“That’s enough now, Fallon!” Nate caught hold of Fallon’s wrists as she tried to keep fighting. He twisted her around so her back was pressed firmly against his chest. She continued to struggle, not willing to give up.

“Never,” she grimaced, defiant to the end. She was Pinewood’s heir, and she couldn’t show weakness. Pinewood needed a strong leader, and strong leaders don’t lose in combat like this. Nate pinned her firmly against the ground in an iron grip. Thrashing did nothing but exhaust the princess, and she eventually relented a little. She realized that if she were in a real battle, she would be dead by now.

Nate whispered in Fallon’s ear. “Just calm down, princess. That’s enough. You’ve done more than enough. You’ve fought so bravely, but just listen to me. You’re going to hurt yourself. You need to surrender, now, before you do something you regret. Do you understand?”

Fallon knew he was right. She had been beaten, and the entire P.Y.B.T. had witnessed it. She looked into the crowd, and locked eyes with Heather, who looked terrified. Fallon’s best friend nodded. She needed to surrender. Very reluctantly and slowly, Fallon patted Nate’s arm twice, the way of surrendering. Nate released his grip and let her go. She had lost, and she was deeply humiliated and hurt.

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