

Chapter 1331

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1331 She's Not Coming Back (Laura's POV)

Rufus' shoulders trembled. He raised his head and looked at me helplessly; his mouth was open, but no words came out. It was a look that I wasn't accustomed to seeing.

I knew what he wanted to say. He was afraid that Crystal would be disappointed in him, but even so, he couldn't extricate himself from the pain. Crystal's death had absolutely crushed him.

But my dear Rufus, life was about growing through constant loss.

Squatting down in front of Rufus, I said gently, "Rufus, it's time to move on. Both the empire and your kids need you. Don't let Crystal's death be futile."

Rufus didn't answer. Instead, he lowered his eyes and looked at his palm. Only then did I realize that he was holding a plain ring. I had seen Crystal wearing it before.

"The empire and the kids need me... But she doesn't need me. She never needed me. That's why she left me every chance she got."

His voice was so low that it sounded like he was talking to himself.

I sat next to Rufus and wrapped my arms around him, holding him like I did when he was a child. "Rufus, you can't question Crystal's love for you. It'd be an insult to her. She hasn't abandoned you. She's still here, but in a different way. Her body might decay and turn to dust, but her soul will always be with you. Crystal loves you just as much as you love her."

I was allowed to say this because I had witnessed this love first hand. Five years ago, Crystal was just a young girl in her early twenties who had a bright future. But she sacrificed everything for Rufus.

Although I was Rufus' mother, I had already started to treat Crystal as my own child a long time ago. Sometimes, I would've preferred that Crystal be selfish and think more of herself. In her relationship with Rufus, she was always the one who was sacrificing her interests for his.

"Everything Crystal has done—from erasing your memory to fleeing to the border, raising your two kids alone—was for you. If she didn't love you that much, she wouldn't have done all those things. Trust me, Rufus. Her love won't disappear, as long as you remember it. That's why you can't let Crystal down. That's why you have to live on. If you also leave this world, your love for each other will completely disappear."

Rufus' eyelashes quivered. "She's never coming back, right? No matter how long I wait here?"

I couldn't bear to say more to such a fragile Rufus, but he needed to face reality. I had no choice but to be cruel and say, "Yes, she's not coming back. Rufus, you have to look forward, not back."

Rufus kept silent for a long time. Finally, he spoke in a voice so broken that I felt my heart shatter. "But it hurts so much, Mom. What should I do? Crystal is dead. She's gone, leaving me alone forever."

Tears streamed down my cheeks. I was Rufus' mother, and it was soul-crushing to see him like this. No matter what he went through, Rufus had always been so strong, even as a child. I had never seen him so sad and crushed in my life.

"Rufus, don't be scared. We're all here for you. Time can't make you forget Crystal, but it can heal the pain somewhat. Just live on and be the good father and king that Crystal wanted you to be."

Chapter 1332

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Chapter 1332 Cremation (Rufus' POV)

Truth be told, over the past few days, I had actually come to recognize the reality of things; I just hadn't been willing to accept it.

I had deceived myself into believing that Crystal could still be resurrected somehow, but if she could've come back to life, she would've done so by now. Now that the magic medicine that preserved her body from decaying had started to wear off, it seemed that my hopes were nothing but a pipe dream.

I didn't dare to open the lid of the coffin to verify, but I still didn't want to cremate Crystal. There was this small voice in my heart that kept telling me that as long as her body was there, there was still hope.

But my hope was running thin.

I tightly clenched my fists, the round silver ring deeply embedding in my flesh. The sharp pain it caused sobered me up somewhat.

Laura and I sat side by side in front of the ice coffin for a long time. Neither of us said a word until the clock in the center of the imperial capital tolled three times, signaling midnight. It was the start of a new day.

I moved my stiff body and slipped a thin chain through the ring, which I then put around my neck. Then I turned to Laura and said, "Mom, let's prepare for the cremation."

Laura breathed a sigh of relief. She stood up, patted the dust off her black dress, and said, "I'll go and make the necessary arrangements."

Before she left, she turned on all the lights in the mourning hall. The room was finally lit up after several days of darkness. I squinted uncomfortably, not used to the sudden light. From the reflection of the glass window, I could see how emaciated and disgusting I looked with my overgrown stubble. I bitterly smiled, knowing that Crystal would probably be disappointed to see me like this.

Laura was efficient. It didn't take long before a group of soldiers came in to carry the coffin out.

I made way for them. The soldiers approached with trepidation. "Your Majesty, can we take the ice coffin away?" one of them asked falteringly.

I responded with a nod, swallowing the blood in my mouth. After taking one last look at the ice coffin, I turned around and walked towards the gate of the mourning hall.

The soldiers' sighs of relief and the sound of the ice coffin being moved came from behind.

I tried my best not to stop them, forcing myself to keep going. I didn't stop until I had made it to my bedroom on the second floor.

Laura sent someone to bring me food. Since I hadn't eaten in several days, the smell of grilled meat made me wrinkle my nose in disgust.

But my body was on the verge of collapse, and if I didn't eat something now, I might not have the strength to do anything.

So I forced myself to eat two mouthfuls of food to sustain myself. Laura had also prepared medicine for my acidic stomach, which I took with some soup. After a while, the burning pain in my stomach subsided.

I then sat quietly on the sofa, closing my eyes until the faint light of dawn began to seep through.

I opened my bloodshot eyes, rubbed the spot between my eyebrows, and stood up to change into a black suit in the dressing room. Then, I made my way to the cremation site.

Over the past few days, Flora, Harry, and the others had taken residence in the palace. Only Blair had left to return to the border. Everyone else who was close to Crystal was already at the cremation site.

Even my two kids were there. I found Beryl and Arron hiding behind Laura, looking at me timidly with Crystal's clear eyes.

I felt guilty and stretched out my arms to them. Arron immediately ran over, throwing his tiny arms around my thighs, rubbing his cheek against my palm. "Don't be sad, Daddy. Mommy will always be with us. She will love us forever!"

His voice was childish, but his words were mature.

With tears in my eyes, I pulled Arron close and apologized in a hoarse voice. "I'm so sorry..."

Arron hugged me even more tightly and whispered, "Beryl and I will always love you, Daddy. We'll always be with you."

Chapter 1333

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Chapter 1333 A Familiar Symbol (Rufus' POV)

I gently touched Arron's soft head and looked over at Beryl, who seemed hesitant to approach. Her expression showed a mix of longing and fear.

Seeing this, Laura whispered something in her ear and gently nudged her towards me. Beryl shook her head and looked at me with guilty, doe-like eyes.

