

## Chapter 23

“But, sir, if you ask any of my teachers and the coach, they’ll tell you the same thing. I’m human. You can smell that I’m human,” she argued.

“Miss Morgan. I told you this yesterday.” the Dean said as he flipped through his paperwork. “What the Council says goes.”

“They made a mistake,” she growled.

Of course, her growl was ineffective because she was human.

It made the dean stop what he was doing and look at her sharply. His eyes glowed blue, and he growled at her—a real, hair-raising, threatening growl.

Shit. Her heart started pounding, but she calmed it down as she looked at her shoes. She had completely forgotten who she was talking to.

“I’m sorry, sir,” she whispered.

She wasn’t. She was seething. But it was better not to push an angry Alpha

“Your teachers said you fit in just fine, and you even excelled in your combat class yesterday,” the Alpha said. “This is the last time I will hear of this matter, Miss Morgan. Do I make myself clear?”

Had he been checking up on her? For what purpose? If he didn't check on everyone else, it must mean she was right, and he just didn't want to admit the Council was wrong.

“Can I at least do the academic program I would have done at another college? I graduated top of my class and cleaning someone else's sh-“

“It's the greatest service to be of service. Every Omega knows this.”

Did they, though? Did they really enjoy cleaning up after everyone else? What would an Alpha like him know about this?

“You're dismissed, Miss Morgan,”

She didn't look into his eyes again as she stood and walked towards the door.

“And take some pride in your appearance. We have a standard to maintain here. Body odor is not tolerated. Go back to your dorm to bathe and change.”

Her mouth dropped. The patch of food was obvious on her blazer, so the asshole knew that it was not body odor!

“Sir, my first class is about to start-“

“Then you should have thought of that before you left your dorm looking like a homeless human,” he cut in.

Her blood was boiling as she walked past Penelope and made her way out of the building. Who the hell did the dean think he was? What sort of institution allowed someone like him to be in charge of growing the minds of their future leaders. She was still seething when she walked into her dorm later, and by then, she did need a shower because she was sweating buckets.

By the time she returned to school, she was over an hour late, and her tablet dinged with a notification of another detention.

Hours later, she still hadn't managed to calm herself down. Every look, every shove, every foul insult had added to her mood until she was ready to explode. Just before the end of the last lesson before lunch, she looked outside the window and saw a group of students walking through the quad holding their books. They looked like they had actually learned something today, unlike her. All she'd learned to do was to breathe and focus so she wouldn't stab anyone with her knitting needles. The students headed to a large building on the other side, which she had learned was the library. It was another building she would probably not use.

“Miss Morgan!”

She was startled and faced the knitting instructor. When she first came to this lesson, she had been sure it was a joke. But no, she was a knitting instructor who taught them for two hours.

“Would you like to share with the class what has made you so fascinated that you’ve not completed any of your work?” the woman asked sweetly.

She had to be a witch. There was no other reason that such a sweet old lady would volunteer to torture students for two whole hours every day.

“I was just wondering who those lucky bastards down there are. They look like they’re learning something at this academy.”

She realized she had said that out loud when Ms. Smith’s face turned an interesting shade of red. The instructor picked her tablet up and jabbed at it. Ave didn’t need to pick hers up to know that was her second detention of the day.

As soon as they were allowed out, she headed to the quad and sat on one of the benches. She was too wired up to eat any lunch and only had half an hour to get to the training center anyway. She blinked back some tears as she tried to breathe and calm herself. Why had her dad sent her here, knowing she would suffer like this? What if she never made it back home!

By the time she walked to her next class and set up the beginner training room she was no closer to releasing the pressure in her head. She was angry, scared and confused all at the same time, and she was sure it would get worse the longer she stayed there .

When Ezekiel walked in after Coach Baxter, she looked away.

“Warm-up! Ten laps!” the coach shouted.

She rolled her eyes as she started her jog and once again was made to stop after two. She didn't pay attention to the laughter this time.

“Winners from yesterday, pair up. Losers watch; maybe you'll learn something.”

There were no weak Omegas for her to fight this time. She fought another wolf, and this one didn't even let her get a punch. in. By the time the coach tapped her out of the match, she hurt everywhere; Her ankle was twisted, and her lip was bleeding. But her head was still ready to explode.

In detention, she sat quietly with her arms folded. She hadn't even bothered to change out of her kit. Mr. Patrick looked at her constantly but didn't talk to her, even when the hour was up

When she finally got to her room, she dropped her bag on the floor and buried her face in the pillow before she let out a scream. She did not belong here, but they wouldn't listen until they carried her out in a body bag. Ezekiel was right.

She was about to go and shower when a knock on her window startled her. The sun was just setting, so it was still light enough for her to see Ezekiel standing outside in his training kit. There was no expression on his face, making it impossible to tell his mood.

She walked slowly towards him, favoring her hurt ankle until she opened the window. Ezekiel was the last person she wanted to see right now, but still, her heart did a stupid flip.

“The dean said no,” she mumbled. She was going to close her window when his hand shot out to stop it. He pushed it wide and let himself in before she could protest.

“Try again tomorrow,” he growled.

And then he held a bag out to her.

“Food and a first aid kit.”

She eyed it suspiciously until his growl made her snatch it from his hand. Then he looked around the room before he turned and got out again,

“Lock it,” he growled.

She was still standing there with the bag in her hand long after he was gone.