

Chapter 1279

Chapter 1279 Coming Back Home (Crystal's POV)

The monster gradually emerged from the darkness, unveiling itself at a torturously measured pace. At first, I perceived a sullied tail and then the sight of its corpulent body followed.

Overwhelmed with joy, I cried out once more, "Ian!"

As the colossal tail, paired with a metallic prosthetic hind limb, swayed vivaciously, I became more convinced of its identity. This time, I was certain that it was Ian.

The mighty tail wagged with a cheerful rhythm and a wolf's howl reverberated in the air.

Suddenly, there was Ian, stepping out from the shadows.

He immediately noticed my presence and charged toward me.

But as he drew near, I heard someone exclaim, "It's a wild wolf! Watch out!" As the soldiers on either side of the corridor brandished their weapons, poised to strike at Ian, my heart raced with apprehension.

But I knew that Rufus, the commanding officer, would heed my plea for mercy. "I know that wolf," I told Rufus, my voice trembling with emotion. "I've raised him from a pup. He's not a threat to anyone. Please, don't hurt him! He's friendly and won't harm anyone."

Rufus gave me a small nod and issued a stern directive to the soldiers. "Under no circumstances are you to harm this wild wolf," he bellowed. "Any disobedience will result in capital punishment."

The soldiers lowered their weapons and shuffled back.

Ian raced towards me with a speed that belied his artificial limb, rivaling the momentum of a normal wolf's run.

He sprinted faster than any wild wolf and, in a blur of fur and muscle, leaped into my arms.

My heart buzzed with happiness. I hadn't expected to find him here.

His mouth gaped slightly and his eyes, narrow and elongated, glimmered with happiness as he enthusiastically wagged his tail.

I playfully pinched his face in feigned anger and put on a stern facade. "Why did you run away from home? Do you know everyone's been searching high and low for you?"

Ian let out a whimper and affectionately patted my arm, seeking my forgiveness.

I let out a dismissive snort and playfully tugged at his ears. "Promise me you won't do it again. What if you get lost and can't find your way back?"

Ian let out a mournful whine, his misty eyes brimming with tears, making him look heartbreakingly forlorn. I couldn't bear to scold him any further.

Shortly after, Ian began sniffing around me. He seemed uneasy and was possibly searching for something.

I could tell that he was looking for Beryl. When we were in the border and he couldn't find Beryl, he would sniff around me like this.

My heart softened at the sight of him. I reached out and patted his colossal head, offering him some much-needed comfort. "Don't worry, Ian," I reassured him. "I'll bring you to Beryl soon. But first, we need to get you cleaned up."

I couldn't help but wonder what kind of ordeal Ian had endured. His body was caked with grime, and his fur was matted and tangled.

As I examined him more closely, I noticed a bald patch on his forelimb, which appeared to be the result of a nasty bruise.

Ian let out a mournful howl and tilted his head, fixing me with a pitiful gaze that seemed to plead, "Is it really not okay for me to see Beryl like this?"

I couldn't help but feel both amused and remorseful at the same time. Tenderly stroking the fur on his head, I said, "Don't you want to present yourself in the best possible way when you see Beryl again, Ian? Aren't you afraid that Beryl might dislike your stinky smell?"

When Ian heard this, his bravado dissipated as he took a step back and flicked his tail, gesturing for me to take him for a shower immediately.

My lips quirked up. I was amused by his sudden change in demeanor. "There's no rush, Ian. I first need to have a doctor examine your wounds. Only then can you take a shower."

Ian calmed and crouched beside me, nestling against the warmth of my legs.

Rufus, who had remained quiet until now, suddenly spoke up. "What's wrong with this wild wolf's leg?" he asked.

"He was born with a congenital disease and had to have an artificial limb surgically implanted," I explained.

Rufus's expression grew contemplative as he gazed at Ian. Suddenly, he seemed to have a realization and spoke in an unusual tone. "I think I've encountered a wild wolf that looked very much like him before, in the forbidden forest. Could it be his kin?"

Chapter 1280

Chapter 1280 Family Reunion (Crystal's POV)

My eyes lit up. Ian's journey to the imperial palace must have been a difficult one. We should reunite Ian with Rin.

"Let's go to the forbidden forest. I'll explain everything when we get there." I grabbed Rufus' arm and took him to the forbidden forest.

"Slow down. Don't run." Rufus let me hold his hand and waved at the soldiers, indicating for them to fall back.

Ian followed us obediently. Although he appeared to be a powerful wild wolf, in reality, he was a cute little wolf strutting with his tail tucked between his legs.

When we reached the entrance of the forbidden forest, I clasped the small whistle hanging around my neck and showed it to Rufus. "You made this whistle for me. Beryl also has a similar one. I made a replica of this one for her."

Rufus' eyes were shining with tenderness. He lifted his hand to stroke my cheek and whispered, "You can use this to summon the wild wolves?"

I nodded. "Yes, let me show you."

I blew the whistle loudly. A few seconds later, Rin and two other wolves darted out. They sprinted so fast that the bushes around them swayed precariously.

"Rin, over here!" I shouted as I waved at her.

When she came closer, I didn't expect that Ian, who had taken up position beside my legs, would adopt an attack posture. A deep growl emanated from his throat.

I smacked him on the head. "Calm down. She's your mother."

Ian whimpered, looking puzzled. He wagged his tail.

At this time, Rin pounced on Ian, and both the wolves tussled together.

This visual automatically made me nervous. Ian was physically stronger. He was huge and his strength far exceeded that of an ordinary wild wolf.

