincoat.

The quilt was wet by now, but I didn’t want to let it go. I looked up into the rainy skies, hoping for a miracle. 4 But damn it! I had almost made it back to my dormitory building, yet Sylvia and Flora hadn’t come to my rescue yet.

I had no idea why those two damned girls changed their minds out of the blue. The more I tried to figure it out, the sadder I became. They had already agreed to take me in, but they went back on their words. They got my hopes up. I had thought that I wouldn’t have to face John alone tonight and planned to celebrate, but in the end, my plan failed.

I stood outside the dormitory building, dawdling for as long as I could. The thought that I had to face John upstairs made my head pound.

I hadn’t slept properly in so long. Every time I tried to close my eyes at night, I’d dream that John had become a ghost in water chasing me. It just kept haunting me!

“What’re you so afraid of? She’s just a she-wolf,” my wolf, Lvan, said coldly.

“It’s just that I don’t want to face her alone!” I said defensively.

The last time I was alone with John on a mission, we encountered a landslide and fell into water. I managed to rescue her and wanted to give her CPR, but then I found out that John was actually a she-wolf.

At the time, I was so fl\*stered. I had been single for years now and it was the first time I saw a werewolf of the opposite s\*x half-n@ked.

After struggling with it for a while, I finally decided to feign ignorance. And that was the beginning of my misery. Hiding a secret like this was too f\*cking painful!

Ever since then, I had been avoiding John. Wherever she went, I’d run the opposite way. But as fate would have it, she was assigned to my dormitory room. Such bad luck! “You’re such a coward!” Lvan cursed, as if I wasn’t living up to his expectation.

“Why do you think John disguises herself as a man?” I squatted under a tree and squinted at the light upstairs. Just then, the window of my room suddenly swung open and John poked her head out. Startled, I quickly hid under my quilt.

Lvan snorted, “If you’re so curious, just ask her. Stop being such an idiot!”

I sighed, stood up, patted the dirt off of my b\*ttocks, and turned around. To my surprise, an instructor was standing right behind me.

“What are you doing here?” the instructor asked expressionlessly.

“Oh, I’m enjoying the view…”

“On a rainy day? Please. Go back to your dormitory!”

“I will, later…” I wanted to muddle it through, but the instructor insisted on sending me to the door to my room.

I stood there wordlessly for a while. After the instructor left, I squatted at the door of the dormitory, at a loss. It was dark outside. Sold\*iers coming and going all looked at me curiously.

Finally, I stopped one at random. “Bro, do you have a vacant bed in your room?”

The man shook his head and looked at me questioningly. “No. Don’t you have a place to stay?”

“Not really…” I was at a loss as to how to explain.

The man shrugged indifferently and left with his companions.

I envied him. God! I missed Warren. I really hoped he would recover and come back as soon as possible. I paced back and forth in front of the door for a while before finally deciding to sleep in the corridor.

Just as I squatted down to make a makeshift bed, the door suddenly swung open. John’s cold eyes met mine. I froze on the spot. We looked at each other for about ten seconds before John finally opened her mouth.

“Why didn’t you just come in?” I laughed awkwardly and held up my hands defensively.

“I’m about to.”

John glanced at my quilt in the corridor and said in a low voice, “I see.”

Then she turned around and walked back inside the room. I was so embarrassed that I picked up the quilt on the floor and followed her in.