

# Chapter 1311

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1311 Battle Of Life And Death

“Don’t be impulsive, Hubson. Maybe there’s another way,” I said cautiously.

Hubson laughed wildly as though he had heard the funniest joke on earth. “Are you kidding me? Just give the child to me. Otherwise, everyone will suffer tonight.”

“No way. I won’t let you kill my daughter,” I said decisively, clenching my fists tightly. “Okay, then there’s nothing to talk about.” Hubson was done talking. He suddenly raised his hand and snapped his f\*ingers. A vampire, who had been hiding in the darkness, suddenly emerged from the shadows and rushed towards Rufus at an incredible speed.

My heart skipped a beat. Without thinking, I rushed to stop him, but I was too late; the vampire activated his power and disappeared with Rufus.

“Where the hell did they go?” I questioned Hubson fiercely. It took all my willpower not to tear him to pieces at this moment.

Hubson’s wrinkled face looked surprisingly relaxed. “Don’t worry. Rufus is the Lycan king. A regular vampire can’t hurt him. I just had him transported to another dimension since he’s so troublesome. You, on the other hand, should worry about yourself.”

I didn’t understand what he meant until he suddenly pulled off his heavy black cloak. Underneath, he was wearing a white shirt and white pants over his thin, emaciated body. It was almost as though his bones would crack at the slightest shove.

The light in the room started to fl\*icker. A fierce wind blew, forcing the window open with a bang, and whipping my hair back chaotically.

Then I saw that Hubson's white clothes slowly turned red and the pungent, metallic smell of blood filled the air.

Soon, Hubson's white suit seemed to have been dipped and soaked in blood. Such a sight made my hair stand on end.

Blood dripped from his body, forming a small pool of red liquid at his feet.

Noreen shouted wildly, "Run! This son of a b\*itch is crazy! How dare he activate his power here?"

My heart tightened in my chest. Finally, I understood what Hubson meant just now. Activating his power while he was under the influence of the Black Death Curse was akin to suicide.

I wanted to grab Beryl and take her someplace else, but it was too late. The blood on the floor quickly turned into runes and spread in my direction.

I had no choice but to retreat to the window, but there was nowhere to run. The runes crawled up my body, transforming into blood-colored ropes that restrained my arms and legs. I tried to turn into a wolf to escape, but it was futile.

Noreen turned to me and shouted desperately, "Use your damned witchcraft!

You're a witch for crying out loud! Shame on you! You can't even beat such a loser!" Perhaps the word "loser" angered Hubson, because he suddenly turned around and shouted, "Shut up, b\*itch! You'll be dead soon enough. Don't get too c\*ocky!"

"You shut up, you bastard! Even if you kill me now, I'll always find a way to resurrect!" Using Beryl's voice, Noreen roared at Hubson hysterically.

"Then let's die together. Even if I die today, I'll drag you down with me! I'll torture you in the afterlife!"

The two ancient entities, who were both hundreds of years old, began to quarrel like children.

I was exhausted and couldn't struggle anymore. The scent of blood in the room grew stronger and stronger, suffocating me.

Then, I noticed another golden rune forming on the floor. It was also made of blood, but I recognized it—it was the same rune I had seen the vampire with the skull head use at the amusement park.

## Chapter 1312

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Chapter 1312 In Great Pain

“Idiot! I told you to run away, but you’re just standing there, frozen!” Noreen’s eyes were close to jumping out of their sockets. Her voice grew sharp with anger as she glared at me. “It’s over now. You were hit by Hubson’s power. You’ll become his puppet in no time.”

“Why do you talk so much? Can’t you just shut up?” I snapped at Noreen. At a time like this, if she couldn’t help, she should at least not make anything more difficult than it already was! Had she not gotten on Hubson’s nerves, things wouldn’t have turned out like this.

At least I could have bought us some time. But no. She chose not to do anything pleasant.

The ropes on my body tightened a little, and the familiar sense of pressure surged up again. It was slowly becoming clear to me now that the vampire from the amusement park was related to Hubson in some way. Why else would the powers of two vampires be so similar?

As far as I knew, similar powers were only bestowed to vampires of the same family or bloodline, only differing in strength.