If they got into an actual fight, Rin would probably not be able to defeat him.

But contrary to my apprehensions, Ian didn't put up a defense at all. He simply let his mother strike him repeatedly.

I burst into laughter and nudged Rufus with my elbow. "You can make out that they are indeed family. The female wild wolf who ran the fastest is their mother. Ian is her youngest cub. Before I went to the border, she secretly brought her kid to me. She wanted to give me something to remember her by."

Then I sighed. "I never expected that I would be able to return five years later. This feels so right."

I threw myself into Rufus' arms, my face beaming with a wide smile. The dark mood that had overwhelmed me these past several days finally lifted a little.

Rufus wrapped his arms around my waist and whispered, "So don't leave me ever again. If you do, not only will you be cruel to me, but also to them. I can see that they love you immensely."

After a moment of silence, I slowly nodded and muttered, "I won't go anywhere. I don't have the courage to leave everything behind a second time."

I made this promise to not just Rufus, but also to myself.

I could not go back in time. I only had one life. It was better to take a risk again than to spend the rest of my life regretting.

Rufus sighed contentedly and hugged me tightly. "Thank you, Crystal. Thank you for giving me one more chance."

I nuzzled his chest, my body sagging with relief.

After Rin finished teaching Ian a lesson, she ran back toward us and began pacing in circles around Rufus and me.

I bent down to pat her head. After knowing her for so many years, I already knew which spots on her head would make her caper happily when patted.

As expected, Rin moaned comfortably and narrowed her eyes, enjoying the attention I was giving her.

Ian's fur was disheveled. He leaned in close to Rin, who raised her claw to touch his head and licked his fur.

Ian happily wagged his tail. His head was buried deeply in his mother's chest.

Mama's boy...

A blood relationship was indeed magical. Even after being separated for so many years, Ian still had some recollection of his family.

The mood was just right. Ian's two brothers also leaned their heads forward, trying to get close to him.

However, Ian boldly bared his sharp fangs and grimaced fiercely. This action terrified his brothers, causing them to flee.

Rufus and I stood rooted to the ground, stunned.

Chapter 1281

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1281 Ian's Favorite Friend (Crystal's POV)

Rufus and I didn't return until nightfall, just after the sun had dipped below the horizon. Ian was bouncing up and down with wild abandon, enjoying himself with Rin and his brothers.

As the night crept in, I asked Rufus to help me take Ian home.

Rin accompanied us to the edge of the forest, though she appeared hesitant to part ways, digging the balls of her feet into the thick mud.

With a heavy heart, I crouched and embraced her. "I live in the imperial palace now. If you ever wish to see me, seek me there."

Rin whimpered, a mournful cry escaping her mouth. She relayed her understanding with a gentle swipe of her claw.

"Let's go," I declared. Rufus clasped my hand firmly and bid farewell to Rin, a warm smile on his face.

Beryl and Arron had now taken up residence in Laura's palace, while Rufus escorted me back to his own palace, adamant that I should not return to my own dwelling. He made it clear that from now on, I was to stay solely within his domain.

Resistance was futile; I knew I couldn't win the argument. I chose to compromise. Besides, Rufus would remain a constant presence in my life no matter where I lived. A small, secret smile played at the corners of my lips.

Yana sensed my thoughts and snorted in my mind, the sound pulling me out of my muddle. "You're really in love," she said. "Gee, why do I have goosebumps?"

I chuckled, retorting, "Oh, stop it. You are just like me."

Yana clicked her tongue in defeat, aware that she could not win this argument. She chose to remain silent, pressing her thin lips together.

Rufus and Ian had met for the first time, and Rufus' behavior surprised me. He was not known for his patience with anyone other than me, yet he took it upon himself to attend to Ian's wounds and offer him a shower.

He hadn't needed my assistance throughout the entire, arduous process. I was merely a bystander, talking with Ian and keeping him company.

The following morning, with Ian looking revitalized and presentable, Rufus and I took him to Laura's palace.

Along the way, Ian was brimming with excitement, wagging his tail and barking at every soldier and servant who crossed his path.

While I found Ian's behavior endearing, to an outsider, he appeared menacing.

Thus, I did my best to prevent Ian from alarming the others. "Don't frighten people,

Ian," I cautioned. "It's their first encounter with you, and they may not appreciate your enthusiasm."

Ian cocked his head to the side, bewildered at my warning.

As I glanced at him, I knew he comprehended my message, yet he chose to feign ignorance. Frustrated, I decided to make myself clear. "If you ever frighten them again, forget about our trip to see Beryl."

At my warning, Ian's behavior instantly transformed. He emitted a couple of gentle howls and then affectionately rubbed himself against my trousers, exhibiting an exemplary demeanor.

Rufus let out a chuckle. "He's quite clever, isn't he?"

I fondly patted Ian's head and explained to Rufus, "He takes after his mother, mischievous whenever he can. But thankfully, he's obedient to Beryl. He does whatever she commands. I wonder what will happen when he sees Beryl."

What I meant was that taking Ian to see Beryl was a good way to test the latter.

"Let's go." Rufus pinched the skin of my palm, jolting me out of my thoughts. He then motioned for me and Ian to follow him.

As soon as we reached Laura's palace, we found Beryl and Arron engrossed in building blocks at the round table in the garden.

At the sight of Ian, Arron's eyes widened and his mouth fell open in amazement. "Is that Ian, Mommy?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it's Ian." I confirmed his suspicion with a smile and a pat on Ian's head, urging him to go play with the children.

Arron rushed over to Ian, throwing his arms around his neck in an exuberant embrace.

