

## Fight me

Wyatt was already halfway through the lobby, dragging Elijah along with him.

He thought of the best torture methods he could use on Elijah that would make him beg for death.

However, something bothered him greatly.

Why did Elijah look so different. The guy just spent six months in the Purgatory Isle prison but he had gained weight and a lean muscular build.

The Purgatory Isle prison wasn't a place anyone could survive. It was a known fact anyone sentenced there wouldn't make it out alive unless by a miracle.

Elijah just got lucky to be pardoned by the president, but why does he look like he just came back from a winter training program?

Wyatt couldn't explain it. Elijah was supposed to be weak, lean and hungry. This man looked nothing like the Elijah he knew six months ago.

Wyatt wasn't comfortable with this new look on Elijah. The man looked more confident, more stoic and even dangerous.

"Doesn't matter," Wyatt thought. "He's still the same pathetic

man. I'll enjoy watching him suffer all over again."

Just as they were about to step out of the revolving door, the elevator doors behind them opened.

"Wyatt, you bastard!" Wyatt recognised the general's voice. "Stop right there."

Wyatt halted and slowly turned. He had never been yelled at like that before.

A chill ran up his spine when he saw the general rushing at him like a bat out of hell.

Before Wyatt knew what was happening, Reiner pounced on him like a lion and dealt him with series of punches to his face.

\*\*\*

Reiner didn't stop punching Wyatt until his face was a bloody mess.

Then he stood up, breathing heavily like he had just ran a marathon race.

"Stand up, you bastard," Reiner barked. "Stand up, fool!"

Wyatt gathered whatever strength that was left in him and rose to his feet.

His nose had broken and there were cuts and bruises all over his face.

Reiner might not be in his prime but his punches carried a lot of weight. The damage on Wyatt's face was an evidence of that.

Wyatt, confused over the general's assault asked, "What have I done to deserve this, general?"

"You shut your mouth," Reiner slapped him. "Or I'll cut your tongue and make you eat it."

A lump formed in Wyatt's throat and it was more than he could do to keep quiet.

Elijah watched them, a satisfying grin lifting his cheeks.

Wyatt caught Elijah grinning and this fueled his anger.

Reiner turned to Elijah and approached him. He was shaking badly as he whispered. "You're Arthur Smith, right?"

Elijah's grin slipped, replaced by an intimidating glare. "Took you long enough to realize that."

To Wyatt and the other soldiers horror, Reiner dropped on his knees and showed Elijah his battered fists which he used to punch Wyatt.

"I was given only two seconds to ask for your forgiveness," Reiner sobbed. "It's already been a minute. I promise to crush Wyatt with my might. Forgive my stupidity. If you don't, the president is going to kill me."

General Reiner was a feared man in the army. He literally

strike fear in the hearts of any man who dares defile him.

This same man was now kneeling before an ex-convict, begging for his forgiveness?

Wyatt couldn't understand it. How was this possible?

Elijah straightened his clothes. "My forgiveness doesn't come easy, general. You must be punished for hitting me in the face."

"I'll do anything," Reiner pleaded. "Just give the order and I'll follow."

Elijah leaned in and whispered in Reiner's ears. "Let's start with you addressing me as Elijah for now. I don't want anyone to know my true identity."

"Yes, Elijah," Reiner said. "Understood."

"Now then," Elijah rose to his full height. "You may stand up, general."

Reiner obeyed immediately. His nerves were at their breaking points under the intensity of Elijah's glare.

Elijah brushed past him and walked up towards Wyatt whom was seething with rage.

He stopped before Wyatt and his eyes darkened. "I don't like how tall you stand, Wyatt."

Reiner bawled at Wyatt, "Bow, you bloody fool!"

Wincing, Wyatt dropped on a knee and lowered his head. He gritted his teeth, feeling bitter at bowing before Elijah.

Elijah placed his feet on Wyatt's head and grinned wickedly down at him. "How does it feel, Wyatt? How does it feel to be treated like filth?"

Wyatt didn't answer. His blood was boiling all over. The fact he couldn't do anything about the situation made him bitter inside.

"What are you?" Wyatt asked. "How is it possible the general obeys you like a lapdog?"

"If I told you," Elijah said, "you won't believe me."

Wyatt snarled. "You think this is fun for you? You're a bully. I don't know what's going on but I'll get to the root of all this and when I do, I'll make you pay."

Elijah's tone grew darker. "Unlike you, Wyatt, I'm not a bully. I do not wish to bully you. I want to crush your ego and pride."

"How do you hope to do that?" Wyatt asked, gravely.

Elijah applied pressure in his feet, bearing his weight down on Wyatt's head. "I can see you'll do anything for a pay back. So here's your chance. Come at me."

Wyatt's eyes widened. "What did you say?"

Elijah leaned in, his eyes glittering hard. "There's a boxing gym in the penthouse. Exchange blows with me. If you

managed to knock me out, then I'll let you do whatever you wish to me."

Wyatt looked into those mean eyes and saw that Elijah wasn't joking.

He had never seen Elijah so confident before. This was a changed man. A man who oozed an aura of danger and power.

Wyatt stood to his feet as Elijah stepped back.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Wyatt asked, his voice poison. "You're weak. If we exchange blows, I won't hesitate to kill you."

Elijah's expression was deadpan. "Do your best. I deliberately made you angry enough to go all out. Come at me with everything you've got."

A murderous grin spread across Wyatt's face. "You'll eat those words back, you cocky bastard. You wouldn't even last sixty seconds in the ring with me."

Reiner, fearing for Elijah's life approached him. "Are you sure about this, Elijah? Wyatt is the best combatant at the barracks. He could handle five men on his own."

Elijah glared at Reiner. "You mind your own damn business. You'll be the referee."

Reiner swallowed hard. "Yes, Elijah."

\*\*\*\*

The penthouse boxing ring, the two men squared off at each other.

Wyatt was confident in his body size. He was strong and built like a gorilla. His punches were powerful enough to knock out a horse.

He felt he could take down Elijah with one punch.

All his pent up rage and frustration gave him enough fuel to beat Elijah into a pulp.

On the other hand, Reiner was worried. He of all people knew about Wyatt's strength and capabilities.

If anything happens to Elijah, the Smith family and the president would ask for Reiner's head.

Elijah warned Reiner not to intervene in his match against Wyatt but Reiner wasn't buying that.

If things get out of hands, Reiner would call off the match. He couldn't afford to have Elijah hurt.

Meanwhile, Wyatt was brewing with bloodlust. He would kill Elijah, that's for sure. No one has ever driven him to this state of madness before.

Elijah remained calm and composed. He didn't spend all those six months at the Purgatory Isle prison for nothing.

★ +5 BONUS

He was strong and powerful and he'll show Wyatt.

He would destroy this man whom had tortured him all his life.

Just then, the bell went off and the two men charged at each other like wild bulls.

 Comments

 Vote (159)

