

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince Chapter 1278

(Crystal's POV)

Rufus didn't release me until I calmed down. He t*ouched my arms with his fingers, which were covered in b***d.

That was when I realized how badly I'd hurt myself when I lost control just now.

I frowned and dropped my gaze to the floor. "Summer is almost here. I want to wear beautiful dresses."

Rufus rolled his eyes at me, turned around, and retrieved a box of ointment from the cabinet. "You ran faster than a rabbit just now. I was nearly scared to death. I've told you to tell me beforehand if anything is happening to you. Why do you always try to hide your emotions from me?"

Looking at his dark expression, I coyly replied, "I didn't have a choice. That emotion overwhelmed me out of the blue and I couldn't control it at all."

Rufus scoffed and positioned my arms on his lap so that he could apply the ointment.

The icy medicine alleviated my pain.

I tilted my head and watched Rufus, who was carefully applying the ointment. "Are you mad at me?"

"Why should I be mad at you? You just told me that you couldn't control your emotion. If I really want to be angry, I will direct my fury at Noreen. This is all her fault. When I capture her, I will make her suffer a fate worse than death," Rufus said in a dark voice as he scowled.

I discretely stuck my tongue out at him, knowing that he was absolutely infuriated. "But catching Noreen is not an easy feat. She's so cunning," I mumbled sadly.

“There has to be a way,” Rufus replied lightly.

After applying the medicine, he thickly bandaged my arms and finished off my dressing with a plastic covering as the outer layer.

I waved my arm, which looked like a rolling pin, and felt amused. “Baby, I’ve just suffered a few scratches. Isn’t this a little over the top?”

“It’s to prevent your scratches from getting wet in the bath,” Rufus replied concisely and authoritatively.

Okay...

I pursed my lips, not having the courage to challenge his final say. He was already unhappy today.

Rufus bent forward and lifted me out of the bathtub. Then he took off my wet clothes. Once the water in the bathtub was warm, he placed me back inside.

He sat next to the tub and washed my hair.

I shut my eyes and enjoyed the massage. My body melted with relaxation.

“You did this a lot in the past. You would help me shower and wash my hair, and also help me choose my clothes. You took care of me like a doll,” I said softly.

I heard a chuckle over my head. “It looks like I was quite accomplished at taking care of you.”

“You certainly were.” I opened one eye and shot him a happy glance.

Rufus looked relaxed and cheerful, and the pressure he was applying was just right. He said, “I will continue being like this in the future. You will always be my doll.”

Then he lowered his head and placed a gentle k*iss on my eyelid.

I scoffed, acting like a spoiled girl. “Well, I’ll consider it.”

Rufus grinned indulgently and reached out to put some bubbles on my face. “I wasn’t asking for your permission. I was telling you.”

I quickly grabbed his hand. I chomped down on his smooth clean arm as if I was punishing him and said, "I'll stay away from the kids for the next few days. Please watch over them."

"Of course, I will. Don't you trust me?" Rufus squeezed my waist, pretending to be angry.

I burst out laughing and asked for his pardon. "That's not what I meant. I trust you. You're an amazing father."

While we were laughing, a soldier's voice came from outside.

"Your Majesty, I have some bad news! A monster has broken into the palace."

Rufus and I were alarmed. I quickly threw on some clean clothes and we rushed out to investigate the situation.

When we arrived at the scene, soldiers had already gathered around.

The monster was standing in a corner at the back door of the palace, its figure partly hidden and partly visible. It looked huge, like a giant beast.

When it moved, we heard the sound of steel sliding on the floor.

Rufus stood in front of me to shield me. He raised his hand, giving the soldiers the order to shoot.

I watched the shadow of the giant beast and my frown deepened. Why was the shape of its ear tip so familiar? And the sound of steel sliding... It sounded like something was attached on its feet, otherwise the noise wouldn't come at such regular intervals.

Suddenly, something struck me.

"Wait a minute. Don't shoot." I hastily stopped the soldiers from attacking the monster.

Rufus asked in a baffled voice, "Why? What's wrong?"

Instead of giving him an explanation, I looked in the direction of the figure and shouted, "Ian?"

