

Chapter 92

Ava wasn't surprised when she heard Coach Baxter's booming voice calling her name. She met his gaze and saw the cruel smile on the man's lips. He would enjoy every hit she took as if he was delivering it himself.

She stood slowly and lowered her gaze. It was one thing to antagonize the coach during training, but there was an entirely different atmosphere in the arena and hundreds of people watching. She couldn't openly break the rules.

She felt hundreds of pairs of eyes on her as she walked into the wrestling ring and stood in one corner. Silence descended in the arena. She was sure the only sound they could hear was her loud heartbeat. Were they all waiting to watch her get her butt kicked? The whole school had to know by now how many times that had happened in training. Would it be the same now?

She risked looking up and then had to look down again. The coach hadn't announced her opponent and seemed to be enjoying making a spectacle out of her. The other levels hadn't started yet; they were blatantly watching the beginner ring.

“You, with the curly mop head,” the coach said finally. “No, not you, the other one. Go in.”

She rolled her eyes. The coach hadn’t bothered to learn any of the names of the ones left in his beginner class. She watched her opponent walk down from the bleachers and almost felt bad for what she was about to do. It was the vampire she had fought before. He was tall and skinny, curly bright red hair and very pale. And he had no coordination at all.

Vampires got stronger with age, but this one seemed weaker than any she had seen so far. He was trembling as he slipped through the ropes and went to stand on the opposite end. The distance between them was ridiculous, but she supposed the rings had to be extra-large when the fighters could throw each other great distances. They’d had wrestling rings in high school, but this one was much bigger than any she had ever been in. She would only need to use a little of it, though.

The coach’s whistle blew, and she moved towards the vampire and took a fighting stance. She thought he would take the first shot—they always did- but the boy stood there and did nothing. He looked like he would cry.

What would the other students do to him if he flaked out now? Would they treat him like they treated her?

“Hey, what’s your name?” she asked him quietly

“Robert” he whispered.

“It’s just us. Forget about them,” she told him.

She took her own advice, removing her focus from the crowds to concentrate on Robert. She was going to beat him, but she wasn't going to: humiliate him. She would show the sportsmanship that the dean had encouraged.

“Correct your stance,” she told him. “Thumb out; you'll break it. And just try to anticipate my moves to counter them. We've done this before, we can do it again.”

She went easy on him until he got the hang of it. She could almost imagine they were back in the training room as Robert got more confident. She had managed to bring him out of his shell in seconds when the coach could have done this if he had just done his job.

After she let him get a few good hits, she smiled proudly at him as she prepared to finish the job. She had a long day of fighting ahead, and this match would probably be her only easy one. Robert must have realized this, too, because he took up his stance and watched her determinedly, But there was no way he could have anticipated her moves. Alpha Roland had taught her to never be predictable, or she would easily get caught

She attacked Robert with a few clean but very effective moves until she had him in a lock. The lock would never work on stronger people, but it was good enough for the vampire. He tapped quickly, and the coach blew his whistle again.

She released Robert and then offered him a hand up. Robert wasn't trembling when they walked out of the ring, and he'd at least managed to showcase some good moves.

The coach was not impressed, though. She saw his snarl as she walked past him and knew her next match would probably be her last.

The room remained quiet until she sat back down, and the other coaches and instructors started calling out names. She hadn't given them the show they had hoped for, but there was still plenty of time.

Roben came to sit next to her as the coach called the next pair.

"Thanks," he whispered

She gave him a nod before she was finally able to look around. The ring next to theirs was the intermediate level, and currently, Douche Dexter was in the ring, ruthlessly attacking his opponent as he usually did. That would be where her evaluation would end for today, she was sure.

The expert ring was the fourth one, too far away for her to see, but she was sure that wasn't a problem for any of the supernatural students. She wasn't sure why she would worry about Zeke, though. He was a trainer for a reason and would probably beat his opponents in seconds.

By the time the coach called for her second match, there was enough action going on that she didn't feel as intimidated to step into the squared circle. That match was just as easy as the first, as was the third.

When lunchtime came, she was among the ten that would advance to fight the intermediate level. As far as she was concerned, that wasn't fair at all, None of the people in her class could take on the most experienced of the next level, and it seemed like it was just to put on a gruesome show for everyone

Because it would be gruesome. The intermediate ring was full of blood, and if some of the instructors hadn't stepped in to physically stop some of The matches, she was sure it would be full of body parts, too. The evaluations were basically blood sports. The most ruthless, the cruelest among them, would win.

As Zeke had probably won to get where he was. No wonder everyone seemed so scared of him. No wonder he thought he could just casually hunt other wolves and kill them.

A cold shiver went down her spine as she stood with the winners in her class, looking over at the winners in the next. While her little class stood there trembling, the barbarians in the next ring had cruel smirks on their faces. And not too far from them, Zeke stood. His eyes were red as he looked at her next opponents as if cataloguing them all.

Another shiver went down her spine. She had created this monster. What damage would Zeke cause by the end of the day?