

Chapter 1291

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1291 Meeting The Strange Wizard Again (Crystal's POV)

I felt as though I had slept for a long time. When I woke up again, Arron and Beryl were already sixteen or seventeen years old.

They looked like younger versions of me and Rufus, and though they looked a little older, they still acted the same.

Beryl, in particular, was as vivacious and charming as before.

We were having afternoon tea in the garden. When Rufus came back from work, we could go to the amusement park together.

Beryl was chatting with her brother while Ian was basking in the sun beside my feet. He was much bigger and stronger than I remembered, and he was a spitting image of his mother.

I looked around contentedly. I never thought that one day, I'd live the life I had longed for. My mate and my children were safe and healthy, and we all lived happily together.

"Mommy, please tie my hair like you did last time!" Beryl held out two colorful hair bands in front of me.

Although I couldn't remember what I had done to her hair last time, I subconsciously took the hair bands from her. "Two pigtails, right?"

"Yes!" Beryl smiled brightly. She sat in front of me and asked sweetly, "Mommy, would you like some water?"

"Okay, thanks," I answered as I picked up the wooden comb from the table.

Beryl stood up and poured me a glass of water. Just as she was about to hand it to me, the glass of water suddenly turned into a dagger that had thirty-six dazzling sapphires on its hilt.

Wait a second... Why did it look so familiar?

I felt shocked. There seemed to be something at the tip of my tongue, but I couldn't make it out. My mind went blank, as though it was shrouded in thick fog.

The next second, my beautiful surroundings faded away and was replaced by a barren grassland. Arron and Ian were nowhere to be found.

Only Beryl and I were left, and Beryl looked a bit weird.

"Beryl, what's wrong—" But before I could finish my sentence, Beryl's expression suddenly turned ferocious. She swung her arm and stabbed the dagger into my belly. The sharp pain felt so real. I clutched my stomach, and there was nothing I could do but watch helplessly as Beryl's face gradually turned into Noreen's.

"This is what you get for killing me."

The horrifying voice suddenly jolted me awake.

I stared at the bare ceiling above me, soaked in cold sweat. I didn't know where I was until Rufus' gentle voice pulled me back to reality.

I turned down and found Rufus sitting next to my bed, holding my hand anxiously.

"Rufus, I had a terrible nightmare," I whimpered. Just recalling the last scene in my dream gave me the shivers.

"It's okay. It was just a dream." Rufus bent over to kiss my eyelid and gently comforted me. Then he helped me sit up in bed and handed me a bowl of black liquid. "Drink this medicine first. It'll help soothe your nerves."

I was still reeling from my nightmare, so I didn't really hear what Rufus was saying until he mentioned something about seeking help from a wizard.

"Did the wizard give you this medicine?" I frowned at the bowl of black liquid. It looked far from appetizing.

Thinking of taking the medicine, I felt I was okay already.

Rufus smoothed my hair and gently coaxed me, "Don't worry. I asked the wizard to make it for you."

"Okay."

I pursed my lips and took the bowl reluctantly. While holding my breath, I gulped the liquid down.

It tasted a little sour.

Frowning, I quickly reached for the piece of candy on the bedside table and popped it into my mouth, covering the sour aftertaste with sugar.

"Do you want to meet the wizard? He's over three hundred years old, and he's the best among those in the neutral party. Perhaps he'll know how to deal with our situation," Rufus said, setting the empty bowl aside.

Hearing this, I immediately jumped out of bed and blurted, "What're we waiting for? Take me to him!"

At the mention that there might be a solution, I couldn't wait to meet the wizard.

Fortunately, the wizard was just waiting for me downstairs. As soon as we went downstairs, I saw a man in a large black robe. His hood covered his whole face, and there was a big red fluffy ball on the tip of the hood.

He looked very thin and small from the back.

Honestly, he looked more like a witch than a wizard from my vantage point. But when he turned around and took off his hood, I gasped in surprise. It was none other than Murray, the strange wizard I met in the black market five years ago. He was the one who told me to look for my mother's inheritance book!

Obviously, Murray also recognized me. "Well, well, well. It seems the little girl found the inheritance book and became a powerful black witch."

Chapter 1292

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1292 Kill Beryl (Crystal's POV)

When Murray called me "little girl", I almost choked on my saliva.

Since I was already a mother of two children, it sounded quite strange.

But compared to him, I was much younger. After all, he was over three hundred years old.

Rufus was a little surprised. "You two know each other?"

I nodded. "We met in the black market five years ago."

"She was with a handsome man at that time," Murray cut in. He didn't seem to mean anything by it, but sure enough...

"A handsome man?" As expected, Rufus's expression darkened. "Was it Blair?"

"How'd you know?" I thought he had regained his memory, so my eyes lit up happily.

