

Chapter 9

Lilly

I wake up with a smile, its dark still but that's probably just because I'm inside the closet. Sitting up I roll my shoulders and proceed to open the door. Yep, definitely morning I think to myself as I squint my eyes at the sudden shock of brightness. I went through the happenings of an almost normal morning routine. I took a shower, and promised myself some liquid soap today so I didn't have to feel like I have rubber skin when I wash. I made a black coffee, ran my fingers through my hair and said fuck it as I grabbed my bag with the cash, my phone and the room key, and started my way to the gym I'd found yesterday. I didn't have any workout gear, unfortunately those were some of my prized possessions I had left behind. Hopefully it wouldn't look too odd to work out in my jeans and white top I'd snagged from Satisfy yesterday.

I find the building and thank whoever is above that it's not fancy. Fancy people like to judge, and I tend to accidentally hit things that make me feel bad. It's just an old white building with a sign that says "Gym". Yep, simple and straightforward.

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The bell dings on the door and an older guy in a white singlet and black shorts spins around spilling some of his coffee on the turn.

"Oh shit, hey, are you lost darling?"

I look behind him and see exactly what I was looking for, a couple rings, bags, weights and other things.

"Uh nope. I've got a fight coming up in a couple days and I haven't been in a ring for a few years, so I needed somewhere to work off the rust I'm sure I've gotten".

He's wondering what a precious little thing like me would be doing in a fight, I bet.

"Alrighty then, come on over and show me what you can do. Did you bring clothes?"

"Don't have any and aren't you going to make me pay something first?"

"You can borrow something from the back to wear today, and no, I'm slightly amused and I want to see what a little girl like you looks like in a ring", he says with a smile on his face. He shows me to the back and after pulling out all the spare clothes

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he has for his fighters he decides that even the smallest size would just fall right off me. So instead, he makes his way over to the other side and grabs a kids sized black shorts. Unsurprisingly they fit and the silky material and stretchy waste band are a nice comfort from the jeans that were already beginning to get too hot. I leave my shirt on as I don't have a sports bra, not because I'm ashamed of my body, but because men can't seem to control themselves when they see a little bit of lace.

The guy, I learned his name is Johnathan, but I also learned if I called him anything other than Coach that I would be kicked out of the gym immediately. I like Coach, he's a no bullshit kind of guy. He wraps my hands while he asks about my experience, and I give him a little bit to satisfy him that I won't fall over and break my face but not so much that he will know my body was built and raised to be a weapon.

My father, being the sadist asshole he is never thought of me as his daughter. No, he thought of me as his possession. His tool to bend and mold and wield how he sought fit. He'd been training me from such an early age that I couldn't remember when it started but I can only assume it was before I could walk. By the time I was 6 he decided I was old enough to stop 'being nice' with

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my training and instead of showing me moves and working through the motions with me, he beat me. He got me in the ring and punched me square in the face before I could even register what was happening. He beat me so badly, my brothers, Sam and Carlos had to drag me back to my room from our home gym. He didn't bother with a doctor, no that would have defeated the purpose. Instead, he had the boys throw me in the closet and he bolted it shut from the outside. He told me through the door that this was my new room from now on. I didn't deserve nice things if I couldn't make him proud and I wouldn't make him proud until I could beat him. Until that happened, he would beat me and throw me in my 'room' to toughen up. He called it conditioning me. I slept for three days in my own piss, shit and blood, trying to will my body to heal and become stronger before he had the boys pull me out, stripped me and hosed me down. He would give me one week at a time to heal, eat and train outside of my room, before he would take me to the ring and repeat it all over again. It took me a year before I was able to land a hit on him. He smiled so brightly at me I thought maybe he might stop and love me. Given, he had stopped the repeated beatings, but he had moved on in his sick plan to what he said was the "next phase" of my training. Weapons.

I shake my head slightly to clear the memories

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that were resurfacing as I stepped into the ring with Coach.

"I don't want to hurt you," I said in a controlled tone.

"Then how will I know how to train you?"

He had a point...but I still wasn't going to give him my all.

After getting him to submit five times, poor coach was sweating and bleeding in multiple places. He hadn't landed one hit on me and his ego was hurting him now, but he still wore that amused and intrigued expression

"Hey Coach, why don't you let me step in and have a go?"

I turned my head to see a heavy built man to the right. He had a buzz cut of brown hair and a dozen scars littering his arms and parts of his chest that were exposed from his tight black singlet.

"I don't want the little thing to get hurt Harley."

"Really? Or are you just enjoying getting your ass kicked in there old man"

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Coach grumbled something I couldn't hear and apparently admitted defeat as he walked in Harley's direction and tapped him in.


"Just go easy on her alright?" he said as he walked off to the back.

"Please don't go easy on me" I said to Harley in an attempt to actually be able to release some tension and have a good fight.


"Oh I wasn't planning on it...." He trailed off waiting for me to tell him my name whilst we began circling each other.

"Violence, you can call me Violence".

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