I concocted a spell with my f\*ingers, attempting to break Hubson’s restraints, as stealthy as I could undertake. However, it seemed the power within me had evanesced into thin air, leaving me with nothing but helplessness.

“Hubson, we were once partners after all. Within the past five years when I was the Alpha at the border, I haven’t hurt anyone in your family, have I? Are we just going to throw that all away?” I tried to convince Hubson to stop, since I failed at my attempt

to break free from the ropes. Honestly speaking, among all the vampires I knew, Hubson was relatively the most reasonable and still maintained a bit of gentlemanly demeanor.

Hubson burst into laughter. He raised his withered arm and threw a sneer at me.

“Cut the crap. I’m close to dying. Trading the peace of the two races for my life? It doesn’t sound half bad to me.”

Well, one thing that could be learned from this was to never try to reason with someone who only wanted to survive. Black Death Curse had exhausted Hubson’s education and morality.

I could clearly feel the restraints on my body gradually tightening again after Hubson spat those words. I could feel my bones and meridians being intensely compressed. If it went on like this, it would not be surprising if I exploded and died. But I was not one who easily gave up. The suffocating feeling was killing me, but when I thought about Beryl, the pain was something I could ignore.

Just as I was about to be out of breath, the restraint vanished altogether. The golden runes on the surface of my body seemed to come alive, like tiny insects moving, and slowly burrowed into my skin, permeating my meridians. Soon as they entered, they disappeared like they were never even there.

“Go and hand over that kid to me.”

Hubson’s voice resonated from the depths of my mind. His voice was vague as if it came from an abyss, and could barely even be heard. I was certain that Hubson didn’t open his m\*outh to speak, but I heard his voice.

I didn’t want to obey that order, but my body began to act on its own accord, completely ignoring my own willingness. Subconsciously, I felt anxious, and in the blink of an eye, I found myself standing by the bed.

Noreen, who was in Beryl's body, looked up at me in a daze. I, too, was in utter disbelief by what was happening. Soon, she snapped out of her trance, realizing in what position she was, and threw words she thought would be useful in keeping me from obeying Hubson. "Get away! Are you going to hand over your daughter just like that, idiot?"

In Noreen's eyes glinted something that I could pinpoint as fear. She curled up, and I could make out how she trembled. She then resorted to changing her voice and mimicked my child's and cried out, "Mommy, don't give me to the bad guy. I don't want to be in pain. He'll surely just torture me. Your baby will die!"

My heart was torn apart with anguish. How could I bear to hand Beryl over? It was hard for me, a mother, to put my child's life in danger. But my body was not my own right now; my hand involuntarily reached for the chains.

Noreen cried in despair. Even I couldn't tell whether it was Noreen or Beryl who was crying.

A searing pain surged through my mind as Beryl's voice intensely stimulated my nerves. I covered my ears in agony, my face crumpling, showing signs of struggle.

At this time, Hubson's surprised voice came. "You still have your consciousness?"

## Chapter 1313

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Chapter 1313 Protecting My Kid

I swiveled my head as Hubson's voice echoed in the room. My muscles tensed uncomfortably.

"Damn it!" Hubson cursed, his gruff voice accentuating his bloodied appearance. He bore an even more ghastly visage than before. The realization dawned upon him that the situation was dire, prompting a commanding order, "Seize that child!"

Two vampires emerged from the shadows and sprang forward, hurtling toward the bed.

My mind snapped with tension as they drew closer to Beryl's fragile form. Without hesitation, I seized them and hurled them away.

Beryl's safety was paramount; this thought swirled in my mind. I understood that any harm befalling her would bring me unbearable anguish. As a mother, I could not bear the thought of failing to protect my own flesh and blood.

Hubson stared at me in utter disbelief, his eyes wide with shock. "How can this be? Even if you still possess consciousness, you should never have broken free from my control!"

I yearned to sneer at him to assert my defiance, but his influence still held sway over me. My facial muscles strained, as I struggled to maintain composure, but all I could muster was a forced smile.

"That's impossible!" Hubson's sanity seemed to slip further, his eyes darting around as he muttered to himself, "It must be a deception. I am a pure-blooded vampire, and no one can resist the power generated by my blood. How can this be?"