I scooped up Arron into my arms and went over to squat down in front of Beryl. Reaching out one hand, I touched the neat little bun on her head and said softly, "It's not your fault, Beryl."

My words seemed to have hit the nail on the head. She immediately burst into tears and threw herself into my arms, wailing, "I'm so sorry, Daddy. It's all my fault. Mommy's gone because of me... I miss Mommy so much..."

I felt indescribable sorrow as I leaned over to kiss Beryl's tear-stained face. "My Baby Beryl, it's not your fault. Don't cry. Your mommy would be heartbroken to see you like this."

Beryl hiccupped, her eyes red and swollen from crying. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop herself from sobbing quietly.

"Don't cry, Beryl," Arron said bravely, though I could tell the little boy was fiercely fighting his tears back. He reached into his pocket and took out Beryl's favorite candy, offering it to Beryl. His sister kept her head low, and although she stopped crying, she still looked dejected.

Crystal's death had a profound impact on our family. Now that I was left alone to comfort the two kids, I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to face them.

“Rufus, the ceremony’s about to start.” Laura came over and took the two kids over from me.

I nodded with a heavy sigh, turned around, and walked up the stage.

The ice coffin had been placed on top of a large fire pit. The coffin itself was covered with a white mud-like magical medicine that was meant to dissolve the ice when the time was right. Underneath was a pile of firewood. Once the fire was started, the entire coffin would melt from the high temperature.

The priest was already waiting for me onstage. When he saw me approach, he bowed and began to pray.

This time, Crystal was buried as a queen. Although we hadn’t had a proper wedding, the formalities no longer mattered now. She became my wife five years ago, regardless of whether the others recognized her or not, I didn’t care. She was my other half—my only mate yesterday, today, and tomorrow—and she would be buried with respect.

And in the future, when I died, I’d be buried alongside her, inseparable in life and in death.

I fixed my eyes on the ice coffin, recalling my beautiful past with Crystal. My memories of her were the only solace I had left, but what about in a few years? Would those memories fade into nothing? After a long prayer, everyone fell into silent mourning, accompanied by a few suppressed sobs.

“Your Majesty, do you have anything to say?” The priest looked at me, his expression filled with sympathy.

I shook my head and said hoarsely, “I’ve already said everything I needed to say. Proceed with the cremation.”

I took a step back, allowing the soldiers to approach the fire pit with torches. The restrained cries around me erupted at that moment.

All of a sudden, Flora rushed forward, crying and shouting hysterically, “No, don’t! Don’t cremate her! Crystal isn’t dead! She’s just sleeping!”

Warren grabbed her around the waist and pulled her back, trying to calm her down. “Shh, Flora. We’re all grieving Crystal’s death. It’s an inevitable reality that you must face.”

Flora sobbed uncontrollably, regardless of her image. Ever since she married Warren, she had never shown her emotions so openly. The carefree girl from before had become a composed, level-headed Luna. But at this moment, when she was standing before the coffin of her best friend, her facade came crumbling down.

I averted my gaze, feeling suffocated. Everyone was hoping for a miracle to happen. I found myself praying: Crystal, please have mercy on us one last time and give us a miracle.

In the end, Laura had to step forward to order the soldiers to proceed with the cremation.

I stared at them blankly. However, just as the torches were about to touch the ice coffin, I suddenly noticed a familiar symbol painted on the side of the coffin. “Stop!” I quickly called for a halt.

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Chapter 1334 A Miracle (Rufus' POV)

The soldiers quickly withdrew their hands and looked at me. Confusion was drawn on their countenances. "What's wrong, Your Majesty?"

"Rufus, haven't you agreed to this?" Laura looked at me, her eyes hinting that she was worried I would not keep on my word. I did not answer her. Instead, I crossed the stage towards the ice coffin and my eyes bored into the clown symbol.

"What's wrong, Rufus?" Laura walked behind me, seeing that I ignored her, and followed where my gaze landed. I did not need to ask how surprised she was as I heard her gasp. "Clown symbol? When did this mark appear? This wasn't here before." A black liquid was used to draw this symbol on the ice coffin and it was situated in a corner on the side where it was nearly impossible to make out. It was not a wonder how it had never been found before. And there was more than one. When I walked to the back of the coffin, I saw a bigger one depicted in blood.

I frowned as I tried to recall where I had seen this mark before. While I was racking my brain, Arron called me, confused. It was then that I recalled that Arron had been kidnapped to the clown amusement park. When I had rescued Crystal, I had also seen the mark in Lee's secret room. It was Lee's symbol, looking exactly like the mask he wore.

My whole body trembled and my heart was shaken as I thought of a possibility.

"Open the coffin."

"Rufus! Are you crazy?" Laura hurriedly stopped the compliant soldiers. "It's been so many days. You can't open the coffin just like that!"

I seemed to have pissed off Laura.

I knew what she was angry about. All she ever wanted was for Crystal to leave with dignity. She didn't want everyone to see Crystal's rotting corpse.

But there was an unsettling feeling inside me that would not go away unless I saw what was inside the coffin. I knew I just had to confirm.

"Mom, you'll soon know why I made this choice."

I insisted on it, not even bothering to explain myself.

"Your Majesty, it's not appropriate to do so."

"Yes. Crystal has passed away. We're all mourning that we lost her. You'd better think about it before opening the coffin."

Everyone was against my orders. It was only Flora who stood and said, "Please do as His Majesty says. I don't believe that Crystal will die like this either. I feel that there's something we should know."

"Really, Flora?" Harry's face brightened with hope, his eyes still red. "If you two insist, I'll support you."

"Enough!" Laura shouted angrily, looking a little more anxious than when she first heard my request. "Opening the coffin is a big deal. If anything happens—"

"Mom, just trust me. I know what I'm doing. I'm aware that Crystal's lying inside." I turned to look at her, my face stained with determination. "I understand your concern, but please trust me this time. I'm very rational now. I know what I'm trying to do."

She lingered her gaze on me for quite a moment. Despite the queries that were storming her eyes, her mouth remained shut. She sighed, turned on her heels, and walked to a far nook, not daring herself to witness what we were demanding.

I raised my hand and signaled to one of the soldiers to open the coffin.

The coffin lid slid slowly, and the faint scent of Gardenia wafted through the air. My heart was beating faster, and I clenched my fists before loosening them. To say that I was nervous was an understatement. Then I walked towards the coffin, only to find that Crystal's body inside looked as alive as before and not even stiff. Her hands were placed on her belly. She looked peaceful as she lay there, like she was just sleeping.

