

Chapter 19

The training session was unlike anything Ava had ever seen.

Her head had still been a mess when the other students started piling in; she could still feel Ezekiel's body against hers. It made it hard to concentrate, All the First Years were in this class until they could be evaluated and separated, so they were asked to pick an opponent. Almost everyone wanted to fight her, but the coach told them he would pick an opponent for her. Then he told them to run laps around the gym for a warm-up. That almost killed her. Jogging was not her friend, and was unfair that she still had to do the same number of laps even her all the others had zoomed past her several times and it finished before she had even completed the first lap,

She had been wheezing as she completed the second lap, ignoring all the laughter and taunts. Trying to catch her breath had taken all her focus. At least it had taken her mind off Ezekiel

Then, thankfully, the coach had told her to get off his floor with few choice words. She was sure teachers were not supposed to say that to students.

Coach Baxter was a stern man and looked like the human military type with his short buzz cut and combats. He hadn't even looked in her direction even once after that disaster, but he had given her another Omega to fight with. A boy who looked as frail as she did but kept smirking in her direction as if he thought he had already won the match.

That had been over an hour ago, and she'd sat on the floor alternating between watching the students trying to kill each other and the unhinged Alpha who had his arms crossed across the room. Ezekiel hadn't stopped looking at her since he walked back into the hall after the coach, and it made her breath catch. She felt stupid for that. She would not be one of those girls who fell all over people who were blatantly assholes.

“Who taught you how to fight? Your mother?” Coach shouted.

That statement brought her attention back to the coach and made her instantly hate him. Was every instructor or teacher going to be like this? When her dad said the Council had antiquated rules, she hadn't paid much attention to it, but the ignorance she had already experienced on her first day was shocking.

Her pack may have mostly hated her, but her father made sure everyone had the same opportunities. There was nothing like ‘women's work‘ or ‘men's work. The wolves trained everyone equally, and everyone was free to do whatever job they wanted. Her gym teacher had been a scary Hunter called Gisele and nobody had messed with her. She would have shown Coach Baxter how to train people properly.

She shrieked when a body landed at her feet, drawing everyone's attention to her. The vampire seemed unconscious and seemed a little

bit... broken. Instead of helping the poor student, everyone was more concerned with laughing at her.

The wolf responsible for hurting the vampire took a bow in the middle of the mat with a laugh, and his friends cheered for him. He was big, so she knew he probably had alpha blood. On closer inspection, she realized it was the douche who had shoved into her that morning.

With everyone's attention on the douche, she looked down at the vampire as he started to come to. Vampires healed as well as wolves, but if no one took him to the infirmary or set his arm they would have to rebreak it to fix him. She hated the sight of broken bones so much that it had taken her a long time to come to terms with the fact that when her family shifted, they broke every bone in their body. Maybe it was a blessing that she didn't have to go through that.

The vampire's moans increased as he woke, so she gingerly reached for his arm. It was already stiff when she tried to move

She was going to be sick. This was a bad idea. Dry leaving and looking away, she used a little more strength to move the vampire's arm into position so it could fuse in the right places. This always looked easy in the books, but they never said how disgusting it was. The vampire was looking at her when she finished, and heat filled her cheeks when she realized he'd probably watched her almost throw up all over him.

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

The vampire's lips curled into a smile as he brought his good arm to cradle the healing one. All his scrapes and bumps from the match seemed to be already healing when he pushed himself to sit up.

"Thank you," he whispered back.

"If you are done with your love fest, Miss Morgan, it's your ti

There were more snickers, which made her realize she had been the center of attention for a while. She caught Ezekiel's gaze and saw the indiscernible look on his face as she quickly stood and walked to the center mat. Her opponent was already waiting and the smirk was still present on his lips. He looked so confident that he could beat her that her anger rose again.

Her anger for the whole crappy situation. For her dad and Caleb not warning her about what she was walking into. For being told over and over again throughout the day that she wasn't good enough.

She positioned herself into a fighting stance and waited for the coach's whistle. And when it came, she was ready for the smirking bastard.

The boy lunged for her, and she sidestepped. She could tell from his movements that he hadn't trained much in whatever pack he came from. His movements were too clumsy and he wasted a lot of energy. When he turned and swung for her, he went so wide that she wondered if he was even trying. But he was still a wolf, and given the chance, he would end this match the way the douche had ended it with the vampire.

When he swung again, she dodged and gave him an uppercut. She knew she couldn't actually block a move from a wolf. They were a lot stronger than her. So her dad and brothers had taught her many ways to counter a strike. The Omega staggered back in shock, and the anger filled his eyes. But she didn't give him a chance to use that anger against her the way she planned to use hers. The moves came easily to her. Alpha Roland had worked her just as hard as the wolves, even if he had to use less strength on her. She knew where to punch and kick to get the advantage. She knew the spots that would cause the most pain with the least effort. She knew the spots that would bring even a grown wolf down to his knees.

By the time the coach threw her off the Omega's body, he was barely conscious.

She wiped her mouth and returned to her spot, still unsatisfied with that release. The Omega was the weakest one she had ever encountered, and this was probably the last time she'd ever get a punch in. But it still felt damn good.

“Okay, next pair, please don't fight like girls. That was painful to watch.”

She didn't look up at anyone, but she couldn't help snarling at the coach's words. She had to leave this place before she did something stupid, like attack a teacher.