

Irresistible 381

[Chapter 381 An Unfaithful Lover](#)

Flora's POV:

When we were done cleaning up our room, Sylvia retreated to the bathroom to take a shower.

With Sylvia gone, I felt lonely and sad.

I thought about what she said just now about how Warren really loved me. I sneered and clenched my fists angrily, inadvertently squishing the orange in my hand.

Regret? Never.

I clenched my fists so hard that orange juice spurted everywhere, staining even the uniform I was planning to wear tomorrow.

I hurried to clean it up but felt even angrier with Warren.

When Warren was in a coma, his life was in fatal danger. I was so anxious that I didn't even dare to close my eyes or take a break for fear that Warren would suddenly stop breathing.

Later, when his condition had finally stabilized, I staggered out of his ward to finally have a meal.

When I came back, a nurse told me that Warren had woken up already. I was so happy that all my fatigue disappeared in an instant.

I rushed to his ward happily, wondering how Warren would react when he saw me.

But as soon as I arrived, Alina stopped me from entering.

She was guarding the door with four muscly bodyguards, as though she was declaring her sovereignty.

Alina quickly recognized me as Sylvia's roommate and asked me about my relationship with Warren.

I didn't know what to say. After all, Warren and I were just pretending to be a couple, so I couldn't tell her I was his girlfriend.

When she saw that I was at a loss for words, Alina sneered and accused me of being a lowly, gold-digging bitch.

Her loud voice attracted the attention of whoever was in the area.

I didn't expect a noble lady like Alina would act so nastily. My face turned red from the humiliation. For

the first time in my life, I was called a tramp.

I wanted to defend myself, but everyone around us sided with Alina.

After that, Alina asked her bodyguards to throw me out of the hospital.

I fought them back as hard as I could and wanted to leave on my own accord, but I was no match for them.

They threw me out of the hospital as though I was garbage, even spitting on me before leaving.

The whole time, the door to Warren's ward was open. I'm sure we had caused a noisy commotion, yet he didn't come to my defense and just let Alina drive me away.

Thinking about how alone and helpless I felt at the time, disappointment and rage surged in my heart again.

Maybe Warren thought that I had crossed the line with him, so he used Alina to show me how he truly felt about me.

As these thoughts circled around my mind, I couldn't help but sneer. Looking down at my orange juice-stained hands, hot tears rolled down my cheeks.

I had heard that Alina was the one who took care of Warren these days. He must've been very happy.

Back when we were still in our pack, I heard that Warren was very fond of Alina. In fact, he had come to the imperial capital city for that she-wolf. Now that he finally won her heart, congratulations were in order.

I quickly wiped my tears and cursed under my breath.

Damn it! There were plenty of fish in the sea. I refused to cry over one man!

The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. I should have broken up with him sooner. That way, I wouldn't have had to endure such humiliation. I felt like a joke.

I kicked the edge of the bunk hard, but hurt myself in the process. I winced in pain.

Damn it, Warren! This was all his fault! Now, luck wasn't on my side. Harry would've made a better fake boyfriend than him.

Gritting my teeth, I angrily took out my phone and un-blocked Warren's number.

After hastily sending him a break-up text, I quickly blocked his number again.

After that, I felt a wave of relief wash over me.

[Chapter 382 In A Dilemma](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I couldn't help but feel that Flora's and Warren's sudden break up was too strange. Something was off.

Although Flora was free-spirited and carefree, she wasn't the kind of she-wolf who would be so casual with her relationships.

Yet she didn't seem to be saddened by her recent break up.

At dusk, Flora bounded into our room happily, toting a lot of food. She said that the handsome officer had given the food to her.

While we ate, Flora watched silly videos online and laughed happily. She didn't look like someone who had just come out of a break up.

I frowned slightly, mulling over it in my mind. Could Flora really have fallen in love with someone else?

"Sylvia, try this durian pizza! It's delicious!" Flora held out a slice of pizza in front of me, happy to share her goodies.

But my scalp tingled at the mention of "durian". I grabbed my dirty clothes and hastily made my escape.