"How... How could it be possible?" the soldier beside me exclaimed after witnessing the scene.

Laura turned around, made her way through the crowd, and took a look for herself. Disbelief registered on her visage, and she took two steps back. "That's impossible. The magical medicine has already lost its effect. Crystal's body should be rotting."

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Chapter 1335 Part Vampire (Rufus' POV)

“How can this be? Crystal’s body has not been rotting!” Flora looked both surprised and pleased. “Does this mean that Crystal can come back to life?”

Harry, Warren, and the others also stepped forward. Everyone was astounded and then speculated excitedly.

“Crystal is still alive. She is just sleeping.” Harry was so excited that he nearly leaped up with happiness. However, Joanna grabbed him before he could.

“But if she is still alive, why can’t we feel her breath?” Flora extended her hand and placed it under Crystal’s nose. She said in a disappointed tone, “She is not breathing.”

“Bring the wizard and the doctor here immediately. Crystal has black witch blood. She won’t die so easily.” Laura looked a little agitated and instantly ordered the soldiers to summon the wizard and the doctor.

Mixed emotions coursed through me. Joy and tension competed in my heart. I gazed at the person in the ice coffin, not daring to do anything else. I was afraid that all of this was just my dream.

“Rufus, why don’t you take Crystal out? The low temperature will interfere with her waking up,” Warren suggested.

His words made me snap back to the present. Forcing myself to calm down, I leaned forward to carefully lift Crystal out and placed her on the soft couch.

Murray and the doctor arrived in a few minutes.

The doctor examined Crystal thoroughly but still had no explanation. From a medical standpoint, she showed no signs of life. How could she come back to life when she didn't even have a heartbeat?

Then Murray cast a spell on Crystal and a black fog descended over us.

About ten minutes later, it slowly dissipated. Murray's forehead was drenched in sweat and his face was white. He looked very exhausted. He said to me in a weak voice, "I just cast the spell to awaken the black witch bloodline, which is usually accompanied by the medium of communication of the witch power—crows. But I simply couldn't summon Crystal's crow. There are only two possibilities for this to happen. The first is when the crow's host is dead, and the second is when the black witch bloodline of the host has disappeared."

"Do you think it is the second one? Didn't Crystal transfer all her black witch power to Beryl?" I anxiously asked.

Murray shook his head. "She only transferred her power. She can't change her bloodline, so..."

He paused, eyeing me hesitantly. "That only leaves one possibility. Crystal is dead, which is why I can't summon her crow."

"Can't there be a third possibility? Why hasn't Crystal's body rotted?" Flora refused to buy it. "Even when Noreen died, her body decayed."

"I don't have a reason either." Murray didn't know what to say for a while. He smoothed his beard and began to think hard.

Everyone else also started pondering but still couldn't think of a plausible answer.

My mood had soured again. I held Crystal's hand and stared at her face unblinkingly.

I hoped she could tell me the reason and what my next plan of action should be.

“Rufus, consider those clown symbols again. They can’t just appear on the ice coffin out of thin air. There has to be a reason.” My wolf, Omar, helped me clarify my thoughts. “Think back to what happened in the amusement park again.”

“Lee...” I muttered. As I tried to clear my mind and remember, a vision flashed through my mind. “Lee has marked Crystal! Is it possible that she became part vampire?”

This conjecture filled me with hope again because vampires did display the phenomenon of fake death.

But what could I do to wake her up?

The picture of an ancient book about vampires suddenly popped up in my mind and an idea struck me. I bit into my wrist and kissed Crystal with my bloody mouth.

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Chapter 1336 Special Power (Rufus' POV)

I slowly let the blood flow into Crystal's mouth. Her lips were soft as if she was still alive, but they were very cold.

After giving her blood twice, I wasn't sure if it was my illusion, but I felt that her lips were not as cold as before.

When I was about to feed her more blood, I finally heard a gulp. Screams rang out around me.

"Did I imagine it? I heard Crystal swallowing." Harry leaned forward, wanting to confirm the sound.

"No, you didn't. Look at Crystal's face! She has come back to life." Flora was very excited, but she lowered her voice. She didn't dare to speak loudly, fearing that she would disturb Crystal as she woke up. I was ecstatic. I ran to Murray, who was still baffled, and dragged him to his feet. "Look, Crystal has come back to life!"

Murray's eyes widened and he thought he had heard me wrong. He muttered, "How can it be? Did a miracle really happen?"

He crouched down to check on Crystal and was astonished. "I can't believe that her heart is beating. How is this possible? How can anybody become alive again after being dead for nearly half a month?"

"This is the miracle I was waiting for. I knew Crystal wouldn't die so easily. She is powerful." Tears of joy welled up in Flora's eyes. She clasped Warren's hand tightly.

Murray cast the spell to summon the black witch blood again, and this time he received a response.

A palm-sized, fat golden eagle appeared in the air.

“This...” Murray hadn’t expected this turn of events. He tucked a lock of his hair behind his ear and said, “Normally, crows appear. How could an eagle be here?”

“Isn’t that good? At least it’s stronger than crows.” Feeling curious, Flora extended her hand to touch the golden eagle.

The eagle flapped its wings and flew far away, leaving behind a trail of feathers.

Flora rubbed her nose and sneezed. “An eagle that sheds feathers.”

It didn’t matter if it was a crow or an eagle. The important thing was that Crystal was alive again. I grabbed Murray’s slender shoulders and shook him. “Does this mean that Crystal won’t die again?”

Murray was lifted off the ground. He kicked his feet in the air, feeling unsafe. “That’s very likely. Your Majesty, please put me down. I’m old and terrified of heights.”

I obediently released him and lifted Crystal in my arms to examine her.

“So what is the cause? There has to be a reason,” Laura asked in a puzzled tone.

“It must be something related to vampires.”

As soon as I said this, everyone gasped. “Vampires? Crystal has turned into a vampire?”

I didn’t deny it. I gave a brief account of what had happened in the clown amusement park. “The vampire who kidnapped Crystal is named Lee. He’s Hobson’s illegitimate child. I’m not certain if Crystal has turned or not, because she has displayed no thirst for blood yet.”

“No, Crystal has not become a vampire,” Murray interrupted me with an affirmative answer. “If Lee had successfully finished the ceremony, Crystal would’ve become his

slave, and she wouldn't have been able to transfer her black witch power to Beryl so smoothly. We can safely conclude from this that the ceremony failed. But Lee bit Crystal. There is a high possibility that his special power has entered her body."

He paused for a moment and said in a more determined tone, "I guess Lee's special power must be something about resurrection."