"Yes, it was Blair! You remember?"

But Rufus's expression only darkened further. He pursed his lips and didn't say anything more. He seemed to be in a bad mood, with obvious grievance in his eyes.

Only then did I realize that Rufus was fishing for answers. What a cunning bastard!

"Well, nothing special happened. Let's stop talking about it. If it weren't for what happened today, I would've forgotten that I even went to the black market with Blair." I quickly changed the topic and winked at Murray. "Let's get down to business. Do you know how to get Noreen's soul out of my daughter's body?"

I figured that Rufus must've explained the situation to Murray beforehand, but unexpectedly, Murray frowned tightly. He tapped his forehead and muttered, "I'm getting old. Let me think. I feel like I've forgotten something."

"How could you forget? Think harder!" I was getting a little anxious. I couldn't tell if Murray had really forgotten or if he was just pretending.

Five years ago, when we were in the black market, I already knew that Murray wouldn't be easy to deal with.

He was very fickle-minded. What if he decided not to help us?

I looked to Rufus for help.

Rufus didn't say anything. Instead, he wordlessly picked up a golden velvet bag from the table and threw it in front of Murray.

Murray's face instantly lit up. He grabbed the bag and eagerly looked inside. Then his face suddenly became serious.

I sighed. He was still the same as before. Back then, we also couldn't get any useful information out of him unless we gave him something expensive in return.

After carefully putting the bag into his pocket, Murray regained his normal composure. "I do have a solution, but I'll only tell the black witch. Alone."

"What? Why?" Rufus protested.

"You'll understand why later. But for now, you can't know about it, or it won't work,"

Murray murmured, stroking his beard like a wise old sage.

"It's okay, Rufus. Just leave us alone." I gently pushed Rufus towards the door. "I'll tell you later."

"Fine."

Rufus left reluctantly.

As soon as the door was shut behind him, Murray said seriously, "I really want to help you, but I'm afraid you won't like my proposed solution."

"Why? As long as it can save my daughter, I'll do anything."

Murray averted his gaze and hesitated. Finally, he locked eyes with me and said slowly, "The only way to get rid of Noreen's soul is to kill Beryl."

"What?! No way!" I clenched my fists anxiously. "How could I kill my own daughter? We're doing this to save Beryl, not kill her!"

Chapter 1293

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1293 The Only Way (Crystal's POV)

"Noreen's soul is occupying Beryl's body, so the real Beryl is practically dead."

Murray told me the cruel truth.

I didn't want to believe it, and my disbelief quickly turned into anger. "Beryl's alive! She's being controlled by Noreen. Can't you see? If we have to kill Beryl to destroy Noreen's soul, we might as well let them live together!"

"Calm down and listen to me." With his hands behind his back, Murray took a deep breath. "When you were unconscious, the Lycan king took me to see Beryl and Noreen's burial place."

I clenched my fists tightly but I didn't say anything, waiting expectantly for him to go on.

"You're the one who killed Noreen. You should know that she was very resentful when she died." As he looked out the window, he squinted against the bright sunlight. "Strictly speaking, Noreen's remnant soul must've been created by her resentment. It shouldn't have been a big deal. The faint remnant soul would've disappeared three years after Noreen's death. But unfortunately for you, you did something wrong."

"What?" I frowned and narrowed my eyes at Murray in confusion.

"You buried Noreen's remains in the wrong place." Murray pointed at the table and wrote down two words: "Forbidden forest".

"What do you mean? Why shouldn't I have buried her in the forbidden forest?" I was even more confused. The reason why I buried Noreen in the forbidden forest was that I thought that its evil influence could suppress Noreen's soul.

Murray rubbed his temples and hissed almost exasperatedly, "Of course you shouldn't have buried her in the forbidden forest. I know what you were thinking, but you should've known that once a certain limit is reached, a change in the opposite direction is inevitable."

I fell silent, recalling how I had buried Noreen's body five years ago.

"The forbidden forest is full of dark and evil things. Although it could've suppressed Noreen's soul, it could also nourish it. Beryl was born a powerful black witch, but that's precisely what made her an easy target for Noreen. Moreover, you and Beryl are related by blood. When your blood seeped into Noreen's grave, it became a medium that gave this wisp of a remnant soul another chance at life."

Murray's words hit me so hard that my ears started to buzz.

"Then... what should we do now? Is killing Beryl really the only way?"

"I'm afraid so. Noreen and Beryl now live as one. If you want to kill Noreen, you'll have to kill Beryl," Murray said firmly.

I couldn't believe my ears. My lips trembled and I could barely speak. "We can just let them live together. I'm not going to kill my own daughter—I just can't." "Listen to what you're saying. Noreen and Beryl might be sharing one body, but one soul will be more dominant than the other." Murray sighed and shook his head helplessly.

