

Chapter 6

Ava woke up with a start and looked around the dark room. She felt disoriented until she remembered the nightmare that had become her life.

There was a lamp on the table next to her bed, so she felt her way in the dark and put it on. When she looked around, she realized she was still alone. It looked like her dorm mates hadn't arrived yet, which was weird. She was sure they said everyone needed to be on the premises by three in the afternoon, and it was long past that now.

There were three other beds in this room, each with a side table on one side and a desk and chair on the other. On her desk was a laptop and what looked like a tablet. Those had to be the electronics she had been told about by Mrs. Benton. Then, separating each space were big wardrobes. On the other end was the kitchen area, which didn't look like much at all. Just a counter with a microwave on it, a small fridge under it, and a small sink to the side. There was a small table and two chairs in front of it.

She would have expected more from a place like this, but as she had been placed in what was already labelled the Omega dorm, she wasn't surprised.

She got off her bed slowly, her stomach growling. Her last meal was a sandwich on the plane, and she had only a few bites because she had been too anxious. But now it was so dark, she knew she had missed all the meal times and hadn't even gone through the welcome pack yet.

Ava walked over to the sink and filled her stomach with water again. She had always eaten well; her family always joked that she may not be a wolf, but she had a wolf's appetite. Going without food for so long was something she had never done. She would faint if she waited much longer, and fainting was the last thing she wanted to do in a place like this.

She walked back to her bed and dragged her suitcase onto it before grabbing something to wear. There was no time to unpack now; she would have to do it after she found something to fill her stomach. A place this big had to have somewhere other than the kitchen to provide food.

With her jeans, a t-shirt and a hoodie on, she zipped up her bag and opened her wardrobe. Then she froze when she saw the assortment of uniforms hanging in it, and closer inspection revealed her name on the name tag.

“What the...” She had thought she would have to wear the same uniform daily. It hadn't even crossed her mind that she would have to stay, so it had seemed sufficient. But this just served as a reminder that she may be here for the foreseeable future.

“How did they even know I'd pick this bed?” she asked out loud.

She glanced at the bedding on her bed and then noticed there was none on the others. There were no laptops on the other desks either. Was she alone in this room?

“No freaking way,” she said.

That had to be a mistake. There was no way they would force her to navigate this new world alone.

Her stomach growled again, and she hunched over. There was no time to dwell on the roommate situation now. She hadn't dried her hair after the shower, so it looked like a rat's nest on top of her head. It would be a bitch to untangle, so she grabbed a ball cap and some sneakers and then left the room.

She seemed to have walked forever when she realized she had gone in the wrong direction. It was dark, and nothing looked familiar anyway, but this area seemed full of big fancy houses. Maybe the teachers? She should have brought her map, but it was pointless now. She was going to turn back when she heard some music. As she walked further along, past fancy house after fancy house, the music got louder. It sounded like a party. And wherever there was a party, there was food!

Ava walked quickly until she came to a house where groups of people were standing outside. She couldn't tell what they were, but they would all know what she was the second she got close. She pushed her cap down her head and walked past them.

Act like you belong. Be confident.

It was her dad's voice in her head, but Caleb's voice kept telling her to keep her head down and stay away.

She chose to listen to her glad. She was freaking starving!

So, she walked past the well-dressed people like she knew where she was going. Though the guys were more casual, the girls had dressed up to their teeth. It was so obvious that she didn't belong there, but she ignored the looks and walked up the driveway behind a particularly loud group.

There were expensive cars parked along the driveway, cars she had never seen before, even in magazines. That alone should have made her gun, but she followed the group to the wide-open entrance. The music was so loud that she wondered how their sensitive cars could handle it. The lights had been dimmed, but as she walked further into the vast lobby, she saw it tastefully decorated, as if the people there had decorators in. Not that she had ever been invited to a party before, but this looked like overkill. Who owned this house? Royalty? It was too much for a college.

There were hardly any people in the house, but the group she followed was heading out to the back. Maybe that was where everyone was, and she wouldn't have to see too many of them after all. She would just find the kitchen and then be on her way.

It took a while to look through the rooms downstairs. The house had so many rooms that she didn't even know what half of them were. She shared less space with her family, and all of them were huge Alphas.

Eventually, she walked up to the kitchen, where she found a group of girls preparing trays overflowing with food. They were, dressed in uniforms; she couldn't help the snicker that came out of her lips. How the other half lived—decorators, caterers, and servers.

You shouldn't be here.”

She looked at one of the girls and contemplated lying, but she was the newbie here, while the caterer seemed to know how things worked.

“I'm sorry. I got lost. Can I have something to eat?”

“You can't eat here. Get out before you get all of us in trouble,” another girl snarled.

That was ridiculous. There was so much food in front of them that one serving wouldn't be missed. She was sure most of it would even go to waste. Her mouth was watering as she looked at the meat, and the gorgeous aromas filled her nose,

“Even just a piece of fruit-”

“Get the fuck out!” the girl snapped.

“Is that any way to speak to my guest?”

The girls gasped and averted their gaze. Ava turned to see the newcomer at the door and almost gasped, too. To say he was beautiful was an

understatement. His blond hair was long and tie back, and he had the bluest eyes she had ever seen. And he was so big that she knew he was an Alpha.

Sorry, sir,” one of the girls stammered.

Ava frowned when he looked back at the girls. She didn’t need wolf senses to know how terrified they were.

“Give my guest a plate,” the Alpha said. “It’s not every day Little Red walks into the wolf’s den.”

And then he smiled—a wolfish smile that left her feeling cold as she wondered if she had just put herself in danger.