

Chapter 22

Ava was shocked when she made it to the kitchen on time at the butt crack of dawn.

She was grumpy and had hardly had any sleep, thanks to Ezekiel What was this now? First, he threatened to kill her, and then now it was what? Bed her to death? Her body still felt tingly, but she didn't have time to worry about things like that when she was in a completely hostile environment.

She looked around the work area as she wiped one surface. There was a mix of people here, not just the First Years. The other First Years were being shown how to prep and cook the meals, but she was relegated to cleaning duties the second she walked into the kitchen. They had magic users here. Why couldn't they just magic all the rubbish jobs? Why did Omegas have to do it? She wished she could talk to some of them, but there wasn't a friendly face around.

And with the looks they were all giving her as she worked, she knew it was only a matter of time until one of them tried something.

By the time breakfast was made and the kitchen supervisor stood over her to make sure everything was spotless, Ava was ready to fall asleep. But she still had the rest of the day to go through

At least she'd get to eat breakfast today.

After she had changed in the room behind the kitchens, she walked into the most elegant cafeteria she had ever seen. They called it the Dining Hall; it could have belonged to a five-star restaurant. The only things missing were the servers. was a good thing because that would have been the Omegas' job as well.

She filled a plate from the buffet and put a glass of orange juice on her tray. When she turned to find a table, she stopped for a group to walk past her and then watched in horror as one of the girls tipped her tray. Her breakfast went all over her uniform.

She was too shocked to do anything other than gape as the girl turned back with a smirk and said. "Watch where you're going, human."

Just like the douche who had slammed her into the wall. What was this? High school? This had been such a regular occurrence back home that she'd had several changes of clothes in her locker for these special occasions. She hadn't thought she would need that here.

When she looked closer, she realized this was the same group of girls who had given her the stink eye after assembly the other day. The high-end models with bad attitudes. She shook her head as she watched them walk away.

“Move, human,” someone growled behind her.

She stopped looking at the women to start picking up the remains of her breakfast and wipe it down with paper towels as well as she could. When she'd discarded her tray and used a million paper towels on her blazer, she searched the room again for the wolf who had done this.

Her heart almost stopped when she saw the woman sitting with Ezekiel. She was so close to him that she was practically on his lap! When she whispered something in his ear and then pulled his head down to kiss him, something in her wanted to go over there and rip her off him. She couldn't understand that; it was a wave of jealousy so intense that it knocked some sense back into her. Ezekiel was nothing to her. It didn't matter that he had sniffed her and made her body crave his touch. She didn't want him. That girl was welcome to him.

Wolves were horny beasts, so she was not surprised that he had girlfriend. For all she knew, he had hundreds of them. He was good-looking and arrogant, a typical had boy, so it was safe to assume that some crazy girls would throw themselves all over him. She didn't want any part of that.

Even after she told herself that, she carried on watching them. She only looked away once she realized Ezekiel was watching her, too. His eyes were wide open while his lips were on his girlfriend's.

Once she got another breakfast tray, she chose a table as far away as possible from Ezekiel and made sure she sat with her back to them.

“Mind if I sit?”

She smiled when she saw Emily standing next to her.

“Of course not,” she smiled, glad to have something else to think about...

She moved her tray so Emily could put hers down opposite her, and then she smiled at her as she started eating.

“You like your food,” Emily stated when she looked at her plate. I’ve never met a human who can eat like that, especially the females.

“You’ve met humans? What are they like in person?”

She had always been fascinated with all the humans she saw on TV or in her magazines, and going to college with them had been her dream ever since it became clear she wasn’t a wolf. She wanted a place where she belonged, to be like everyone else .

“You’ve never met any?” Emily asked with a raised brow.

“Not that I can remember,” she sighed as she continued eating.

She didn’t know Emily well enough to talk about anything so personal, and a room full of sensitive cars was not the place to talk about it anyway.

“I didn’t get a chance to talk to you again after...”

Emily's voice trailed off. When Ava looked up from her food, the Omega was looking somewhere behind her. She paled and then looked down at her food. Ava knew without looking who the cause of this was. She shook her head and continued with her food. She would not give Ezekiel another moment of her time.

So she coaxed Emily into talking about other things. It was nice to do that instead of sitting in silence all the time.

"It's nice to talk to someone. I'm alone in my dorm, so I don't have anyone to talk to after classes, she admitted after wiping her face.

It wouldn't do her any good, though, because unless she actually went back to her dorm for a change of clothes, she would stink of eggs and juice the whole day.

"I'd give anything to be alone," Emily mumbled, and then she smiled as she gathered her things and stood. "I'll see you at training.

She didn't know why, but she felt Emily had much more she wanted to talk about. She shrugged, picked up her tray, and took it back to the service table. Besides that incident at the beginning, breakfast had not been as bad as she had expected.

She didn't look back in Ezekiel's direction a single time as she made her way out of the hall and toward the dean's office.

He would hear her out today. She was not doing four years of bloody needlework!