"Enjoy your food. I'm going to do the laundry first."

In this dormitory building, every floor was equipped with a laundry room. I trotted over to the laundry room on my floor and tossed my dirty clothes into the washing machine.

While waiting, I still thought about Flora's situation.

I pulled out my phone, intending to check social media for clues. I wanted to chat with Warren to ask him about what happened. Only now did I realize that I had muted his contact.

I blinked at my phone screen in surprise. Perhaps I muted him by accident. Fortunately, Warren seldom chatted with me.

I un-muted him and started typing. Just as I was about to hit send, I figured it'd be better to just call him.

But before the call connected, I hung up.

Staring at my phone, I scratched my head warily.

What if it was true? What if Flora had actually dumped Warren and fallen for someone else?

If I brought it up with Warren again, I'd probably be rubbing salt into his fresh wounds, and I didn't want to do that.

I sighed. This was the first time I worried about a love life other than my own.

Flora was my best friend. I needed to support her. But Warren was also my friend...

I don't know what I would do if the three of us crossed paths.

What if Warren asked me to help him get Flora back? Should I help him or not?

While I was deep in thought, my phone suddenly rang. It was Warren.

I was so nervous that I lost my grip on my phone. It slipped out of my hands and fell into a washbasin.

My heart sank to my stomach. I fished the phone out of the basin and found that the screen had gone dark. I didn't dare to turn on the phone right away. Instead, I rushed back to my room to wipe the wet phone with a dry towel.

Flora looked up at what I was doing and tilted her head to the side curiously. "What happened to your phone?"

"I dropped it," I mumbled, feeling very distressed. After wiping it, I tried turning the phone on again, but to no avail. It probably had water inside.

"Can I see?" Flora picked up my phone and began to inspect it. "I think there's water in it. Let's try using a blow dryer."

But in the end, even the blow drying didn't work its magic. There was nothing I could do but put my phone on the table and wait until tomorrow to check it again.

That evening, I borrowed Flora's phone and called Rufus.

I sat on the bench in the corridor and caught up with him for a while. I was relieved to find out that Blair was in relatively good condition and wasn't in any mortal danger for the time being.

After hanging up the phone and returning to my room, I found that Flora had already fallen asleep. She not only ate a lot recently, but also slept better.

I walked over quietly, put her phone on her bedside table, and picked up her blanket from the floor.

The following morning, the first thing I did was check my phone. To my relief, it finally turned on. I happily waited for the phone to boot up, but then I recalled how Warren had tried to call me. Feeling guilty, I turned it off again.

I would just pretend it was still broken. Anyway, I couldn't use my phone during the military training.

[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.

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 soldiers 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 me 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 yet?"

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.

"Oh, just drop it, will you? I wouldn't want to live with 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.

[Chapter 384 New Teammate](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I didn't expect our instructor to be so young. He had a baby face, and he looked younger than Harry. But as soon as he spoke, things were different. His rough voice sounded very irritable.

The first thing Jerome did was asked Harry to stand up.

Flora and I looked at each other, thinking Harry had done something wrong.

But Harry was such a little fool. He didn't take it seriously and stood up with a smile.

"Yes, sir? What can I do for you?"

After saying this, he even winked at Jerome as if he was giving a secret signal. He didn't look serious at all.

But suddenly, Jerome kicked his butt.

Flora and I were both startled. We stood up and were about to help Harry get up, but Jerome stopped us.

"This is the army, not a place for you to fool around. If you go to the battlefield in the future, will you still face your enemies playfully like this?"

Flora trembled in fear and quickly retracted her foot.

On the other hand, Harry covered his butt with his hand with disbelief written all over his handsome face. It was as if he didn't expect Jerome would kick him.

Then Jerome shouted at him again, "You've just come in, and you immediately made trouble. Harry, I'm telling you, I don't give any special treatment here. Your request for a separate dormitory room has been rejected. I won't approve it."

Harry hemmed and hawed. He wanted to say something more but gave up when Jerome glared at him.

Jerome was a very fierce instructor. He was even more violent than a tyrannosaurus.