Ian's tail wagged furiously, his joy at being welcomed evident.

I shifted my gaze towards Beryl, who remained rooted to the spot, as if she didn't know Ian at all.

I grew cautious and played dumb. "Why don't you hug Ian, Baby Beryl? Aren't you best friends?" I asked Beryl.

"Beryl, come here quickly," Arron urged, noting her cold unresponsiveness. He walked toward her and reached out to grab her hand.

Suddenly, Ian emitted a fierce growl and took a menacing step towards the children.

In a flash, before anyone could react, he charged towards Arron.

Taken back, I wondered what happened to Ian. "Stop, Ian!"

My efforts were in vain; it was already too late. Ian pounced on Arron.

As everyone anticipated an impending attack, Ian clasped Arron in his mouth and swiftly took him away from Beryl's reach.

The reverberating roar of the wolf resounded across the entire palace. Ian stood guard in front of Arron, clenching his jaw and glaring at Beryl with animosity.

Chapter 1282

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1282 Not A Patient Person (Crystal's POV)

I thought I had prepared myself for this, but I still found myself trembling at the scene unfolding before me.

"What's wrong?" I asked Ian in the steadiest voice I could muster. "This is Beryl. Haven't you been wanting to see her all this time?"

Ian turned his big head to look up at me before letting out a long, mournful howl. His tail drooped to the ground, and he looked considerably upset.

Beryl chose that moment to approach the wolf. "Ian?"

Ian only reacted more violently, however. He let out a long, guttural growl and bared his fangs at her. It looked like he might pounce on her and tear her into pieces if she took one step closer.

Beryl looked up at me, her eyes tearing up. "Mom, why is Ian being so horrid to me?"

I felt my brows furrow. "It might be because he hasn't seen you for a while."

As if to refute my words, Ian roared and stamped his feet, his claws leaving marks on the floor.

Just then, Arron poked his head out from behind the wolf and reached out to stroke his fur. "Come on, Ian, don't be mad. We didn't want to leave you behind in the pack, but we had no choice. From now on, we will take you everywhere we go."

My precious little boy thought that Ian was holding a grudge for that incident and wanted to ease the unmistakable tension. Arron stepped forward and made to reach for his sister's hand.

But Ian stopped him in the next second, his sharp teeth sinking in the collar of Arron's shirt.

Arron frowned and put his hands on his hips. "Why are you acting like this, Ian? That's Beryl! Don't you recognize your best friend?"

Ian let him go, only to nudge Arron back behind him. He stood between the siblings and let out another howl.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Rufus quietly draw close to the trio. He seemed to have recognized the uncertainty of the situation, and wanted to be nearby in case things got out of control.

At first, Beryl took up grievance on Ian's behavior, but she soon dropped that act.

She made no move to get closer, either, and instead tried to coax Ian from a few feet away. "Don't be angry, Ian. I promise, I won't leave you alone again."

This was met by another ferocious roar.

Beryl covered her ears. Then, to everyone's surprise, she burst out laughing. "You look like a pig, Ian. You're not scary at all. Both Arron and I have already apologized to you. What more do you want? If you like, I can also promise to take you wherever I go in the future."

My face hardened. Beryl was just repeating everything Arron had said just now.

More importantly, I knew that Ian was not angry at all, but afraid and panicked.

Beryl would have known, too, at first glance. After all, they had been inseparable in the past.

Besides, Beryl was a haughty little hellion. She had never cajoled anyone in her life. If something like this had happened in the past, she would have lost her temper at Ian and berated the wolf.

Ian's reactions had to be taken into careful consideration as well. This Beryl had apologized to him repeatedly, but not once did he seem inclined to get close to her.

If anything, Ian remained firm in his initial stand.

Rufus and I exchanged a glance and waited for what might happen next.

I was more certain than ever that Noreen had somehow taken over Beryl's body.

And as far as I knew, Noreen was not a patient person.

She wasn't one to mince her words and waste her time trying to convince anyone. She was frank and direct. Worse, she preferred violence to diplomacy.

Sure enough, a trace of impatience flashed in Beryl's eyes.

She clicked her tongue and rolled her eyes, her upper lip curling into a sneer as she said, "Damn it! This stupid bastard is more troublesome than I thought!"

Chapter 1283

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1283 Ian Was Injured (Crystal's POV)

Arron stared at Beryl in disbelief, his mouth hanging open. "Beryl, what are you saying? How could you curse at Ian like that?"

Beryl turned away from him, meeting my gaze with a look of defiance. "Isn't it true?" she demanded. "You've all been taken in by my act, but this one is too smart to be fooled."

I balled my hands into fists, trying to steady my trembling voice. "Who are you?" I demanded, even though I already knew the answer. I needed to hear her say it, to confirm my worst fears.

Beryl tilted her head to the side, blinking innocently at me. "Mom, you already know, don't you?" she said, a small, innocent smile playing at the corners of her lips.

And then, in the blink of an eye, Noreen's voice filled the place. "Or would you like me to prove it?" she said, her tone dripping with malice. "Sylvia."

With a flick of her hair, Beryl finished speaking, and Ian, who had been poised for a fight, sprang forward. In one swift motion, he pinned Beryl beneath his muscular frame, ready to bite into her.

"Ian, no! That's Beryl's body you're attacking. If you hurt her, Beryl will suffer as well!" I pleaded, trying to reason with him. My heart pounded noisily in my chest.

He paused, his eyes full of desperation as he stared at me helplessly.

