

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 390

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince by Dark Knight

Chapter 390 A Reversal of Cognition

Sylvia’s POV:

I felt aggrieved after being scolded by Leonard. Was it wrong that I didn’t want to admit defeat? Wasn’t it worth it if I traded my own life for the safety of others?

Title of the document

But Leonard disagreed with me. He sneered, “You’re still too young.”

I couldn’t speak as if something was stuck in my throat. Leonard’s opinion completely overturned my previous cognition.

“As a qualified sold*ier, the first thing you need to understand is that losing is not terrible, and death either. What’s terrible is that you could have protected your comrades and your people, but you d*ied because of your unnecessary courage. At the same time, you would also hurt those you should have protected.”

Leonard was no longer angry. But the calmer he was, the more awed I became. The disappointment in his voice left me wondering what to do.

My life as a sl*ve in the past had limited my knowledge. Besides, all I had to face all the time were the intrigues between the she-wolves and the bullying of those powerful werewolves. In the past, my only wish was to live, so I tried my best to survive.

Later, I was admitted to the military academy with the goal of serving the empire. I thought it was normal to dedicate my life to the empire and the people.

But Leonard’s words today caused a huge wave to ripple in my heart. It turned out that not every sacrifice could be respected, and sometimes it could backfire. Not all efforts would be well-received.

In the face of war, life was so small and yet so heavy. I was so depressed that I didn’t say anything.

“Yes, you have some abilities and a little bit of cleverness. With these sK*Ils, you may get a high position in a small pack. But they are far from enough for you to become a true royal sold*ier and shoulder the responsibility of the entire werewolf race.”

Leonard directly rejected me. His words were so honest and straightforward that I couldn’t refute them.

“That’s all for our first class. Go back and think it over. If you still don’t understand what I mean…” He paused and stared at me. “Then this will be our last class.”

After saying this, he turned around and directly left.

I stood there dumbfounded. My mind was a mess. I was totally confused. Suddenly, I didn’t know where to go. I felt like my heart was empty.

I checked the time. It was only three o’clock in the afternoon, but I felt like a long time had already passed. At this time, Flora and the others should still be in class. I thought for a while. Then I decided not to join them anymore. They would definitely ask me many questions. I was too embarrassed to tell them that I was severely scolded by Leonard, and my cl@sseven ended ahead of time.

It would be better if I went back to my dormitory.

On my way back, I passed by the administration building. It suddenly occurred to me that Rufus worked in the army every day. He should be training some sold*iers at this time.

With this thought, I turned around and walked towards the training ground. The training ground was very large. And from a distance, I could see a lot of sold*iers standing neatly in rows. I stood outside the guardrail and craned my neck, looking for Rufus. But my sight was blocked by the sold*iers. I couldn’t see him at all.

Everyone was focused on the training, so I didn’t dare to enter the training ground and disturb them. I just stood outside and waited.

After a while, I heard Rufus’ voice. He seemed to be berating someone. The suppressed anger and deterrence in his tone could be heard even from afar. It was very frightening. I thought of those times when Rufus trained me in private to help me participate in the selection for the elite team.

During the training, I thought that he was already very strict with me. But seeing him now, it seemed that he was actually much gentler to me than to these sold*iers.