Chapter 1337

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Chapter 1337 Blood Loss (Rufus' POV)

According to Murray, Lee would be a potential ticking time bomb that could spell trouble for Crystal in the days to come.

Besides, in my heated fight with Hubson, he revealed a secret: Lee was his son, born out of wedlock.

That meant in Lee's eyes, I would forever bear the burden of being his father's murderer. Why would a person harboring such deep hatred help his enemy?

The enigma perplexed me endlessly, but alas, I had no luxury of time to unravel its intricacies. Through the maze of doubts clouding my mind, one truth emerged — Crystal owed her safety to Lee's intervention.

Had it not been for Lee's timely reminder, Crystal would have been cremated. I clutched Crystal closer, an involuntary response to the weight of worry that pressed upon my heart.

"So why hasn't Crystal woken up yet? Can't you cast a spell?" Flora inquired, her gaze fixed on Murray. Her anxiety bubbled unbearably; she yearned for Crystal's eyes to flutter open this very instant.

Murray stroked his beard pensively, allowing his thoughts to wander. Eventually, he fashioned a glistening crystal orb and delicately placed it upon Crystal's forehead. With an incantation upon his lips, he summoned the mystical forces. I could sense a slight shift in Crystal's body, and a surge of hope swelled within me, longing for her to awaken in the next breath.

Yet, even after the spell had been cast, Crystal remained frozen in sleep, as if her movement had been an illusion conjured by my desperate mind.

Murray removed the ball and said with a sigh of relief, "Don't worry. It's nothing serious. It's just that Crystal has suffered a great loss of blood, so she can't wake up yet."

"She has lost a lot of blood, right? So she will wake up if we replenish her blood?" Harry proposed.

I raised my arm, poised to cut my wrist.

Murray swiftly intervened. "My King, just send her to the hospital for a blood transfusion. It's better the blood type is matched, or her body will suffer a rejection."

I coughed awkwardly and lowered my arm. "Okay, I'll take Crystal to the hospital now."

When it came to Crystal's safety, I couldn't think straight.

"One more thing, the witch power in Crystal has completely disappeared. Now she only has the power of a werewolf. This is actually a good thing." Murray paused, stealing a glance at the slumbering little girl nestled in Laura's arms. "Beryl has lost control of her powers several times in the past few days."

"You're absolutely right. What are we to do? Beryl is still just a child, and the agony caused by her untamed powers is beyond imagination." A pang of sympathy coursed through Laura.

Pondering for a moment, I voiced my thoughts. "Crystal has undergone losing control of these unleashed forces herself. She must personally guide Beryl in mastering the dark witch power. We can't solve this before Crystal awakens."

"Oh, by the way, is Noreen completely gone?" I inquired with a tinge of uncertainty.

Murray heaved a sigh and tugged at his beard, his fingers moving faster and faster. "Noreen's soul suffered severe damage, yet it hasn't dissipated entirely. A fragment of her consciousness still lingers within Beryl's body."

“Then what should we do? Is it possible that Noreen will come back to life? This wicked witch!” Laura’s voice dripped with venom as she mentioned Noreen’s name.

Noreen was the object of everyone’s disdain. Only when she was completely eradicated could our souls find peace.

“Don’t worry. Noreen won’t be able to return, but her remaining consciousness may disturb Beryl. It needs time to dissipate,” Murray assured earnestly. “Furthermore, Beryl’s own power should be more than capable of subduing Noreen’s consciousness, but I cannot predict the extent to which it may run rampant. As long as it persists, it remains a ticking time bomb.”

Chapter 1338

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Chapter 1338 A Sense Of Hope (Rufus' POV)

I was a little worried, and deep anxiety lingered in my mind. Beryl had to endure the powerful witch power at such a tender age. The power surge would definitely not stabilize soon, and during this process, she would have to suffer immense pain.

But fortunately, everything seemed to be improving.

I told myself that as long as we were alive, there would always be a way.

When Crystal began to breathe again, I felt that my lost soul had returned and I was reinvigorated. Even if several obstacles still waited for us in the future, I had the confidence to overcome them now.

I personally took Crystal to the hospital and customized the most suitable diet plan for her. I believed that she would recover faster only if I did this myself.

A steady stream of Crystal's friends visited the Royal Hospital's ward.

Flora came almost every day, and sometimes she would help look after Beryl and Arron. The kids were staying at the hospital with us. Initially, I hadn't allowed this and had asked Laura to take them back to the imperial palace.

But Beryl had always been mischievous enough to stay out of the sight of the guards and maids. She always found a way to sneak out of the imperial palace, bringing Arron with her. Every time they sneaked into the hospital, they would be messy and covered in filth. So, I ordered the guards to fill up all the holes of the walls. Then, Beryl simply pretended to be sick. As a result, she had a reason to stay in the hospital. Even Arron had begun to pick up her tricks in the past few days.

I had no choice but to let them stay.

Now, they were more vigilant than the nurses of the hospital. Their gaze was continuously fixed on the ECG machine. They feared that Crystal's heart would stop beating at any moment.

Everyone expected Crystal to wake up soon. They called out her name over and over again. I also chanted her name in my heart.

However, no matter how hard we tried, she showed no indication of waking up.

As time passed by, my heart burned with anxiety, but I was helpless.

Murray had done his best, but Crystal didn't wake up. It seemed like she had fallen into an eternal sleep.

I convinced myself that after enduring so much pain, it was not a big deal for me to wait a little. I had to patiently sit tight until she woke up.

Every night, I sat by her bed and updated her on the day's events.

This night, as usual, I sat on the edge of her bed, clasped her hand, and gave her the rundown of the day's happenings. "Beryl's powers spiraled out of control again today, but this time the situation was much better than the power surge she had experienced three days ago. At least she could stay in her senses and stop hurting herself. I believe that soon, she will be able to control her witch power. Crystal, just wake up. Both our kids need you. And I need you as well."

I suddenly felt Crystal's fingers twitch a little while I was speaking.

I instantly gasped and froze. I watched Crystal unblinkingly. The next second, I saw that her eyelids visibly fluttered.

"Crystal..." I murmured her name in disbelief. A sense of hope suddenly unfurled within me.

I knew this was a sign that Crystal was about to wake up. I gripped her hand tightly and found more courage to call out to her, "Crystal, I'm here. Wake up, Crystal."

Chapter 1339

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Chapter 1339 A Dream (Crystal's POV)

I felt like I had experienced a long dream.

In that dream, I seemed to have lived my entire life.

