

Chapter 152

Zeke sat on the bench in the Quad, watching the seven students standing in the middle of it. They weren't talking, they just stood there as if they were waiting for something.

Or someone.

He tilted his head and focused on each of them. Their wolves were still there, but he could barely sense them. So, did that mean they couldn't shift anymore?

The Council had found them when the dean and his guards had failed. Dead or alive? That was what he couldn't figure out. What the hell had been done to them? And was this Ava's doing or the Council?

Claire turned her head to look at the building behind them. Then they all turned.

Shadow snarled inside him because he knew what they could sense. Ava. Ava was in that building, still in her lessons, and her heart pumping away Terrified. He had been tracking her all morning, on the verge of

shifting at any little thing, waiting to run to her aid the moment she needed him.

If she needed him.

He pushed thoughts of the forest out of his mind and concentrated on the task at hand.

Claire turned back to her friends, who looked at her, too,

He frowned as he studied their body language. Shit. They were communicating, after all. They were mind-linking!

He didn't know which packs the others belonged to, but he knew only Claire and her two best friends were in the same pack. So, how had they even linked?

Someone appeared next to him on the bench so fast that he pulled his attention away from the students in front of him

"This is pretty fucked up." Prince Gideon said.

"You have no idea," he answered.

The vampire was alone, but he could sense his entourage around. Probably watching the seven students like everyone else seemed to be doing.

The other students would also sense the dark change, but they would have no idea where it came from. And even if they thought the Council

had something to do with it, no one would share say that out loud. Speaking against the Council had consequences worse than death.

A team of guards came walking down one of the paths. Four of them, looking at every student as they passed them. Enforcing the new rules that were meant to keep him from his mate.

He growled, and all of them turned to look at him. But they didn't do anything else. They looked at him as if he was nothing and continued their patrol.

"We're prisoners," Gideon stated. "To what end, I wonder."

Till they had him and his mate in their clutches. Or till Shadow had enough and killed everyone. Whichever came first.

"My father was sorry he couldn't see you last weekend after that little display from your father," Gideon said. "But he wishes you well."

Meaning he had the Vampire King's support. But that wouldn't help him now. Not when he was stuck here. Not against this.

He turned his attention to Claire again; this time, his ex-girlfriend was looking right at him. Shadow snarled as they watched her lips curl into a smile again. It was like she knew what was coming, and it was something she would enjoy.

Claire looked at the building behind her again. Ava was on the move. Was Claire going to make her move now?

He didn't wait to find out. He stood without saying another word to Gideon and headed to the front of the First-Year block to intercept her.

When Ava came out, she had her head down. His mate was scared, and he wasn't allowed to touch or comfort her as he wanted. It was killing him.

“Ava.”

Ava merely glanced at him before she looked back down. Had she read the new rules? Were they wrenching her heart out like they were doing to him?

After what happened in the forest, he wasn't so sure. Their bond was supposed to be a gift, the one thing that was supposed to transcend all this shit. But Ava and her wolf... Shadow whined and then retreated again as the pain shot through both of them.

“Alpha Ezekiel,” Ava responded,

He was about to tell her to forget the rules and talk to him when two guards came out of the building behind her. He thought they would go past them, but they stopped right behind Ava.

“I have an appointment with the dean,” Ava said. “They're here to escort me.”

What?

They had broken so many rules the past weekend that he knew what was going to happen. Isolation. The dean was going to try to prove a point. to assert his dominance.

It was the wrong time for the dean to make such a dick move.

“I’ll come with you...” he started, moving closer to her.

But the guards behind her stepped closer, too, as if they were ready to haul him in the moment he touched her.

“I will come and get my things after detention when I come to make your meals,” Ava said, still with her head down.

And then she walked away without looking back. The guards followed, their shiny weapons strapped to their bodies and their steps matching. Like machines.

But he could take them. If he killed them now, he and Ava could take their chances and get out of there.

“You won’t make it.”

He wasn’t surprised to hear Mr. Patrick behind him. His thoughts turned darker as the events in the forest invaded his mind. Pain turned to anger as he faced the man who had forced Ava to go into the forest in the first place,

“It’s not my fault. There was no way we could have known, and yesterday only revealed what was already there,” Mr. Patrick hissed. “I

don't know what the hell is going on, but I still think everything will be okay once she..."

Mr. Patrick stopped talking when a few students came out of the building.

Once Ava found her wolf, maybe she would walk away from him.

"You know that is not possible," Mr. Patrick whispered again. "This is not the place for this conversation. Don't do anything stupid. Meet me later where we agreed."

Mr. Patrick walked back into the building, out of his sight, but his anger remained. He marched towards the Administration block, ready to do whatever he needed to, despite Mr. Patrick's warning,

Ava was just entering when he stopped at the bottom of the steps, and then her guards turned to block the door, along with the rest of the bastards that had surrounded the building.

He focused his senses on Ava and didn't move. Though Shadow was grieving, he pushed forward, uncaring that his eyes glowed in front of the guards, who had probably been told to deal with him if he caused trouble. Uncaring that he was showing them what he really was.

There was no magical barrier holding him back this time. They would all die today if Ava felt distressed even for a second.