

Chapter 237 Intense Training

Flora's POV

"Every physical test, you're always ranked at the bottom," Harry mocked, sticking his tongue out at me. I was so angry that I gnashed my teeth. "Don't expect me to bring you breakfast ever again."

Blair often gave Harry tasks after the morning exercises, so Sylvia and I took turns bringing him breakfast from time to time. But ever since Sylvia and Rufus got together, I was the one who had bringing Harry breakfast these days.

"Okay, okay! I'm sorry! Please forgive me. I was wrong." Harry instantly started begging. With a shrug, he sat down obediently.

Still angry, I simply snorted and ignored him.

"Oh, don't be so mad. Even you know that what I said is true." Harry stole a glance at me.

"How dare you bring it up again?!" I roared.

"Alright, alright. Stop arguing, you two." Sylvia yanked Harry away from me.

The corner of my mouth twitched and my anger was replaced with grievance. "Even though I got into Class A because someone else was expelled, I'm still strong, okay? After all, I was ranked at the top of Class B."

"I know, Flora. Harry was just talking nonsense. Don't take him seriously," Sylvia said gently, putting her hand on my shoulder.

Harry snorted with contempt. "I heard that in the last part of the placement examination, the other members of her group were eliminated because they targeted one another and no one actually paid any attention to her. She only got first place in Class B by standing aside and doing nothing."

"Oh, how lucky!" Sylvia couldn't help but exclaim softly.

"That's right. It was pure luck. Why don't you take the examination for me next time?" Harry whispered to me with an envious look on his face.

I slapped Harry's hand away and raised my chin proudly. "So what if it was luck? Luck is also a kind of strength."

"You can't join the elite team with just luck. Take it from me, Flora. I think you need to practice more." Harry butted his head between Sylvia and me again.

Finally, I moved aside to make room for him. "But what if we do make it?"

"Luck can only get you so far, Flora," Harry spat ruthlessly.

"And ever since you were accepted into the school, you've been completely lax. You haven't made any progress, and you always eat!" Sylvia scolded me too. She looked at me with a trace of disappointment in her eyes. "Everyone else had made at least some progress."

My shoulders slumped dejectedly. "I should've worked harder. If only I had known earlier. Sylvia, you'll definitely make it into the elite team. And when you do, you'll have to stay in the army for a year. If Harry goes with you, I'll be all alone. I'm so weak. No one will want to hang out with me."

The more I spoke, the sadder I became. I buried my face in my palms and whispered, "Maybe they'll even laugh at me. No one will stand up for me if someone tries to bully me."

"Why don't you ask your boyfriend to help you? He can give you intense training during this critical

period of time," Harry suggested.

"What?" I raised my head and wiped away my non-existent tears.

"Your boyfriend is so strong. It'd be stupid of you not to use his strength to your advantage. Plus, he might also take part in the selection test." Harry eyed me as though he was looking at an idiot.

I coughed awkwardly. Warren and I weren't really a couple. How could he be willing to teach me? Especially when his image as an aloof prince charming had been completely ruined thanks to me. And now that the news that we had sex in the equipment room had spread to the other packs, I figured Warren must've hated me even more.

"I think that's a good idea, Harry," Sylvia said seriously, scratching her chin.

"No, I don't want to inconvenience him," I murmured feebly.

"He's your boyfriend. How's that an inconvenience?" Harry tilted his head to the side in confusion.

"Ah! It doesn't matter. He's very busy after all." After giving a flimsy excuse, I quickly changed the subject. "Anyway, Harry, you're strong, too. Why don't you train me?"

"I can train you." Harry scratched the back of his head and smiled sheepishly. "But I must warn you that I'm very strict."

I rolled my eyes. Just as I was about to agree, Warren stepped in front of us.

I looked up in surprise. "What's the matter?"

"I'll train you," Warren said in a low voice. 2