Noreen erupted into scornful laughter. "You old bastard," she cackled. "Stop struggling! Do not dare to challenge the unwavering strength of a mother's love. You shall never comprehend the depths she would plunge to keep her child safe."

Hubson seethed with rage, consumed by the humiliation. His voice boomed as he ordered his men to take Beryl away again.

In the blink of an eye, the restraints binding me weakened, granting me control over my own body. I wrung my f\*ingers silently.

Without mercy, I engaged in a brutal fight against the encroaching vampires.

Noreen's overconfidence resurfaced. "I've said it before. Hubson, you are no match for her. She's a potent blend of witch and werewolf, possessing both formidable magical prowess and a savage wolf's strength. How do the likes of you vampires expect to stand against her? You're nothing but losers."

I grumbled with irritation at Noreen. She proved to be an incessant annoyance. Couldn't she simply keep her m\*outh shut? Did she not understand the danger of provoking enemies during a battle? It would only unleash their potential.

As expected, the vampires lurking in the shadows sprang into action, fueled by Noreen's words. With no alternative, I seized the opportunity to launch an offensive, my actions swift and relentless as I struck at Hubson's vulnerable spots.

If Hubson perished, all would be resolved.

Caught off guard, Hubson was unable to regain his footing.

During the lull, he tapped into his special power again. The room pulsated with surging blood, transforming into intricate golden runes that surged into my body.

An agonized cry escaped my l\*ips as my internal organs were ravaged. A distant voice echoed in my mind, commanding, "Kill Noreen!"



My body froze, while my mind exploded like a symphony of dazzling fireworks. Sweat pooled on my skin.

No! I refused to let anything happen to Beryl.

An unwavering resolve surged within me despite the excruciating pain coursing through my entire being, as if a colossal vehicle had collided with me, twisting and reshaping my body. My flesh, stripped and vulnerable, began to seep drops of scarlet. Through relentless struggle, I finally wrested free from Hubson's control.

"How could this be?" Hubson cried once again, erupting into a rage.

And only then did I realize that the shimmering golden runes had been forcefully expelled from my body.

Yet, another set of runes appeared in their place.

Incensed, Hubson bellowed, "That son of a b\*tch! You've been embraced by him!"

## Chapter 1314

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1314 Bloodline Theory

Hubson suddenly roared hysterically, which startled me. I had never seen him lose control like this before.

And the person he was talking about piqued my curiosity.

He seemed to be talking about someone related to him by blood...

Suddenly, I recalled the skull-headed vampire, Lee, from the amusement park. Could Hubson be talking about him?

After I thought about it carefully, I figured my guess was right. He was the only vampire who had come into close contact with me; not only did he spill his tainted blood on me, but he even used my body for experiments in an attempt to take control of me.

And perhaps most importantly, the runes he drew were the same as Hubson's. It seemed that Lee had a similar power to Hubson, although the latter was much more powerful.

Lee had bitten me and sucked my blood. I was on the verge of being turned, but fortunately, Rufus saved me in time. Otherwise, I'd probably be the lowest-ranking slave of the vampires by now.

I still shuddered at the thought of three different forces raging inside of me.

It had turned me into a stupid girl who did some foolish things, albeit briefly.

Was it because Lee bit me that I was able to resist Hubson's powers? Otherwise, why was Hubson so angry?

I sneered in secret. It seemed that some good came out of my previous suffering.

Hubson was still losing his mind, refusing to accept reality as though it was too humiliating. He buried his head in his hands and roared, "A worthless half-blood loser! How dare he possess my bloodline? I should've strangled him the day he was born!"

Noreen broke into a smirk and began to gloat. "What's wrong with having mixed blood? It's so much stronger than pure blood."

"Shut up, Noreen! Mixed blood is the greatest shame for any family! Mixed-bloods are the lowest of the low. They don't have the right to call themselves vampires!"

Even until now, Hubson still acted lofty and elitist, believing that a pure lineage was superior to everything else.

"Those mixed-blood bastards are just as bad as rats in a godforsaken sewer. To be alive is already a privilege for garbage like them. Yet he actually thought he could restrain me with my own bloodline? How foolish!" Hubson was practically delirious at this point, saliva spewing as he shouted. I didn't fully understand what he said, but I could guess that Lee was his illegitimate child and that only a few people knew about it.

