

Dark Obsession 68

Chapter 68. Her Taunts

EVANGELINE.

Celia!

That isn't who I was expecting to face off against. I don't know why, but I didn't think we would actually meet in this challenge.

The weather is cold, with winter approaching the evenings usually are. Ice clings to the ground, sparkling under the bright lights that cover the grounds.

I look at her as she tosses her hair and shows off a little, blowing a few kisses to the
Enter title...

crowds. I know I won't make it to the final round of the fights, but if I could somehow make it to the next round...

It would help Zedkiel's excellent score. I want to contribute to his success too. I don't want to simply be a burden or be someone to ruin his score. I want to be deserving of him,

unlike the rest of the competitors – he had me, someone who is useless in comparison to the well-seasoned fighters the rest of them are. I can see it too. There's me with my extra meat and them with their abs and muscles....

Seeing her standing there in that hot pink sports bra with matching shorts, I realise I want to beat her. Years of tolerating her mockery... I know violence doesn't solve anything, but it might make me feel good...

Her innocent pretty front that always made her look like the perfect princess and let her get away with everything... I am just an Omega, but she is an Alpha's daughter. But right now, we are equal; we are both Lunas. Even if she's ugly inside, just like Sinclair is, I will not stoop to her level. I will act like a true Luna.

"Three... Two... Start!"

She is in front of me rather fast and I'm just about to jump to the side; her attack narrowly missing me as she runs past me, spinning on her heel. She aims another punch at me. I keep dodging as she throws hit after hit, the hatred on her face unmasked. She wants to hurt me. That's no mystery.

I stumble back from yet another attack and scan the grounds.

There's nothing much I can use... I grunt when a punch connects with my stomach and I double over, only for her to grab my pony, while yanking my head back as she knees me in the chin. Pain shoots through my body and for a moment I can't breathe.

There are shouts from the crowd, and I taste blood in my mouth. I can feel Evelyn's rage inside of me bleeding into my own frustration.

'Let me out!' She hisses, hammering against the walls she's trapped behind.

'No. this is my fight.' I reply quietly as I push Celia away, trying to catch my bearings. It is, she's always bullied me, hurt me and even her sister's death didn't humble her. She is selfish.

What do I do?

I scan the grounds but I'm coming up blank; I need to fight, I know that much, but she isn't really giving me the chance... She tightens her own ponytail as she struts towards me like she owns the place, just like she did at school.

But the thing is, I'm not that little Omega anymore...

Focus Evangeline...

I try to remember what I saw when the warriors used to train, of what Zedkiel taught me and... How Zedkiel fought...

I take a deep breath just before Celia punches me in the side of my face and aims a hard kick to my hip, which makes me s*agger back. Gritting my teeth, I lift my gaze to find her wearing her signature mean-girl smile on her face.

"You're pathetic." Celia laughs, and I regain my footing and focus. The moment I get my bearings, she rushes at me.

"You can forfeit, you know?" She taunts me just as I see her foot coming toward my face; I barely manage to duck out of the way in time. She misses my face, her foot connecting with my shoulder.

I counter and manage to punch her in the nose. Celia growls angrily, her lips tugging into a snarl, and her eyes flash.

"You s*ut!"

I'm not any of those things!

Pathetic, w*ore, s*ut, trash...

The insults are endless from her as she attacks, and I defend while trying to stay out of her reach when she kicks me in the stomach. The air leaves my lungs in a harsh breath, and I stumble backward, landing on my back. My head bounces off the ground with a thud, and intense pain rips through as black dots dance across my vision.

I feel a flash of anger rush through me.

I grab her foot, yanking it hard as I roll over, bringing her toppling down; she lets out a surprised yell, but I've had enough. I may not be good at fighting, and I'm not a pro, but really in a fight you don't need to be a martial arts expert to win, you just need to have survival instincts plus the determination to win and I have that!

I back away, gathering space as I breathe heavily, when she suddenly jumps at me again. This time I'm ready and I grab her arm, yanking her forward and kneeing her in the stomach with everything I have.

She grunts, not expecting it, and I bring my elbow down on the back of her neck. She screams in pain before I let go, sending her crashing to the floor.

"B*tch!" She spits, groaning as she grips the back of her neck as she rolls over and gets to

her feet.

When she turns to me, her eyes are blazing and I can feel her rage as her aura swirls around her. Her claws come out and she slashes me across my shoulder, pain tears through my arm as her claws dig deep into me and she follows me, pushing me to the floor.

My knees hit the ground hard, and I grit my teeth, refusing to give her the satisfaction of how much pain I'm in. Blood runs down my shoulder as she rips through my back again, chuckling darkly.

She grabs me by my hair, and yanks me back brutally, this time I'm unable to stop the whimper that escapes me.

"Ready for me to tear your clothes right off,

so you can get naked for the crowd? I'm sure you and they both will enjoy the little

Omega s*ut putting on a show for them." She

whispers in my ear, making anger rush through me. "Oh... and I'm certain once the prince casts you aside in disgust, there'll be plenty of men willing to f*ck you."

A menacing growl rips through the air and I find myself looking at Zedkiel who is standing there, eyes blazing red as Chasyn and Alcazer and two of the other Alphas are holding him back, his claws are out, and an expression of pure murder is on his face. 2

He heard... Every Lycan here must have heard...

Once again, she had to rub in what I am. She had to embarrass me.

I feel humiliated...

"Useless." She whispers.

"Evangeline, get up." Zedkiel growls, shoving the four men off him, his eyes burning into mine. "You are better than her!

Far f*cking better! Get up!"