

Chapter 94

Ava walked straight into to the ring, and everyone in the arena started to quieten down.

She told herself to breathe. This match would be her real test after fighting the beginners, so she had to let all her fear drain away as she had been taught to do. She told herself she didn't need that vampire's blood; she could fight under her own steam.

In the silence of the arena, with all the students and faculty looking on, she concentrated on counting her breaths so she wouldn't have an anxiety attack. To be more effective, she had to do what she told Robert that morning. She had to pretend no one else was in this room except her opponent, whoever that would be.

As she waited, she started her stretches. She was lucky that she was flexible, but sometimes fear made her body freeze up. That couldn't happen today. She had no idea how much longer she would be in this school, so she could have just lost all her matches earlier and avoided all of this. But she had her pride. She could admit that. A part of her, the part that always got her into trouble, didn't want to let the last image these people had of her to be of a pathetic human beaten down and destroyed in the ring.

A part of her had always wanted to dominate everyone in her pack, which was very stupid because she was human. But it was that part she had to rely on now. She had to believe she could do it

There were four level—beginner, intermediate, advanced and expert—but there were five rings in the arena. The fifth one had not been used in the morning, so it had remained spotless while the others had become bloodstained. But now, all five rings would be used for the beginner versus intermediate matches until the ten winners who would advance to fight the advanced level were determined.

None of the beginners were expected to fight the advanced level, so it was bullshit that they had to do this part of the evaluation at all.

The coach called four more beginners, and they each stepped into a ring. Though she was internally shitting herself, she had trained her whole life. not to let that show. It had been a matter of survival for her. The bullying had always been worse when she showed her fear, which was sometimes inevitable. The others probably hadn't had to do that in their parks, judging by how the guy in the ring next to hers looked so terrified that she felt sorry for him.

Someone had to do something about the system at this school. It wasn't right.

The coach started calling out the names of the intermediate opponents, and they began to file into the rings a There had been no such fanfare for the beginners.

“And finally, Alpha Dexter, please step forward.”

Her head snapped up to look at the coach. When she saw he was looking directly at her with that smirk on his face, her stomach knotted up, and all the work she had done to keep herself calm flew out of the window. Her heart started beating loudly in her ears. Douche Dexter. She felt the cold run down her spine as the images of the last time she had fought him filled her head. He and Claire had been brutal when they teamed up against her; she'd thought she would die.

Dexter approached the ring with a smirk similar to Coach Baxter's and lifted himself into the ring. He slipped through the ropes slowly without taking his eyes off her and then straightened his huge, muscular body. He was like a human on steroids, only she knew these muscles were natural.

How was this allowed! It was the most ridiculous match-up she had ever seen. Would anyone even stop this match when it went sideways?

Her eyes automatically went to Zeke's and saw he had come to stand next to the coach. His eyes were flashing red and then back to amber, and that made her heart start to calm down. Zeke wouldn't let things go too far. He would save her as he had always done.

She faced her opponent again and waited for the whistle.

Focus. That was what she needed. She had watched Dexter fight enough times to know he was a powerful striker but too heavy-handed and way too arrogant. She would use that against him. All the times he had shoved or hit her came to her mind, and instead of making her scared,

they filled her with anger. Maybe this was her chance to give a few good hits before she left,

The moment the whistles sounded for all five rings, she launched herself at him and, at the last second. She narrowly missed his huge fist as she twisted her body and threw a punch at his liver. If he were human, that would have been a debilitating punch, but all it did was make him stagger a little as she had known it would.

Without wasting a second, she threw herself with all her strength into the ropes and used it to propel herself back into him and aimed her next punch to his throat. She would have crushed his windpipe if he was human.

Dexter stopped her momentum by throwing another punch. She stopped just in time and avoided the full impact, but it was enough to send her flying across the ring. The pain... Being hit in the head with several bricks would probably have hurt less.

He heard Deater laugh as she rolled on the floor, and some students joined him. And that sound was enough to make her open her eyes and focus on the Alpha again. She ignored the pain as she got to her feet, and her anger welled up again. For a moment, she thought the pain was gone, but that was impossible. It would be the adrenaline pumping through her veins that was making it seem like that.

“Is that all you got, human?” Dexter taunted. “Come on, give me your best shot. I’ll even close my eyes.”

And he did. The arrogant wolf closed his eyes and put his hands behind his back, and the stupid thing inside her body that wanted to make him kneel at her feet reared its ugly head again. Her first kick was to his balls. Something about her kick felt different, but as Dexter doubled over and cupped himself, she didn't give it much thought as she lifted her leg and swung her heel to the back of her neck.

That kick felt different, too, and it brought with it a level of confidence that would have terrified her had she stopped to think. But she was so sick and tired of this wolf making her feel like she was nobody. She was sick of all the shit she got from the students and teachers alike.

The wolf fell to his knees, and she launched herself to the ropes again behind him and then grabbed his neck as she leapt into the air. She used the momentum to swing his head down as hard as possible. She started punching the back of his head, remembering every insult he had thrown at her, every sneer, every smirk, every punch. She remembered the bones he had broken in her body as she wailed on him.

Even when someone removed her from his body, she fought to go back.

It was only as another pair of arms restrained her that she realized Douche Dexter was not moving. He hadn't moved since she had planted his face into the ring.