My dream was ordinary but wonderful. Although I was just a regular person in it, I had a full life.

Here, I was happy every day. I was just an ordinary student. I was surrounded by my friends, and we studied and worked together.

I also had parents who adored me completely. They accompanied me and showered me with warmth, making me incomparably rich.

However, I always felt a deep sense of emptiness in that warm world.

In my dream, I always heard some vague sounds. The sounds were like imaginary bubbles. The second I tried to catch them, they would burst. They also sounded very far away, as if they were coming from another world. In the beginning, I wanted to ignore them, but they always surrounded me, leaving me with no way to escape. Gradually, I became used to them and they became a part of my dream.

Whenever darkness fell, I would sit alone by the window and gaze at the night sky.

As I stared at the twinkling stars, I always felt like I had lost something, but I couldn't figure out what it was. Everything in front of me was what I had always longed for, wasn't it?

However, no one gave me an answer. Day after day, I could only continue watching the starry sky as my heart felt increasingly lonely.

I thought I was probably unwell. Some indefinable emotion coursed through me, and I had nowhere to vent it. There was a voice deep within my heart that kept reminding me that I might have forgotten something. Maybe it was a person or a memory.

At this time, I suddenly heard a man's voice. It was gentle and pleasant, and extremely unique when compared to my noisy surroundings.

It wasn't the first time I heard this voice. It would ring out every night at this time.

The difference was that it was always fuzzy in the past, but today it was particularly clear.

I was becoming more and more deeply aware of the tenderness and affection in this voice. Every time he called out my name, he said it like he was whispering to a lover, making my heart flutter with restlessness.

He was telling me a story again. This time, I finally comprehended his words.

He was talking about our two children.

I was shocked. I was only eighteen years old. How could I have two kids? He must be joking!

However, as I continued to listen, I was suddenly enveloped by a strong sense of familiarity when I heard him describe the kids' faces in detail. He talked about their laughter, as well as their joy, anger, and sorrow.

Tears pooled in my eyes and streamed down silently. Little by little, the gaping hole in my heart was filled.

I finally knew what I had lost.

It was my love for Rufus and my kids, and my desire for a real life.

No matter how wonderful this dream was, in the end, it was just a dream.

I was such a moron to leave Rufus and my children behind.

I impulsively opened the door. My parents called out from behind me. I tried my best to hold back the tears I felt inside me and didn't look back.

I walked to the cliff closest to the starry sky. The wind whistled in my ears. I gazed into the deep night sky, shut my eyes, and then resolutely jumped off the cliff. I was determined to not leave them alone this time.

When I opened my eyes again, I saw him, Rufus, my love.

Chapter 1340

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1340 True Love (Crystal's POV)

At that moment, I knew that I finally had everything I once lost.

I wanted to say something, but the words got caught in my throat, and I could do nothing but smile at Rufus.

But just as the corners of my mouth curved upwards, Rufus threw his arms around me and hugged me tightly. I felt his trembling breath, which told me just how scared he had been this whole time.

I hugged him back lovingly, eyes burning with tears of joy. "Rufus, I'm sorry I made you wait so long," I whispered, my voice hoarse.

I was still weak, so it took a great deal of effort for me to wrap my arms around his neck.

"Don't apologize, Crystal. I should thank you." His voice was muffled as he whispered into my hair. "Thank you for waking up. Thank you for not abandoning me."

A hot tear trickled down my neck and dissolved into my chest, as though it had imprinted a mark on my heart.

"I want to kiss you, Rufus." The surging emotions in my heart dictated that I had to do something.

Rufus pulled away from the hug slightly to look me in the eye. Then he slowly lowered his head and kissed me on the lips. His kiss started off gentle, but it ignited a fire in my heart.

The kiss grew passionate, and it lasted until both of us were out of breath.

When we finally calmed down, I lay nestled in his arms and told him about my dream.

In my dream, I had become an ordinary person. I had friends and family, and my life was ordinary, albeit wonderful.

“But I could always hear your voice—your call. You were always in the background.” I held Rufus’ hand and pinched his gnarled fingertips. “But I couldn’t hear what you were saying. It wasn’t until today that I heard you clearly.”

Hearing this, Rufus frowned and pretended to be jealous, hugging me even more tightly. “You said you could hear me in your dream, but you only woke up because you heard that Beryl was in trouble. It seems that you still care about our kids more than you care about me.”

I chuckled and kissed his chin playfully. “Silly boy, are you seriously jealous of your own kids?”

Rufus snorted indignantly.

I giggled. “Then would you prefer I don’t care about them anymore?”

“I didn’t say that,” Rufus retorted huffily. It seemed he didn’t realize how ridiculous he sounded.

What an arrogant man! He cared about our children as much as I did, but he acted like a spoiled child in front of me. He was even jealous of his own kids!

“I know, Rufus.” I coaxed him softly, cupping his cheeks. “You were with me through thick and thin. No one can replace you—absolutely no one. You’re even more important to me than my own life. I love you, you silly fool.”

Rufus looked down at me. For a moment, we got lost in each other's affectionate eyes.

Then Rufus broke the trance and kissed me on the forehead. "I've been waiting for you to wake up. I knew you'd come back. Even the kids waited for you. Every night, I stayed by your side and told you over and over again how much I missed you. I hoped your soul could hear my voice."

Hearing this, I was deeply touched.

I knew that this world—this family, this man, and our children—truly belonged to me now.

I raised my head and looked at him with tears in my eyes. "I'm back now, and I'm not leaving you again. I love you, Rufus."

Chapter 1341

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1341 Proper Proposal (Crystal's POV)

Both Rufus and I were so immersed in the joy of regaining the love we had lost. I could even keenly feel the strong emotion and excitement emanating from Rufus.

His hand never left my waist and his eyes remained fixed on me, as though he was afraid I'd suddenly disappear if he looked away for just one second. However, this kind of anxious love made me feel even more distressed.

I knew my death had really traumatized him. It was a miracle that I managed to break away from my dream and wake up. "Crystal," he whispered, kissing the tip of my nose. "I remembered our past."

Alarmed, I suddenly raised my head in shock and disbelief. "What? How?"

What about the curse? My first instinct was to panic, but when I remembered that all my black witch power had been transferred to Beryl, I realized that I was no longer a black witch. I didn't need to bear the fate of the black witch race.

Rufus stroked my cheek affectionately. "As you might've realized, you're no longer a black witch, Crystal. The curse of the black thorn has been lifted."

He then turned around and showed me his smooth, muscled back. "Look. Not a trace of the black thorn, right? The curse is gone, just like Noreen. You won't have to worry about it anymore. We can be together forever and never separate again."