"You must move into your dormitory tonight. Otherwise, you get out of the army. You don't even need to go back to the academy. Just go home directly."

"Yes, sir," Harry said with his head down and walked back to us dejectedly.

At this moment, a female voice suddenly sounded from the side.

"Sir, I'm sorry, I'm late."

When I looked up, I was surprised. It was a beautiful she-wolf, and she seemed to be the last member of our team.

Flora exclaimed in surprise as she was also shocked by the beauty of the she-wolf. "Oh my! Why haven't I seen such a beauty in the academy before?"

"I don't know," I whispered to her. Actually, I was also curious.

"Hello, everyone! My name is Layla. I just arrived at the army this morning. The driver got lost along the way and spent more travel time than expected. That's why I'm late." Layla smoothed the hair that scattered on her forehead and tucked it at the back of her ears as she spoke. Her movements were naturally enchanting.

I was almost dumbfounded watching her. Aside from her beautiful face, she also had a crisp and pleasant voice.

But Jerome seemed not affected by her beauty at all. He remained calm and indifferent. "No matter what the reason is, being late is late. And there is a consequence for it. As your punishment, you will stay and tidy up the equipment later."

"Yes, sir," Layla replied softly. Her gestures were still full of charm.

Flora clicked her tongue and rubbed her chin while looking at our new teammate like a lecher. "Oh my God! She is gorgeous. She is almost as beautiful as you, Sylvia. I really want to ask how she has gotten such plump breasts. We're all she-wolves, but why are her breasts so big? Look at her uniform. It's about to burst."

The more Flora spoke, the more excited she became. I quickly covered her mouth and said, "Hey, keep your voice down. The instructor is looking at us."

But my warning was too late. Jerome already roared, "Flora, stand up! In the army, you are not allowed to speak without permission. Don't you know such a simple rule? Give me ten laps! Now!"

"Yes, sir!"

Flora didn't dare to refute. She began to run with a sad face.

Since I was also responsible for Flora's punishment, I ran with her.

Harry foolishly followed behind me and said we would be together in weal and woe.

And much to my surprise, John also followed us without saying a word. He ran behind Harry but kept a certain distance.

I maintained a constant speed and easily overtook Flora. I was now running at the front. But surprisingly, Layla caught up with me halfway through.

During the placement test, my speed was already the fastest. It was just that my physical strength didn't keep up, so I got the eighth place. But after training for some time, my physical strength had improved significantly, and my running speed was almost unparalleled in the academy.

However, Layla caught up with me, and it seemed that she did it without difficulty.

[Chapter 385 Out Of Control](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I was a bit surprised, but before I could react, Layla quickened her pace until she was running right next to me.

"I know you! You're this year's soldier king," she said with a bright smile.

Whoever was given the rank of staff sergeant was also called the "soldier king"—the highest rank among soldiers. After this year's ranking ceremony, everyone discussed it in private.

I smiled stiffly. "I'm sorry I got you in trouble on our first meeting. You don't have to run with us, you know."

Layla chuckled, as if she didn't care so much about it. "It's fine. I was late anyway, so I deserve the punishment."

She was running really close to me. I could even hear her inhale clearly.

What the heck was wrong with me? I didn't know why, but Layla's voice was so pleasant that it made my heart beat faster.

I bit my lower lip, wondering why my heart was out of control.

I turned my head to steal a glance at Layla's face. She was stunningly beautiful. I was so taken aback that I got distracted from the path under my feet and tripped on a rock.

Before I could hit the ground, Layla reacted quickly and wrapped her arms around me. Was I imagining things or was she trying to protect me?

We both rolled on the ground in a heap until we slammed into a step.

When I finally came to my senses, I found myself lying prone on top of Layla. My hands had landed on her soft, plump breasts.

I quickly sat up and got off her. With my hands behind my back, I apologized to her, cheeks aflame with embarrassment. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to touch your..."

We were both she-wolves. Plus, Flora and I often wrestled in private. But facing Layla, I felt weird and awkward.

