

Chapter 75

Zeke watched Ava walk into the dining hall before heading towards the Administration block.

‘He told her to run away from us,’ Shadow pointed out.

“Hmm,” he answered with a frown.

‘He must die.’

He rolled his eyes. Jared would die soon enough. Right now, he had the Council members to deal with. He couldn’t blatantly break the rules just before going to the meeting. But surprisingly, Shadow had been very laid back about that interaction with the bastard. They had followed Ava from when she had left her block and heard the whole conversation, but Shadow hadn’t tried to kill him on the spot.

It was probably true. Jared had been messed up pretty badly after last year’s evaluations and the death of his friend. Jared hadn’t spent nearly as probably true. Jared had been messed up pretty badly after last y long in Isolation, but it had still fucked him up. Things didn’t always work out for him, as if his wolf senses sometimes failed him. Sometimes he

was sure that was the reason he was doing so many fucked up things this semester.

But he didn't give a shit about that Jared had still hosted a party and left Ava all alone. Everything was on him as the Alpha. It was a burden he would have to learn to carry. He should have been taught this long before now. If anything went wrong on his territory, it was all on his head. Rule number one.

As he approached the building, he saw several of his pack members in a group just beyond the fountain. He could tell they were mind linking each other as they looked at the building and then at him. They looked away quickly when they saw he had noticed them. Derek had been right about his father's spies. Alpha Ezra would know about this meeting and the missing wolves by the weekend when they had phone access. They would probably also tell him that he had publicly claimed a human.

But he still had a couple of weeks before Parents Weekend. He had time to find out if he could mark Ava without killing her.

He growled at the wolves, and they scattered before he let himself into the building.

Everything was quiet, and no students were walking around the lobby. No one ever wanted to be close to the Council anyway, but this felt like a prelude to a horror story. Something wasn't right in the air.

Two men stood guard at the doors that allowed people into the inner offices. He couldn't tell what species they were, but they were strong, stronger than anyone at this academy, and they were just bodyguards.

Shadow growled in his head. He always wanted to dominate people, and anyone who didn't look like they would submit to him was an exciting challenge for him. But this was not the time and place for him to start measuring the size of his dick. The Council didn't tolerate shit like that.

'Behave. We talked about this.'

He didn't have to say it twice. Shadow retreated without argument and concentrated on keeping their mental wall up.

It didn't take long for someone to open the guarded doors and motion him in. He followed slowly, keeping his senses open. It seemed even the unnecessary staff had cleared out of the building for this. They never had to do any of this when they visited for the evaluations. Maybe the issue of Claire and her friends going missing would be a bigger problem for him than he thought.

An image of Ava's bloody body that Saturday morning filtered through his mind. She had come home with hers and Claire's blood all over her. He shoved that image back forcefully and reinforced his walls.

'Focus!' he growled at Shadow.

Nothing could get through. He was not getting Ava involved in any of this.

He was finally led into the dean's office, and the man himself seemed to have been kicked out of his office because he sat in Penelope's place

instead. His lips twitched. Alpha Russell was a proud man. He would hate this.

“They’re waiting for you,” Dran Russell said “Knock, then go right in.”

He did as instructed, and when he opened the door, he came face-to-face with three Councilors. The three he would have never wanted to meet as long as he was living. The vampire Anrei Dalca, one of the oldest vampires with his allure so strong that he automatically stepped back and tried to resist him even though the interview hadn’t started yet. The wolf, Alpha Diego Lupei, rumored to be a demon wolf and many centuries old. And the witch, Julia Luca, so powerful she was the only witch known to be truly immortal, rather than having just a prolonged lifespan like other witches.

The Romanian branch of the Council. The most lethal.

Why had they sent these just because of the disappearance of a few students? It didn’t add up. So, the only logical explanation was that this had nothing to do with the students at all.

He turned his gaze down, and Shadow knew better than to protest.

“Mr. Michelson. Please take a seat,” the vampire said.

His feet were moving before he even thought about it, and he found himself in the chair in front of the dean’s desk like he had been compelled Oh, this was bad. This was so fucking bad.

“Do you know why you’re here?” the witch asked

She had a slight Romanian accent, and something about the hilt of her voice seemed to weave its magic around him effortlessly without him even realizing it.

He reinforced his walls again. The magic around him weakened, but he knew this was just the start.

“I’ve been told students are missing, ma’am,” he answered.

“And you were the last to see them?” the wolf asked.

Every word that came out of the wolf’s mouth felt like a command, even though it wasn’t. He had the urge to suddenly confess everything, admit to everything. He reinforced his walls again.

“I was not,” he answered.

“Where were you on the day in question?”

“My weekly call with my father, his Beta and his Gamma. I’m sure there would be records of that, sir.”

“And then, last Monday, you were in Isolation for breaking the rules. You attacked Miss Hubert. Why?” the vampires asked.

It felt like they were working on him at the same time. His skin itched from the magic he could feel in the air, like it was probing him, trying to find a weakness

“Personal issues.”

He reinforced his walls again. And again. And again. Shadow was more alert now, he realized they were in more trouble than they had thought.

“I appreciate you want to keep some matters private, but some wolves are missing, and their lives may very well be in danger. Please cooperate, Mr. Michelson,” the witch said. “What personal issues did you have with Miss Hubert?”

“I understand that we need to find them, but I also know that my personal life is not the reason you are here,” he said as he lifted his gaze to the witch without bothering with fake respect. She raised an eyebrow. “Why don’t you just tell me what you want so we can get this over with, ma’am?”