

Chapter 150

Zeke pushed down his emotions as much as he could, but Ava could clearly sense some of them. She'd been looking at him since they'd woken up.

He hadn't expected Mr. Patrick's plan to work at all. He'd thought it would be exactly like the last time when he'd felt her pain and run into the forest raging.

But instead...

He looked down at the woman sitting next to him and felt like going back home to hide away. Like what Shadow was doing. He hadn't heard anything from the beast since they'd had their heart broken.

But it wasn't Ava's fault. He had to keep reminding himself of that.

He sensed Ava's fear seconds before he smelled it. The stench of death and decay. The stench of evil darker than anything Shadow had hidden in his soul.

His beast unfurled and paid attention. Something wasn't right.

This thing was coming closer to the assembly hall For Ava? For him?

And then he caught a scent that he had thought he would never smell again. It was just a hint as if it was fading, but it was undeniable. He had his eyes on the doors at the front, waiting, even as Ava's fear increased. Her heart beat so loudly that he was sure everyone else could hear it in the silent room.

He could hear the whispers in the hallway, sense the fear. And then the smell of decay was right up his nose.

A group of students walked in, dressed smartly in their uniforms. Claire's two friends were among them. And behind them was the face that should have been already buried.

Claire looked at Ava and then at him. Her eyes had always been expressive, but now they were... dead. Completely devoid of any emotion. He could sense her wolf but nothing else. It was as if there was nothing in her soul. A smile formed slowly on her lips, transforming her face into something out of a nightmare.

What The Fuck?

How?

Ava had so much of Claire's blood on her that fateful day, and the academy's search teams had found nothing.

The Council said they'd found Claire, so was this their doing? Had they turned her into this... thing?

How was this even possible?

“Holy shit!” Derek said in their mind link.

‘I thought you said she was dead,’ Myles added.

Claire and her group of friends walked up the aisle, not paying any attention to the ruckus they were causing. They stopped at the row behind him. “Move,” Claire said.

Even her voice was different. It was raspy with an undertone of danger.

The row behind him cleared even though they were all Alphas, and Claire and her friends were ranked lower. Or they used to be. He had no idea what the fuck they were now.

Ava remained facing forward as the students filed into the row and sat down, but judging by how she teased, he knew she could feel who was sitting right behind her.

“Aw,” Claire said. “Are you scared, human?”

He was scared. Claire had been dangerous before when she'd gone after Ava without considering the consequences. What did this mean for his mate now?

“Alright, everyone settle down.”

He hadn't noticed the dean walking in. Alpha Russell didn't look the least bit surprised that Claire and her friends were there. He'd known all along. Was this part of the Council's plan?

"Good morning everyone. I know you're all eager to get back to your lessons, so I won't keep you long," the dean started. "I'd like to start by saying I'm aware of the events that happened over the weekend and will deal with that accordingly. The academy's reputation was damaged, and that is something we don't take lightly."

The dean looked directly at Ava when he said that, making the other students turn to look at her, too. He growled, and they all looked away. In all his years there, he had never openly shown his dominance over the dean, but he met Alpha Russell's gaze and let out another growl in warning. The dean didn't look away. It was like he was daring him to make a move.

"I also wanted to assure you that everything is perfectly fine," the dean continued. "I'm sure you've all seen the heavy security around the school."

As he said that, several guards entered the room and lined up at the front, forming a wall between the dean and the students.

This was probably why the dean had been so confident to ignore his warning. Going against Council soldiers was a death wish, especially when there were so many of them.

"It's nothing to be alarmed by. We are going to have some very important visitors this week, so we are taking extra precautions," the

dean said. “You must show the visitors that you understand our core values. Go about your day as usual, and remember to follow the rules. Speaking of which, I have updated the rules and will send them to your tablets shortly. These come into effect immediately.”

And this he said while looking right at him. He knew straight away that he wouldn't like the new rules.

“Lastly, welcome back your peers. I'm sure you'll all do your best to help them catch up with their missed studies,” the dean continued. “Please study the new rules. You're dismissed.”

The dean remained on the stage, hiding behind the guards, and his cold gaze was still on him.

Whatever the Council's next move was, they had already started. They were coming for his mate. They were declaring war.

The row behind him remained seated as the room emptied.

“Is there a problem. Mr. Michelson?” the dean asked from the stage, amusement coloring his voice.

“None at all,” he replied as he stood and held his hand out to Ava to help her.

The dean's eyes went down to their hands.

“You might want to read the rules as soon as possible,” the dean said.

He ignored the dean and looked at the students behind him. Claire still had a smile, but the other students were looking straight ahead as if they were just shells of their old selves.

What the hell had happened to them?

They walked out of their row with all the eyes in the room on them, and Ava's heart was still beating too fast and too loud. Even if he hadn't been able to sense her fear, he would have seen it in the stiff way she held herself.

He gently squeezed her hand, hoping she would keep it together until they left the hall. They would have to go back home and speak privately to make a plan. How was he supposed to let Ava go her own way to her lessons with Claire back in school?

But outside, the presence of the guards seemed to have doubled. And they were all directing the students to get to their classes, blocking off the ones who were trying to go back to their residences.

“Be more prepared tomorrow. No one is allowed in the dorms during lesson time. Straight to class” a guard said firmly to one of the students.

‘What do we do?’ Derek asked

‘Library.’

That was the only other place they could be guaranteed some privacy.

He was still holding Ava's hand when they approached the building and saw the guards at the front of it. At the main doors, a couple of them checked the students tablets before letting them in. They were checking the timetables.

"This is bullshit," he snarled as they stopped walking.

"I'm fine. I'll be fine." Ava said as she extracted her hand from his.

She wasn't fine.

"I have to get to my class before I get another detention," she continued.
"I'll see you at lunch."

"There's nothing we can do, Zeke. I'll see you later."

Was this it? The end?

He watched his mate walk away from him and tried not to think about the fact that the end for him had probably started in the forest.

'I'll go and keep an eye on Claire,' Myles said.

Would it matter? They were completely fucked anyway.