Her beautiful eyes curved like crescent moons and she smiled at me warmly. "It doesn't matter, since it's you."

What? What on earth did that mean?

Lost in my own thoughts, I stared at her pretty face blankly. It wasn't until Layla called my name that I came back to my senses.

She tilted her head to the side and smiled. "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing!" I shook my head adamantly, feeling more and more awkward.

Just then, Layla suddenly approached me and whispered in a charming voice, "I've liked you for a long time, Sylvia."

My eyes went as wide as saucers and I wondered if I was hallucinating.

But to my horror, she added, "You're just too cute. It's hard not to like you, Sylvia."

Somehow, I forgot what it felt like to breathe. My brain seemed to shut down and my body went numb—only Layla's pleasant voice echoed in my ears.

"Sylvia! Sylvia, are you okay?"

Flora's voice suddenly pulled me back to reality. She was looking at me anxiously.

I blinked at her blankly, wondering if what just happened was only a dream.

"Hey, are you okay? What made you fall all of a sudden?" Harry jogged over and asked worriedly.

Behind me, Layla suddenly chuckled. As soon as I heard her singsong voice, I instinctively jumped up.

"What's the matter with you, Sylvia? Why are you so jittery? Are you sick? You don't look so good." Flora stroked my hair and looked at me worriedly.

"I'm fine, guys." I threw my hands up at a loss. I really had no idea what was wrong with me.

Layla also got to her feet. She looked at me with a meaningful smile, as though she wanted to tell me something more.

But before she could even open her mouth, I turned around and ran away as fast as I could.

[Chapter 386 In A Mess](#)

Sylvia's POV:

After all, I hadn't finished the ten laps yet. I had to keep running.

But this time, my speed was much slower than before. I kept getting lost in my own thoughts, and my mind was a complete mess.

Truth be told, I was flustered. What did Layla mean when she said "since it's you"? Could she have meant what I thought she meant?

But no one would confess their feelings as soon as they met the person they had a crush on! It had to be a prank.

On the other hand, she looked serious just now and didn't seem to be playing games with me.

The more I mulled it over, the more muddled my mind became. What the hell! Didn't she know that I already had a mate?

Layla was a beautiful, sexy she-wolf, and she even made me blush whenever I looked at her. But I was straight through and through—even if Rufus was out of the picture.

Even though I thought so, my mind still couldn't stop picturing Layla's beautiful face.

I gradually became irritable, as one did when something was out of their control.

I kept reminding myself of Rufus, trying to cover Layla's face with Rufus'. I ran in a complete daze— until Harry stopped me.

"Sylvia, you've done ten laps already."

"Oh, I didn't even notice..." I nearly hit myself on the head irritably. I had almost run one more lap.

Harry and I slowly made our way back to the team. Flora was already there, chatting with Layla happily. From what I could pick up, they seemed to be talking about how to make breasts bigger.

Just then, Layla saw me and smiled.

My heart skipped a beat and I quickly looked away. I couldn't wait until training was over.

But even after training, I was still bound to see her. Layla was a girl and would most definitely be sharing a dorm room with us.

When this thought crossed my mind, I pursed my lips unhappily.

"Sylvia, what's with you today?" Flora seemed to notice my conflicted expression and looked at me in confusion.

Layla burst into laughter. "Sylvia, you ran so fast!"

My cheeks turned even redder. I was at a loss as to what to do. I just wanted to dig a hole in the ground and bury myself.

In order to avoid any contact with Layla for the rest of training, I deliberately stood next to Harry. However, the instructor took me to Layla's side with a sullen face.

"You have to line up from tallest to shortest from now on."

The instructor's words were set in stone, so I had no choice but to stand next to Layla obediently.

The shortest of all of us, Flora, smiled at me. She straightened her back and puffed out her chest, showing off her newfound knowledge on breast enlargement.

I made a funny face at her, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. Just as I opened my mouth to comment, Layla spoke up first.

"I've been paying attention to you for a while now, Sylvia."

My whole body immediately went stiff. I didn't say anything, nor did I look at her.