I couldn't help but burst into tears of joy. Only God knew how much I had longed for this moment. Back then, we were forced to separate because of the curse. I had felt nothing but endless helplessness and despair over the past five years without Rufus. Losing a mate was unbearable for any werewolf.

I thought I'd live the rest of my life alone. Who would've thought that this would happen? Who knew that amidst my suffering and adversity, I'd be able to get rid of the dark clouds and see the sun again?

Everything I had hoped for had come true. Rufus remembered everything—he remembered me and our undying love for each other.

I stroked his smooth back and whispered, “Am I dreaming? I can't believe the curse is really gone.”

Rufus turned around and wiped away my tears. “This isn't a dream, Crystal. You've sacrificed too much for our love. Now, it's time for you to be happy.”

As he spoke, he took out a velvet box from his pocket. Nestled inside was a beautiful ring.

Before I could react, he knelt on the floor and held my hand, slipping the ring onto my ring finger.

“I know we were already engaged, but I want to propose again. I want to do this properly this time. Crystal, will you marry me?”

Rufus' voice was clear and firm, but his expression was soft and so full of love.

A lump formed in my throat. I looked at him, my vision blurred with tears.

It all felt so surreal; I had actually found true love in this life, and nothing was going to stop us from being together. I nodded with a tearful smile. “Yes, Rufus. I'll marry you. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you.”

I had found everything that I had lost—my love, my family, even my life.

My restless soul finally had a place to rest; Rufus was my eternal harbor.

Chapter 1342

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1342 The Happiest Person (Crystal's POV)

I spent the night wrapped in Rufus' embrace.

Our bodies intertwined, creating a cocoon of warmth that soothed my weary soul. It had been five long years, and at last, I had discovered a haven for my restless spirit. Rufus was my sanctuary, our love fated to transcend the boundaries of mortality.

However, weariness began to weigh me down. After enduring an extended coma, I doubted my ability to find sleep that night. Yet, after I nourished myself with a bite to eat, a deep slumber overcame me.

When I woke up, I saw Rufus, unchanged from the moment I had drifted off.

His unwavering gaze locked onto me, his azure eyes akin to an ocean that threatened to engulf me entirely. My heart skipped a beat, followed by a pang of anguish. I recognized his fear of losing me. "Why didn't you go to bed? Aren't you tired? I won't run away." My fingers grazed his face tenderly as I murmured, attempting to ease his worries.

Rufus regarded me with eyes brimming with adoration. He delicately grasped my hand, baring his fear without pretense. "Crystal, I'm afraid. Afraid that when I wake up, you'll no longer be by my side."

His vulnerability tugged at my heartstrings, constricting my chest and suffocating me. The dull ache intensified, its presence becoming unbearable.

I grasped his hand delicately and brought it to my lips, placing a tender kiss at the center of his palm. In a hushed and affectionate tone, I whispered, "Honey, I will always be by your side, and I will never leave you again."

Rufus embraced me tightly, pressing his cheek affectionately against the crown of my head. His voice, raspy with emotion, resonated as he said, "Okay, I believe you this time. Don't leave me alone in the future, okay?"

"Okay."

Suddenly, a noise emanated from the entrance. A voice, vaguely familiar, reached my ears.

"It's Arron and Beryl!" I wrestled myself free from Rufus' embrace, swiftly rising to my feet and slipping on my shoes. Without delay, I bolted out of the room.

"Slow down," Rufus cautioned, a mix of worry and amusement coloring his voice.

Laura walked toward us, my precious little ones trailing behind her. Her face brimmed with excitement as she beheld my living, breathing form. Tears shimmered in her beady eyes, and she said, her voice quivering with emotion, "It's great that you woke up."

But then, her gaze caught sight of her son drawing nearer, and a veil of feigned anger draped across her features. "Why didn't you tell me that Crystal woke up until now? Do you know how worried I was?"

Rufus, impervious to Laura's reproach, responded with a gleeful laughter.

In the eyes of the werewolf clan, he reigned as a courageous lycan king. It was a rarity to witness such unadulterated happiness and innocence within him.

Laura and I exchanged knowing smiles.

However, as the two little kids caught sight of me, their eyes welled up with shiny tears.

They clutched me with their tiny, fragile hands, their cries laced with a fear of my vanishing once more, as if I were a mirage destined to fade away. My eyes swelled

with tears. I couldn't help but cradle them tenderly against my chest, soothing their hearts with reassurance.

"I'm sorry for scaring you. I won't leave you again," I said, tightening my hold.

On this tranquil morning, our family gathered as one, enveloped in a cozy atmosphere that lingered in the room. As I gazed at Rufus and the children, my heart swelled with an overwhelming wave of affection and appreciation.

I observed them, delightfully engaged in their blissful games in the room. I sat aside, quietly savoring the enchanting scene before me.

Their radiant smiles washed over me, infusing my heart with profound joy and contentment. At that moment, I felt as if I was the happiest person in the world because they belonged to me.

We enjoyed an entire day of perfect harmony. Together, we shared meals, engaged in heartfelt conversations, played games, and relished the hard-earned bliss that surrounded us.

Yes, I was home.

I had returned to the place where I truly belonged, to my cherished haven, and to the ones who held my heart so dear.

Chapter 1343

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1343 Content And Happy (Rufus' POV)

When the woman I was missing day and night regained consciousness, I felt the joy of being reincarnated.

I would always remember the moment when Crystal opened her eyes and looked at me. Her warm gaze made my heart pound.

This sense of security finally eased my restlessness.

Soon, I gave everyone the good news, and they all came to visit Crystal.

I stayed by her side when she was entertaining her friends.

It was funny. Even though Crystal promised that she wouldn't leave me, my heart was still filled with fear. I was so terrified. I couldn't stand the thought of losing her again.

As a result, I put off most of my work these days and remained stuck to Crystal's side twenty-four hours a day.

It was only when I held her tightly that I believed I wasn't dreaming.

Every time I laid my eyes on her, an irresistible emotion surged in my heart.

Flora and Harry visited Crystal every day. Initially, they looked a little uncomfortable and reserved while they talked and joked in my presence.

But after sharing a couple of meals with me, they both became unrestrained.

Harry even had the courage to exhibit his healthy appetite in front of me. If it weren't for Joanna, I had a sneaking suspicion that he had the ability to finish all the food in the palace.

As for Flora, she had no scruples at all. She cracked dirty jokes with Crystal in front of me, such as what she experienced when having sex...