"What? Sylvia, are you afraid? It seems that Beryl's body is really useful. I haven't felt such a perfect fit in a long time." Noreen spoke with a sinister gleam in her eye. "And I've noticed something else about Beryl," she said, a wicked smile twisting her

lips. "It seems she's inherited your power, Sylvia. The power of the black witch runs strong in her veins, stronger than I ever could have imagined."

She cackled with delight, relishing in the knowledge of her discovery. "I was right all along. The offspring of a black witch and a werewolf are not to be underestimated. Perhaps we can make a deal, Sylvia."

"Shut up!" I snapped. "We will never be partners. We can only be enemies!" My fury surged and I fixed Noreen with a venomous gaze.

Her expression twisted with contempt as she taunted me, "Five years wasted and you're still as weak as ever. Your flaws have only multiplied, and your heart is still too soft." She sneered with malice.

Suddenly, a sharp metallic rasp pierced the air as Noreen produced a dagger from her sleeve with astonishing speed. Before I could react, she viciously slashed it across Ian's throat.

Rufus lunged towards Ian at lightning speed, but it was too late. Blood spurted from the open wound, drenching the ground in a gruesome pool.

I sprinted over to check on Ian. The blade had sliced so deeply that it was a miracle his neck wasn't severed completely.

The pungent stench of blood filled my nostrils as Ian lay on the ground, struggling for breath.

With a frantic rush, I discarded my coat and wanted to stop the bleeding.

Meanwhile, Rufus was occupied with Noreen.

Her soul was trapped in Beryl's body, rendering her incapable of harnessing the full extent of her witchcraft abilities. She required a substantial amount of time to formulate any sort of attack. The crystal ball she conjured was minuscule, akin to the

size of a thumb, a far cry from her days as a black witch capable of performing prodigious feats.

The colossal disparity between her former and present selves propelled Noreen into a state of heightened anxiety.

Though she evaded Rufus' advances and attempted to flee, her endeavor was futile.

When she was confronted by the indomitable werewolf king, her defeat was inevitable.

Rufus rapidly overpowered Noreen, relieved her of the dagger, and discarded it carelessly.

Fear consumed Arron at the scene and tears streamed down his face. "Ian is hurt! What's happened to my sister?" he cried out.

"Don't be afraid, Arron. Ian will be fine. Wipe away your tears and get the doctors," I reassured him, my hands stained with Ian's blood. Gripping his artery tightly, I couldn't afford to let go, so I implored Arron to call for assistance.

"Okay," he replied, weeping uncontrollably as he dashed out of the garden, colliding with Laura and her guards outside.

Clutching onto Laura's leg, Arron pleaded, "Grandma, please find the doctors! Ian is hurt! He has lost a lot of blood. He is dying!" Though she was unaware of who Ian was, Laura was quick to take action when she heard of his critical condition. She immediately dispatched her men to fetch the doctors.

Chapter 1284

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1284 The Power Of The Fragmental Soul (Laura's POV)

I rushed into the garden with Arron in my arms and was startled when I saw a wild wolf lying in a pool of his own blood. "What happened?!"

"That's Ian, Grandma. He's badly hurt!" Arron buried his head in my shoulder and sobbed sadly.

I looked around and suddenly met Beryl's cold eyes. My throat suddenly felt tight. "Beryl, you... How did this..."

Beryl never had such a horrible look in her eyes before.

"Laura, long time no see."

Beryl's mouth opened as she spoke, but it wasn't Beryl's voice. Instead, her voice sounded old and withered—she sounded like Noreen!

I instinctively held Arron tightly and took a big step back. "H-how could this be?" I stammered in a panic.

Last night, when Crystal told me that Beryl might've been possessed by Noreen, I didn't want to believe her.

From what I could see, there was nothing unusual about Beryl. She was still my little sweetheart.

"Grandma, you're sweating," Arron pointed out, touching my sweaty forehead gently. His childish voice brought me back to reality.

My heart was banging against my chest wildly.

A shiver ran down my spine, rendering me paralyzed with fear.

I wasn't afraid of death since I had already lived a full life. But I was afraid that my Beryl would get hurt.

She was too young to bear the pain of being detached from her soul!

I swallowed the lump in my throat. Just then, I caught a glimpse of the familiar dagger lying on the ground. The hilt was inlaid with thirty-six clear sapphire gems, but right now, the blue sapphires were stained red with blood.

This dagger was part of my dowry back then. I had put it away because it was too sharp and dangerous.

"How did you get that dagger?" I asked Noreen coldly.

Noreen chuckled and then said in Beryl's sweet voice, "Well, Grandma, I snatched it while you weren't looking. You adults are so stupid. You always deceive your own selves."

After saying that, she reverted to her original voice, which sounded like a piece of wood being scratched. "I deliberately revealed so many flaws, but you all preferred to believe that it was an illusion." Then Noreen suddenly burst into laughter. She looked at Arron viciously and said, "But it's good that you're all idiots, or I wouldn't have had the chance to get the dagger. If you didn't show up in time, this brat would've been dead by now."

"Shut up!" Crystal lost it and started shouting at Noreen. "I should've turned you to ashes when I had the chance! I should've made it impossible for you to come back to life!"

Noreen clicked her tongue and said with a feigned pitiful expression, "It's too late for that, isn't it? I should thank you. If it weren't for your blood, I wouldn't have had the chance to come back to life. Although I'm but a fragmental soul now, it's only a matter of time before I find all the other fragments of my soul."

“I’ll kill you!” Crystal’s eyes turned bloodshot. The Lycan power in her body burst out, raising a strong gust of wind.

