

## Chapter 173

Zeke followed the guard to the dean's office with a sense of dread in his stomach. It was almost time for training, so he was sure this was about whatever the Council wanted to do next. Who would they kill today?

The whole academy had been in a solemn mood. Though not many ever noticed the Omegas, the fact that the Council could just kill one of them like they were nothing had brought fear to all of them. So much for the president's speech that they weren't to worry. This morning, he had heard that they'd taken Emily's body to the Infirmary freezers to wait for instructions from her parents. How would they even explain that to them?

The guard knocked on the door and then opened it for him. The dean sat at Penelope's desk, working on something at the computer. He was surprised to see him enter.

He was so surprised that he knew it wasn't the dean who had sent the message to his tablet. But he could feel the presence of the man who had Summoned him behind the office door.

"Mr. Michelson. What can I do for you?" the dean asked.

The door closed firmly behind him, and he could sense the guard standing in front of the door, blocking his only exit.

“You sent for me, sir,” he said.

The dean looked at his closed office door and then at him...

“Take a seat,” he said as he stood

He could tell the dean wasn't pleased to be treated like a secretary in his own office again, but who would he complain to?

Before the dean even took a step, the door opened, and the three councilors walked out. He had been shielding his mind constantly since they arrived, so he knew Iulia, in particular, wasn't pleased with him. He felt like she wanted to take him apart piece by piece to find out how he was doing that

“Ezekiel What a pleasant surprise,” Councilor Dales said. “Have you come to report me?”

He frowned at the vampire. What had that bastard done now? His bond was still intact, and he hadn't felt any distress from Ava, but a vampire could compel someone to feel relaxed even when they were slitting their own throats.

He mind-linked Myles, who was watching Ava until he could get there, and the reply came straight away. She was setting up the training room

as she should be. And after training, he would take her back to his house again despite the stupid rules.

He didn't bother responding.

"This one isn't very talkative. He just balls up his fists and walks around like a big ball of fury," Alpha Diego said. "Let's go. We have work to do."

Work. He knew they meant whatever plan they had cooked up for today's training.

He about to follow them when a voice from the office called his name, making him remember he had been summoned. So he walked to the office door and knocked before he entered.

He kept his gaze down as he closed the door.

"You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Take a seat. Mr. Michelson."

He did as he was told and felt the magic settle around him the moment he did. He felt it anchor him to his seat and wrap around him effortlessly. He couldn't move, no matter how hard he tried. Shadow growled but maintained the shield as they had discussed before. This wasn't the time for him to get angry and take over; they both had to play their parts perfectly.

“I hear you had an issue with the training yesterday,” the president said.

“I haven’t said a word, sir,” he stated

You were ready to attack my councilors. That’s more than not saying anything, Ezekiel.”

He still kept his gaze down.

“I’m newly mated, sir. I get protective of my mate.”

“Yes. These mate bonds can be quite irritating.” The president mused.

“Makes it hard to do anything to either of you without risking the other coming in to ruin things.”

And that was when he realized why he had been summoned.

The magic around him tightened its hold the precise moment he felt Ava’s distress.

“Now, now, Mr. Michelson. Take a deep breath and relax. It will be over very soon.”

Shadow howled in his head as Ava’s despair increased. He fought against the magic, but there was no give in the tight binds. The more he tried to struggle, the tighter the hold became. He was frozen in the spot. His claws extended, and his face stretched as he tried to shift.

“What are you doing to her?” he growled.

“Nothing. She’s perfectly fine. But you and Ava will have a choice to make after today, and I expect to have a very positive meeting with you tomorrow.”

He felt her pain, she was in so much pain that it slashed his body and made him howl out loud. What were they doing to her?

“Leave her alone. I will give you whatever you want. Ava is innocent.”

“She’s hardly innocent, Mr. Michelson. She has blood on her hands.”

Shadow tried to force a shift again, but their restraints tightened more. The red haze appeared over his vision as he finally looked up at the man responsible for all the shit they were going through. The man he was going to kill with his bare hands the moment he could.

But he knew better than to say that or even think about it.

“It’s almost over,” Mr. Hansson said.

There was a smile on his face as if he had finally done what he had come here to do.

The magic loosened, and he shot up immediately. His only thought was getting to Ava. He didn’t give a shit that he knocked over the guard standing at the door or that the ones guarding outside trained their weapons on him when he burst through the Administration building doors. He used Shadow’s speed to get to the Training Center and followed his nose.

There was the scent of blood in the air. So much blood.

But none of it was Ava's.

Students ran down the hallways towards him to leave the building. The fear coming from them almost knocked him back. Another of the Council's demonstrations? Had they killed all the Omegas this time?

He shoved open the training room door and then stopped in his tracks. There were injured and lifeless wolves all over the floor. Blood everywhere. Carnage. And right in the middle of it was the other half of him. The woman that the Moon Goddess had tied to him for better or worse.

Ava

She was huge, black and beautiful.

Blood dripped from her fangs, and her fur was soaked with it.

She turned to face him and lowered her head. She showed her bloody fangs in a snarl that made the hair on his arms rise.

And her eyes

They were red and full of rage.