Well, it seemed that Flora truly didn't think of me as an outsider now. It was Arron and Beryl's birthday that day. My mother threw a birthday party for them. This was the first time they would attend an event as the little prince and princess. I had made their existence public.

Perhaps Crystal and I would have another child in the future, but Arron and Beryl were without a doubt the two most special kids in my life. I would bestow them with the highest glory in the world. They would grow up surrounded by love, not suffer obstacles or setbacks, and would always lead happy lives.

As we were toasting with each other, Harry came to me and slung his arm around my shoulder. "Your Majesty, when will you hold your wedding ceremony with Crystal? We are all eagerly waiting for it."

"Right. If you don't hold the wedding ceremony, Crystal will run away." Flora giggled, and a second later, Crystal grabbed her in a chokehold from behind. "Don't slander me. Where can I go?"

On receiving retribution from Crystal, Flora hastily corrected, "You won't run away from Rufus. You'll always be by his side."

Crystal flushed. She released Flora with a muttered curse.

I shook my head with a smile and said to them, "Don't hurry back to your pack for now. Just stay in the palace. The preparations for the wedding ceremony have been made. We will hold it as soon as possible. You all can leave after it."

As soon as I finished speaking, a loud cheer went up around the group.

“Oh, I see.”

“Who had said they wouldn’t have a wedding ceremony? You lost the bet. Give me my money quickly.”

“Flora lost the bet.”

“Hey! Warren, you traitor. You’re banished to the sofa tonight!”

Crystal and I held hands as we watched them joking and laughing. At this moment, I was content and happy.

Chapter 1344

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1344 A New Chapter (Flora's POV)

For a span of approximately fourteen days, we resided within the grandiose confines of the imperial palace. Throughout our stay, we ventured once again into the heart of the imperial capital. A serene ambiance embraced us, as if we went back to our days at the Royal Military School.

What set this experience apart was the fact that we had children now. Leading the kids with unwavering enthusiasm was Harry, who seemed immune to fatigue amidst their playful escapades. Both Crystal and I could tell that Harry was eager to embrace fatherhood.

To everyone's surprise, Joanna announced her pregnancy.

Seated at the table, I meticulously chronicled the tale of my relationship with Sylvia in my personal journal. Despite Rufus regaining his lost memories and Sylvia getting back together with him, she insisted on being referred to as Crystal, to commemorate the last five years.

Sylvia and I had shared a special bond for almost a decade. Our friendship was as deep as the ocean and as immovable as a rock. Our memories were secured in my diary, its pages adorned with the ink of my pen.

Just as I immersed myself in my writing, a familiar voice wafted in from beyond the confines of the room. It was Warren.

"Baby, they are all here. Come out."

I raised my gaze and peered through the doorway, where Warren stood. He was clad in a finely tailored ensemble, and his face lacked its usual seriousness, revealing a hint of restlessness.

I abandoned my pen and hurriedly followed Warren out of the room.

The sight that unfolded before my eyes startled me. Unbeknownst to me, Sylvia had personally designed an exquisite bridesmaid gown for me. Its champagne-hued train boasted a lavish display of delicate feathers, adorned with a sparkling row of diamonds.

An exclamation of awe escaped my lips as I couldn't resist running my fingers along the fabric. Anticipation surged within me. "Luna Flora, let me help you change into it." Sylvia had enlisted a team of professionals to tend to my makeup and hairstyling needs.

Grasping the dress's hem, I twirled exuberantly before Warren, my voice taking on a coquettish tone. "Am I gorgeous?"

Warren, however, appeared dissatisfied. "It's not you who are going to get married. There is no need for a married woman like you to look so gorgeous," he said, an unhappy twist to his mouth.

In response to his complaint, I smiled, leaning up to plant a tender kiss on his chin, coaxing him gently, "Does it still trouble you that you're not the best man?"

"Of course not." Warren averted his gaze, at a loss for words. Suddenly, the joy of victory surged within me.

Sylvia's wedding featured a lone groomsman and a sole bridesmaid. She handpicked Harry and me.

Lately, a palpable tension had been brewing between Warren and Joanna. Joanna remained unaffected, yet in Harry's presence, Warren tried to charm me relentlessly. He meticulously curated his appearance, seemingly eager to engage in a battle to the bitter end with Harry. However, the reasons behind this eluded me. After all, both Harry and Joanna were deeply in love, as were Warren and I.

Eventually, I unraveled the mystery. Perhaps it was driven by a male wolf's unyielding desire for victory.

Warren's possessiveness grew increasingly precarious, rendering him unstable, like an impulsive youth.

I couldn't help but entertain suspicions of Sylvia's intent. Yet, when I beheld her innocent gaze, I realized my thoughts had spiraled into needless complexity.

Hand in hand, Warren and I arrived at the wedding venue, accompanied by the melodies of jubilant music that permeated the atmosphere.

However, our progress was abruptly halted by a jarring, grating sound that assaulted Warren and me. A white wolf with crimson manes took the stage and unleashed a raucous cacophony. The voice resounded, leaving the wolf intoxicated. Unable to bear the piercing dissonance, Warren and I instinctively shielded our ears from the sound.

Chapter 1345

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1345 The Wedding (Flora's POV)

Amid the televised wedding ceremony that captivated the nation's gaze, my senses were assaulted by the sight of Yana singing on the stage.

Clutching my ears in disbelief, I turned to fix my gaze upon the dashing groom, Rufus. "You just let Yana do whatever she wants?" I questioned, my voice tinged with incredulity.

A smile flashed across his face as he said, "As long as Sylvia is happy. She thinks it's a good idea. Yana is a good singer."

His satisfaction with Yana's performance was clear. Ah, to love her was to embrace her wolf.

I couldn't help but shake my head in disbelief as I pondered in silence. Since Sylvia's unbelievable resurrection, it seemed like their whole family took leave of their senses and developed a severe case of selective hearing.

I stole a glance at the comments in the live broadcast. As expected, a torrent of grievances filled the comment box.

"What? This she-wolf is so beautiful. Why does she sing so badly?"

"The she-wolf's singing is hurting me."

"Although it's unpleasant, the atmosphere is good. I want to dance."

"Can we skip the singing? I want to see the bride and groom!"

In this moment, Laura gracefully strode onto the stage, swiftly snatching Yana's microphone and forcing her to exit the stage. "Honey, the wedding is about to begin. It would be late if you don't change your clothes now."

Yana, resolute in her desire to sing, stubbornly clung to her spot, yet found herself forcefully ushered into the confines of the dressing room.

As everyone witnessed this spectacle, a collective sigh of relief filled the atmosphere.

