

Chapter 38

Ava didn't see Claire at breakfast the following morning. It was such a disappointing blow that she wondered if she did indeed have a death wish, as Ezekiel had said. She had so many emotions boiling inside of her, ready to explode, that she had quite looked forward to a confrontation with the wolf, even if all it would have done was send her back to the infirmary.

She knew who was responsible for her feeling like this. Ezekiel should not have touched her, and she should not have let him. She should not have enjoyed every second of it like she did. Seriously, what the hell was wrong with her?

She ignored the whispers again and looked around the dining hall with her tray. She met Emily's gaze and saw the guilt in the Omega's eyes. Shaking her head she looked away. It was stupid to believe she could make friends at the academy anyway. When had people not stabbed her in the back!

Jared waved from a table somewhere at the back, and she made her way to it, not even minding that he had pushed another wolf off the seat beside him again. At least with Jared, she knew what to expect. He was an Alpha and raised a certain way; nothing he did would surprise her.

“You’re a hard one to kill, aren’t you” Jared chuckled as she approached his table. “You look brand new.”

The wolves around him looked curiously at her, but she ignored them as she sat down Jared reacted weirdly when she mentioned his cream the other day, so she didn’t dare to do it again. But Jared knew very well why she looked brand new. She owed this Alpha everything

Besides the boiling rage inside her, she had never felt better.

“I heard she did a number on you.” Jared continued,

“Well, she obviously still needs to work on her punches,” she muttered as she speared a sausage on her plate.

“I would tell you to watch your tongue, but somehow, I don’t think it would make a difference,” Jared said as he cradled a coffee mug.

“Nothing makes a difference in this place.”

Jared’s smile dropped off his face at her words, and then he said. “That’s true.”

She didn’t say anything else as she attacked her fully loaded plate. She’d woken up extra hungry today, and since she was likely going to skip dinner because of her set detentions, she needed to load up as much as she could.

“Where do you put all of that?” Jared asked when she finally wiped her mouth.

Her cheeks reddened when she realized they had all been watching her.

“I’m still growing,” she said defensively.

“Do they still keep your fridge empty?” Jared asked with a frown.

“What do you mean!”

“Everyone has the basics in their fridge because of our hectic schedules. Especially the Omegas because sometimes they work them so hard they don’t get a chance to eat at normal times,” Jared said. “You’re supposed to have stuff delivered every Sunday.”

What? So first, they threw her in a room all by herself, and then they didn’t give her the food she was supposed to get Her rage increased as she thought of all the injustices she’d endured. No one gave a shit about her here.

“Keep your head down today, no matter how hard it seems. Okay?” Jared said. “I’ll pick you up after detention.”

“How do you know I have detention?”

“You always have detention,” Jared snorted as he stood up. “See you later.”

She sat there a while longer and watched Jared and his pack walk towards the exit. And at the door stood Ezekiel, dressed smartly in his uniform. injured arms covered up and eyes glowing like the maniac that he was. She couldn't help but notice the tension between the two packs as Jared neared them. What was their story! She'd first seen Ezekiel at Jared's party, and he looked just as angry as he did now. And he'll growled the same Even at this distance, the beard Jani. Ezekiel's growl brought goosebumps on her skin and made the hair on the back of her neck stand. The whale dining hall quieted down, and she held her breath to see what would happen.

Jared kept walking. He threw Ezekiel a look and walked out of the room. Now, there was someone with no survival instinct at all. She let out a breath when Ezekiel didn't follow him and then sucked it right back in when the red, glowing eyes settled on her.

He was angry. Hut that was okay because she was angry, ton. She picked her tray up and walked to the front, hating every whisper she heard, hating

'Stand tall. Ava Morgan.'

Her father's voice was clear in her bead, so she did just that despite Jared's advice to keep her head down. Jared didn't know the whole story. She could look right down and still end up in trouble. She would bow to no one, not today.

After sorting her tray, she turned and walked towards the exit. She knew she looked ridiculous. She couldn't square up to anyone there when she was barely five feet four, but she walked like she could, anyway. She

didn't look at Ezekiel even once as she left that room and headed for her stupid lessons.

She spoke to no one. Reacted to nothing. She felt her rage build up so much that she couldn't eat her lunch, despite knowing she wouldn't have another meal that day. When the time came to set up the training center, she ignored the rest of the Omegas and did the work assigned to her.

“Ava. I want to apologize.”

She ignored Emily as she set up the mats.

“I'm sorry, okay. You keep bringing attention to yourself, and I don't want to get caught up in anything.”

She continued ignoring the Omega, just as she had ignored her.

“Maybe we can go shopping this weekend? I heard what happened to your things, maybe I can help you replace them.”

Being reminded of that only made her angrier. Her room still looked like a pigsty, and Goddess knew when she would even get a chance to clean it properly. That, plus the fact that she'd had to drag an empty wardrobe across the room to block her window, but she still hadn't slept a wink.

By the time the coach walked in with Ezekiel in his wake, Emily had given up trying. The coach stopped in his tracks when he saw her. He had probably been expecting her to still be a broken pile of bones in the infirmary.

She tilted her chin up and held that bastard's gaze. Behind him. Ezekiel shook his head at her. But this man did not deserve her respect and would never get it.

Despite her challenge, the coach ignored her all day. After the mandatory warm-up, she was on the sidelines the whole session. She watched Ezekiel move from pair to pair, correcting their formations and showing them moves, as a proper trainer should do. But no one gave her anything to do. She was left to stew in her anger with no outlet.

By the time she stormed into detention, dropped herself into a seat, and crossed her arms with a frown on her face, she was too wound up to care about breaking any rules. She sat for the entire hour, trying to think about her options. She would leave this place, even if she had to walk through that creepy forest herself.

“Maybe you should try meditation, Miss. Morgan, It helped your brother.”

That brought her attention to Mr. Patrick. Caleb had graduated three years before. Had he known him?

“You need to learn how to focus all that energy before it destroys you, Ava,” he continued as he picked up his paperwork. “And don't do anything stupid. The forest is no place for anyone.”

How the hell had he known what she was thinking? But as she rushed out after him, he had already disappeared from the hallway. Again.