

Chapter 15

The First Year block seemed miles away. By the time Ava went through the wide doors, she was sweating and sure her eyes were red from holding back her tears. She hadn't bumped into anyone, so she realized everyone else really followed the tardiness rule. She hoped they would follow the other rules—no fighting, respect for others, etc.

The front of the building had several offices, which she assumed were the administration, but she couldn't see anyone to direct her. She eventually found a map on the papers stuck on the notice board near the door and made her way to the room she was supposed to have gone to straight after the assembly.

The welcome pack hadn't included the academy prospectus, which she had thought was odd, but it said they would enroll in their classes during orientation. She hoped the spots weren't limited. If she was going to get stuck here for a while longer, she at least wanted to make a start on the Business degree she would have done at a human college. She planned on helping her dad with the family business once she graduated. Alpha Roland had been showing her the ropes since he first noticed her interest. This academy produced first-class graduates, so she knew their academic classes had to be the best, too. She would learn something useful before she went back home.

She would take advantage of that before she made them send her home. There had to be a way to do that; she wouldn't give up because an arrogant Alpha thought the Council never made mistakes. And since the Council was coming soon, they would see for themselves that they'd messed up. She just had to forget about that wolf, Ezekiel Michelson, and concentrate on getting through these classes until then.

She found the lecture hall mentioned on her schedule and pushed the door open. For the second time that day, everyone's eyes trained on her as the professor stopped speaking. The professor looked as stern as the Dean, even if he didn't have the same muscle mass. He was dressed in a suit and had thin, round glasses on the bridge of his long nose. She couldn't tell what he was, but he wasn't human.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she whispered, looking down.

She knew her face was turning beet red.

"If it isn't the Omega who thinks she's an Alpha," the professor said.

There were several snickers in the room.

"You must be Ava Morgan, the only student ever to get a detention on the first day," the professor continued. Looking up in shock at the tall, thin man, she said, "I was with the Dean. He said he would let me off for today." "Did he give you a note!" the professor asked with a raised brow

"No."

“Then I will see you in detention. Find a seat, Miss Morgan. Pick up your timetable from my desk.”

With that, the professor turned back to whatever he had been waiting on the board. Ava’s shoulders slumped as she made her way to his desk to pick up a folder with her name on it. The she looked around the class. Everyone was still looking at her, and they had the same hostile expressions she had gotten from her schoolmates in high school. She sighed as she found a seat at the front and didn’t miss the way the girl on the other side of her scooted away from her on the bench.

“Memorize these, and your life at the academy will run smoothly.” the professor said.

There was a name written on the board, Mr. Patrick, which she assumed was his name, and a list of rules. They must have been discussing the rules in the welcome pack.

“For the rest of the day, you’ll go through the classes listed on your schedule to meet your professors, lecturers, and instructors, as well as get access to any reading materials and equipment you may need,” Mr. Patrick continued. “Tomorrow, you’ll start your lessons properly, so I suggest you prepare accordingly. Welcome to Phoenix Academy, ladies and gentlemen.”

With that, she realized they had been dismissed. Had they all picked their classes already? A sick feeling formed in her stomach when she saw the other students getting up with their folders in their hands. When

she quickly opened hers, she saw Ava Morgan, Omega‘ written on the top and then a list of classes.

Cooking. Needlework. Housekeeping.

What. The. Fuck

The list went on like that, and it didn’t take her long to figure out that the academic courses were all to aid an Omega in their service roles. Where were the business degrees? Engineering and Architecture? Were they really expected to do these and keep their mouths shut?

She saw the professor gathering his paperwork and preparing to leave, so she picked up her bag and folder and rushed to catch him.

“Sir, she called. “There’s been a mistake. I didn’t get a chance to pick my courses.”

Mr. Patrick laughed as he put his papers in a briefcase.

“You’re an Omega. You don’t get to choose, he said as he snapped his case shut and picked it up.

What?

That can’t be right. I’m supposed to do a Business course.”

That made the professor laugh harder as he walked to the door.

“I suggest you find your classes before you get another detention he said as he opened it to leave.

Ava followed quickly to argue her point, but when she stepped out of the lecture hall, the professor was gone as if he had just vanished. The hall was now filled with students, but Mr., Patrick was so tall that she should have been able to see him. She was still trying to process what he had just said when someone knocked her shoulder hard. She crashed into the wall, and her folder slipped from her hands.

“Watch where you’re going, human.”

Ava rubbed her shoulders and looked at the boy who’d intentionally bumped into her. He was larger than the people he was walking with, so she assumed he was an Alpha. Another brainless idiot who would probably lead a pack one day.

She shook her head as she picked her folder up and opened it to find the next room she was going to. Housekeeping. Her chest squeezed as she thought of how disappointed her dad would be.

Then she remembered that both her dad and Caleb had attended Phoenix Academy. They knew the rules. They would have known there was no chance she would be allowed to do the degree she wanted, but they hadn’t told her. That hurt so much.