

Chapter 126

Ava didn't even know what the program for the day was beyond what Derek and Myles had told her. She couldn't even remember when she had last looked at her tablet and had no idea where her school bag was.

As she walked up the path leading to her block, she saw Emily standing with a man and woman who looked like her parents. Her shoulders were tense as she listened to whatever they were telling her. Once the Omega lifted her head to look at her, the fear and panic were instant, and she lowered her gaze immediately.

It was her that Emily was scared of this time, not Zeke. She could feel it.

"I think we need to go somewhere we can talk privately," her father said.

She hadn't realized she had stopped to look at the wolf who would always rub her the wrong way. Her father was looking at her, too.

She avoided Alpha Roland's gaze as she walked into the First-Year building and straight for the notice board. Her father hadn't stopped looking at her since they had left the house, but she couldn't face him. The last thing she wanted was to see the disappointment in his eyes.

Besides, she could barely think straight. It was like she was fighting for her life somehow, yet there was nothing to fight.

One thing she was grateful for right now was the fact that she was human. Humans got over heartbreak with time. They weren't like wolves, who bonded with their mates for life and suffered terribly when their chosen mate didn't want them anymore. She would move on from this eventually.

“Later. We only have one teacher to see,” she said as she found Mr. Patrick's name and the room number.

The other students and their parents gave them way, and she could tell by the way the parents looked at her that they had already been told about her. The human who fraternized with wolves. The human sleeping with an Alpha. The human who'd done time in Isolation. Her father would pick it up if they whispered among each other, but thankfully, it was as quiet as a tomb.

But her father wasn't stupid. She knew he could see their looks and sense their emotions.

There was one student with her parents waiting in the queue outside. Mr. Patrick's room, and when she stopped behind them, they quickly stepped away from her with their noses turned. Their ignorance was glaringly obvious.

The growl behind her made them startle and look down.

“Come on, let’s go and see your other professors,” the girl’s father said, ushering the student and her mother forward.

She rolled her eyes and took the first spot in the queue.

“Have they all been like this?” her father growled.

“It doesn’t matter. You know I don’t pay attention to any of that.”

She could tell by how he clenched and unclenched his fists that he wanted to do something about that. But it was pointless. This was the Council’s playground; he couldn’t protect her there. He had barely managed to protect her in his own pack.

It felt like only moments later that the student in the lecture hall came out of the room with her parent or guardian, and with the way Mr. Patrick was herding them, it looked like they hadn’t quite finished.

“Come in,” Mr. Patrick said to her and her dad.

Once they were in he put his hand on the door and chanted as he had before. She quickly glanced at her father and frowned when she realized he wasn’t surprised at all

“Why am I not surprised” Alpha Roland said once Mr. Patrick turned back to face them. “Why is it always you who gets involved with my children?”

“A thank you would be nice,” Mr. Patrick said as he walked towards his desk, which had some chairs arranged in front of it. “Hello, Roland.”

They know each other? She remembered Mr. Patrick had said something about Caleb and meditating.

“I also tried to teach your father, but like you, he was quite useless at following instructions,” Mr. Patrick said

Her eyes widened, just how old was this man?

“Not important. Now, do you want to tell your father what you have been doing before I tell him how much trouble you’re in?”

Her father turned in his seat to look at her. She looked at Mr. Patrick and thought of all the curse words she knew. She hadn’t come to him to worry her dad; she had come for help to get out of this shit.

“Did she tell you she beat an Alpha and made it all the way to the final matches at the mock evaluations?” Mr. Patrick asked.

Though there was worry in her father’s eyes, she saw his pride, too,

“Didn’t expect any less,” he smiled.

“And then she yielded to save an Alpha and spent two days in Isolation instead of one for pissing off the dean.”

Her father was on his feet instantly, dragging her up with him. He grabbed her face and turned it side to side as he inspected her.

“Dad...”

“This should have been the first thing you told me,” Alpha Roland growled, turning her around and inspecting the rest of her.

She could feel his fear, almost hear his pounding heart, but she knew that was impossible.

“Is it, Ava?” Mr. Patrick asked.

She frowned at him as her father turned her back to face him. Of course, it was impossible. Only wolves could feel emotions and hear heartbeats, not humans

“How are you feeling! You’re different. Is that what I’m sensing from you?” her father asked quickly.

“I’m fine. Dad. I didn’t even feel it.”

Her father let her go and tilted his head in thought. She would never have said anything to anyone else, and maybe she shouldn’t have said this in front of Mr. Patrick, but she didn’t want her father to start worrying that the Council’s evil magic would break her. Even though it most likely would. There had been too many things she couldn’t explain that had happened to her.

“How did you do that?” he asked.

“I felt it all around me, and then I just closed my mind to it, I guess,” she shrugged. “I thought of the beach and stayed there.”

“You’ve never been to the beach,” he pointed out with a frown

“It felt so real. Dad.”

And Zeke had been there. She didn't say that part out loud as the pain shot through her body again.

“We have a lot to talk about, Roland, before we figure out how we're going to help her,” Mr. Patrick said. “Dominating Alphas. Missing students presumed dead. Expeditions into the cursed forest Interrogations by the Romanian branch of the Council. And one demon wolf who's claimed her.

Her eyes widened again as she watched her father's horrified reaction. Mr. Patrick had a big mouth. This hadn't been part of the deal at all.

“And no, Roland, you can't get her out of here. It's too late.”

“No, Dad” Don't listen to him. We can get out. You can take me home. Or I can go anywhere in the world,” she said desperately, grabbing her father's hand.

“The Head of the Council is coming for her, Roland. And you know why that would be a bad idea as well as I do.” She couldn't understand the expression on her dad's face when that information sank in. Then he pulled her into his arms and kissed the top of her head.

“You have three days to prepare your daughter, Roland. And then you must leave her here to meet her fate,” Mr. Patrick said.

Her dad's arms tightened around her, and she knew her fate had been sealed. Her father wasn't going to get her out of this hell hole.