

Chapter 142

“Ah.. Yes. Ava has done very well so far,” Coach Baxter stuttered, “She...”

His voice trailed off as he watched Alpha Morgan pick up two daggers from the wall of weapons proudly displayed at the side of the room. The very same daggers that his daughter had been drawn to.

He did a few moves, showcasing where Ava had got her skills before he carefully put them back in their place.

Zeke watched a drop of sweat roll down the coach’s face before he wiped it and pretended to shuffle through the paperwork in front of him.

So far, Ava’s dad hadn’t said a word. It had become clear in the very first minute that he was watching a master of mind games at work. He’d never seen the coach so riled up.

He leaned back in his seat in the bleachers where he’d been watching the show.

“She showed so much improvement in each training session,” the coach continued.

Alpha Morgan picked up a small axe and inspected the sharp edge. He heard the coach swallow before shuffling the papers again.

“She... Uh, she didn’t advance to the next level because, as a human, she is a lot weaker...”

The axe landed right in the middle of Coach Baxter’s paperwork, the sharp end slicing through to embed itself deeply into the wood under the papers—right between the coach’s hands.

There was no hiding the fact that the coach was shitting himself.

He had not met an Alpha as strong as Ava’s father before, at least not one who wasn’t on the Council. The man walked calmly back to the table, his colossal frame more intimidating in the leather, and pulled the axe out of the table.

The coach tensed. He didn’t think Alpha Morgan would actually commit murder, but anyone could see he was capable of it. There was more sweat on the coach’s face now. His fear... He took a deep breath and savored the sweet scent. Shadow wagged his tail in appreciation.

Alpha Morgan walked back to the wall without a word and continued his inspection.

“During... During the evaluations, she impressed all the instructors,” the coach continued. “She advanced to the finals on the first day. She would.

have advanced on the second, but she got ill and had to spend some time in the infirmary.”

Alpha Morgan stopped at the Katana. It was like he knew which weapons his daughter had chosen.

‘Of course, he knows. He trained her.’ Shadow said. ‘Can we go back to our mate now?’

‘Soon. I’ll give them time to try this their way, but when we get back, they’ll have to listen to me.’

“So... Um, yes, on the last day of the mock evaluations, uh...”

More paper shuffling, though there was a big slit in the middle of them now.

“And I have to say, after her performance on the first and second days, she had been guaranteed to advance to Intermediate.”

Alpha Morgan looked at the coach sharply.

“Advance to the Advanced level, definitely,” the coach continued. “But she yielded in her first match on the last day, and, uh... The rules say all her progress for the term is invalidated”

Alpha Morgan pulled the Kataria out of its sheath and inspected the markings. The steel glittered in the afternoon sunshine that filtered in through the windows.

“But” the coach continued quickly, “when lessons start on Monday, I will inform her to start in the Intermediate sessions because she has demonstrated to me that she’s very skilled and. And she works very well with her classmates.”

Alpha Morgan sheathed the Katana and put it back on the wall. Then he looked over to where he was sitting and gestured in the door with his head.

The show was over. Alpha Morgan had said everything he needed to say without saying a word. If they weren’t leaving this weekend, he was sure the coach would have fallen all over himself to please Ava in the training sessions,

He grinned as he followed the Alpha out of the room, Why couldn’t his father have been this cool?

The halls were still clear as if everyone was waiting for the leave before they returned. When they walked out, Alpha Morgan let out a satisfied sigh and rolled his neck.

“Remind me not to piss you off,” he said.

“Shall we go eat something before we check on them?” Ava’s father asked, already walking towards the dining hall.

“We’ve been gone long enough. I don’t trust my father, and he’s been busy making allies this weekend.”

“Mr. Patrick can protect her. I think he’s right. With your true mate bond, you’re even more of a distraction. She needs to be able to concentrate.”

What he needed was to take his mate out of there and find a place to hide her before the academy realized she was gone. What he needed was time alone with her without the fear of death hanging over their heads.

They were newly mated, for fuck’s sake. but they couldn’t be alone.

He was about to protest again when he felt Ava. She was scared. Alpha Morgan stopped at the same time, and they both turned back towards the house. He jogged as he removed his clothes, and the moment he was naked, he shifted.

It was his father making his move because he had left the house, he was sure of it. He should never have left them alone.

Shadow’s paws thundered through the street, and beside him was a wolf bigger than any he had seen before. Ava’s father was almost as big as he was. He was a rare white wolf, rumored to be the strongest and purest of Alphas. The opposite of Shadow, whose lust for blood stained his soul. Alpha Morgan’s strength made sense to him now.

He could sense a large group of people the closer he got to his house. They were almost there when three women stepped into the road and chanted something as they held hands. He’d been too focused on what was happening to Ava to realize they were being ambushed.

Everything went dark, and the wolf beside him whimpered and stopped. The darkness disoriented him. He could no longer tell which direction Ava was in as all her emotions hit him from all directions. She was in pain. His mate was being hurt.

This was nothing like the magic in the forest, but the witches were strong.

He stopped moving and lowered to his stomach. And then he focused, just as he had watched Mr. Patrick teach Ava for hours. He calmed his mind and blocked out the confused, unfocused emotions to focus on the soft chanting of the witches.

He focused on their breathing. He focused on the sound of their hearts, which began to beat faster as if the witches could see his senses had locked onto them.

Without giving them a chance to react, he launched himself at them, breaking their contact and stopping the spell.

The light returned instantly, with the witches screaming and begging for their lives. But he had no time to deal with them as he ran to his house.

And he he got there just in time to see Ava shout. "He is mine!" as she continuously punched the shot out of his father.

He abruptly stopped behind some of his pack members, and Alpha Morgan stopped just seconds later.

His father was unconscious.

The Alpha of the biggest park in the country was unconscious.

Holy shit.