

Chapter 73

Ava was angry that Ezekiel and his friends practically walked her to her block, but once she was alone, she realized they probably knew something she didn't. She still had no idea where Ezekiel had been most of the previous week, and now she didn't have the guts to ask what he had done to Claire.

Was the she-wolf waiting somewhere in the background to take her revenge? Corner her in the bathroom again! Was she going to send her minions?

Or was Claire not here at all?

The other students had surprisingly left her alone, but it hadn't stopped the whispers. What she wouldn't do for supernatural hearing right now. Not that she would do anything about it, but she would probably find out what the hell was going on.

“When that demon wolf tires of you, let me know. I could use a bed warmer-”

She looked up to see Douche Dexter in front of her, but someone nudged him, and he stopped talking. And then, surprisingly, he walked past her without another word and without shoving her.

She knew why. The entire school probably knew Ezekiel sat with her for breakfast this morning. And if Dexter's comments were anything to go by, they all thought she was sleeping with him, too. She had been afraid something like this would start going around after the Omegas had changed the bedding on Ezekiel's bed.

She rolled her eyes and looked back down at her tablet. According to her notifications, Coach Baxter hadn't been kidding when he had said she would get a week's worth of detention. Her diary looked quite full. Emily's words echoed through her head—too many detentions would get her taken in. The way things were going, whatever that horror was, would be her near future if she didn't keep her head down.

There was a notice from the coach for everyone to report to their newly assigned rooms today, but it looked like she was stuck at the beginner level. She hadn't expected that wolf to advance her, but missing all that time had probably cost her a chance to prove herself on the weapons.

She was just putting her things into her bag to head to her first class when the Dean walked in. His gaze landed on her immediately as he walked to the professor at the front, making her heart sink.

She knew something was wrong.

“Miss Morgan, stay behind, please,” the teacher said as the other students shuffled out of the room to go to their respective lessons.

And then, all too soon, it was just her and the dean left. She remained seated, eyes down, and could tell by the dean's growl that he didn't like that. But there was no rule that said she had to stand to address him so he could growl all he wanted.

"Miss Morgan, I'll keep this brief so you can get to your class," he started, "Can you tell me what happened on the Friday before last?"

She frowned as she thought back. That had been when the whole insane mess had started. But she wasn't going to tell him anything until she knew what this was about.

"May I know what exactly you're referring to? A lot of things happen to me in your academy, as you're aware."

The dean growled again.

"You went to an Alpha's party, and something happened there."

The way he said she went to the party as if he didn't know she had been staying with Jared at the time was a bit concerning. Had Jared lied about too? Would she get into trouble if it came out? And on top of that, the party had supposedly been in her honor.

"Sir, what is this about?" she asked directly.

"I was told you were at the party. Tell me what happened."

If he didn't want to talk, she wouldn't either.

“I don’t have friends here. Dean Russell. I don’t go to parties. May I go?”

There was silence for a moment, and the dean said, “If you want to remain insolent, that’s your choice. The Council will be here later to ask you about Miss Claire Hubert’s disappearance. I suggest you keep your tablet close for an appointment time. And don’t even dare bring up of your enrolment with them, or you will suffer the consequences.”

That made her look up, but the dean was already walking out as he spoke. She didn’t know what to react to first. The fact that Claire was missing, or that she would finally come face to face with the people who had decided she belonged here.

But the images of how Claire had hurt her in town resurfaced. She had thought she would die until she heard Ezekiel’s growl. At the back of her mind, she knew. She knew Claire was dead. She had wanted to believe that he had left her alive the way he did the night of the party, but Ezekiel was dangerous. There had been too much blood on her to assume the wounds inflicted on her attacker hadn’t been fatal.

Her heart started beating again.

He was dangerous, but if he hadn’t stepped in both times, she would be dead. She was grateful she was alive, but could she ever live with this? Could she ever get over the fact that she was the cause of someone else’s death? She didn’t think so.

She swallowed hard as she picked her bag up and started walking towards her Textiles class. What was she supposed to do? She couldn't lie and say she had done it because they would never believe her, but she didn't want to drop Ezekiel in it when he had saved her life.

She would just have to beg the Council to send her back home. When they saw her face-to-face, they would know they made a mistake. She could be on her way home by the end of the day, and this whole nightmare would be behind her.