I buried my face in my hands and murmured, "No, no. This can't be. Beryl is strong. She won't let Noreen take over! She has even taken back the control of her body for a short while today."

"Yes, exactly. It's only a short while. Sooner or later, Beryl's soul will be exhausted, which will make it easier for Noreen to gain full control of Beryl's body." "Then what should I do? Is there really no other option? I can't let Beryl die! I'm her mother!" I couldn't help but burst into tears. "Beryl is so young. She hasn't seen the world yet. I can't let her die. It's too cruel."

Murray fell silent for a long time. After what felt like an eternity, he asked in a low voice, "Are you going to let Noreen's soul grow stronger? Until one day, Noreen takes complete control of Beryl's body? When that day comes, war will break out between the werewolves and the black witches. Sacrificing Beryl is the only way. If you want to succeed, you can't afford to be softhearted."

Chapter 1294

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1294 The Other Way (Crystal's POV)

I felt the gravity of the situation, but I refused to accept Murray's solution.

"I'm sorry, Murray, but no matter what happens, I can't lose Beryl. I'd rather lock Beryl up for the rest of my life and let her live with Noreen than kill her," I said decisively, wiping the tears from the corner of my eyes.

"Doing so is useless." Murray waved his hand dismissively. "Noreen's soul is much stronger than Beryl's. If things go on like this, it'll only be a matter of time before Beryl's soul completely fades into oblivion." I lowered my head silently. An invisible hand seemed to be squeezing the life out of my heart, rendering me hard to breathe.

"And I just told you that once Noreen takes over Beryl's body completely, she'll absorb Beryl's talent and become even more powerful. It'll be disaster for all life on this world. You've already caught a glimpse of Noreen's ambition. Five years ago, I heard about Noreen's great plan. She wanted to build her own kingdom." Murray shook his head helplessly. When he looked at me, I saw the sadness and sympathy in his eyes.

"When someone's completely devoured by their greed and ambition, they'll stop at nothing to achieve what they want—even if it means destroying countless lives in the process. Noreen has died twice. No one is sure that she can be killed a third time."

I fell into deep thought. No matter what happened, I had already made up my mind.

My daughter had to live.

"I know it's a cruel choice for you to make, but now is the best time to do it. Kill Noreen already before she seizes control of Beryl's body."

“No!” I roared, standing up abruptly. “Beryl is not going to die. You must have other options, or you wouldn’t have wanted to talk to me alone.”

When Murray asked Rufus to go out just now, I sensed that something about his request was strange.

It sounded like Murray had something to hide from Rufus. If this was just about killing Beryl, then there was no need to keep this a secret from Rufus.

Rufus was much calmer than me, and Murray must’ve known that Rufus would take the blow better than me.

Murray suddenly burst into laughter, which trailed off into a long sigh. “I was hoping you’d choose the first option, but I do have another way…”

“I knew it!” My eyes lit up with hope. “What is it?”

“You and Noreen would have to die together,” Murray answered in a low voice.

I didn’t hesitate. “Okay, we’ll go with that. What do I have to do?”

Murray heaved a sigh and sat down to pour himself a cup of tea. “I knew you’d prefer the second option.”

After taking a sip of tea, he took out a scroll from his pocket and handed it to me.

“According to this, drawing a totem with your own blood can temporarily pull Noreen’s soul out of Beryl’s body and into yours.”

I rolled out the scroll and read it aloud. “Let the host’s soul explode. Only in this way can the parasite soul be eliminated.”

“That means both of you will die,” Murray warned me gravely.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. When I opened my eyes again, they were full of clarity. “Okay, let’s do it. But I don’t know how to break the news to Rufus.”

Needless to say, Rufus wouldn't accept this option.

And if Rufus didn't agree, the plan wouldn't be carried out.

Beryl couldn't wait long.

I bit my lip, wondering how I'd tell Rufus.

"Don't worry. My lips are sealed. It's up to you whether you'll tell him or not." Picking up his cup of tea, Murray gave me a meaningful look.

Chapter 1295

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1295 Listless Crystal (Rufus' POV)

After I left Murray alone with Crystal, instead of leaving the palace, I waited at the door.

I felt a little uneasy. How come Murray couldn't let me know his plan?

We had known each other for many years, so we never beat around the bush and always went straight to business. But for some reason, this time around he asked me to stay out.

My intuition told me that something was wrong.

I tried to eavesdrop on their conversation, but the door seemed to have been sealed by magic because I couldn't hear a thing.

I paced back and forth along the corridor, feeling extremely uneasy and irritable.

Damn it! If I had known this would happen, I would've learned witchcraft. Maybe it would've come in useful now.