But Noreen didn’t even flinch. She simply smiled and said, “Crystal, I know you’re very angry now, but you can’t hurt me now. After all, I’m Beryl.”

“Where’s Beryl’s soul?” I asked in a trembling voice.

“I’m afraid it’ll be very difficult for you to get the real Beryl back.” Noreen raised her chin and looked defiantly at everyone present. “I can tell that you all want to kill me. Then do it! Kill me! You’ll kill Beryl in the process, too. Hurt me, and you’ll be hurting Beryl. After all, this is still Beryl’s body.”

When I heard this, I couldn’t take it anymore. My eyes rolled into the back of my head and I blacked out.

Chapter 1285

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1285 Her Soul Was Replaced (Crystal's POV)

Laura was so frightened by Noreen's words that she fainted. Fortunately, the doctors had arrived and immediately swarmed to her to check on her condition. Ian was in a bad state, bleeding profusely on the ground.

Rufus briskly asked the veterinarian to treat Ian.

Finally, I let go of Ian and let the veterinarian take over.

A tearful Arron came over and used a handkerchief to wipe the blood on my hands. In a small, shaky voice, he tried to comfort me. "Don't worry, Mommy. Ian will be fine."

My little boy was so smart. He didn't mention Beryl. Maybe he was afraid that I'd be too sad if he did.

I bent down to kiss his head and murmured softly, "It's okay. Everything will be fine."

I said this to comfort him, but mostly to comfort myself.

Truth be told, I wasn't expecting Noreen to confess so soon. Now that she did, I dreaded what she was going to do next.

Worse yet, she mentioned that it'd be extremely difficult to get the real Beryl back.

The mere thought made my legs go weak. Fortunately, before I completely collapsed, Rufus caught me in time.

"Arron, be a good boy and go with Cedric."

Rufus asked a young military officer to take care of Arron in the meantime.

“Okay, Daddy.”

Arron nodded obediently and then followed the officer out.

“Your Majesty, this wolf’s wound is very deep. We need to send him to the Royal Hospital for stitches as soon as possible,” the vet said anxiously.

“Okay, then take him there now.”

Rufus immediately gave the order. Both Laura and Ian were rushed to the hospital by the doctors.

Now, only I, Rufus, Noreen and a group of soldiers were left.

In order not to cause a panic, Rufus asked the soldiers to leave and forbade them from talking about what they had just seen.

Noreen sneered proudly. “No need to be so cautious. You royals are so stupid, especially Laura. She completely fell for my act and was defenseless. If I wanted to kill her, I would’ve killed her a thousand times over. But I figured I could use her, so I didn’t.”

I couldn’t stand it anymore. With gritted teeth, I rushed up and slapped her on the face. “Enough! Just because you’re in Beryl’s body, doesn’t mean you can do whatever you want!”

Noreen couldn’t believe what I just did. Beryl’s chubby face turned red immediately.

My heart ached, but I forced myself to look away, telling myself that she wasn’t the real Beryl.

“Mommy, why did you hit me? It hurts...” Noreen cried in Beryl’s voice.

I roared, “Don’t you dare use my daughter’s voice!”

“Mommy, don’t you love me? Don’t you like my voice?”

For a moment, I actually thought it was Beryl, so I turned around in surprise.

But the second I looked at her face, Noreen cracked a sinister smile. "I can't believe you still fell for that! I just told you that I replaced Beryl's soul with mine. She's not coming back."

"I don't believe you. Give back my Beryl!" I was on the verge of breaking down and nearly attacked Noreen again, but Rufus stopped me.

"Crystal, calm down..."

I looked at Rufus with tearful eyes and a lump in my throat. "How can I calm down? That's our baby!"

Rufus' eyes were also filled with pain. "I know. But if we kill Noreen now, she won't tell us how to get our Beryl back."

"You're so calm, mighty Lycan king." Noreen opened her m*outh and let out a low and vicious laughter. Her eyes gradually turned pure black, and a fog began to shroud her whole body. "I'll tell you what happened to Beryl. She's dead!"

Chapter 1286

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1286 Let Her Use Up All Her Strength (Crystal's POV)

"You're lying!"

I stared at Noreen in disbelief.

How could my Baby Beryl be dead?

She had always wanted to go to the amusement park with her father. Now that she was finally reunited with Rufus, they hadn't gone to the amusement park yet. No, she couldn't be dead!

"You're the ones who asked me where Beryl is. Now that I'm telling you that she's dead, you refuse to believe me." Noreen pouted and spoke in Beryl's childish voice. "You adults can never make up your minds!"

"Shut up! I told you not to use Beryl's voice! And I know that my daughter's alive! As long as your soul leaves her body, my Beryl will come back!" I almost went hysteric. The fear of losing my daughter made my heart tighten in my chest, making it hard for me to breathe.

"Crystal, you can't trust her. Noreen's good at deceiving people. Beryl's alive, and we have to find her." Rufus threw his arms around my waist and held me tightly to prevent me from losing control.

Noreen grinned, her eyes black and horrific. All of a sudden, a small crystal ball appeared on her palm.

Her witchcraft was powerful. With the flick of her wrist, a huge cloud of black fog burst out from her little body, blotting out all the light.

“Beryl’s body is a real treasure. She carries such a strong black witch bloodline. If Olivia was still alive, she should’ve been very happy. I should just leave my residual soul in this body.” Noreen’s voice seemed to come from the black fog. The place where she was, was sometimes bright and sometimes dark and she was like a ghost climbing up from hell.

