

Chapter 16

Ava was seething by the time she was shown her locker in the training center. She had pricked her fingers so many times. during a quick taster lesson in needlework that she was ready to punch someone.

How in the world did they think they could do this to her? This was about her future! She was going to run the family business, not sew and clean! She was not an Omega, but the fact that they treated them like this, giving them no choice about their futures, was outrageous! She had a lot of respect for Omegas, but how they even took all of this shit was beyond her. Being submissive didn't mean being a doormat.

If that was what it meant in this place, she would never survive. There was no submissive bone in her body. She would never survive four years doing this. She could have put her head down for a week or two until they saw their mistake, but if they kept her here for four years? No chance!

Needlework? Seriously?

She slammed her locker, startling the girl next to her.

“Sorry, she mumbled.

“It’s okay,” the girl answered with a small smile.

She was slightly taken aback that the girl answered in the first place. Besides Jared and Psycho Ezekiel, no one else had said anything to her except talk about her behind her back or throw insults. Even the Omegas in her classes had been the same, though not as blatantly as the douche Alpha who had slammed her into the wall.

“You’ll get used to it, the girl continued quietly.

She was tall, as they all were. Her brunette hair was tied nearly in a ponytail, and it wasn’t flying out of the hairband like hers. But she was used to looking a little tatty when compared to her peers. She sat on a bench and picked up the trainers that were part of the uniforms the Academy provided. They provided everything here, which she supposed was fair if they were making some of them do something classes they didn’t want to do.

She was seething again when she thought of that. Her Omega classes were only for wolves, but she wondered if the other species were ranked like that. She didn’t see any vampires or witches taking this lying down.

“You’ve been here long!”

“I’m in my second year. The training is the one place they let us mix classes, the girl explained as she closed her locker. “We’re trained from beginner levels to experts, so the class you end up in depends on your skill rather than what year you’re in or what species”

So the one thing she didn't want to do was the one place they showed no discrimination. Just great.

"Just keep your head down and you'll be fine. They tend to overlook us here anyway. You'll be safer if you keep out of the way, the girl said

Ava sighed as she tied the last shoelace,

"Thanks," she mumbled.

Her father and brothers trained with me constantly, but they always made sure they didn't use all their strength. They wouldn't be so considerate here. But her blood was boiling so much that she really wanted to get in there and fight.

"I'm Emily," the girl said as she sat next to her and pulled her trainers out.

"Ava. It's nice to meet you," she said.

She leaned back against the lockers and watched the other Omegas getting ready. They didn't even bother separating the males and females, but the wolves were used to being naked around everyone. She'd had to change in a toilet stall. A few of them snarled at her when they caught her looking, but she didn't look away. It was a show of dominance that she was used to. They were ranked the same and all treated like shit; what did a matter if one of them was more dominant than the other?

If she weren't leaving, she would have urged them all to rage against the system that treated them like that, but she had enough problems. They could stay in their messed up system all they wanted.

A woman walked in with a clipboard and called their attention.

“Alright, Omegas, your attention please,” the woman said. “I’m your supervisor. As Omegas, you have to set up all the gyms, rings and fields for all the training sessions. You have an hour to do that.”

What?

“After the training, you have to clean up before you are dismissed for the day. I’ve pinned a list on the board; find duties.

What?

“Ava Morgan?”

She lifted her hand when her name was called. The woman frowned at her as she sniffed the air. It was so rude; being sniffed all the time was ridiculous.

“It says here that you have detention after training. You’re excused from after-training duties for today.”

The woman shook her head. Her disappointment was obvious, but Ava was beyond caring about her detention now. Detention seemed like a party compared to all the other shit she had to do.

“First Years, work details will be sent to your tablets by the evening. Follow instructions and report to your duties at the allocated time tomorrow.”

The more Ava heard, the angrier she became. Not only were the Omegas being taught how to be the help, but they were also the help at the Academy. If she stayed there too long, her head would explode,

She let the others go to the board first while she stayed on the bench, clenching and unclenching her fists. She had to keep reminding herself to keep her head down; she had to make sure her family didn't suffer because of her actions. She had to do this the right way. She would get an audience with the Council when they came, and they would hear her out and send her home.

When the locker room was almost empty, Ava sighed and walked over to the notice board. She rolled her eyes when she saw she was to set up the equipment in the beginner gym.

I'm on the same duty. Come on, I'll show you what to do,” Emily said.

She followed the wolf out of the room and past several large and small rooms. The academy seemed to put a lot of effort into the training, there was a lot of expensive equipment she could see being set up by the other Omegas.

When Emily finally led her into a room that looked like a regular high school gym, she pointed out the equipment she had to set out and how to do it

As she was unrolling a mat in the center of the room, something made her look up and turn to the door. It was the psychol wolf. He stood unmoving in the doorway, and his amber eyes were so cold she felt the ice as he looked at her.

But she'd had enough of being pushed around for the day. If he wanted her gone, he could do her a favor and talk to the dean or the Council to make it happen.

With a defiant glare, she turned her back to him and continued wrestling with the training mat.