

Chapter 20

Detention was like a break she really needed. The Omegas were constantly on the go with the duties as well as the ‘classes She rolled her eyes at that thought as she walked into the room she had been directed to.

She was already twenty minutes late. Mr. Patrick was overseeing detention, and he shook his head when she arrived. He also picked his tablet up and marked something with a pointed look in her direction.

When Ava settled down and pulled her tablet out to try memorizing the rules, a notification popped up. She clicked on it and saw another detention had been set for her for being tardy

She looked up at Mr. Patrick, who grinned at her before he carried on with the work he had in front of him.

She wanted to be upset: she really did. But if the detention was like this, she preferred it to cleaning up the training center after the whole school.

She rubbed her, sore shoulder as she looked around. No one else was in the room, so Mr. Patrick had been right. She was the only one to get detention on the first day.

“What happened to your shoulder?”

She looked up at the professor. Was she supposed to lower her eyes when addressing him, too? He didn't look like a wolf, and they were the ones who were really anal about that.

“Accident with a wall,” she mumbled.

He looked at her for a moment before he said, “Be careful next time,” and looked back at his work.

She went back to scrolling on the tablet. With nothing to occupy her mind, she kept replaying the incident in the dressing room. Ezekiel's hard body. His hot breath against her skin. The way her body had burnt up at his touch. It was completely crazy that she would react like this at all, never mind with someone like Ezekiel. Alphas were too arrogant, and they all demanded submission. That would never happen. And if Ezekiel thought there was even a chance of her ending up in his bed, he was sorely mistaken.

She forced herself to stop thinking about him and looked at the tablet. She had no needlework or table-laying 'homework' so she had to occupy her mind with something else. She snorted at that and wondered if she would ever have any homework at all.

They had no access to the outside, but the school system had a minefield of information. It would take forever to learn all those rules. She hated that she still had to follow them until they let her leave this place, but reading them made her forget all about the psycho Alpha.

The hour went by peacefully and her stomach was growling by the end of it. But it was six in the evening, and meal times were over, according to the timetable she had looked at. So it looked like she was going another night without any food from the kitchens. It was a good thing she still had the food Jared had packed.

With a sigh, she put her tablet in the bag and waited for Mr. Patrick to dismiss her. He looked right at her with his arms folded across his chest as if he had been looking for a while. Had she broken another rule that she had no idea about?

“What are you?” he asked directly.

That was an odd question. And a bit rude.

“Um human, sir. What are you?”

It was only fair. He had asked first.

His brows lifted, and then he laughed as he stood and picked up his briefcase.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Miss Morgan. Try not to be late.”

She followed him out, but once again, he had disappeared by the time she came out of the room. The academy was for every species except humans, but she had no idea what Mr. Patrick could be. Once she was outside the First Year building, she pulled her tablet out again and tried

out the navigation on the map. When it worked, she stuffed her paper map back into her bag and started walking.

The map on the tablet had more details, and the restricted areas were more prominent. Why would they have so many restricted areas? Were these areas where they did the more advanced classes? Magic and other specialties like that? If that was true, that would be something she'd want to see. It seemed if you were anything other than an Omega, you got to enjoy your time at the academy.

She looked down at her fingers with the million needle pricks and was filled with envy. Why couldn't they just treat the Omegas the same as everybody else? Maybe if they did, she wouldn't have been so pissed off with this place,

She was almost home when another notification pinged on her tablet. She lifted it to look and saw her duties listed for the semester. She was to help in the kitchen and be there by five in the morning.

What time would she have to wake up to get ready and walk all the way to the kitchen? The dean was getting another visit from her tomorrow, whether he liked it or not. She would do as she told Ezekiel and go every day if she had to. She was not happy here and didn't belong in this world.

As she approached her dorm, somebody emerged from the woods across the road. He was standing in the shadows but she didn't need enhanced sight to know who it was. Her mind went back to the time in the dressing room again, and she felt her body heating up. And when

Ezekiel sniffed the air and closed his eyes, she felt so mortified. How could she have forgotten about their sense of smell?

She walked quickly, cutting across the green grass in front of her dorm instead of using the road that would have taken her right past him.

“What time are you seeing the dean tomorrow?”

The voice was right behind her. She quickened her step.

“I don’t know.”

“Use your tablet to make an appointment.”

She was just going to turn up, but she remembered Penelope said she couldn’t see the dean without an appointment last time.

“Thanks, she mumbled without looking back.

When she got to the entrance, her hand slipped off the handle several times as she tried to open it. Then she felt his heat. behind him, and a second later, his hand on the door above her. He didn’t say anything, but she felt his breath as he lowered his head to her neck again.

Her stupid body didn’t listen to a word she had just said; it reacted like it was on fire. Everything was just so hot and wet. She closed her eyes against the onslaught as she felt Ezekiel’s heat even through her blazer.

“Do it quickly, Ava,” he whispered in her ear.

And then he was gone.