The fog suddenly condensed into long, black tentacles. They came from all directions, and wrapped themselves around my limbs so quickly that I didn’t have the time to react.

The tentacles lifted me into the air and threw me at the wall.

Rufus was still holding onto me tightly, and he bore the brunt of the blow. Together, we slammed into the wall and had the air knocked out of our lungs.

But Noreen wasn’t done. She started to chant an ancient and mysterious incantation. The black fog gradually turned into dark red blood, and like a ruthless torrent, it attacked me and Rufus.

It was the Red Moon Spell!

The second the red blood t*ouched us, we would decay like dead leaves.

“Watch out! Don’t let it t*ouch you!”

I wanted to push Rufus away, but Rufus moved quicker than me. He turned around and protected me with his back.

Just as the red tendrils of blood were about to smash into him, Rufus’ strong Lycan power burst out from his body.

All the red blood instantly splattered around into pools of sticky, black slime.

Noreen became agitated, and her voice became dangerously low. “I hate the way you two love each other. It’s disgusting!”

As she spoke, she conjured more tentacles that came at us again.

Rufus held me and dodged her attacks nimbly. The tentacles weren't that fast, but their strength was in their numbers.

Noreen was very cunning. She used more than ten tentacles to block our path and tied us together.

Then she started to chant another ancient incantation.

This time, Noreen used her witchcraft to wield the sword mounted on the wall. The sword suddenly came to life, pointing its sharp blade at me and Rufus.

"Don't make a move yet. Let Noreen use up all her strength. This is just her fragmental soul after all. When her strength is used up, she won't be able to do anything to us. Maybe we'll get Beryl back," Rufus whispered to me urgently.

I glanced at him from over my shoulder and nodded knowingly. "Okay."

Noreen cackled and sent the sword flying towards us.

Just as Rufus was about to spring into action, I felt the shackles on my body suddenly disappear.

Rufus and I fell to the ground with a loud thud. Confused, we exchanged wary glances.

All of a sudden, Noreen howled in pain. She held her head and collapsed to the ground, shouting, "Stop it! Go away! If you don't stop right now, I'll blow us both up!"

Noreen's expression kept changing constantly. Finally, she showed a look of anger. When she spoke again, I heard a familiar child's voice. "Don't hurt my mommy!"

Chapter 1287

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1287 The Perfect Body (Crystal's POV)

When I heard this familiar voice, I was so shocked that I grabbed Rufus' hand and blurted, "Beryl's still alive!"

Rufus, on the other hand, wasn't as excited as me. He hesitated and whispered, "Could it be a trick?"

"No, I don't think so."

I didn't have the time to overthink things. I rushed up and threw my arms around Beryl's little body. I wished I could hold her like this forever so that no one could hurt her again.

"My sweetheart, you must be in so much pain," I sobbed, tears of joy streaming down my face.

I cupped Beryl's cheeks and looked into her eyes carefully.

Beryl pouted. Tugging my sleeve, she whimpered, "Mommy, I'm scared."

As soon as she finished speaking, her expression suddenly changed, and Noreen's voice appeared again. "Go away, brat! This body is mine now."

"No, it's mine! You go away!" Beryl's childish voice replied.

"I'm your senior. You should be respectful. I took your body, so let me use it. Why are you so stingy?"

"I won't let you hurt my mommy!"

The two voices kept switching, as though Noreen and Beryl were fighting against each other in one body.

Beryl's childish face was covered with sweat. She suddenly burst into tears and sobbed, "Mommy, help me! It hurts!"

Seeing Beryl like this felt like a knife was stabbing into my heart. I anxiously held her up and asked, "What should I do? Baby, tell me what I can do to help you..."

"Blood..." Beryl whispered weakly.

I thought I heard it wrong, so I leaned closer to her and asked, "What did you say?"

"Blood!" Beryl burst into tears, her body contorting in pain in my arms. "Mommy, I need to drink your blood. Drinking your blood will help me fight the bad woman!"

"Okay, here! I'll give you, my blood. I'll give you as much blood as you want!" I rolled up my sleeve without thinking and reached for the dagger on the ground, ready to cut my own wrist.

But Rufus quickly snatched the dagger out of my hand. Looking at me grimly, he barked, "Crystal, wake up! That's Noreen! The second you give her your blood, everything will be over."

"Noreen? How could it be Noreen? It's Beryl..." As I spoke, I looked down at Beryl again. Only then did I see the unmasked greed and desire in her eyes.

That was something that only Noreen could exhibit.

I came back to my senses in an instant. I pushed Beryl away and stepped back in disbelief. "You lied to me, Noreen! You lied to me!"

Fortunately, Rufus had seen through Noreen's trick in time. She dropped the act and cursed us angrily. "Damn you, Lycan king! Just you wait! Once I get my full strength back, I won't let you live!"

Rufus snorted coldly. "You couldn't defeat me when you were alive. What makes you think you can do it now? Dream on."

"You—!" Frustrated, Noreen gave up on arguing with Rufus and shifted her focus on me. "See, Crystal? Beryl is still alive. Now only you can save her."

I took a deep breath and asked her in a low voice, "Why are you doing this to Beryl?"

"To revive my full soul, of course," Noreen answered naturally. Smoothing her messed up hair, she said lightly, "You killed me and desecrated my body. Now you have to pay for your sins. Because Beryl carries my blood in her veins, I was able to occupy her body. It's you I have to thank, Crystal. You gave birth to such a strong daughter who inherited both the black witch bloodline and the Lycan power, just like you. Her body is perfect!"

