

## Chapter 100

Ava stayed in the bleachers for all the matches for the beginners to complete. She was just being a coward. Between his matches, Zeke had paced up and down the whole arena, and every time he stopped at the beginners' section, his eyes burned through her.

She'd kept her eyes down even though she was obviously frustrating him. If other people hadn't heard the rumors about them by now, she was sure his behavior had made them aware. He was scaring the shit out of everyone.

But it was okay. She wasn't going to be at the arena much longer, She'd won some matches already but would tap out on the next one to avoid winning a spot in the top ten. This day wouldn't end like the last one.

Predictably, the coach called her name first.

She ignored Zeke as she went to pick a weapon and chose a very small chain. It could still be deadly in the right hands, but she didn't want anything that would intimidate her opponent. They'd all been wary of her already during the earlier matches. She hoped that in time, they would realize that she had just been lucky with Dexter, and they could

do the same if they trained as hard as she had. Maybe she could have taught them that if she wasn't planning on leaving the academy.

She swung her little chain around, leaned back in the corner and waited for her opponent. There were snickers from the other students at her choice of weapon and the usual whispers. Zeke remained silent. Maybe he had figured out what she was going to do. The chain wouldn't be a challenge to anyone.

The coach called her opponent's name.

Her breath caught. Was this really happening?

She stopped swinging her chain and pushed away from the corner to watch the Omega approaching the weapons. She followed her every movement.

Emily trembled so much that she struggled to pick up a small knife from the wall. And she already had tears streaming down her face. Zeke must have scared Emily so much when he spoke to her that even facing her in the ring terrified the Omega.

This changed everything, though.

She was almost salivating as she followed Emily around the ring, listening to her every sob, every little hiccup. It was like music to her ears. Emily looked so pale and tired that it was unclear how she had come to be a contender in the final selection in the first place. But the ring was the one place she could take her anger out on the Omega without any consequences.

That bitch had this coming. She'd had it coming for a long time.

In the back of her mind, her conscience reminded her she needed to lose this match so she wouldn't get hurt. But damned if she was losing to Emily. The plan would have to change.

“Miss Morgan return to your corner, please.”

Only when the instructor spoke did she realize she had stalked Emily around the huge ring the way her father had taught her when she was hunting. She'd been attuned to the Omega's every breath like she was her prey. And the Omega had stopped moving. She was frozen in place just outside the ring. Emily kept her eyes down, still sobbing quietly and hiccupping and shaking like a leaf.

She returned to her corner quickly because this had suddenly become the best day she'd ever had at the academy, It was the day she got to teach Emily a lesson about loyalty.

When the whistle finally blew, she threw her chain to the side and launched herself at the Omega. She speared Emily to the ground and was surprised at how easily she fell. Her fists were her weapons; she didn't need anything else. Emily's knife had fallen to the side as the wolf covered her face.

No wonder Emily had failed to progress this semester as well. She was a coward and would never have the balls to defend herself, even against a human.

Even though she saw blood, she wasn't satisfied. Emily was just lying there crying, and it felt like she was fighting a defenseless child. Where was the wolf had lied to her face and led her to an ambush? Where was the wolf with the audacity to smile at her and pretend to be her friend? She had given her second chance that day, given her the benefit of the doubt, and Emily had repaid her by almost getting her killed,

She pushed herself off Emily, ignoring her throbbing knuckles as she backed away.

“Come on! Get up and fight me!”

Emily whimpered and lifted herself to her knees. She kept her eyes down and kept whispering that she was sorry, But something in her demanded more blood. Something refused to a knowledge Emily as just another Omega doing as the system had taught her to do. Her anger rose—the same anger that had carried her through many training sessions, and this time, it was accompanied by a single thought. Emily needed to go.

“Get up!”

Her voice was laced with anger and something else. It made Emily flinch and quickly rise to her feet, but she didn't pay much attention to the odd reactions as she told the wolf to pick up her weapon. Emily was a wolf and, therefore, naturally stronger than her. With a knife in her hand, she could kill her. But instead of terrifying her, something inside her rose to the challenge. Nobody was making a fool out of her again.

She picked up her little chain, her eyes still trained on the wolf across the ring from her. Her father's words were at the forefront of her mind, and they had never been truer

"I am Ava Morgan, and I don't take shit from anybody. Fight me," she snarled.

And that was when Emily finally attacked.

Ava let all her emotions drain from her as she finally started to fight the wolf the way she wanted to. The deadly knife was as effective as a plastic toy in the Omega's hand, but the chain in her hand was used how it was meant to. It became an extension of her body like any other weapon as she swung it and wrapped it around her knuckles,

And when she'd finally wrapped it around the wolf's throat, and Emily began to tap out, Ava still didn't let go.

Emily had to go. She was untrustworthy. She was no good to any pack, no good to her.

It wasn't until she was forcibly lifted off Emily's back and trapped in a corner that she realized Emily had long since stopped tapping. But unlike when Dexter had lain there, she felt a deep satisfaction when she saw the prone body.

Emily started to stir as the medics came into the ring to check on her, which lit another fire. The instructor who'd pinned her in the corner had loosened his grip, so she slipped through and rushed back to Emily

before the medics could touch her. She pulled her hair back to look the wolf in the eyes

“You’re not worthy to be an Omega,” she hissed. “A real Omega holds the pack together. A real Omega doesn’t cower and hide or leave anyone behind. A real Omega is loyal. I thought it was this fucked up place that turned you into this, but it isn’t. You’re just a shitty, spineless wolf who will never contribute to your pack.”

She let the wolf go and stood back up, wiping the sweat from her brow with complete disregard for her bloody hands.

It wasn’t until she turned to leave that she remembered her audience. All the matches had already finished, and once again, she was the center of attention