

Chapter 4

When it was her turn. Ava finally lifted her head and looked towards the indicated room. She took a deep breath before, grabbing the handle of her case and wheeling it behind her.

A woman was seated behind a large desk when she let herself in. She didn't even look up when Ava closed the door and left the bags just inside. The woman was typing something on her computer, and Ava took the opportunity to study her.

Because she looked a little older than most supernaturals, Ava couldn't tell what she was or if she was supernatural at all. She didn't have the pale skin the vampires did, so she ruled that out. She dressed elegantly, and her greying hair was in a professional button top of her head. The name badge on the desk said, "Mrs. Benton, Student Welfare Coordinator

Ava stood nervously in front of the desk, unsure if she was to just sit or be polite and wait for an invitation. With nothing in her hands now, she could only wring them together while waiting for Mrs. Benton's attention.

"Have a seat, please," the woman said finally.

Ava gladly did as she was told. She was so tired from the trip and hiding her real emotions that sitting was welcome.

Mrs. Benton didn't have a smile on her face as she pushed some paperwork in front of her.

"Name" Mrs. Benton asked

"Ava, Ava Morgan."

A folder appeared in front of the older woman, making Ava almost jump out of her seat. Mrs. Benton stopped in the middle of opening the folder and raised her brow at her in question. She tried to calm her heartbeat as she gave an overly bright smile .

This wasn't the first time she had seen magic being used. Even as remote as her pack was, there had been a witch or two that had passed through that she could remember. And since she'd had no social life, she had read pretty much all the books she could get her hands on about the other species. But seeing something conjured out of thin air? That was new. She realized she would see many new things here and had to get used to it, no matter how short her stay would be.

"Sorry," she whispered.

Mrs. Benton kept her gaze on her a moment longer, and then she continued to flip through the file.

“Phone and any other electronics,” Mrs. Benton said, holding out her hand.

Ave scrambled to get her switched-off phone from her handbag. She hadn't realized that when they said no phones, they actually took them. She didn't know what to think as she placed her phone on the woman's palm. And then, as the file had appeared, the phone just disappeared. Cone. She contained herself this time, but what the hell?!

“Ava Morgan. Omega. Work assignment to be determined. Here's your dorm assignment, schedule and welcome pack. In there, you'll find a map. Keys will be at the front desk in your dorm. Permitted electronics on your desk. There is a shopping center not too far from here where you will be permitted to go if you get a pass,” she said as several more folders appeared on the desk. “Follow the rules or suffer the consequences. You may go.”

Ava almost had whiplash from how quickly she was being dismissed.

“I'm sorry, I don't understand,” she started. “My file says I'm an Omega?”

Mrs. Benton had already gone back to typing something on her computer.

“That's what it says,” the woman answered in a bored tone without even looking at her.

But I'm..." Her voice trailed off when she realized how loud she was being, so she dropped it to a bare whisper. "But I'm human. I'm sure there was a mistake--"

There are no mistakes," Mrs. Benton cut in. "Find your room and familiarize yourself with everything before lessons tomorrow."

Ma'am. I'm sorry, but I've never even shifted. I have nothing that would indicate I'll ever shift at all," she continued urgently.

Mrs. Benton stopped typing, her fingers poised over her keyboard, and her eyes glowed as she looked at her again. Ava shrank back into her chair at the transformation from a harmless-looking woman to a crazy bitch not afraid to kill her on the spot.

"You may go." Mrs Benton repeated.

Ava's heart pounded as she quickly stood from the chair and grabbed the paperwork she had been given. She didn't even try to hide how fast her heart was beating, keeping her eyes on the ground as she rushed past her new schoolmates with her bag in tow

This was not how it was supposed to happen. This was where she should have been told that a mistake had been made and arrangements would be made for her to return home as soon as possible. She had even been prepared to accept her mind being altered a little so she could forget the past few days and live like she had not received the invitation at all

Magic was magic, but surely mistakes could still be made?

Her heart was still pounding as she struggled with her case down the steps at the entrance and then rushed over to the fountain.

There, she sat on the edge and looked numbly at the water as she contemplated her future. Was she really expected to live among them? To train with them as if they were of equal strength? The boy's words from earlier played back in her mind. Was this a prank? Did she piss off someone that bad that they thought this was the perfect way to pay her back? She quickly dismissed that thought. No one in her pack had that much sway that they had any sort of relationship with the council members who decided these things.

When she looked up, she realized there were fewer people around now. She didn't know how long she had sat there, but she took deep breaths and trained her body to calm down.

It was okay. Mrs. Benton didn't listen to her, but someone was bound to take this matter up with whoever ran this place once she started her lessons.

With that conviction, she took a moment to look around properly. The old building in front of her did look like a minefield of history, but so did the others she could see to the side of it. Maybe she could learn a little bit more about the place before they kicked her out. And she was curious to know where the actual classrooms and lecture halls were.

And then there was the giant water feature in the middle of the fountain, a spherical shape with water sprouting from the top and cascading down the sides. When she looked closely, there seemed to be some symbols on it, and if she wasn't mistaken, it was silver. That was odd. She'd never

met supernaturals who would purposely have anything silver near them, considering it could kill them.

She shrugged as she finally looked down at the paperwork and pulled out her dorm information and a map.

Wow,” she said to herself.

It seemed the grounds she had seen as she had entered weren't even half of it. The map went on forever, though it had several areas marked restricted. The learning facilities were separated by specialty, like a regular college, and large areas were marked for the other training she would not be able to participate in.

And she had been right about how far she would have to walk daily to get to class. When she located her dorm and then the building where she would complete most of her academic studies, she mentally screamed. She would be drop-dead tired by the time she walked to class

Maybe there would be some sort of transport information in her welcome pack. She looked over everything twice and then sighed. There was nothing. She would have to ask her roommates how things worked.

With a sigh, she put her paperwork in the bag on top of her suitcase, grabbed the handle, and started walking. She didn't know exactly where they were, but it was bloody hot and not a good day for long walks.

When she found her dorm, she was too sweaty, hungry and thirsty to care that it looked nothing like the ones she had walked past. Nobody looked at her twice when she walked in, and no one was at the front

desk. There were many sets of keys on the top, though, so she didn't hesitate to find the one for her room.

Once she found it, she went straight to the little kitchenette to look in the fridge. There was nothing in there. No bottles of water, no food. With a sigh, she opened the tap and let it run a little before drinking as much as needed. Then she took a long, cooling shower and then wrapped her body in a towel without drying even her hair. She didn't bother to dress or look around the room to see how many girls she would share with and if they had already arrived. She dropped herself on the only bed with folded bedding at the foot and closed her eyes.

Just a little nap. And then she could think straight enough to figure things out.