"Give up, Rufus. You're not a wizard," my wolf, Omar, said coldly.

I snorted. I was stubborn by nature, and the unyielding spirit in my heart was aroused. "How would I know if I don't try? I'm a fast learner. I could easily memorize those spells."

"Wake up, Rufus! You're the Lycan king! If werewolves could learn witchcraft so easily, the wizards and witches would've gone extinct a long time ago. Don't forget that the power of your body conflicts with the power of the witches and wizards. Trying to learn witchcraft will just hurt you."

It took Omar a great deal of effort to convince me that I was being stupid.

I ran my f*ingers through my hair in distress. What was taking Crystal and Murray so long? Why hadn't they come out yet?

Just as I raised my knuckles to knock on the door, it was suddenly opened from the inside.

When my eyes met Crystal's, I saw nothing but gloom and desolation in them.

Standing behind her was a smiling Murray, as if nothing had happened.

"So what happened? What did you two talk about?" I had a bad feeling about this, so I asked Murray with a frown.

Murray smiled at me awkwardly and walked past Crystal hastily. "Don't ask me! Ask your wife."

Then he ran down the corridor as fast as he could, disappearing around the corner.

I didn't have the time to run after him, so I turned to look at Crystal and took her hand. "Sweetie, does that old geezer have a solution?"

Crystal slowly raised her head to look at me with her bright eyes. At this moment, they shone with tears, and her voice was thick with emotion. "Murray... He said that the only way to get rid of Noreen is to kill Beryl."

My heart sank. I refused to accept this. But I put my messy emotions aside and comforted Crystal. "Don't listen to his nonsense. He's not that good a wizard."

Crystal pursed her l*ips tightly and didn't say anything more. It was very obvious that she was depressed.

Seeing her like this made my heart ache. “Don’t worry. I’ll seek counsel from other wizards. We’ll find a way, honey. Beryl will be safe and sound, and we’ll finally be a happy family of four.”

Beryl was my child, too. As her father, it was my responsibility to protect her.

And as Crystal’s mate, I never wanted her to shed tears again.

There had to be another way to deal with Noreen. After all, Noreen wasn’t a god; she was still mortal and afraid of death.

“We can only lock Beryl up for now. The guards will keep an eye on her all the time.” Crystal nodded dejectedly. “I want to see her. I don’t know if the sleep spell I cast on her is still working.”

“When Murray went to see Beryl earlier, he cast an even stronger spell on her. Don’t worry.” Seeing Crystal so haggard made me feel bad. I pulled her into a warm embrace and said softly into her hair, “I’m right here, baby. I’ll protect you and the kids, I promise. I won’t let any of you get hurt.”

Crystal rested her head on my chest and said softly, “Rufus, I’m tired. Can we go back to our room? I want to get some rest.”

I lowered my head, kissed her forehead, and gently scooped her into my arms.

“Okay, I’ll take you back to our room.”

Chapter 1296

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1296 The Calm Before The Storm (Rufus' POV)

It was getting dark, so I asked the servants to prepare dinner.

My mother had already risen and gone to her own palace to get a proper rest, while my son was under the watchful eye of my most trusted comrades. All that was left for me to do was to take care of Crystal.

She was currently sitting in the huge lounge chair, her eyes closed as she enjoyed the massage I was giving her.

"Would you like a strawberry?" I asked softly, unable to keep myself from stroking her hair. "It's sweet."

Crystal opened one eye and held out her palm to me.

Smiling, I picked up the reddest, most plump strawberry from the platter the servant had just brought it, and handed it to her.

Crystal simply took one bite at the tip of the fruit, then fed the rest to me.

"Hey. How dare you feed me your leftovers?" I teased, pinching her cheek, even as I chewed and swallowed the strawberry.

Crystal flashed me a dazzling smile before throwing herself in my arms. "What do you mean leftovers? We shared a strawberry. It's what lovers do!"

I felt myself relax at the sight of her joyous face. "I suppose I am thankful that my dearest wife was willing to share something with me."

Crystal pulled back a little and huffed at me, her breath fanning my face. "Who are you calling your wife?"

I raised an eyebrow and c*ocked my head to the side. “Well, you did respond to the title.”

She snorted and rolled her eyes. “Have some shame!”

“If I had any shame, I wouldn’t have scored myself a wife. I’m quite proud of my shamelessness, as it helped me win over such a beautiful and intelligent wife with a great sense of humor!”

Crystal burst out laughing. She shot me a wry look and clicked her tongue.

“I mean it.” I cupped her face and drew close until our noses t*ouched.

Her cheeks turned warm against my palms, and her bright smile stayed well into dinner.

Crystal had a huge appetite during the meal, as if nothing consequential had happened. She finished a large helping of spaghetti without incident.

