

## Chapter 109

“You have continuously skirted the rules since you got here, Miss Morgan. Your disrespectful nature is what makes you unsuitable for my Academy.”

Ava had never felt so much resentment for anybody as she followed behind the dean

“Maybe you should have listened to me in the first place,” she mumbled.

The dean stopped and twirled around, his blue eyes glowing as he growled at her.

The guards who were dragging her out of the training block rightened their grip on her arms and forced her to stop. Their fingers painfully dug into her flesh as they held her in place. There would be huge bruises on her skin to match their giant hands when they finally let her go. Seriously. where did they get such huge guards? Even the gun at the gate had been big, and he'd looked just as serious as these two. She hadn't struggled once she accepted the consequences of her actions, so their aggression was completely unnecessary.

“I don’t know what you have offered Alpha Ezekiel in return for his protection, and I don’t care,” the dean hissed. “I don’t care why the Council brought you here or why they think you belong. I don’t care that you progressed further than your coach predicted. This is my academy, and you are making a mockery of everything we stand for.”

As he spoke, the dean stepped towards her, and his anger brought the usual fear. She had forgotten what it felt like to be faced with so much hatred. Hiding behind Ezekiel had made her too comfortable.

Though she fought with an Alpha the past couple of days, Dexter was not in the same league as the dean. She would never be able to square up to such strength.

“Even now, you dare to look me in the eyes as if we are equals,” the dean spat out. “You are nothing. Miss Morgan. Less than nothing. Know your place.”

He turned to start walking again before he threw the last words over his shoulder.

“Just for that, you’ll do two days in Isolation.”

Her breath hunched as she stood frozen in place. But that didn’t make a difference because the two guards roughly dragged her forward, lifting her off her feet so her legs dangled uselessly as they continued walking

Two days?

Her mind went back to Ezekiel's time in Isolation. Though most of it was hazy, she remembered the pain. She remembered the nightmares. She remembered her mind feeling like it was breaking, unable to process and handle everything. She'd felt like she was still stuck in the forest until Zeke finally came home.

Was that what she was in for? Mental torture? Or would it be physical?

The other students had congregated outside, and their voices snapped her out of it as the guards dragged her past them. There was laughter among the vicious whispers.

"...thinks she's better than everyone just because she's sleeping with that demon wolf..."

"...she would never have got so far if Alpha Ezekiel hadn't scared the shit out of everyone last week. Obviously, they were all going to let her win..."

"...that Omega had always been a coward An ant can dominate her with no problems. That was a ridiculous match up."

"...she's going to die in there. Not even the demon Alpha can get her out...."

The last one had her whipping her head around to look at the students who had said it. Maybe these really were her last moments.

She couldn't wipe the tears that started falling down her cheeks as she looked at the students, and her vision blurred when she saw Derek and

Myles among them. She blinked the tears from her eyes and saw the worried looks on their faces, Several guards restrained them, and their kits were torn as if they had struggled a lot.

“You’ll be fine,” Derek called out.

And that was all she heard before they half dragged, half carried her up the steps to the entrance.

Every step they took forward increased her fear, and with that, she felt the start of a panic attack. It had been a while since she had one, but this was far worst time to be incapacitated.

The guards walked down the hallways of the administration offers, and then the dean opened the door to the back of the building before turning back to her.

“If you survive in there, I hope the experience makes you a better human,” the dean growled. “I now have to go and clean up the mess you have caused.”

And then he turned and started walking back the way they had come.

The guards pulled her through the doors, and they slammed shut behind them. The sound made her flinch before she started to hyperventilate.

“Please... I’m human. What’s going to happen to me?”

The guards remained silent and emotionless as they took her down some stairs. The moment they reached the bottom, she felt a sense of dread. It

was exactly how she felt when she ventured too close to the dark forest that had almost claimed her.

“What’s down here! Please help me, I won’t survive this,” she said desperately.

But the next instant, a door slid open, and the guards threw her inside. She landed hard on her shoulder on the cold, marble floor.

She only had time to glimpse a mattress along one side of the small room before the door closed and the light disappeared.

And the darkness—the same darkness that had been following her since she had survived the forest—swallowed her whole. She could not escape it. The sticky molasses covered her skin, fire flowed through her veins, and her breathing worsened as she curled up on the floor and closed her eyes.

She couldn’t breathe. Every breath she managed came out in short, ragged and painful as she hugged her knees. She could already feel that evil seeping into her body, dragging her mind back into the forest Zeke couldn’t save her this time. Nobody could save her.

The pain started in her head, like icy fingers attacking her from all directions. Her chest began to hurt from lack of oxygen. This was really how she died. Alone and pitiful. All her earlier confidence that she could take care of herself shattered in the face of this unbeatable foe.

Unable to do anything else, she let her mind wander to that place in her head, that beautiful beach that she had escaped to the times her mind had been unable to process her pain.

It came to her easily. The beautiful cliffs, the waves gently licking the sand on the beach, the uninterrupted view of the horizon.

And on that beautiful beach, she took her first deep breath.

As she looked around, she realized everything felt realistic. There was no pain there. No stickiness, fire in her veins, or unnatural darkness. The sun was high above her; she could even feel its warm rays on her skin.

She didn't know how long she had escaped into her imagination when her imaginary Zeke appeared beside her. He had an intense look on his face as he studied her.

"You're okay," he stated.

"No. I think I've lost my damn mind," she laughed.

How else could she explain this?

She knew where she was in reality, yet here she was with the salty breeze hitting her face.

"Why are you here?" she asked her imaginary Zeke.

"Because I'm yours."