

Chapter 154

Ava came out of the Administration building, and the first person she saw was Zeke. She had felt him there even before the guards opened the doors for her to leave. She made her decision the moment she saw the way the guards stood at attention with their hands on their weapons, ready to hurt him.

Zeke's eyes were red, and his fists clenched at his sides. He stood like a statue, but she could sense the danger emanating from him as if one wrong move would end everything.

She knew he'd been waiting to save her. He would pin himself on the line if she were in danger. She'd condemned him to her fate.

She lowered her gaze and started walking down the steps.

"I'm fine," she told him quietly.

"No. Ava. You're not 'fine'," he growled.

So she wasn't hiding it as well as she thought.

“I will be,” she said truthfully.

Whatever was going to happen next was her fight. Zeke needed to stay out of it to stay safe. At least he would have a chance that way.

“What did he want?”

“I’ve been removed from my duties as your Omega. I’m not allowed to see you or your pack anymore.”

She’d kept her gaze down so she saw how his fists clenched and unclenched. And she felt it. That intense pain that threatened to unravel her. Pain so deep and dark that she didn’t know how he was still on his feet.

Was that what it meant to bond with someone? How much more of this would she feel if she found her wolf?

“I’ll still collect my things after detention,” she told him.

Maybe they would get a chance to speak then, and she would tell him what she had decided.

“Ava.”

The pain slashed through her this time, and she had to close her eyes. This was worse than Isolation. That was probably the dean’s intention all along.

“I’m late for my duty in the training rooms. I’ll see you later,” she whispered.

And then she turned and walked away from him.

The guards weren’t following her this time, but she could feel their scrutiny. She pushed her emotions down again. She was on her own now; she had to take care of herself as she used to do in the beginning.

She was almost at the Training Centre when she heard footsteps behind her.

Claire? She couldn’t sense that darkness around, but... Would she try to finish the job she had started? Would these guards stop her if she tried? Or it would be the monster inside her that would rip her apart. Again.

She quickened her steps, but the pace of the footsteps increased, too.

Would Claire really attack her like this? In broad daylight with other students and the guards walking around?

When the footsteps came even closer, she clenched her fists. She would have been safer in Isolation, but if Claire attacked, she would have to defend herself. It was the only way. And maybe the Council had already won, but she would go down fighting. She would never allow them to use the thing inside her to hurt other people.

With that thought, she turned around quickly and dropped into a fighting stance.

And the wolf now in front of her fell back with a little scream.

“What the hell are you doing, Emily?” she hissed

The wolf stood and lowered her gaze as she came closer.

“Stop doing that,” she hissed again. “You can’t just follow me like that.”

I was looking out for you, just in case Claire attacks, Emily said quietly.
“She’s not anywhere near here.”

She shook her head and continued to the entrance of the Training Centre. Emily continued following her like a lost little lamb. What the hell would she do if Claire attacked, anyway? Run and hide? She was being ridiculous,

As she was late, no one else was in the changing rooms when she entered. She paused and tried to listen. Her wolf was useless, but she wouldn’t need Emily to tell her if Claire was nearby. That darkness inside her was like a beacon.

She changed quickly and then looked at Emily as she did the same.

“If you are serious about this, you have to come to my dorm tonight. You need to tell me everything that happened.”

Emily stopped changing to look at her with a frown.

“You... You don’t remember?”

“Just come tonight.”

She left Emily to check her duty on the notice board. The beginner training room again. At least she wouldn't bump into Claire since the wolf had been on the Intermediate level when she disappeared.

The room quietened down when she entered. It was hard to tell what her fellow Omegas were thinking as they continued to set up the room. Did they know she was the cause of the tighter security?

She didn't dwell on it as she got to work until the other students arrived after their lunch break.

And then, finally, the coach walked in. The man who'd tried to get her hurt during the evaluations. The man who didn't deserve her respect at all.

It was hard not to meet his gaze directly as he walked to the center of the room, she had to force herself. She could feel his gaze on her, though, and could imagine how much anger he was directing at her.

“Morgan, I'm moving you up to the Intermediate level. Make your way down the hall.”

Shock rippled through her, and she forgot not to look into his eyes. Was this a joke? Because she had forfeited a match, she'd known she would be stuck in this class until the following evaluations. Why was he moving her?

“Move it, Morgan! You're delaying my class.”

What the hell was happening? She started walking out of the room, wondering if the coach was sick of her or if he had found the perfect way to hurt her. The last place she wanted to be was at the intermediate level. Douche Dexter was there. And Claire.

At the door, she turned back. No, she wasn't going. What if her beast came out in a room full of students?

“Get the hell out of my training room, Morgan,” the coach growled.

When she met his gaze this time, she saw it all. The hatred. The anger. The disgust. She was sure the coach would drag her there himself if she refused.

She sighed and left the room to start walking to the other end of the building. This was ridiculous. It had been one thing after the other, as if everything was set to break her before the Council came for their pound of flesh. Outside this building, there was no fighting allowed, but within their rooms? There were no holds barred.

She pushed the door open and all the students standing in front of the coach turned their heads to look at her.

Douche Dexter was the first she saw. And still, even with the new rules, she didn't look away from his gaze. It was Dexter who looked away first. And then, at the back of the room was the wolf who'd somehow come back from the dead. The room was full of the darkness, the evil that shouldn't have existed outside of that forest. A sliver of dread ran down her spine.

Claire's lips curled into a sneer until her eyes lowered to her neck. The sinister smile turned into a snarl, and her eyes flashed blue.

And that was when she remembered that, without the collar and tie of her uniform, Zeke's mark was exposed.

"Are you just going to stand there like an idiot?" the coach said. "Get in here. You're late."

She would be in there for hours. Everyday. With the thing that wanted to kill her. And everything in her told her Claire would cause the bloodbath before the Council even arrived.