“Why are you so docile all of a sudden?” I couldn’t help but ask. “You’re not planning something wicked, are you?”

Crystal looked up, looking rather stunned at my words. Then she narrowed her eyes in mock anger. “Is that how you perceive me? Fine, then. I’ll go to bed now.”

“I’m kidding! You haven’t been eating well lately. I’m just glad you enjoyed dinner.” I scooped her up in my arms and carried her over to the bed. “Why don’t I tell you a bedtime story?”

Crystal snorted and rolled her eyes. “No, thanks. I’m not a child.” She tucked herself under the covers and patted the empty space beside her. “Come on,” she practically crooned at me. “Sleep with me for a little bit.”

“I’m not sleepy. And I still need to look for other wizards. Go ahead and sleep.” I sat on the edge of the bed and took her hand, lacing her f*ingers with mine. “I’ll leave once you’re asleep.”

“Okay.” Crystal closed her eyes.

Her breathing gradually slowed into an even rhythm. I extracted my hand and quietly got up. Just as I was about to take a step toward the door, I felt a tug at the hem of my shirt.

I turned to find Crystal staring at me, wide awake.

“Can’t sleep?” I smiled.

Thinking that she might be feeling ill again, I plopped back on the bed and reached out to feel her forehead.

The next thing I knew, Crystal was pulling me down by my nape, and I was met with a hot, passionate k*iss.

My heart thundered inside my chest as I instinctively returned her fervor.

I felt my shirt being pushed up, past my abdomen, and a warm little palm slowly stroked my back.

The heat between us grew. We never broke the k*iss.

I understood the message Crystal was trying to send across. In the past, whenever she took the initiative to t*ouch me, it always led to long hours of wild s*ex.

And I would be a fool and a liar if I said that I didn’t enjoy it.

But today was different. I had no intention of going any farther than the k*iss. I grabbed her wrists and pulled back. Then, I opened my m*outh and called her by her real name. “Sylvia.”

Chapter 1297

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1297 Coming Clean (Crystal's POV)

Hearing Rufus call me Sylvia again made me tremble subconsciously. I looked at him in surprise and stammered in a daze, "Y- you..."

Rufus seemed to know what I was thinking. He lowered his head and planted a gentle k*iss on my l*ips, whispering, "No, I haven't regained my memory. Don't be surprised."

"Then how come you suddenly called me Sylvia?" I locked eyes with him seriously and wrapped my arms around his n*eck, pulling his face closer to mine.

Rufus reached out and rubbed my nose. "Because I thought that it would bring me closer to your heart."

After k*issing me again, he suddenly asked in a low voice, "So, are you hiding something from me?"

My heart leaped to my throat and I quickly lowered my head and looked away, afraid I'd reveal my true emotions.

Rufus was a lot more sensitive than before. He could easily see right through me without my saying or doing anything.

Was this normal between mates?

"We promised each other that we wouldn't hide anything from each other —that we'd face everything together, remember?" Rufus raised my chin almost aggressively, looking deeply into my eyes.

I felt so conflicted. Part of me wanted to throw myself into his arms and cry out the truth, while the other part of me wanted to keep it from him. In the end, I finally said, "Murray told me another solution. We can force Noreen's soul into my body since we share a bloodline. It's not difficult to do it."

"Is that dangerous? Will that put you in harm's way?"

Rufus's words hit the nail on the head. He was so smart that he realized the underlying meaning in my words immediately.

"If we decide to do that, Noreen will possess your body. How's that any different from your previous proposal?" Rufus became serious and even a little angry. He pulled me closer and said protectively, "I won't allow Noreen to possess your body. If anything happens to you, I'll go mad."

I was already expecting such a violent reaction from Rufus, but I still tried my best to persuade him.

"Rufus, calm down and listen to me. Forcing Noreen's soul into my body is different from letting Noreen possess me directly. The former will weaken Noreen's soul. And my soul must be a lot stronger than Noreen's remnant soul, so I'm confident I can handle her. Besides, I've killed Noreen before, and I can do it again." As I spoke, I carefully observed Rufus' reaction. His expression didn't soften at all, which made me feel a little frustrated.

But I refused to give up and continued to try to change his mind. "Trust me, Rufus. I can control Noreen's remnant soul and lock her inside my body forever."

"Then why didn't you just tell me that from the start?" Rufus asked, narrowing his eyes at me in suspicion.

I paused and then forced a smile. "Because I was afraid that you wouldn't let me do it. After all, I can't guarantee that things will go according to plan."

Rufus fell silent and fixed his eyes on my face, trying to gauge whether I was lying or not.

I felt extremely nervous, but I didn't dare to look away lest he think I was guilty.

"Look, I'm telling you about it now, right? Why are you so angry?" I pouted and complained deliberately, trying to shift the blame to him.