"He has been hiding all these years! This whole time, I thought he had already died at the hands of a pureblood. I never thought he'd do this!"

Even the arrogant Noreen couldn't stand his ramblings anymore. "Enough with the pureblood supremacy. You only have yourself to blame for not controlling your dirty desires! You old bastard, you've lived for hundreds of years yet you're still so narrow-minded. It's ridiculous!"

"You know nothing, you old hag! My family has suffered a lot thanks to those bastard hybrids. I swear I'll capture that son of a b\*tch! I'll f\*ucking crucify him!" Hubson roared like a madman.

Noreen rolled her eyes and chuckled arrogantly. "Hubson, you haven't changed at all. You're still so stubborn and ridiculous."

Even I had to admit that Noreen was right; Hubson was being ridiculous. It turned out that vampires placed even more importance on a pure lineage than werewolves. Their strict hierarchical system had likely caused the demise of many vampires.

And it was likely because of this that the vampire community had always suffered from internal strife, with constant conflicts among various clans. Thus, despite the vampires occupying large territories, their population only dwindled.

I had no interest in listening to Hubson's nonsense any longer. Taking advantage of his loss of composure, I quietly activated the power within me and struck him while he was distracted.

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## Chapter 1315

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Chapter 1315 The Final Blow

Having been caught off-guard, Hubson wasn't able to dodge my attack in time. He coughed and spat out a mouthful of blood. "How dare you—!" he roared.

I snorted in response. "You talk too much!"

The vampires lurking in the dark saw what happened and instantly swarmed towards me, unleashing various powers upon me.

Fortunately, I turned into a wolf and quickly dodged their attacks in time. The werewolf soldiers guarding outside also joined the fight.

The whole palace turned into hell on earth. The pungent smell of blood filled the air and pained cries echoed everywhere.

But I didn't have the time to care about that. I was too focused on attacking Hubson, delivering deadly blows to prevent him from getting close to Beryl.

Despite how hard I fought, Hubson refused to back down. He raised his hands above his head and summoned more blood, transforming it into thorny whips that lashed at me.

The old vampire had gone mad. His desperation made him rash, and his sudden ruthlessness caught me off guard.

My body twisted in pain with each lash of the thorny whip. I felt as though I was being burned alive, reminiscent of the time when Lee splattered me with his dirty blood at the amusement park.



I wasn't afraid of death, but I couldn't help but fear unbearable pain. I didn't want to experience such a thing again.

But for Beryl's sake, I was willing to sacrifice anything—even if it meant turning my flesh into ashes.

I knew that the second Hubson had a hold of Beryl, he'd kill her without hesitation.

Just then, I heard the shrill shriek of a child. "Mommy, help! A bad guy's trying to bite me!"

I turned my head and saw that a blonde vampire had somehow approached Beryl's side without anyone noticing, his fangs bared and ready to strike in the next second.

At that moment, I didn't give a damn about anything else. I threw myself onto Beryl's body and grabbed the vampire's jaw with one hand. With a sudden twist, I heard the sickening sound of bones cracking. The vampire shrieked in pain, tears streaming down his face and dribbling down his now dislocated jaw.

I sneered and tossed him aside ruthlessly. "Good job, Sylvia! That's it. You'd better protect me. Don't let Hubson get to me, or else Beryl will also die. You don't want to let her die, do you?" Noreen reverted to her voice. Now I knew that she had only used Beryl's voice to take advantage of me again.

But I had no choice but to set aside my hatred for her and do as she said. Ignoring Noreen's bulls\*hit, I focused my attention on Hubson. The thorny whips he made had become thicker and heavier, striking me relentlessly. Although there were no visible wounds on the surface of my skin, I felt as though my bones were being shattered with every lash of his thorny whip.

Before I could recover, Hubson activated his runes again. It seemed like he no longer had any strategy and just kept hurling attacks at me.

All too quickly, I felt cold again. Although I could still move, there was nothing I could do to fight back. I couldn't use any spells, nor could I tap into my werewolf power.

My body felt like a leaky vessel, and every second that passed, I could feel my power slipping away. I trembled uncontrollably.

However, I could see that Hubson wasn't doing much better than me. His body gradually withered, like a shriveled raisin. It was obvious that he was about to die from exerting all his strength.

