

Chapter 132

Zeke watched Alpha Morgan walk out of the dean's waiting area, but Ava remained standing in the spot. Her heart rate had elevated when she saw him, but it wasn't out of fear. Her mouth had dropped open slightly, and her cheeks were getting flushed.

He had expected this. Mated wolves tended to hide away from everyone while their bonds strengthened because the pull towards each other was insane. It was why they had a whole ceremony first and then arranged their lives accordingly. They didn't do it on a whim during the academic year without the blessing of their Alpha.

Still...

He bit his lip to try to stop his smile as he stood and walked towards his mate. She sucked in a breath when he took her dainty little hand in his. Could she feel it as strongly as he did? That jolt of electricity down their bodies? The sparks when they made contact?

What would have made this even better would have been the mind link. There was nothing more intimate than being able to share even your thoughts with the one you were bonded to.

But still, they had something n more intimate than that. Whatever it was had allowed them to save each other in isolation.

“Do you need something. Mr. Michelson?”

The dean’s voice pulled his attention from his mate as he remembered they were not alone. And Penelope had been watching the entire interaction with her sharp gaze.

“Nothing from you, Alpha Russell,” he answered.

The dean’s gaze was full of hatred as he looked at Ava. He pulled her behind him and then squared up to Dean Russell.

“You’re an Alpha,” the dean growled. “This is not the standard we set at our school. Be assured I will be reporting this.”

“Your double standards don’t interest me, Dean.”

The academy was meant for all species to interact and learn to get along for everyone’s benefit. There hadn’t been any interspecies wars since the Council started ruling with iron fists. But that was the start and the end of any of their good deeds, as far as he was concerned.

He led Ava out of the room to head out of this building. Her father might have delayed any punishment, but he could see it was coming.

Alpha Morgan was in the lobby, and everyone was giving him a wide berth, which he didn’t seem to care about. The moment they came out,

he turned to look at them. First at their hands that were still joined, and then at him. Directly in the eyes without flinching, even though he could probably sense how strong Shadow was. Unlike his father, Alpha Morgan seemed to have the balls to match his status.

And one thing for sure was that Alpha Morgan was not happy with this development. But he remained quiet as he walked out of the building and headed for the First-Year block on foot. It was interesting to watch how they all moved out of Alpha Morgan's way even before they saw him walking a distance behind with Ava.

“So when your father and brothers trained you to fight, you never mentioned that your father was the Alpha of your pack,” he said as he looked down at the woman beside him.

“You never asked.”

“I guess we've had more pressing conversations,” he grinned. “We should have a real date.”

There was a hair-raising growl in front of him as Ava's father stormed into the building. Okay, he would have to remember not to talk like that in front of her father.

“We could if we weren't going to die,” Ava muttered.

They were about to walk into the building when he caught the scent that ruined his good mood. Jared stood a little distance away as if he had been waiting for them. Or at least waiting for Ava because he knew there was no way Jared would want to come face to face with him right

now. He still looked like the piece of shit that he was, but he didn't look like he was on the brink of death anymore.

"Go ahead, I'll catch up." Ava told him.

As if. He didn't trust that coward, and his father was still around somewhere, probably mobilizing his people. Instead of walking in, he waited by the door and folded his arms.

"You look a lot better," Ava said to Jared.

"Yes, thanks to you. And that guy."

Ava turned back to see he was still waiting. She shook her head and then returned her attention to Jared.

"I wanted to come and thank you. Even in my wolf form, it took a little longer to heal, but I had two Omegas diligently nursing me as if their lives depended on it," Jared said "They said you ordered them to."

Ava snorted as if she found that funny.

"I'm glad you're okay. I have to go to my meeting. Have your parents come?"

He stiffened at the same time that Jared stiffened.

"Um... no. I'll see you later, then," Jared said before he turned away.

He could tell Ava had questions when she walked back to him, but he just opened the door for her so she could go in first. She had problems with the fact that Jared was going to die, so there was no way he was bringing any of that shit up. Not on his mating day, anyway.

He followed his nose to find Ava's father, and Mr. Patrick's scent was with him. Before anything was said, he had to address the fact that Mr. Patrick almost killed his mate. That was something he couldn't let slide, and Shadow agreed with him.

But the moment they walked in, Alpha Morgan had him by the throat against the wall in a grip that was tighter than anything his father had ever done to him.

From the corner of his eye, he saw Mr. Patrick chanting with his hand on the door before he retreated to the other side of the room.

"Dad," Ava sighed.

"Listen here, you unworthy little shit," Alpha Morgan started, ignoring his daughter.

He could feel the full force of the man's anger. His fingers tightened so much he could smell a little blood where his claws were cutting into his skin. They were almost as tall as each other, so he wasn't surprised that his feet actually left the ground. He didn't think anyone had managed to do this to him since he had matured.

“I don’t care who you are or what you’ve done, but if you hurt one hair on Ava’s body, I will shove my foot so far up your asshole you’ll be eating your own sh-“

“Dad!” Ava interrupted more firmly.

“Do you understand me?” Alpha Morgan growled.

He couldn’t speak, so he nodded as much as he could. Only then did the Alpha release him and walk calmly to sit on one of the chairs.

“Okay. If you’ve all got that out of your systems now, please sit down,” Mr. Patrick said.

The marks Alpha Morgan left on his skin had already healed, but Ava was inspecting them anyway. He let her because it felt good to have her show her concern so openly. But Mr. Patrick’s words pulled him back to the matter at hand.

“And Mr. Michelson, don’t waste your strength coming after me. I knew the potion wasn’t going to kill her, but it was supposed to keep her down for days, not a few hours. Maybe we should concentrate on why that is.”

He frowned. Was he just in his head?

“Yes, Mr. Michelson. So please sit down, and let’s talk about Ava.”