Only then did Rufus' expression soften. He lowered his head and rested his forehead against mine. "I'm not angry. I'm just... scared," he said softly.

"Everything will be okay, Rufus. Just trust me." I pinched his waist and pouted, trying to act like a cute, spoiled child.

But Rufus didn't say anything. He seemed to be in deep thought.

Seeing this, I was secretly delighted. As long as he was willing to consider the idea, it meant that he half-believed me.

Rufus knew me well, so I had no choice but to tell him a half-truth. That way, he would think that I had come clean.

Chapter 1298

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1298 He Agreed (Crystal's POV)

The silence sent my heart racing. I held my breath and thought about whether I should say something to make my lie even more convincing.

Fortunately, Rufus was quick to break the silence.

He sighed as if he had compromised. "Can't we do something like forcing Noreen's soul into my body? Why must it be you? Noreen's very cunning, and I fear she'll hurt you."

I shook my head and said seriously, "No. Only someone who's related by blood or at least in the same bloodline as the black witch can. Only Beryl and I fit those requirements."

A sour expression glistened in Rufus' eyes, yet he managed to joke, "For the first time, I wish I were a wizard."

"And you have to be a woman, too," I added under my breath.

I knew Rufus wanted to take risks for me, but neither of us had a choice. There was a restriction that he couldn't pass by. But even if he could, I would not allow him to die for me.

Rufus was the king of the werewolves and shouldered a heavy responsibility. The burdens he carried were not something to be taken lightly; he shouldn't be the one to take the risk this time.

"Crystal, do you have any idea how awful I feel right now? I don't think you can even fathom how much I love you. I become restless every single moment I think you'd be put in danger." There was gloom in his tone and complex emotions were brewing in

his eyes. "You can't guarantee that you'll be fine. Even if there's a ninety-nine percent chance of success, I wouldn't want to take the bet."

I felt a tug in my heart. I reached for him and gave him a hug. "I'm sorry, Rufus, but we have to take this risk for Beryl's sake."

Every time I close my eyes, I can hear her crying. It kills me to know that something could happen to her any minute now. Although it is just Noreen's remnant soul, it is hard for Beryl to beat it. Beryl is just a child. She can't overcome what she's going through alone."

"I get it. Beryl is also my child. I love her as much as you do." Rufus's voice came out muffled. "You're right. I know your strength best. I should know it would not be a problem for you to deal with a remnant soul. It is worth trying, but I have a request."

"What?"

Rufus stared at me. "I have to be there when you do that. I can't be calm unless I see with my own eyes that you're fine. I'm afraid that something unexpected will happen."

I replied briskly, "Okay. I need you there anyway. I'll feel uneasy otherwise."

Rufus sighed with satisfaction. He fl*icked my forehead and warned again, "Don't try to hide anything from me. If you ever do that again, I'll lock you up. That way, you can't go anywhere."

"Alright! I promise to never lie to you again, or my nose will grow longer, okay?" I leaned over and k*issed him on the cheek. At the same time, relief washed over me. It was a good thing that Rufus agreed.

Still, I could not shake off the guilt I was feeling. I felt sorry for Rufus. I promised this would be the last time I lied to him. Tomorrow I would use witchcraft to perish together with Noreen. Not only could Beryl be saved this way, but the black thorn on his back would also dissipate with my death.

There was no doubt in me that Rufus could take good care of our children. And for the sake of our children, he must live well even without me. He had to be there for them, filling in the hole I would be leaving in their lives. This time it would be completely over, and everyone would be happy at last.

I should have done this five years ago, but nothing was ever too late for change to happen.

Words couldn't express how much I loved Rufus. I just hoped that he would be safe and happy for the rest of his life.

Chapter 1299

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1299 The Last Night (Crystal's POV)

I k*issed Rufus passionately, wanting him to stay.

When we pulled apart, he gasped and softly asked, "Is this what you want?"

"Yes, I'm very restless and want to do something else to blow off some steam."

Then, I k*issed Rufus again. My f*ingers curled around his waistband and I clicked open his belt buckle.

I knew this would be the last night Rufus and I spent together. After making love, I would cast a sleeping spell on him while his guard was still down.

Then I planned to go and see Arron one last time.

While I was running down my ploy in my mind, I was seducing Rufus.

Rufus quickly took charge of the situation. We lay under the light. Rufus was on top of me as I moaned.

He kneaded my b*reasts and sucked on my n*ipples alternately. His tongue was dexterous and one fl*ick from its tip made me shudder.

I lifted my h*ips to rub against his crotch. My pussy was already w*et and craving his t*ouch.

I urgently lifted my legs and hooked them around his waist, reaching out to pull off his shirt. He was dressed in a pristine white shirt, the top buttons now open to reveal his s*exy collarbones. This only added to the thrill.

