

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 387

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 387 Training

Sylvia’s POV:

In the end, Jerome still punished Flora. It just so happened that this morning’s training program was to throw grenades. Of course, we didn’t really throw actual grenades—we just threw balls. And Flora was made to pick up all the balls we threw.

Title of the document

Our training ground was located in a vast wilderness. A long line of sandbags piled on top of each other formed a defensive wall, while on the other side of the line was a pit of “grenades”—or balls, in this case. Now, what we were tasked to do was throw the balls into the pit.

After Jerome finished briefing us, he left us alone to train freely. He was to check up on us later after we had grown familiar with the process.

As for Flora, she not only needed to practice throwing balls, but she also needed to pick them up when we ran out. I wanted to help her pick up the balls, but Jerome didn’t allow anyone to assist her.

“He’s stricter than Blair,” Harry couldn’t help but complain.

“This is the army,” I sighed with a shrug.

All of us were wound up to a certain degree. After all, we needed to be alert at all times; we couldn’t afford to make any mistakes.

After a few rounds of training freely, Jerome went over to check up on us. He announced that the weakest thrower was to treat everyone else to lunch.

Flora, who was exhausted from running around picking up balls, perked up when she heard this and volunteered to throw first.

After throwing ten balls, only one landed in the pit. Jerome was pissed off. “How could you be so weak?!” Harry covered his mouth with his hand and tried to stifle a giggle. Flora was so sad that she buried her face in her hands and retreated to a corner. Not wanting to damage her self-esteem, I deliberately lowered my strength from a hundred percent to just twenty.

Jerome saw what I was up to, but he was too angry to speak, so he simply waved his hand to signal the next person to start throwing. But everyone caught on to what I was up to. They all performed badly on purpose. The best score was only three balls out of ten.

When the last ball was thrown, Jerome sneered coldly. “Do you think you deserve lunch? Stay here and get your act straight first!”

After saying that, he left in an angry huff, leaving the five of us looking at each other dejectedly.

We spent the whole morning training hard. Jerome had said that our team would go on an official mission after a week of training, so the first week was very crucial. Although Jerome had said those harsh words earlier, he still brought us lunch at around one o’clock in the afternoon.

After lunch, Jerome told me to go to Leonard for an exclusive training. It seemed that he had been informed beforehand. Harry was so jealous that he kept pestering me with questions, begging me to share whatever I learned when I got back.

I gloated in front of him, pretending to be happy, but in truth, my heart was full of bitterness. Thinking about how difficult Leonard was to get along with, I couldn’t help but dread meeting him.

That afternoon, I headed to our designated meeting spot. I stood outside the door, took a deep breath, and tried to psyche myself up. In order to become stronger, I had to face difficulties first.

Finally, I pushed the door open uneasily, but found that the room was empty. There was only the sound of the clock ticking on the wall in the empty training gym.

Was I too early? As I walked inside, I called out Leonard’s name, but no one answered.

I waited for about five more minutes, but Leonard still didn’t show up. I gnawed my lower lip and felt that I had been tricked. Leonard obviously didn’t want to teach me, yet he had asked me to come here today.

I couldn’t help but recall the time Leonard scolded me without knowing the whole picture. The more I thought about it, the angrier I got.

A couple more minutes passed and I didn’t plan to wait any longer. I stood up to leave.

Just then, I suddenly felt the hairs on the back of my neck stand on one end, but it was too late to make a move.

Out of the blue, a heavy punch came from behind and sent me flying forward.