Layla giggled softly, which sounded like music to my ears. "I took notice of you ever since the placement test. I've witnessed your progress, all the way until you made it here. I really appreciate your talent and capability, including the way you do things. I just know that, one day, you'll stand at the top."

Only then did I turn to look at her, wide-eyed. "So, you..."

Layla's expression softened. "I scared you just now, didn't I? Maybe it's because I admire you so much that I wasn't able to express myself properly."

"So, you meant you admired me when you said that you liked me?" I asked seriously, narrowing my eyes at her.

Layla raised her eyebrows innocently. "What else did you think?"

Hearing this, my cheeks turned red but I felt relieved.

"Hey! What're you two talking about? Who do you like?" Flora tried to squeeze into our conversation. "How come you have a secret already?!"

But before she could say anything more, Jerome interrupted her angrily.

"Flora! Have you no shred of remorse?"

The frightened Flora snapped back to her attention. She squeezed her eyes shut and shouted, "Sir! I asked for your permission just now, but you didn't hear me!"

[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.

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.

[Chapter 388 The God Of War](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I struggled to get up from the floor, although I felt a tingling pain in my back. I coughed and looked up at the person who attacked me, only to find that it was Leonard.

"Hey, why did you do that?" I was a little angry at his sudden move. But at the same time, I was also terrified. Werewolves had sharp senses innately. But why didn't I notice that Leonard was behind me just now? If I was on a mission, and it was an enemy, I was afraid I was already dead.

Leonard pursed his lips, and his face darkened. He didn't say anything. Instead, he attacked me directly again.

I was caught off guard, but I tried hard to dodge his attack.

His moves were so quick that they didn't give me a chance to react at all. I tried to resist a few moves, but his strength was astonishing.

He was old now, but he was still strong. I couldn't imagine how strong he was when he was young. Now I really felt the strength of the once most powerful werewolf.

Rufus was right. People would know how insignificant their strength was after meeting the real strong one.

After receiving a few punches from Leonard, I slowly calmed down from the panic.

I realized that this might be my first class, so I quickly adjusted my mindset and started taking him seriously.

Leonard's punching style was different from that of the orthodox army. His moves were ever-changing in detail, and there was no regularity at all.

It simply meant that if there were no rules, there were no flaws.

In the end, I got flustered. I also had this feeling of powerlessness when I fought with Rufus before.

But it was different with him because he restrained himself in fear that I would get hurt.

Leonard, on the other hand, attacked me with all his strength and became fiercer and fiercer.

I was so anxious that I sweated profusely. I didn't know how to deal with him.

"Admit defeat," Leonard said in a deep voice, gripping my shoulder blades.

"No way!" I moved my right hand and tried to strike back. But he clasped my shoulders so tightly that I couldn't move at all.

Leonard snorted and loosened his grip on my shoulders. But the next second, he attacked me again with a different move.

I knew he was giving me a chance.

Mixed emotions, including unwillingness and admiration, filled my heart.

He kept telling me to admit defeat, but I continued to refuse. For me, I either die or win in a battle.

And I silently told myself that there would always be a chance.

I only had to find Leonard's flaws. Even though it was hard for me to fight against him now, I still didn't want to give up.

Leonard dealt with me easily. It was as if he was a cat playing with a mouse.

I wanted to find a chance to attack from his back, but he seemed to have seen through my intention. He never exposed his back and always fought with me head-on.

Soon, I felt that he seemed to want to end the fight. He sped up his attack, forcing me to step back.

At the last moment, Leonard bent over and attacked me in the abdomen. His back was exposed in front of me.

My chance had come.

I gambled my last chance to attack Leonard the moment he hit me in the abdomen.

Although his punch might cause my internal injuries, I didn't want to dodge it.

Just when I was about to take his attack head-on, Leonard stopped at a critical moment. He quickly suppressed my hands and said coldly, "Stop!"

I didn't say a word. I just stood in front of him in silence, letting the sweat on my forehead slide down to my eyes.

Leonard's face darkened. "During our entire fight, you made three fatal mistakes."

