

## Chapter 77

Ava sucked in a breath when she saw Ezekiel walking out of the dean's office. Why was he here? Had they got him already! Did they know what he'd had to do for her?

Ezekiel's gaze landed on hers, changing from amber to red and then back again. He had a look on his face that she had never seen before. Was he scared? Wolves were taught to fear the Council from when they were pups; they were their Boogeyman. The all-seeing, all-knowing. She knew then that they knew everything, even her escape attempt through the forest.

Ezekiel looked at the dean, who was watching him intently, and then back at her.

"You may go now, Mr. Michelson. They're waiting to escort you out," the dean said.

A muscle in his jaw ticked. Now, she wasn't sure if it was fear she saw on his face earlier. She didn't have wolf senses, but the second he walked out of the office, she had been so sure she felt that fear. Maybe she was just projecting her own fear onto him.

“Mr. Michelson,” Dean Russell said firmly.

Ezekiel ignored the dean and walked purposefully towards her. She tensed, unsure of what he would do, and then he leaned over and whispered in her ear.

“Hide your thoughts.”

What? So she had been right about the Council having some sort of Seer like Mr. Patrick. She couldn't hide her thoughts from the teacher; how was she supposed to hide them from the Council? Her heart started pounding as she watched Ezekiel stride towards the door without looking back or giving her further instructions. Then she looked at the dean, who was scowling at her. Had he heard what Ezekiel had said?

She was so screwed.

“What are you waiting for, Miss Morgan? Knock and enter,” Dean Russell growled. “And do not disgrace my school.”

She took a breath and calmed her beating heart. Her father had taught her how to calm herself to get out of situations with the park members, but she wondered if she could use the same method to keep the Council out of her head. This could be her only chance to leave this plane, so she couldn't mess it up. If they listened to her, she could put all of this behind her by the end of the day. Everything else she would have to deal with after that.

She stood and walked to the door, taking a final calming breath as she recalled her lessons with Alpha Roland. She would clear her mind and

focus on only one thing. Maybe it wouldn't work, but it was her only option.

Her heartbeat was calm when she entered the room and saw the beautiful people on the other side of the dean's desk. So beautiful that she gasped as she stared at them. And just like that, she found her focus, and it was the easiest thing she had ever had to focus on. They were breathtaking. She knew she was already breaking the rules by staring at them so blatantly, but they must be used to that by now. She was around beautiful people all the time, but these were in a league of their own.

The paler one had his long brown hair tied back and his hazel eyes piercing her as if he could see into her soul. She could tell he was a vampire because all she wanted to do was to please him, do whatever he wanted her to do. And she would. All day. She gave him a bright smile, but he frowned and looked away. But it didn't matter, she had others to feast her eyes on. The hulking one sitting next to him was just the same. So handsome with his curly black hair and blue eyes, and he was so huge and muscular that he could only be an Alpha wolf. He probably had every woman throwing their panties at him. She wanted to throw her panties at him. All of them. One by one.

“Oh, for fuck's sake! I don't know why they always send you two. You turn all the women into idiots.”

She turned to the woman who had spoken and sucked in a breath. Now, that was true beauty. Her straight ash-blonde hair was styled in a trendy bob, and her eyes were a stunning violet. They were like jewels in her smooth, tanned, blemish-free face. Perhaps this one could join in the debauched threesome she had going in her mind.

The vampire snickered, confirming that he was indeed in her head as she brought her attention back to him. She'd heard vampires did amazing things to their lovers with their fangs. Would he bite her?

“Okay, I’ve had enough. Sit down, Miss Morgan,” the wolf said, which she did eagerly.

Maybe too eager. The three of them pushed themselves back in their chairs, putting more distance between them as they eyed her suspiciously. They were uncomfortable with her adoration.

The woman opened a file in front of her but didn’t say anything. Instead, she looked at the two men beside her. From where she sat, it looked like they were mind-linking each other, but that was impossible. She pushed any thoughts away to avoid thinking of anything else and focused on how beautiful these creatures were.

“You’ve had some reported clashes with Mass Hubert,” the wolf asked.

She was still looking him directly in the eyes. Something about him made him different from all the others, something besides those perfect white teeth Goddess, he was beautiful.

The wolf sighed in exasperation.

“Yes, sir. She’s sent me to the infirmary. I reported her to the dean several times before, but he told me to stop coming to see him.”

There was a loud crash outside, which made her smile a little. She would get into trouble for this, but the dean should have listened to her in the first place.

“Reported what, exactly?” the woman asked. “There is nothing like that in this report.”

“Oh? I’m sorry; I assumed that was why I was here. To discuss my enrollment when I’m clearly human.”

The three of them looked at each other again and then back at her. They studied her so intently she could feel it. It was as if their physical touches, and something was caressing her skin. It was an odd feeling but not unpleasant.

The three looked at each other again before the vampire said, “No, we’re here about another matter. These statements say you were at this party Mr. Michelson attacked Miss Hubert.”

“No, sir, I was not.”

The atmosphere changed in the room, but she couldn’t pinpoint if it was a good change.

“You were not living with Mr. Anderson at the time?” the wolf asked.

“No, sir, I was not.”

The looks on their faces changed to curiosity. She kept her mind blank as she felt the gentle caresses of their gazes turn into probing. Now, that

was uncomfortable. The room turned cold. She could see her breath in the air. This was their magic, she knew that. With a frown, she put her arms around herself to try and keep some body heat.

“Are you currently Mr. Michelson’s Omega?”

“Technically, I’m human, so I don’t know how to answer that question.”

The vampire seemed exasperated. But perhaps she could soothe him by offering him some blood. He sat back in his chair again, clearly unimpressed by her offer.

“And you received an invitation from the Council to attend?”

“Yes, but I don’t know why.”

“Miss Morgan, do you know where Miss Hubert is?” the woman asked.

“No, ma’am.”

“Are you covering up for Mr. Michelson?”

“No, ma’am.”

The probing felt worse now, but she kept a running commentary of the foursome in her head. She wondered if they would take her at the same time. She wondered which one of them she would ask to take her virginity.

“Fuck’s sake,” the vampire muttered. “Thank you for your time, Miss Morgan.”

“Can you send me home?” she asked directly. “I shouldn’t be here.”

“On the contrary, Miss Morgan You’re exactly where you need to be,”