

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 383

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 383 The New Instructor

Sylvia’s POV:

Just like at school, the army also had morning exercises, and we would all gather at the training ground at five o’clock in the morning.

Title of the document

Since Flora went to bed early last night, she got up earlier than me today and went to the canteen to get breakfast.

After freshening up in the bathroom, I found that Flora was eating her third sandwich.

I couldn’t help but frown slightly. Could she keep eating like this? She would probably get overweight and fail the fitness test if she kept this up.

So, I confiscated the rest of her breakfast and ate them myself. She had bought a lot of food, so even though I only had her leftovers, I ended up too full. I burped all the way to the training ground. There, we found Harry.

Thankfully, he carried indigestion pills with him. I didn’t feel better until I took two. But Harry never had a stomach problem, so why would he have those pills with him in the first place? I was perplexed.

Only in that moment did I realize that all my friends were acting weirdly lately. I also noticed only then that Harry had shaved his hair.

Standing side by side, he and Flora looked like fraternal twins. Harry touched his head and then touched Flora’s. “Your head is a lot rounder than mine.”

“Woah, really?” Flora stretched out her hand to check for herself.

The two of them began to discuss heatedly, comparing whose head was rounder.

Many sold*iers had gathered on the training grounds by then, and they were training in different groups. We heard loud and clear voices, one after another.

I looked around, looking for our missing team member. Warren was still in the hospital and couldn’t participate in the team training for the time being, so I was looking for someone else.

Sure enough, the quiet John was standing in the distance, looking at us quietly. He looked like a fish out of water amidst the lively atmosphere.

This reminded me of the time when I was the black sheep of the pack. After hesitating for a while, I trotted over to him and asked, “Have you gotten used to things here yet?”

John nodded politely. “Sort of.”

Then he turned his face away and said nothing more. I scratched my head, feeling a little embarrassed. Not knowing what to say, I coughed, trying to break the silence.

But the silence won in the end. After standing around awkwardly for a while, I jogged over back to Flora and Harry. By then, Flora and Harry had given up on comparing who had a rounder head and were staring at my curiously.

“What’s with the weird look?” I asked helplessly.

“What did you say to John?” Flora leaned over and whispered, “You know what? John’s way too cold. I ran into him on the way here and greeted him, but he just ignored me.”

“Maybe it’s because he doesn’t know you well,” I said, mulling it over. “Some werewolves are just like that, I guess. Warren acted similarly in the beginning. Back when we weren’t friends yet, he didn’t even look at us. Only when we became close did he change.”

At the mention of Warren’s name, Flora was suddenly disinterested. She nudged Harry and asked, “Isn’t John your roommate? Why haven’t you gotten to know him.”

Unexpectedly, Harry’s reaction was quite violent. He glared at Flora and shouted, “I don’t know what you’re talking about! I’m not his roommate!”

With a puzzled look on her face, Flora asked, “Don’t the male team members share a room? There are four beds per room.”

Harry jutted out his chin proudly. “I applied to live alone.”

“Seriously? But why? Isn’t it a lot more fun to live with other werewolves?” Flora poked him anyway! Harry covered his ears, drowning out our questions.

“Answer me, Harry! Don’t you look up to Warren? Now that you finally have the chance to get close to him, how could you give it up?”

“Who said I look up to Warren? Just drop it or I’ll disown you.

I pursed my lips, feeling that something was off. Harry was extremely outgoing and liked making friends. He preferred being surrounded by lively werewolves and was the sort who would get lonely easily. So why would he apply to live alone?

Just as I was about to ask, Jerome, the instructor in charge of our training, showed up.