

Chapter 105

Ava quelled the hint of excitement she felt when Dexter walked into the ring with a sharp axe in each hand.

She didn't understand where this excitement came from. Usually, in the face of such danger, her fear would have crippled her and she would have been on the verge of a panic attack. Dexter gripped both axes as he stoned in his corner without moving, his gaze not leaving her face for a second.

Her heart should have been pounding. She'd dreaded seeing Dexter again, but right now, all she felt was the adrenaline rush because she wanted to beat him again. She wanted to bring this jerk to his knees again and have him beg for mercy.

They were impossible thoughts. Luck had been on her side last time; Dexter certainly wouldn't make the same mistake twice. But it didn't stop her from imagining it. She wanted that so bad she was practically drooling, even if Dexter's axes looked sharp enough to slice a limb right off.

She pulled herself back at that thought. She would be enclosed in a magical barrier with an Alpha holding two deadly weapons, and she really doubted the academy would do anything to stop him.

Would she die today? A hint of fear settled in her when she saw the hatred in his eyes again. It pushed back her earlier excitement as reality sank in. This wouldn't be a fair match.

The coach's whistle blew before she was ready, but Dexter had been waiting for it. He rushed towards her straight away with a sneer on his face.

She had only seconds to think as she dodged out of his way. She forced her brain into gear to observe his movements, and one thing she noticed as he lifted his arm and prepared to swing was how sloppy he was. He didn't look comfortable with his weapons and had likely chosen them while imagining the damage they could cause her. He was just like the beginners she had helped to pick their weapons, with only a few weeks of the academy's training under his belt.

As an Alpha; his training should have started early in his pack. He should have been on her level with the weapons. Maybe Dexter didn't take his duties as seriously as he should have. That was easy to assume, seeing how he behaved here, completely disregarding everyone else.

The other thing she noticed was that he was aiming for her head. That was a death blow if she had ever seen one, and that was not allowed in any training.

Dexter swung again. She easily dodged and rushed to the opposite corner. As expected, Dexter couldn't properly balance himself as he turned to follow her. She hoped they wouldn't let him fight anyone else without proper training after this because he would kill someone. No matter how well the other students healed nothing could be done for a headless supernatural.

"You little bitch. Come here," Dexter growled.

He swung again, and this time, when she dodged, she pulled a throwing star from the sheath and threw it. A race of humans called these stars shuriken, and the art of throwing them was shurikenjutsu. She had mastered it long before she had known she wasn't a wolf. The star embedded in Dexter's arm and made him drop one axe with a scream.

Maybe it was a mistake because she could see the cold in his eyes morph into blazing fury. He looked deadly as he approached her again. It was time to tap out. There would be no shame in that when the other option was to lose her life at the hands of an immature Alpha.

Dexter swung wide with his less dominant arm, clearly showing his lack of skill with the weapons. When she threw another star, it struck his forearm, making him drop the other axe. Maybe now she could take a blow from him so she could tap out because it wouldn't make sense to do so when she was the one in the lead.

Dexter roared as he pulled both stars out of himself, but she could see he was already healing. He had veins popping up on his temples as his chest rose and fell in anger.

Just one blow, and she could tap before things escalated.

She didn't dodge too much when he launched at her and caught the side of her face with his fist. If she had thought his blow in their first match was painful, this one was multiplied a hundred times. She screamed as the force of it knocked her into the ring ropes, which in turn propelled her forward to land flat on her face.

But it wasn't just her head throbbing. With a groan, she reached down her side and felt the deep gashes there like Dexter had also used his claws.

Her head was spinning when she dared to look up at the approaching Alpha and saw blood on the tips of his fingers.

He'd cheated. Dexter had partially shifted to claw her, and that wasn't allowed until the final day.

He was a coward and had no honor.

He was just like Emily! Worse than Emily. A wolf with no honor had no business leading a park. He would never be efficient; he would never be selfless.

He was not worthy

Her anger intensified as Douche Dexter grabbed her by her hair and forced her up to bring her face to his.

"You're nothing here, human. I'll end you today," he spat in her face.

She saw a red haze as her fury made her clench her fists.

She still had nightmares about what he had done to her in their first match in training, and those images flashed through her head now as Dexter lifted his other hand with his claws clearly extended.

She didn't know how, but when the whistle blew again, she had the axe against his neck, and his face was a bloody mess. Her body hurt as if she had just been in a war, but she could remember none of it.

Nothing.

With fear filling her body, she dropped the axe as she backed away from Dexter and the barrier was lifted. Medics surrounded him instantly.

Warm liquid trickled down the side of her leg, and when she looked down, she saw blood dripping everywhere.

And then there was nothing but darkness,