It seemed that using his powers took a significant toll on him.

Still, I didn't dare to underestimate my enemy. Now that Hubson was nearing the end of his rope, I needed to be even more cautious. Hubson was a powerful vampire, and even in desperate situations, he would likely do everything in his power to survive. After all, when people were pushed to their limits, they were capable of doing anything.

For now, I just needed to delay him. I watched as Hubson's body became as withered and dry as a dead tree, his skin even starting to peel. All of a sudden, confusion struck me. Hubson couldn't possibly be willing to die like this, could he ?! At the rate he was going, it seemed he had resigned himself to be tortured to death by the Black Death Curse.

But as soon as this thought occurred to me, Hubson suddenly leaped past me in the blink of an eye, biting hard on Beryl's n\*eck.

## Chapter 1316

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Chapter 1316 A Fierce Battle (Crystal's POV)

When I saw Hubson's teeth sink into Beryl's n\*eck, my heart seemed to stop beating in my chest. My greatest fear was now a reality. I let out an unearthly cry and turned into a wolf, pouncing on Hubson's withered body.

I sank my claws into Hubson's paper-like skin. He howled in pain, but he didn't let go of Beryl. He fought me back desperately, which made every fiber of my being sting in pain.

Blood started to spurt out of all my orifices, blurring my vision.

But I didn't dare to loosen my grip on him. "Damn it, Sylvia! If you want to die together, then we'll die together!" There was a crazed look in Hubson's eyes, and his m\*outh twisted upwards in a sinister smile. Disgusting black blood oozed from his l\*ips as energy gathered at his f\*ingertips.

At that moment, I felt the power of the vampire progenitor. That was a self-destructive measure. If I wanted to live, I had to let go of Hubson immediately.

In a word, I had to make a choice—either I let Beryl die, or I had to sacrifice my own life.

Naturally, I chose the latter.

I tried my best to endure Hubson's attack, but I could barely hold on.

Just as I was about to black out from the pain, a giant silver wolf suddenly emerged from nowhere and bit Hubson by the n\*eck.

It was Rufus!

Rufus' movement was so powerful that it created a fierce gust of wind that nearly blinded me.

His overwhelming power effortlessly shrouded Hubson's, and with a deafening crack, I heard the disgusting sound of bones breaking.

I slowly peeled my eyes open, only to find that Rufus had bitten Hubson's head clean off. Hubson's severed head now rolled on the floor, his grey pupils gradually turning white. Still, he refused to stop glaring in Beryl's direction, murmuring softly, "I came so close, Noreen..."

The sickening, metallic smell of blood permeated the air as I watched this man, who was nearly as old as time itself, turn to dust. Until his final moment, he seemed to be unable to believe that his life had come to an end.

Survival of the fittest is the law of the jungle since time immemorial. Hubson should never have targeted Beryl, and he should never have challenged Rufus. His death was set in stone from the moment he set foot inside the palace.

The moon, previously obscured by dark clouds, emerged once again, and the ominous aura that hung in the air began to dissipate. Rufus and I transformed back into our human forms. Only then did I see that lying by Rufus' feet was the corpse of the vampire that had taken him away earlier. It appeared that Rufus finished him off, which explained why his supernatural ability had ceased and they had returned to this dimension.

When the other vampires saw that Hubson was dead, they all fled immediately.

"Go after them," Rufus ordered in a voice so cold, a shiver ran down my spine.

The werewolf soldiers immediately chased after the remaining vampires with renewed vigor thanks to our victory.

But I couldn't rest easy just yet. Hastily wiping the blood and sweat off my face, I rushed to Beryl's side and carefully helped her up.

Beryl coughed and seemed to struggle to breathe. The wound on her n\*eck was deep, and it wouldn't stop bleeding.

"Sweetheart, it's okay. It's okay..." I cooed, though my voice trembled in horror.

Rufus immediately took out a clean handkerchief from his pocket and pressed it against the wound. "The doctor will be here soon. Just hold on!"

I laid Beryl flat on the floor and tried to ease her pain, but it didn't take long before the handkerchief on her wound was dyed red with her blood.