The wedding ceremony began half an hour later.

When Sylvia finally materialized in front of us, a wave of shock washed over me. My head began to swim; she was breathtaking.

She was adorned in a holy bridal gown, and an immaculate white draped her form. The soft fabric hugged her curves, making her look like an angel. Her long locks were intricately woven into an elaborate plait, resembling a crown that accentuated her noble temperament.

The gown's hem, weightless as the billowy clouds, swayed harmoniously with each step she took, exuding an aura of elegance.

Bathed in the luminous glow, she was a breathtaking beauty, leaving onlookers agape in amazement.

In that moment, it was as if the Moon Goddess herself had bestowed her blessings upon Sylvia.

A gentle smile danced at her lips, her dark eyes bleary with bliss. Her face shone radiantly, stirring the hearts of all that beheld it.

I couldn't help but sigh inwardly as I looked at her. She was my best friend, and today marked the day of her matrimony. Genuine happiness welled up within me, surging in my chest.

Rufus' bright eyes brimmed with astonishment and adoration. His intense gaze remained fixed on Sylvia. It was as if she alone existed—the epitome of beauty.

A smile tugged at my lips. I was overcome with delight for their love.

As Sylvia made her way toward Rufus, an eerie hush descended, shrouding the scene in silence.

A hushed anticipation descended in the venue as all eyes fixated on the new couple.

I gazed excitedly at Sylvia. Her eyes were filled with resolution and expectation, like the eyes of a young girl when she daydreamed about the thrilling adventures in her future. In my heart, I knew this was the life she had yearned for—a culmination of her dreams, and a love that matched her expectations.

Amidst the wedding's tender ambiance, I settled into my seat, a happy warmth coursing through my veins. I looked mutedly at Sylvia. A bright smile danced on her face. She deserved all the happiness in the world. It was my sincere wish that she remained in perpetual bliss.

Chapter 1346

Fated To The Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 1346 The End (Sylvia's POV)

I took the bouquet and readied myself. The day had come, and this was all we had been waiting for. I walked towards Rufus, making sure I was taking my time. At last, we were to officially tie the knot.

My little angels were right behind me, just in time to the rhythm I created with my pace. They were carefully lifting the hemline of my dress. Despite the distance between us, Rufus and I shared a loving look. We offered each other a smile, and through that, our love was immediately relayed.

Suddenly, Flora interposed her head between us. She kept taking pictures of me and, as if it wasn't enough yet, waved her hand to catch my attention. "Hey, beauty! Look at me."

With just that, she stole the photographer's role. The latter could only do nothing but to shake his head in defeat.

I didn't know what to react; whether to laugh or frown. Still, I knew she just wanted to capture this moment first-hand, so I looked her way and focused on her camera.

Letting us realize that he was growing impatient, Rufus cleared his throat and said, "Flora, please return to your seat."

In the end, Warren dragged Flora back to where the bridesmaid's seat was, clearing her out of my way.

I continued to march forward. The pews fixed on both sides of the aisle were filled with our friends and relatives. Even the leaders of all the packs were present, including Blair who traveled all the way from the border. As I gave him a quick side glance, he gave me a thumbs up and mouthed a silent praise.

Everyone was here to witness my wedding with Rufus. Seeing the happiness on their visage jammed my heart with warmth.

Rufus had made the charge against Noreen public, declaring my innocence to the whole world. Thanks to that, I had salvaged my tarnished reputation and could finally be with him without something anchoring me down.

When I finally arrived by Rufus' side, the wedding song ended perfectly, just right on time.

Rufus and I held each other's hands, face to face and savored every moment while it lasted. We listened to the vicar's wishes, not breaking eye contact all the while. We exchanged our vows and put on each other's rings as a promise of forever. Bathing in the cheers and blessing of everybody, we sealed our promises with a shared sweet kiss.

At this moment, the happiness that was churning within me reached its peak and overflowed. I was unable to contain it anymore. After breaking the kiss, we gave each other a smile before turning to acknowledge our guests.

It was now time to throw the bouquet. To our shock when I threw it away, Harry purposely grabbed it.

He effortlessly squeezed himself into a group of petite she-wolves and grabbed the bouquet before any of the women could. He posed a grin, his handsome face tainted with red. None of us knew if he was just too excited that it caused him to blush.

But I didn't wait long enough to know the reason for his actions. Harry made his way through the crowd and handed the bouquet he caught to Joanna. To our surprise, he knelt on one knee in front of his lover and took out a small box and revealed the diamond ring inside.

“Jo... Jo...” Harry tried to call out Joanna’s name in a trembling voice, as if it was his first time learning how to talk. Despite the nervousness that trailed his voice, his eyes were sparkling.

“Harry, haven’t you rehearsed several times before the stone last night just for this moment?” Flora’s words made everyone laugh. We knew it was her way of loosening his nerves.

But that was enough to make Harry a blushing mess. If he were in his wolf form now, I imagined he would have curled his tail in embarrassment.

Joanna smiled at him and waited patiently, reassuring him it was alright.

Finally, Harry took a deep breath and shouted at the she-wolf in front of him.

“Joanna! Will you marry me? Let me take care of you all my life, make you happy forever, and let you be carefree. Will you have me as your husband?”

Harry was anxious that his voice almost broke from his high-pitched declaration. Everyone held their breath, waiting for Joanna’s answer. Even though we had an idea what Joanna would say, we couldn’t help but be edgy for Harry.

“Yes, I do,” Joanna said without hesitation.

Her answer sent everyone cheering and screaming. We were all happy that they, too, would be getting their happy ending. It was a good beginning for all of us.

I held Rufus’ arm, a smile tearing my face apart.

It was so enlivening to know that everyone had found their beloved ones.

Amidst the celebrations of the wedding, I seemed to see my parents in the sky, smiling down at me and contented that I was finally getting the happiness I deserved.

I knew they were grinning at me hand in hand, as if they were blessing me. Even though their figures slowly dissipated, this time, I didn’t ask for them to stay.

I reckoned my peace also became their own peace.

“Dad, Mom, I’m fine. I have my friends, my husband, and children with me as long as I live. The road to the future has been lit up. You don’t need to worry about me anymore,” I muttered under my breath.

I knew that this was what they wanted most: for their daughter to have a family to treasure. Their blessings and their love would always stay with me and I would carry them with me all throughout my life. I would be brave and happy for the rest of my days, for my family and everyone.

All the pain and troubles I had experienced in the past were now gone and had long been replaced by the happy life with Rufus and my children that awaited us.