

## Chapter 7: The Dormitory

MYRA

Owls hooted eerily as I made my way up the stairs leading to my dormitory.

I checked my wristwatch and sighed in defeat. It was a quarter to one in the morning. I had a test coming up, and I hadn't read a thing.

Getting to my floor, I was pondering whether it was best to sleep now and read later or vice versa. Suddenly, a strange scent wafted through my nostrils, making me come to a halt. My wolf stirred, my senses becoming alert as I scanned my surroundings.

I took a cautious step forward.

The closer I got to my dorm room, the stronger the foreign scent became.

Then I saw it. My room door, slightly ajar. It was firmly locked when I left but now, some of the wood was splintered showing signs of forced entry.

I raised my dress, quickly pulling out the medium sized knife strapped to my thigh. Priming my ears, I listened for sounds. Anything. Maybe a heartbeat or a movement. I only heard the rhythmic restful beats of my sleeping dorm mates.

Nothing out of the ordinary.

Confused and flustered, I slowly made my way to my room, my heart going a hundred miles per second.

I pushed the door wide open, gripping my knife above my head.

Then I saw the state of my room and my heart sank.

My clothes were strewn all over the floor, along with my books. My work table was upturned, my lamp broken and smashed. My bed was not spared, the pillows sliced open, feathers everywhere.

It seems whoever broke into my room was looking for something.

Immediately, my heart jolted as I remembered the file Mason gave me.

Rushing in, I grabbed my chair off the floor, taking it to a spot in the room close to the door. Then I climbed on it and pushed back a slate in

the ceiling. It easily gave way, sliding to the side and with a racing heart, I felt for the file I stored there.

As soon as my fingers touched it, I almost cried in relief. Stepping down, I hugged the file to my chest, panting hard.

Then I decided I was no longer safe here.

Could it be that Richard broke in to get revenge for what Locke did to him? Or did the people who beat up Mason know who I was and tracked me down?

I decided I wouldn't wait here to find out.

After calling campus security and answering their questions, I packed my belongings into two duffel bags. At two fifty-eight in the morning, I left the Academy premises, and at four-twelve, I knocked hard on someone's door.

Trekking two miles to get here had my back aching bad and when no answer came, I knocked again with frustration.

"I'M COMING!" came an angry feminine voice which continued mumbling around the house, basically threatening to break someone's head. "Who the fuck is it?!"

"It's me, Carmen." I said tiredly.

There was a pause, before the frantic clinking sounds of several door latches opening occurred.

The door swung open and I came face to face with my best friend - a beautiful Latina, two years older than I am. I wasn't surprised to find her eyes glowing a blazing green, her fangs, long and sharp.

Carmen was always ready for a fight.

The moment she saw me, her wolf settled immediately, leaving behind honey brown eyes filled with concern. "Great Goddess, what are you doing out here by this time, Mimi?" She said with an accented voice.

I stared at the dangerously nail-spiked baseball bat in her hand. "May I come in?"

Her eyes brightened as if she hadn't thought of the idea. "Yes, of course!" She stepped to the side, letting me in.

Carmen's house was a bungalow on a ghetto street in Paradise Park and although it looked dilapidated on the outside, the inside was cozy

and neat with the aesthetic vibes of a pinterest girlie.

I dropped my bags and flopped down on her couch, exhausted but finally relieved.

"What happened?" Carmen dropped the weapon behind her locked door and sat on her coffee table, facing me.

I looked at her, wondering if I should say the truth. I sighed, not wanting to worry her. "Some assholes at school trashed my room."

Carmen muttered a curse.

"I just need a place to crash for a few days. I promise I'll sort myself out before then."

"Nonsense." Carmen stood up. "Mi casa es su casa. You know you're always welcome to stay."

I gave her a small smile. "Thanks."

"You sure you don't want me coming to that school to knock some sense into them?"

I smiled bitterly but shook my head.

"Okay," Carmen nodded before storming to her room. "ALEJANDRO!" She snapped, making me flinch. "Oy! It's time. Get out!"

To my surprise, I heard a deep voice grumble sleepily. Within a few minutes, a handsome model looking man, with long curly hair, came out in nothing but pants showcasing his huge dick.

Instantly, my mind flashed to the Prince and his own gallant erection. My core immediately moistened as I stared unashamedly, imagining the Prince instead.

"You like what you see?"

My head snapped up, catching the cunning smirk on Alejandro's face.

"No, she doesn't, you pervert!" Carmen snapped, pushing him towards the door while heaping his clothes on him. "Move, move, move!"

Alejandro was pushed out of the door, chuckling to himself. Shortly after his shoes were thrown after him.

"Sorry for that," Carmen murmured, sitting beside me. "I would have sent him out sooner if I knew you were coming."

"My phone died. I'm sorry." Then I turned to her. "I haven't seen this one

before."

Her smiling face turned to me. "That's because he's new and...rich too. Pays my bills."

I wasn't surprised. Carmen was extremely beautiful but we both had dark pasts that made us emotionally unavailable to men and romance. I chose to avoid men completely. She chose to use them.

"What number is he?"

Her smile widened. "Boy toy number four? Or is it five? I can't remember."

"You slut!" I giggled.

"Hey!" She nudged me, giggling too. "As long as it pays the bills. Not everyone is lucky to get a prestigious scholarship like you."

My smile faded. If only she knew what I did to get it.

"Have you heard from Mason?" I asked, eager to change the subject.

Carmen's smile faded too. "Not for a couple of days. I sent him a text yesterday tho. He didn't reply."

I frowned, finding it suspicious. Ever since we escaped from the Blue Moon Orphanage, we had all been tight with each other. Always responding texts and picking calls no matter how busy we were. It was our way of watching over each other, making sure we were safe even if we quarrelled.

"That's strange." I muttered, bringing out my phone from my bag and dialling his line.

It went straight to voicemail.

Carmen looked at me, worry crossing her features. "Mason's phone never goes to voicemail." She muttered. "Remember what he told us?"

"Yeah." I replied, feeling worry and guilt crash over me.

"If he doesn't ever pick his calls or respond to texts for over a day, then it means he's either on the run..." Carmen stated.

"...or bad people got to him." I finished, feeling guilt overwhelm the concern within me.

Is this why my room was trashed? Is Mason's life in danger because of me? And are the people behind my parent's death after me too?

