

100 Brutal Coach

Eve 1

I had the quickest bath in my life and got out in record time. As I dried myself off, I made my way to the wardrobe to retrieve my outfit. As I perused through the clothes, my heart sank when I could not find it. I remembered Jules had delivered my clothes, including my workout outfit just the day before. Now it was gone.

Hades would not be easy on me for being late, I could not even let my mind linger on what had transpired between us yesterday. I spared a glance at the clock at the corner that suddenly seemed important. I had fifteen minutes and I could not find my clothes. I could not bare to even think about Hades smug expression when he saw me walk in not properly dressed. It would be a win for him and I was beyond sure that he would never let me forget it.

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I searched frantically through the wardrobe and again it was not there. Then my eyes caught a box in the shoe compartment of the wardrobe. I was sure that it had not been there before. I picked it up and pulled open the lid to miraculously discover new a workout outfit. It was a deep black that seemed to gleam, like obsidian. I did not have time to think or ponder if it was Hades or not. It was him, who else would it have been? I dressed up and as I pulled up the legging a note caught my eye. I quickly pulled up the pants before reading the note.

"You will be punished if you are a second late. Be my guest."

My heart lurched as I gritted my teeth. It would not have taken anything for him to inform me instead of wasting my time. But that was the plan, I knew it.

I rushed out and made my way to the ring with about seven minute to the deadline.

I pushed the door to the training ring open just as Hades's deep voice began counting.

"Four... three... two..."

I stumbled in, panting heavily, my hands braced on my knees as I tried to catch my breath. His

"One," he finished, his tone as steady and unforgiving as a hammer striking an anvil. "This is a bad start."

I shot him a glare, straightening despite the fire burning in my lungs. "I'm not late," I snapped, though I knew it wasn't my sharpest retort.

Hades tilted his head, his expression maddeningly calm. "No, but you cut it close. Close enough that you might as well have been. Sloppy. Unprepared." He gestured toward the center of the ring, his voice dropping to a colder register. "Take your position. Let's see if you're as weak in the ring as you are at time management." 1

My fists clenched at his words, the heat of anger replacing my exhaustion. "You didn't exactly make it easy," I muttered under my breath, stepping into the ring.

"What was that?" he asked, his voice like a whip.

I bit my tongue, refusing to give him the satisfaction of a response. No complaints, I would not be found whining, I refuse to seem like a fussy little princess.

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Hades stepped forward, his towering presence more suffocating than the heavy air in the training room. His gaze locked onto mine, and the smirk that tugged at his lips made my blood boil. The shame from last night has evaporated, all that was left after was bitter anger. I was afraid that I would avoid his eye but he was far too infuriating not to tempt me to knock his teeth out. 1

"Good," he said, his tone mocking. "You've got some fire left. You'll need it." There was a dangerous edge to his voice, one that promised agony and regret. 1

I clenched my hands into fists, until I pain flared in my sliced palms. I stepped into the ring, my breath hitched for a fraction of a second, though I masked it quickly. He stood there, dressed in a sleek, form-fitting black outfit that seemed designed to emphasize every inch of his powerful frame.

The fabric clung to his broad shoulders, the stark definition of muscle evident beneath the material. His arms, corded with strength, crossed over his chest as he watched me with that ever-present smirk. The black shirt tapered down to his narrow waist, every line of his body exuding effortless dominance

The pants, equally tailored, fit snugly over his long legs, highlighting his athletic build. Even his boots were immaculate, polished and sturdy, as if ready to crush anyone who dared step out of line.

The outfit's simplicity only made it more striking, the deep black absorbing the light in the room like a void. It reminded me of the obsidian workout clothes I now wore—a deliberate choice, no doubt. We were freaking matching.

For a moment, I hated myself for noticing. For seeing how the man who made my blood boil could look so... imposing, so utterly in control.

"Enjoying the view?" His voice broke the silence, low and mocking.

I snapped my head up, meeting his piercing eyes with a glare. "Not even remotely."

His smirk widened, as if he'd caught me in a lie. "Good," he said, his tone laced with amusement. "Because you're about to hate it."

He began to circle me like a predator, his footsteps slow and deliberate. His eyes were sharp, scanning me from head to toe, searching for weakness. The smirk hadn't left his face, and his mocking tone made the tension in my shoulders tighten even further.

"Let's see if you've retained anything from the baby lessons," he said, his words dripping with disdain. "Strength, coordination, awareness. Surely, even you couldn't have forgotten that." 2

I stayed silent, my jaw tightening as I adjusted my stance. He wanted a reaction. He thrived on seeing me lash out, but I wouldn't give him that satisfaction. Not after he had gotten too much of a reaction from me yesterday night.

"Come on," he taunted, spreading his arms as if inviting me to take a shot. "Show me something. Anything. Or do I have to drag it out of you?"

Ignoring the fire his words ignited in my chest, I focused on the basics Kael drilled into me over the past weeks. Planting my feet firmly, I widened my stance and kept my eyes on him, watching for the slightest movement.

His smirk deepened. "Better. At least you're pretending to know what you're doing."

Without warning, he lunged. A blur of motion—fast, brutal, and efficient. I barely sidestepped in time, pivoting to avoid his outstretched arm. My heart pounded as I adjusted my position, staying light on my feet. I was shocked by the speed of my reaction, I had fully expected that he would

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He came at me again, this time sweeping low. I jumped back, narrowly avoiding his attempt to knock me off balance. My mind raced, trying to anticipate his next move.

"Awareness is decent," he muttered as he circled me again. "But you're hesitating. Thinking too much. That'll get you killed."

I clenched my teeth, refusing to rise to the bait. Instead, I tightened my fists, feeling the sting of my palms. The pain was grounding, a reminder to stay sharp.

"Good. Focus on the pain if that's what it takes," Hades said, as if reading my mind. "But don't let it slow you down."

He moved again, this time aiming high. I ducked,

"Better," he said, his tone begrudging. "Maybe you're not a lost cause after all."

I kept my breathing steady, refusing to let his words distract me.

"Let's test your strength next," he said, stepping back. "Hit me."

I blinked, unsure if I'd heard him correctly.

"What?"

"You heard me," he said, his smirk returning. "Hit me. And don't hold back. If you can even make me flinch, I might consider going easy on you later." 3

I squared my shoulders, narrowing my eyes at him. He was mocking me again, but I didn't care. Planting my feet, I threw a punch with all the strength I could muster.

Hades caught it with infuriating ease, his hand closing around my fist like a steel trap.

"Not bad," he said, his tone maddeningly casual.

"But still weak."

Before I could react, he twisted my arm, forcing me off balance. I stumbled but quickly righted myself, shooting him a glare.

"Good recovery," he said, releasing me. "But

"Good recovery," he said, releasing me. "But you'll need more than that if you want to survive."

I stayed silent, my focus sharpening. This wasn't about winning; it was about learning. And if I could withstand Hades's relentless taunts and brutal methods, I could handle anything.

"Again," he ordered, stepping back into position.

This time, I didn't hesitate. 3

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