Just then, a thought occurred to me. I walked up to Noreen and asked, "You want a body, don't you? Use my body. Just leave Beryl out of this."

Chapter 1288

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1288 Options (Crystal's POV)

"Crystal, no! Noreen must be trying to trick you again!" Rufus hurriedly stepped forward to stop me.

"No, Rufus. I've made up my mind." I looked at Rufus firmly, my fists clenched so tightly that my knuckles turned white. I knew it was cruel of me to do this to Rufus, but I really couldn't bear to see my daughter suffer like this.

Noreen seemed intrigued by my offer. She took a step closer to me and asked, "Are you sure about this? Do you know the consequence of being possessed by me? We've been enemies for so many years. Will you really admit defeat so easily?"

"Noreen, you're the one who keeps starting fights. If you never showed up, my life would've been peaceful and I would've been so happy. I'm not admitting defeat..." With a mocking smile, I lowered my head to look at the little girl that Noreen was using as a host body. "At least I'm not obsessed like you. You're bound to lose one way or another."

Noreen then burst into arrogant laughter. "Interesting, very interesting. So, you're willing to take Beryl's place, aren't you?" "Yes. Don't worry. I won't resist," I said, rolling my eyes.

"And why should I trust you? We're not exactly good friends. Why would you be so generous to me?" Noreen raised her eyebrows.

I smiled. "I don't know how your soul travels, but I do know that whatever spell you use, it's best when your subject agrees voluntarily. I saw you and Beryl fighting just now, which means that you haven't completely taken control of her body."

As soon as I said this, Noreen's smile stiffened slightly.

Obviously, I was right.

Maybe Beryl's body wasn't as perfect for her as she claimed it to be. Everything she said just now were lies to enrage me.

Unfortunately, she succeeded. Not only was I angry, but I was also desperate to save my daughter—even if it meant sacrificing myself.

"It's true that your little girl has a strong self-awareness, but I still don't trust you." Noreen was obviously on high alert and wouldn't accept my proposal so easily.

But I refused to give up. "Beryl has a terrible temper. Aren't you worried that one day she'll snap and kick you out of her body?"

Noreen fell silent.

I continued, "Besides, I'm stronger and more mature than Beryl. And my bloodline is closer to yours than hers. I'm your best bet, aren't I? I swear to you in the name of the Moon Goddess that I won't resist."

Noreen still didn't say anything. She seemed to be lost in thought.

"It'll take over a decade for Beryl to reach adulthood. My body, on the other hand, is fully developed. You won't have to wait. You'll be able to do whatever you want."

"Crystal, enough!" Rufus grabbed me by the shoulders and tried to knock some sense into me. "Do you really think Noreen will let our kids live after this? Have you already forgotten that Noreen tried to kill Arron just now? If you give her your body, who will protect the children?"

Unfortunately for Rufus, I had already made up my mind and refused to consider any other option.

I looked at Rufus apologetically and burst into tears. "Rufus, I'm so sorry, but you'll have to look after the children from now on.

“No, Crystal. This is too ridiculous. You have to calm down first. You’re not thinking straight! I would never let you run into the fire blindly!” Rufus looked extremely anxious. He squeezed my hand, trying to keep me grounded.

Then he turned to Noreen and said ferociously, “You need a body, right? What about mine? My pure Lycan bloodline combined with your power as a black witch—you’ll be unstoppable. Why don’t you possess my body instead?”

Noreen’s eyes went as wide as saucers. “Are you out of your mind? I want a female body. How could you say something so stupid?”

“Is there any difference between the male and female bodies? You claim to be the strongest black witch and the smartest person in the world. You must know a way to use my body!”

Noreen didn’t know how to refute Rufus’ words. She wanted to say something but in the end, she couldn’t say anything.

I was so anxious that I pulled Rufus behind me and said to Noreen, “You already know that all your problems will be solved if you just use my body. Why the hell are you hesitating?”

“Isn’t the body of the strongest werewolf the most qualified?”

“Rufus, shut up!” I cried desperately.

“Only a fool wouldn’t choose the strongest body!” Rufus roared.

“Enough! Stop arguing! Crystal’s right.” Noreen interrupted our spat impatiently.

I sighed in relief. Just when I thought that Noreen was ready to accept my body, she suddenly cracked a vicious smile. “But first, I want you to kneel down and beg me.”

Chapter 1289

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1289 The Final Battle (Crystal's POV)

"If I kneel down, will you let Beryl go?" I watched Noreen and asked frostily.

Noreen smiled maliciously as she answered, "Kneel down first. Once you do that, we can negotiate everything. If you please me, perhaps I will release your daughter."

I pressed my lips into a thin line and moved slowly. Just as I was about to get down on my knees, Rufus clasped my shoulder.

"Enough! Crystal, haven't you realized that she doesn't intend to let Beryl go at all? She is just toying with you."

My fingers curled into fists and pain surged within me.

However, Noreen burst out laughing. "You deserve to be the king. Among all of you, you're the only one who seems to be smart enough."

"What the hell do you want?" Rufus asked in a murderous voice, unable to take it anymore.

Noreen fearlessly replied, "I'm bored. I'm just playing with you."

My blood was boiling with rage. I pinched my fingers and secretly cast a curse.

Noreen transformed into an ugly black pig. "Crystal! Do you think this silly trick will make me admit defeat? Aren't you worried that Beryl might hate you?" Noreen was so furious that her voice came out distorted. "Mommy, why have I become a pig?"

This time, Beryl spoke up to beg me to change her back to her original appearance.