[Chapter 389 Three Fatal Mistakes](#)

Sylvia's POV:

At first, I wasn't convinced.

Leonard was strong and I wasn't a match for him at all. I had tried my best in battle, but I knew it would be futile. Just when I had found an opportunity to fight back, he stopped me...

With his hands clasped behind his back, Leonard narrowed his sharp eyes at me, as though he had seen

right through me. Sure enough, his next words were, "I know you're not convinced."

He exposed me, which was a little embarrassing.

"I am, sir," I replied stiffly.

Leonard snorted. "Your thoughts are written all over your face."

Unable to retort, I lowered my head and didn't say anything. Leonard's show of strength now made me realize just how weak I really was.

Neither of us said a word for a while.

Finally, I took the initiative to break the silence.

"So what were my three fatal mistakes?" Feeling a little awkward, I fidgeted with a button on my uniform.

"Mistake number one: when you pushed the door open and walked in, I hid just behind the door, but you didn't even notice."

I looked up at him in surprise. "You were here from the beginning? But I didn't even hear you breathe."

Werewolves had especially sharp senses, especially those who had received professional training. I should've been able to sense Leonard's breathing the second I walked in here.

Leonard looked at me with reproach. "That was your second fatal mistake. You were likely blinded by what you saw with your eyes first. You saw an empty training gym, so you convinced yourself that the place was empty. But the fact of the matter was that your enemy was hiding in the dark, watching your every move."

"Who would've foreseen such a sneak attack?" I stubbornly muttered under my breath.

Fortunately, Leonard didn't seem to hear me murmur. With a straight face, he continued to criticize me. "You entered a new place, yet you not only let your guard down, you exposed your back to your enemy so easily. I didn't even have to lift a finger. Do you think you're ready to go on a mission? You'd die a thousand times over."

Frowning, I became even less convinced. "This is the Royal Army. I came here to attend a class. I didn't expect it'd be dangerous."

Leonard's methods were so far outside the book.

Hearing me argue, Leonard's eyes flashed with anger. He was talking to me in a relatively calm tone just

moments earlier, but now, he was shouting at the top of his lungs.

"When an enemy is sent to assassinate you, they'll choose to ambush you at the place where you least expect it! If every soldier thought the same way you do, the empire would have declined a long time ago."

Leonard's harsh scolding made me feel even more embarrassed, but I couldn't refute anymore. What he was saying was indeed reasonable.

I was attacked today because I was too complacent and careless.

Even though I could admit where I went wrong, I felt that Leonard was being a bit too harsh. He was even fiercer than Jerome. And he seemed to enjoy resorting to personal abuse. He didn't spare me any niceties at all.

I bit my lower lip, trying to avoid angering Leonard even further.

"What is it, huh? Do you dislike it when you're criticized?" Leonard snorted coldly.

"No."

How could I dare to dislike criticism? If I wanted to become stronger, I'd need to endure it.

Despite all the scolding, I was curious about what my third fatal mistake was. But Leonard didn't seem to want to go on.

After a moment's hesitation, I plucked up the courage to ask, "Then what was my third mistake? You haven't told me yet..."

Leonard's expression darkened. "The third was your biggest mistake."

"What... what do you mean?" I asked falteringly.

He narrowed his eyes at me coldly. "Did you think you were brave when you found a way to attack me? Even though you knew you were going to get hurt in doing so?"

"What? No..."

"How dare you deny it?"

He roared so loudly that my mouth immediately clamped shut. I lowered my head once again, humbling myself to listen to him with an open-mind.

"You were such a fool! If I actually turned out to be an enemy, you would've ended up seriously injured, if not dead. A soldier who doesn't value their own life should just quit the army as soon as possible."

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?

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 soldier, 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 died 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 slave 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 skills, you may get a high position in a small pack. But they are far from enough for you to become a true royal soldier 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 class even 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 soldiers 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 soldiers standing neatly in rows.

I stood outside the guardrail and craned my neck, looking for Rufus.

But my sight was blocked by the soldiers. 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 soldiers.