Rufus curled his l*ips, got to his feet, and got rid of his underwear. His large c*ock was already erect and bobbing as he slid his f*ingers into my w*et pussy, stroking it

before rubbing my arousal on his shaft. He then lined up his c*ock with my opening and firmly thrust into me.

“Ah...” I arched my back in p*leasure.

His huge d*ick easily slid into my pussy. Rufus’ gaze was riveted to the point where our bodies joined, his eyes deep and dark. His huge c*ock stretched my vagina to its limit, and each thrust made a w*et sound.

Rufus wrapped one arm around my waist and started thrusting fiercely.

His c*ock hit every sensitive spot inside me. My legs tightened around his waist as I moaned and groaned in p*leasure.

Rufus placed one hand on my flat belly, seemingly able to feel his d*ick moving in and out of my body.

“Babe, will it go into the womb?”

“It’s... It’s too much... Ah...” Rufus’ d*ick was so thick and long that I was afraid I would get hurt.

“I guess you’re very happy now.” Rufus thrust deep with each word.

After a few dozen strokes, he flipped me over, so that my back was facing him.

He lifted my h*ips and plunged into me from behind.

After a while, I felt a slight stinging sensation in my ass, but it was also very pleasurable.

I pressed my upper body into the pillow. My b*reasts were flat against the surface, and every thrust caused friction between them and the pillowcase, leaving me with mixed sensations of itchy pain and p*leasure.

Rufus was breathing heavily. He folded back one of my legs and continued plunging into me without a break.

His rhythm made me rock back and forth.

He extended his f*ingers and snaked them toward my pussy again. He gently massaged my clit, making me moan continuously.

The bed sheet gradually became w*et from sweat and my arousal.

“Ah... Slow down...”

“Sorry, I can’t, baby...”

Rufus’ f*ingers tightly gripped my waist and he vigorously propelled into me, reaching deep inside me. Every movement conveyed his love. As I watched the desire on his face, I couldn’t help but k*iss his eyelids and try my best to please him.

Rufus went deep and gently pulled out every time, rubbing my sensitive opening with his c*ock. It didn’t take me long to reach my climax.

Vague groans escaped my l*ips and echoed in the spacious bedroom.

Our arousal kept flowing out of the point where our bodies were joined, making our body hair w*et. His huge d*ick overbearingly slid in and out of my pussy, and the sound of his balls slapping against my skin excited me.

My toes curled, my legs quivered, and my body was nearly unable to support itself.

Rufus grabbed my ankles, flipped me over, and spread my legs in an “M” shape. He held on to my waist and continued plunging into me, bringing my body closer to him with every thrust.

“I can’t take it anymore...”

I cried out and shouted Rufus' name. Rufus seemed to sense that I was about to come, so he increased his pace, thrusting deeper inside me.

Feeling wild, he lowered his head and l*icked my earlobe.

After dozens of strokes, he let out a low growl and spilled his seed inside me.

I weakly clung to his body, still lost in the afterglow of my climax.

Rufus also leaned against my shoulder, gasping for breath.

Chapter 1300

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Chapter 1300 The Plan Might Fail (Crystal's POV)

My knuckles were white as paper as I tightened my grip on the washbasin in the bathroom. I was slowly losing my strength, and luckily, the washbasin was there to keep me on my toes.

Our reflections were nearly apparent in the misty mirror. Both of Rufus' hands were pressed against my waist.

With my m*outh slightly parted and mind clouded, I could feel my cheeks burning as I was engrossed in the p*leasure Rufus brought.

My upper body subconsciously arched before falling flat on my back with each of his thrusts. With every surge of p*leasure running down my spine, I could hear moans escaping from my throat.

"Mmm..." Rufus' f*ingers left feathery trails on my back, increasing in pressure as they went down. While I was lost in the sensation he was giving me, his f*ingers stopped at a sensitive part of my body, causing me to jolt and snapping me back from the wave of p*leasure. I could feel something in my abdomen tightening in a knot, my walls tensing around his shaft.

Taken by the sudden pressure around his manhood, Rufus groaned softly and caressed my behind. "Relax."

I moved my h*ips slightly and subtly whined amid my groans. "It hurts..."

Rufus lowered his head and planted small k*isses on my back as he soothingly said, "Sorry."

I glared at him through the mirror and scoffed.

Rufus lifted my upper body and pressed my back against his hard chest, kneading my b*reasts and k*issing my n*eck. “Honey, you’re holding me too tightly.”

As if to taunt him, I deliberately clenched my legs together and squeezed his buddy down there even tighter. I clenched my walls around his c*ock one more time, and with his low growl against my n*eck, he planted his seeds inside me again.