"Mommy, this pig is so ugly. I don't want to be a pig. Mommy, change me back."

I clenched my jaw and listened to Beryl sobbing. My heart ached so much that I couldn't draw in a full breath.

In the end, I compromised and transformed Beryl back to her original self. "I've warned you that you possess too many weaknesses. You don't stand a chance against me." Noreen's lips curved up into a smug smile and she added, "Your physical body and your skills are certainly a little stronger, but you have the Lycan power which competes with the black witch bloodline in your body. It's difficult for me to control your body. On the other hand, Beryl is still a child and her inherited Lycan power is not very strong. She is much easier to control."

I silently listened to Noreen and was at a loss about what my next step should be.

It seemed that Noreen wouldn't release Beryl so easily.

"I also find that Beryl has a better talent in witchcraft. She is the most talented witch I've ever met. If I continue to occupy her body, I will definitely emerge as the strongest black witch in the future. At that time, you will be no match for me."

Noreen's tone had become increasingly arrogant. She fiddled with the crystal ball and meaningfully gazed at my face, as if she was looking at someone through me. There was a nostalgic look in her eyes.

"Most importantly, you look so similar to Olivia. I loved to torture her back then. It gave me great pleasure to see the pain on her face, just like now. The more wretched you are, the happier I will be."

"Noreen! I won't let you succeed!" I shrieked, as red-hot anger surged through my veins.

Rufus walked closer to me and blocked my line of vision. He didn't want me to continue arguing with Noreen. With a sneer, he said, "Noreen, you don't have the power to use witchcraft now, right?"

Rufus' guess seemed to be accurate. The color drained from Noreen's face for a moment. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean." Rufus nonchalantly looked down at her and smiled. "I believe you used up all your strength in fighting with us just now. Otherwise, you wouldn't have spent time verbally sparring with us. I wanted to give you some more time, but you're so annoying that I can't tolerate you for one more minute."

After saying that, Rufus snapped his f*ingers and the concealed guards who had taken up position in the dark rushed out.

These guards were Rufus' most trusted soldiers, and he wouldn't call them until the most critical moment.

"Tie Beryl up!" Rufus ordered icily.

Chapter 1290

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1290 The Dark Room (Crystal's POV)

The soldiers were hesitant, but they still did what they were told. In the blink of an eye, Noreen was surrounded.

Just as Rufus had said, Noreen had used up all her strength and wasn't able to resist. She could do nothing as the soldiers closed in on her.

"Mommy, help! I'm scared. Don't let them t*ouch me!"

It was Beryl's voice. She kicked and cried loudly, making my heart tighten in my chest.

"Mommy, I'm scared! Don't let the scary people catch me, please! Mommy, please help me! Daddy, I'm sorry. Please don't do this to me. I'm sorry!"

Rufus grimaced in pain, but he still covered my ears and tried to coax me.

"Don't listen to a word she says. It's all fake."

My hands holding Rufus's arms kept trembling. This was pure torture!

I forced myself to look away and hid behind Rufus, sobbing quietly.

Still, I couldn't stand Beryl's pained cries, so I told Rufus, "Please tell the soldiers to be gentle. It's still Beryl's body they're dealing with."

Rufus nodded. "Don't worry. They know what to do."

Soon, Noreen was tied up. Seeing that using Beryl's voice had no effect on us, she stopped tormenting us.

Instead, she cursed us viciously.

“Crystal, you can’t kill me! I still have your daughter’s body! You can’t do anything to me! This is f*ucking ridiculous. I’m your aunt! You killed me before, and now, you mistreat me. Crystal, I swear! You’ll die a horrible death! Have you forgotten how your mother died? It was because of you! It’s all your fault! Everyone close to you will die miserable deaths. I wish you live in regret and pain for the rest of your pathetic life!”

I covered my ears to not hear her words, but Noreen’s voice somehow kept ringing in my mind.

At this point, Rufus’ patience ran out. He snapped, “Gag her!”

The soldiers immediately stuffed Noreen’s m*outh with cloth to prevent her from making any more noise.

Only then did I sigh in relief. The voice in my head finally ceased.

Noreen was then taken to the dark room. Although she was tied up, the soldiers had made sure to wrap her wrists in towels so that the ropes wouldn’t scratch Beryl’s delicate skin.

Rufus and I were standing in the monitoring room next to the dark room. We watched her from the other side of the glass and saw that Noreen was still unwilling to give up. Even though she couldn’t speak, she still struggled desperately.

She even slammed her head against the wall.

“No, we must stop her. I’m afraid that Noreen might hurt Beryl’s body.” As I paced back and forth anxiously, a thought suddenly occurred to me and I asked Rufus to open the door to the dark room.

Rufus obeyed and opened the door.

The dark room was pitch black. In the darkness, I vaguely made out a small bed and a glass window.

You couldn't see what was on the other side of the glass from inside the dark room. However, from the monitoring room, one could see everything that went on inside the dark room.

I walked to the corner of the bed and cast a spell on the little girl who kept kicking and struggling on the bed. Finally, Noreen calmed down.

I sighed and sat on the edge of the bed, staring at Beryl's sleeping face for a long time. I couldn't imagine that there was an evil soul living in her little body.

I also couldn't imagine how Beryl felt right now. There had to be a way to drive Noreen's soul out!

"Crystal, let's go. I've asked my people to stay here and watch her all the time." Rufus could tell that I was in a bad mood, so he tried to persuade me to go back and get some rest.

I nodded, stood up, and held his hand, ready to go out.

But before I could take a single step, my vision suddenly went black and I passed out.