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## Chapter 1317

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Chapter 1317 Black Witch Power (Crystal's POV)

Beryl soon passed out from blood loss, and her breath was getting weaker and weaker. "Rufus, what should we do? Why hasn't the doctor come yet?"

I grabbed Rufus' hand anxiously. Fear for my daughter's life made me unable to think straight.

There had to be a way to save Beryl, but even in my panicked state, I could tell that it'd be difficult for a doctor to patch up her wound.

Rufus hugged my trembling body and said steadily, "Calm down. We need to remain calm at this time. Beryl will be fine, okay?" "No, Rufus! We can't just sit around and wait for the doctor while Beryl bleeds to death!" I ran my f\*ingers through my hair in distress, my mind racing wildly. "Hubson bit Beryl. Vampire fangs are poisonous, so ordinary treatment won't work..."

Thinking of this, I looked at Beryl in despair. I could see that her life force was fading away little by little. I closed my eyes in pain and said, "Rufus, we have to drive Noreen's soul out now."

Before Rufus could react, I immediately activated the witch power according to Murray's instructions in an attempt to force Noreen's soul out of Beryl's body.

"No, Crystal! Stop! It won't work!" Murray's panicked voice pulled me to my senses. He came running towards us, out of breath and sweating profusely. "God, I'm so tired! This palace is way too big for an old man like me."

I looked at him in confusion. "What do you mean it won't work?"

Murray walked up to me and then glanced at Beryl. “Hubson bit her, right? So even if you drive Noreen’s soul out of her body, Beryl will still die.”

“Then what should we do? We can’t let Beryl die, Murray. You must have a way to save her, right?” My fortitude had finally collapsed. I couldn’t accept the idea that Beryl would leave us forever. She was still so young and hadn’t seen the beauty of the world yet. She couldn’t die like this!

Murray squatted down next to Beryl, rolled up his sleeves, and inspected her wound. With a heavy expression on his face, he said, “I’m afraid I have no way. The current situation of Beryl is very similar to your previous situation. Three forces are competing for the right in her body at the same time. The container that carries the great powers is small, and it may get exploded. Moreover, Beryl’s werewolf power hasn’t awakened yet. It’s very weak. And Noreen’s suppressing her witchcraft. These two combined can’t resist Hubson’s power. Even if her body won’t implode, she’ll become a zombie—the lowest level among the vampires.”

“No, Murray! You have to save her! You’re supposed to be a powerful wizard. You’ve seen a lot of things in your life. You must have a way!” The sadness almost suffocated me, driving me mad. So was this the curse of all black witches? Was I doomed to lose all the ones I loved?

I shouldn’t have hoped for anything better. A black witch’s bloodline symbolized evil, and whoever carried it was destined to meet tragedy.

I didn’t believe it before, but now reality showed me that it was true. I was fated to suffer endless pain thanks to my bloodline.

Rufus was just as depressed as me. He held me in his arms, and I could feel his body trembling as he bit back tears. We were both afraid.

Murray sighed. He took out a palm-sized jade pendant from his pocket and murmured a spell in a low voice. The jade pendant emitted a dark purple light, instantly enveloping Beryl’s small body. “This will at least slow down the speed at

which Beryl's life force dissipates. The only thing we can do now is forcefully transfer the power of the black witch from you to Beryl."

Murray looked at me with a grave expression. "The more black witch power Beryl has in her system, the greater her chance of survival. But doing this will mean putting your own life at risk."

## Chapter 1318

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1318 Transferring Witch Power (Crystal's POV)

I agreed with Murray's idea without hesitation. "Let's do it. Transfer all my witch power to Beryl."

"No." Rufus resolutely shook his head. He frowned at me and said, "Crystal, I won't let you take such a risk."

"This is the only way we can save Beryl. Are you really just going to watch her die right in front of us?"

"Crystal, you're the most important person to me—more important than even our children." As Rufus said this, he grimaced miserably. "I don't want to lose you again. I can't shake off the feeling that if you do this, you'll leave me forever."

Rufus' words made me burst into tears. I didn't want to leave him, but I had no choice.

"Rufus..." I threw my arms around him and sobbed. "Beryl's dying. She is our daughter. I can't watch her die, not if I can save her. Just let me try, okay? What if I survive? I don't want to regret anything in the future."