The adrenaline that rushed through me squeezed out a loud cry from my l*ips. “Goodness...”

I could see Rufus furrowing his brows from his reflection on the mirror as he withdrew his shaft. My juice gushed out of my canal and flowed down my t*highs.

My legs lost all their strength, and I could barely stand. I collapsed, but before I could fall on the bathroom floor, Rufus was quick to catch me before gently placing me in the bathtub.

Not fully recovered yet, I felt my legs open slightly, my juice still dripping out.

The storm of desire in Rufus’ eyes had not dissipated. His hand found its way up my drenched honeypot, fiddled with my juice, and then inserted two f*ingers in without difficulty.

“Ah...” I sought support on both sides of the bathtub as I felt my body slowly slipping down as Rufus’ f*ingers explored deeper. I was so riveted by the tension that was slowly building inside me that I raised my head high and moaned. “So good...”

The corner of Rufus’s m*outh lifted slightly, and his f*ingers slowly moved. He pressed my clit gently, making me moan gently. “God...”

I shifted my gaze and saw Rufus’ f*ingers plunging in and out of my pussy. My walls were already w*et with my orgasm, yet my whole body ached for more. “Mmm... Faster...”

Rufus was a slave to my words, and he heeded eagerly. Every time his f*ingers thrust in, I could feel my soft flesh sucking and wrapping around them, as if not wanting to let them go.

Without notice, Rufus pulled out his f*ingers, lifted my waist, and pressed me against the bathtub. He opened my legs and positioned them on both sides of the bathtub. Then he clasped his manhood and heavily thrust into my pussy.

I couldn't bear the invasion, so I slid backward. "Be... Gentle..."

Rufus lowered his head and bit my collarbone together with another thrust. "You'll love it soon enough."

I reached for him to give him a hug, but he held my hands and lifted them over my head. I had no choice but to move my waist and beg, "Hug me. Hug me... Mmm..." Rufus bent over and gave me a k*iss, then began to thrust into me as if his life depended on it.

I couldn't bear the p*leasure that was surging through me, and haziness misted my eyes. My consciousness was slowly slipping as euphoria took over, yet I could clearly hear the sound of our bodies becoming one.

He pressed his hands against my pelvis, and my waist and abdomen arched up, leaving my lower body suspended and more closely connected to Rufus' body.

Rufus thrust harder and deeper, and a lump visibly protruded from my flat belly every time.

I felt my body trembling as if I were on a bumpy ride, and I begged for mercy with a moan. "Softer... Ah... Gentler..."

The faucet in the bathtub was turned on and water gradually submerged us, as if to douse our heated bodies.

The water was already knee-deep for Rufus, but he didn't change his posture. He k*issed me passionately, blocking my moans, and water splashed on my body with every thrust, flowing down my abdomen and washing away the juice between my legs.

The cold t*ouch of the water against my skin made my lower abdomen tremble uncontrollably, and my pussy squeezed Rufus' d*ick, stimulating a sudden bloating sensation.

He gently bit my tongue and stopped thrusting. "Don't do that."

"Mmm... Mmm..."

It was an impulse and my pussy kept narrowing. I moaned and tried to push him away, but I was too weak. The deadly p*leasure almost suffocated me as I struggled to come down from the high.

Taking advantage of the buoyancy and friction of the water, Rufus fiercely held my waist and thrust quickly. My body swayed in the water crazily, and my juice blended together with the water.

I couldn't bear it anymore and begged in a low voice, "You're too heavy... Ah... Slow down... Ahh—"

Rufus entangled his tongue with mine, blocking my words. "Honey, honey."

I wrapped my arms around his n*eck and lifted my body off the water. "Rufus... It's so cold..."

Rufus suddenly stopped and k*issed away the water droplets on my shoulders and n*eck. "Hold onto me."

The water was completely overflowing in the bathtub. It was cold, and I was starting to shiver.

Rufus' lips found my lips and planted a kiss. He lifted my waist before carrying me out of the bathtub. The water flowed down from our bodies. I held onto him like a koala lest I would fall from his arms.

Rufus' body was oozing with warmth. As a reward, I vaulted my body and offered my breast to his mouth.

This time, Rufus was fiercer than ever. We left traces of our lovemaking in every corner. He didn't let me go until I fainted out of exhaustion.

He held me and washed my body clean, then coaxed me to sleep with his soft voice.

In a daze, I remembered I needed to put the sleeping spell on Rufus, but I was so giddy that I couldn't even keep my eyes open.

It shouldn't be like this. I had always been in good physical condition. No matter how intense the sex was, it was not enough to wear me out. I couldn't tell what was wrong, but I had no time to think about it anymore. I gradually lost consciousness and did not fight the sleepiness.