

Chapter 95

The moment it sunk in that she won, she was in Zeke's fancy dressing rooms, and her three housemates were looking at her as if she had grown another head. She sat stiffly on a sofa, looking at them as that thought kept going round and round in her head.

She won.

She beat Douche Dexter.

And then something else occurred to her. She was going to have to fight again. She was going to have to fight a student at the advanced level.

“What the hell have I just done?” she whispered.

Zeke, Derek and Myles looked at each other and then back at her, Goddess knew what they were mind-linking each other, but they all probably also realized she had just screwed herself. There was no way she could fight anyone more advanced than Dexter. That was a death sentence!

“How did you do that?” Derek asked

“I don’t know,” she answered, rubbing her temples. I just got angry; he’s always an asshole. What have I done?”

As the adrenaline had worn off, she had expected the pain from his blow to return, but there was still nothing. It was probably the shock numbing all her senses now.

She could hear the noise from the arena as the other matches were underway, so the final five would be decided. After that, she would have to return for her next match. The match that would sent her to the infirmary.

Her breath started coming quicker. A panic attack was imminent, but now was not the time!

“It’s fine. You’re okay,” Zeke said as he came to sit beside her and put his arms around her.

That calmed her down immediately. It was ridiculous how he did that, like her body believed he was the answer to all her problems. Zeke saying everything was fine didn’t make it fine.

“You might fight Derek or Myles, and they won’t hurt you, Zeke continued.

would

That was of little comfort. There were eight other students she could be paired with, and after her last match, it was possible her opponent make her pay for the fight with Dexter. She was an Omega, and she had

brought down an Alpha. Douche Dexter's arrogance that had made him underestimate her. The guy had shut his eyes, for fuck's sake, and that injured her pride. This was a serious evaluation, but he had tried to make it a game. It was just dumb luck that she had knocked him out. Her next opponent would not nuke the same mistake.

"Take the blood, Ava," Zeke said, handing her the vial again.

"No. No. Il tap out" she said. "At the very first blow, I'll tap out."

No one would blame her for that.

Again, at the back of her mind, a little voice was telling her she was being stupid. She should take the blood and survive the day. Tomorrow would sort itself out. She could take the vampire prince's offer and visit him if she had to, to get more of his blood.

But that stubborn thing inside her refused to listen. She didn't want to become a vampire. She didn't want to be a virgin forever, constantly healing If she ever had sex. But most of all, she didn't want to cheat. She wanted to prove herself, even if everyone at Phoenix Academy was not worth the effort.

There were a few more loud cheers, and she guessed some of the matches had already ended because the beginners were not much of a challenge.

"I think we have to go," Myles said.

She stood quickly and made her way to the door.

“Ava, come on. Please take it.”

Take it, you idiot, she told herself.

But instead, she kept walking. There were a few students in the halls, standing in little groups or limping towards the dressing rooms. They all quietened down as she walked past them. At the entrance to the arena, the doors burst open, and a group of people rushed in carrying a stretcher.

The student on it was a beginner. He was bloody and unconscious, like she would be in the next few minutes. All the rings were bloody now as she walked past them to teach her section. She didn't look at any of the students, preferring to believe they were not there even as some of their words reached her ears.

“...just luck...”

Definitely.

“...Dexter was probably just scared of Alpha a Ezekiel. Did you see how he was looking at her?...”

That could be true, too.

“...he's going to kill her when he comes back from the infirmary...”

And that was probably true, too.

The coach was talking to one of the instructors and looking at some papers in his hands, but the moment he sensed her, he lifted his head.

She had never seen a colder look on his face. Dexter was one of his favorites, and he had expected her to be in the infirmary instead of that asshole.

A whistle blew, and the knots in her stomach increased. The instructors returned to their positions around the ring as Coach Baxter started to call out the names. She was moving before he even opened his mouth and slid into the first ring.

Her opponent was a vampire. She hadn't been lucky enough to be paired with her housemates, and when she saw Coach Baster sneer, she knew that had been his doing. She had never seen this vampire before, but he was huge and looked fresh as a daisy. For everyone else, a five-minute break was more than enough to recover from their matches, but for her, the day was already taking a toll on her.

He was expressionless as he stood across from her. He was taller than Dexter but leaner, as vampires tended to be. And his allure was incredibly strong. If he was allowed to use his talents in this match and told her to just lie down and let him win, she probably would. She didn't feel strong enough to resist anyone.

The whistle blew, but she remained where she was. Vampires were the kings of speed; he would see any attack coming a mile away as if she was moving in slow motion. Her father had taught her that but she could never figure out how she was supposed to fight a vampire and win.

In the other rings, the fighting was already underway, but the vampire stood as if he was made of stone. She only needed one blow from him to allow her to tap out. One blow to end this nightmare so she could go home and think about what she had done.

Somebody won in one of the other rings, but the vampire still didn't move a muscle. The knots in her stomach became unbearable. Why was he prolonging her agony?"

Another person won. And then another. She didn't remove her eyes from her opponent, but when there was complete silence around them, she knew they were the last ones standing.

The vampire finally moved, but he didn't attack as she had expected.

He took a step towards an instructor and said loudly, "I yield."

What?

There was dead silence as he slipped between the ropes and left the ring.

Her eyes were wide open as she watched him walk away. Could they do this? He yielded. She had won.

What the hell?!