Rufus held me tightly in his arms. He didn't say anything, but I felt his tears land on my neck like burning acid.

"I'm sorry, Rufus. Just let me be stubborn one last time."

Rufus still didn't respond. Murray's urgent voice pulled us back to reality. "We need to hurry. Beryl won't last much longer."

I pulled away from Rufus and locked eyes with him seriously. "Rufus, it's time to make a decision."

Rufus clenched his fists and took a deep, trembling breath. "Fine. I'll be with you no matter what happens."

Then he smiled at me gently, his eyes filled with unconditional love for me. He cupped my cheeks and kissed my lips. "Since our fates are intertwined, I'll go with you, even if it leads to a dead end."

I understood what Rufus meant. If I died, Rufus refused to live without me. The mate connection and our love for each other made our minds and souls live as one.

But Rufus couldn't kill himself for love. He shouldered the burden of running the werewolf pack, and Laura wouldn't accept it. She had lost her mate, and I couldn't take her child away, too.

"I love you, Rufus." My vision was blurred by tears, but I somehow managed to force a smile. "No, Rufus. You can't go with me, not this time. You have to live on. I want you to live a long and happy life. I've sacrificed so much for that to happen. You're the lycan king, the hope of thousands of werewolves. Laura needs her son, and our kids need a father. Don't worry. I'll always be with you."

After saying that, I pushed Rufus away resolutely and turned to look at Murray. "Let's do it."

Murray's face was pale, but he nodded resolutely. "Hold Beryl in your arms and sit opposite her."

I followed his instructions and picked up Beryl carefully.

Murray took out a delicate dagger and slashed his wrist. He used the blood that trickled out to draw some words around me.

The spell was very complicated, and the words constantly changed. When Murray finished the last stroke, the bloody words instantly came to life. A dark purple glow enveloped the entire room, and at the same time, all of Murray's hair turned white.

"It's a forbidden spell, so I need to pay the price, too," Murray explained casually when he saw me staring at his white hair. "Th-thank you, Murray." I felt both guilty and grateful. I hoped there would be a chance to repay him in the future, although the chances seemed slim.

"Don't worry about me. This is gonna work." As soon as Murray finished speaking, an unbearable pain came from the depths of my body, as if all of my bones were being shattered at the same time.

## Chapter 1319

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1319 The Helpless Lycan King (Rufus' POV)

I watched in horror as both Crystal and Beryl screamed in pain. For the first time in my life, I felt completely and utterly powerless. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't take the pain for them. I could only stand aside and look at them helplessly.

I didn't dare to imagine what would happen next. Just thinking about it made me extremely restless.

"It hurts! Damn it, Murray! Stop it!" Noreen's voice sounded from Beryl's mouth. Her face contorted in pain, she shrieked, "I won't let you get away with this! If I'm going to die, I'm going to take Beryl with me—"

"Shut up, Noreen. We're going to kill you today, whatever it takes." Gritting her teeth, Crystal endured the pain and interrupted Noreen. Holding Beryl in her arms, she was sweating profusely all over, her face pale—nearly gray. The torture she suffered was far beyond what she could bear.

I became more and more anxious, scared that I'd lose Crystal forever.

"Okay, okay! I was wrong. I'm really sorry. I'll leave Beryl's body, I swear. Just let me go!" Noreen looked at us and desperately begged for mercy, but it was too late. Murray had said that the spell wouldn't stop once it was activated.

Now, the evil and powerful black witch cried like a young child. "Help! It hurts! It really hurts... Please let me go. I won't pester Beryl anymore, I promise!"

Her desperate cries were useless. Even if she left Beryl's body, my daughter's life was still hanging by a thread. Now, we needed to use Noreen as a tool for Beryl's survival.

I stared at Crystal and Beryl, feeling worried sick.

“Mommy, help me! Please! It hurts...” Noreen’s voice switched to Beryl’s. She cried in Crystal’s arms, a sight that nearly tore my heart into pieces.

I had to admit that I was a selfish person. No one was more important to me than my mate, not even my own daughter. But hearing Beryl’s childish cries of pain, I finally understood the meaning of parenthood. Beryl was in pain, and so was I. I felt so terrible that I almost couldn’t bear to look at her.

