

Chapter 0011

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"Hey, I've got an idea," Bellamy screamed from behind him. "How about you two have a match? If she's able to punch you even once, we'll consider her stronger than you. And if she can't, then she'll have to clean the house and do our chores for a week."

The only good things about Bellamy were his body and face. He was extremely manipulative and would use his tactics to make everyone do what he wanted, which irked me. However, I could also tell that he had temperament issues.

Despite this, his recent offer didn't sound too bad to me.

"How hard can one punch be? It's not like he can punch me back because that's not part of the rules," I thought to myself.

"No!" Emre suddenly changed his tone and turned around to leave when the others began to laugh at him.

"Don't tell us you're afraid of a weak omega," Caspian chuckled, with Wolvin smiling as well.

"I'm not going to fight someone who's weaker than me," Emre's words made me frown.

"Just say it, you're afraid she'll land a punch or two on your face," Wolvin shrugged, standing on the side of the others with his long hair flowing in the wind.

The pause Emre took was wasted on his eyes fixated on the others.

After giving it a brief thought, he finally agreed to it and briskly made his

way towards me.

"You want to know who the weak one is here? Let's do it then," Emre said, taking off his shirt in one fell swoop. His perfectly toned abs and tanned skin made me gulp, and I shyly looked away while he got ready for the match. I was now able to see the upside down sword on his stomach too.

"We're betting on you, Princess!" That's when the others yelled to annoy Emre. It was only then that I realized they weren't even on each other's side. They just loved free entertainment. Nothing was a serious matter to them.

Emre hunched over to prepare for my attack while I had my fists up, and we both walked in circles. The other guys were cheering me on, even though they weren't on my side.

With all my pent-up frustration and anger boiling inside me, I launched a ferocious punch at Emre, determined to land a solid hit. But to my surprise, he was quick on his feet and effortlessly sidestepped my attack, causing me to stumble forward. I quickly regained my balance, clenched my fist, and prepared to strike again.

I lunged at Emre once more, fueled by a burning desire to make contact with his smug face. But again, he managed to avoid my blow with ease, sidestepping to the left and watching me with a look of amusement.

As my rage continued to build, I could feel my patience wearing thin. Why couldn't I land a single hit on this guy? He wasn't even trying that hard to defend himself.

Determined to end this once and for all, I launched myself at him with all the force I could muster, hoping to grab his arm and stop him from

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moving. But he was too quick for me, easily shaking me off and pushing me away.

Before I knew it, he had grasped my arm and expertly twisted it around, pinning it painfully against my back. The sudden jolt of pain made me gasp out loud, and I knew I was defeated.

But just as I thought things couldn't get any worse, a sudden, searing pain shot through my body, causing me to cry out in agony. I felt a sickening crunch, and my world spun out of control. I crumpled to the ground, writhing in pain, as Emre let go of my arm.

The pain was like nothing I had ever experienced before-- a white-hot intensity that seemed to consume my entire being. I let out an ear-piercing scream that echoed through the surrounding wilderness, scaring away any nearby animals.

"Emre, what have you done?" The others shouted in alarm as they rushed towards me. But I was barely conscious, my mind clouded by the intense pain that consumed me that,

He freaking broke my arm.



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