

## Chapter 138

Zeke watched Mr. Patrick with narrowed eyes. The professor looked at Ava like she was some sort of science experiment while she sat cross-legged on the rug with her eyes closed.

He didn't like it.

He'd always assumed Mr. Patrick was a witch, but after that little stunt, he knew that was not true. There was magic around him, but it definitely wasn't witchy.

What the fuck was he?

And why was he so openly fascinated with his mate?

Honestly, he looked like he was even salivating.

"It's not working," Ava sighed, opening her eyes again. "We've been at this for hours already today. It didn't work last night, and it won't work now. Let's just try something else."

“It won’t work if you don’t take this seriously,” Mr. Patrick said. “Empty your mind, Ava.”

“I’m trying.”

“Then stop thinking about why you don’t want this to work and feel your wolf. Ava,” Mr. Patrick said firmly. “There is no other plan that will work, and even if there was, you need your wolf. It’s a part of you that you have to accept.”

His eyes narrowed at Mr. Patrick’s words. He was doing that mind-reading shit again. Invading his mate’s mind without permission.

He growled, and Mr. Patrick turned his head to him and sighed.

“Mr. Michelson, if you insist on being here, please let us concentrate,” Mr. Patrick said “What do you think I’m going to do to her?”

“I don’t fucking trust you,” he stated.

“You don’t have to trust me. Ava trusts me.”

He looked at Ava, who’d opened her eyes again and was watching their exchange.

Was that true! How could she trust someone she didn’t know anything about?

“He gave you a potion that made your heart stop several times in the Infirmary, and you trust him?” he asked, looking Ava in the eyes. He

wished now more than ever that they had a mental link, but Mr. Patrick would probably be able to eavesdrop on that, too.

“She wasn’t going to die,” Mr. Patrick insisted.

“I wasn’t speaking to you,” he growled.

This was a waste of time. He should have been out there making plans. Instead, he had to be there making sure Mr. Patrick didn’t try anything.

“No one is stopping you from leaving-...”

“Stop doing that shit!”

Mr. Patrick sighed as if he thought he was being unreasonable. They’d already wasted enough time meditating it was time to start thinking of getting out.

“Roland!” Mr. Patrick shouted.

Moments later, Ava’s father walked in, holding a half-eaten sandwich.

How could he even eat at a time like this?

“Take Ezekiel out of here. It’s hard for me to do anything when all I can hear are his death threats.”

“I’m not leaving,” he stated. “You said that the Head of Council is coming next week, and we all know he doesn’t travel alone. Iulia, Diego and Andrei could come back with him. Last week when all that shit

happened during the mock evaluations, there were a lot more guards than I've ever seen at this school. They've planned something big."

He stood from his seat to face Ava's father.

"You know they're not coming here to be friendly, so please, let's cut all this bullshit and get out of here. I can keep Ava safe, Alpha Morgan"

"But the moment he takes her out of here, you will never see your daughter again, Roland. If they're lucky, they can stay ahead of the Council for a little while. If they're not, they'll be dead by the end of the week."

He could tell that was the statement that swayed Alpha Morgan. The thought of his daughter dying.

He glared at Mr. Patrick.

"And don't forget that even your other children won't be safe if Ava leaves," Mr. Patrick continued.

And that was the statement that swayed Ava.

He was outnumbered. Only he knew Ava wasn't staying to fight; she was staying to hand herself over.

He shook his head and walked out of the room. He needed air, but he didn't want to go for a run with his father this close to Ava. Halfway down the drive, he caught a scent that riled him up some more. Jared stood across the road as if he had been watching the house. He had some

color on his face now, but he could sense he hardly had any strength in him.

He would have sensed that coward if he hadn't been preoccupied with Mr. Patrick,

Jared looked down immediately, but he didn't walk away.

"Is Ava okay? I saw what happened last night," Jared said

"Ava is none of your business," he growled.

"She was my friend. Zeke. I didn't know Claire was there..."

"I don't give a shit. She's mine, and you're not coming anywhere near her."

The front door opened, and Alpha Morgan came out while putting on his leather jacket. Ava's father looked like a leader of a motorcycle gang, complete with the tattoos. It took a special kind of wolf to get those done, Human tattoos faded as they healed, but wolf tattoos had a kick to them.

Alpha Morgan looked at Jared and then at him before he said, "Come on, kid. I have this urge to see Ava's coach

And leave those two alone? What if something happened? He looked back at the house.

"She's safe. Come on," he said again as he started jogging.

He glared at Jared one last time before following.

“My father is going to retaliate. I can’t leave Ava for too long,” he said.

“She’s safe with Mr. Patrick, Alpha Morgan repeated.

“There is something wrong with him.”

He didn’t want to say too much with so many ears around.

“He’s older than dirt. I’m sure he can handle protecting one little girl for a few minutes,” the Alpha said as they approached the training center.

People were waiting to see the instructors and coaches or just talking in groups. He’d heard their whispered conversations before they had even come close enough to be seen. As he’d expected, he was the talk of the academy, and if his father had heard any of that shit, he was getting angrier. Everyone knew Alpha Ezra had submitted to his son.

Everybody cleared away before he even reached the doors.

“Remind me to never take you anywhere fun,” Alpha Morgan said.

He fought the urge to roll his eyes as they walked towards the beginner training room.

“Why are we here? None of this matters anymore.”

“It matters to me. You stood around while your mate was beaten and her bones broken. I’ll fight for my daughter, Ezekiel.”

He remembered those days. Before he had accepted Ava, watching her get hurt had been brutal. He'd failed his mate; he could admit that.

"I didn't know how to handle it in the beginning. I'm sorry."

Alpha Morgan didn't say anything else as they came up to the training room where Coach Baxter was meeting with the parents.

"I'll make it up to her," he promised.

"We'll see," Alpha Morgan said as he opened the door.

The coach had set up a table in the middle of the room, and his eyes widened when he saw him approaching

And then there was the sweet, sweet scent of fear in the air as the coach stood up. He was sure he would get that everywhere now.

"Alpha Ezekiel," Coach said. "What can I do for you?"

"I've brought Ava's father to see you."

And that was when the coach spared the man beside him a look. There was surprise on his face. And then realization. And then fear again.

"And you said you couldn't take me anywhere fun," he said to Alpha Morgan as he stepped away.

At least the coach would be put in his place before they left.

Because they were leaving tomorrow, no matter what Mr. Patrick said. They couldn't sense Ava's feelings as he could. His mate had already given up