“Don’t cry, my baby. Daddy and Mommy are here. You’ll be fine soon.” Tears streamed down Crystal’s pale, sunken cheeks. The loss of her black witch power gradually turned her into a half-wolf. Wolf’s ears came out of the top of her head and drooped listlessly, trembling from the pain.

Crystal and Beryl were surrounded by thick black mist. The array became dimmer and dimmer, and their cries of pain became more and more intense.

I finally closed my eyes, unable to keep watching the horrific scene before me. My wife and daughter were suffering, but there was nothing I could do to help them. The emotional stress caused the blood in my veins to curdle.

“How about you wait outside?” Murray could tell that I was a wreck, so he tried to persuade me to leave.

“No, I need to be here with them.” Every minute was torture for me, but I refused to leave. I needed to stay by my family’s side. The black mist continued to envelop Crystal and Beryl. The dark purple light gradually merged with the black mist. The floating words in the array spun faster and faster, which made me nauseous.

Suddenly, I heard an explosion. The black mist streamed into Beryl’s mouth like a reverse waterfall, and the flickering light of the array went completely dark. The next second, Crystal and Beryl blacked out.



## Chapter 1320

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1320 Saying Goodbye (Rufus' POV)

Now that the spell had been completed, I staggered over to check on Crystal and Beryl.

Crystal lay in my arms, her skin as cold as ice. She weakly interlaced her fingers with mine and croaked, "Check Beryl."

I held her tightly and didn't want to let her go, but I managed to tear my gaze away from her momentarily to look at Beryl. Beryl's skin had turned red, and she was out cold. The force surrounding her seemed very unstable. But she looked a lot better than before. The wound on her neck seemed to be healing, and the bleeding had stopped. It seemed that Crystal succeeded. As I held her in my arms now, I could feel that there was only werewolf power left in her body.

"Because Beryl now has tremendous black witch power in her, the unstable power fluctuation is normal. She might have a fever in the next few hours," Murray explained. Then he put his finger on Beryl's forehead and murmured a spell.

"I've temporarily sealed a portion of her strength. She'll recover slowly as her body adjusts. It may take a long time, but her life won't be in danger. At most, she'll be irritable when her strength starts to get chaotic." As he spoke, he pulled out a potion he had prepared and poured it into Beryl's mouth. A few seconds later, Beryl's face slowly returned to normal and she fell asleep.

Crystal loosened her grip on my hand and lay limply in my arms. Seeing her slowly close her eyes, I shouted, "Crystal, don't go to sleep. Beryl hasn't recovered yet. Don't you want to see her again?"

Crystal struggled to peel her eyes open and cracked a smile at me. "Silly boy, I'm just exhausted. I'm trying to get some rest over here."

"R-really?" I asked her with difficulty, kissing her trembling eyelids.

Crystal didn't respond anymore. Her breath became lighter and lighter.

With a sigh, Murray picked up Beryl and said to me, "I'll take care of Beryl. You can take the time to say goodbye to Crystal..."

He looked at me and shook his head sadly, as if he couldn't bear to say anything more.

I couldn't believe it. My hands trembled uncontrollably, as though they weren't mine. My heart seemed to stop beating in my chest. It was as though some kind of invisible force was squeezing the life out of me.

"Honey, please don't close your eyes. I'm scared you'll... You'll..." I had never felt so fragile and vulnerable before in my life. Now, I was at the peak of power as king of the werewolves. I protected my people, but I couldn't even protect the one I loved.

How pathetic!

"Rufus, don't be sad. Even if I die, I'll always be with you." Crystal caressed my face with her fingers. Her breath was so light and her body was freezing cold, and she just kept getting colder.

"No, no, no, no. You're not going to die. You can't! How could you leave me alone in this world?" I refused to accept the notion. Just imagining a world without Crystal made me want to break down and cry like a child.

I rubbed her hands to warm her up.

"If you die, I'll die with you," I threatened her, begging her to stay with me.

“Rufus, I love you. Please. I don’t want you to die,” Crystal said weakly, looking at me affectionately through her half-closed eyes. “Live on. They need you...”

“Crystal...” I called her name helplessly. “Tell me what I need to do to save you. Please don’t die. I need you. Please don’t die. Please don’t be so cruel!”