

## Chapter 80

Mr. Patrick turned in his seat to watch Ava the moment she opened the detention room door.

She looked him square in the eye and thought of sheep jumping over rainbows.

Mr. Patrick rolled his eyes and turned back to watch the room. So what exactly was he, to be able to read her mind? Seers couldn't do this, but there were so many different species here at the academy that she didn't know much about. This was nothing like her pack at home, where everyone knew everyone, even if they didn't all live close together.

“Take your seat. Miss Morgan.”

Where had he been that night when the horrible teacher had taken his place? She had been so confused and had needed his help. Maybe he could help her now.

“Must I repeat myself? You're disturbing everyone.”

And that was when she saw that, for a change, another student was in the room. He looked at her from his seat right at the back without smiling.

He didn't like her very much, she could tell. Maybe he didn't like her at all, like all the other students at the academy. The blond one she now lived with. She really needed to ask his name; she couldn't keep calling him the Blond One.

How had he even ended up in detention?

“For the love of all that is sparkly... Miss Morgan, sit down and get your homework out.”

“Oh, great. You can help me figure out if the woven or quilted cotton is best for the imaginary wolves I will one day serve a fancy dinner to after I graduate,” she said sarcastically as she walked to her usual seat.

“Quilted cotton. You can double-side it.” Mr Prick deadpanned. “Now, just read or something. Be quiet.”

It sounded like he was trying to make sure she didn't talk about what he could do in front of the Blond One. She just had to sit quietly and stew while he accessed all her thoughts. Had he heard everything she had thought of before, or was it a selective process?

Her cheeks colored as she tried to remember if she had thought anything inappropriate here over the past few weeks. Because she'd had many inappropriate thoughts. Like the ones she was trying not to think of now, actually. And if she remembered correctly, her first detention had been after a close encounter with a certain Alpha.

Private thoughts that he had no right to.

Right, okay, so she would read and bore him with thoughts about textiles. What was it with these people thinking it was okay to just invade someone's privacy like this? She could still feel the Council trying to get in her head that afternoon. Their magic was intrusive, not at all like Mr. Patrick's. She would never have known Mr. Patrick was listening in if he hadn't given himself away. Maybe they needed him on the Council to do all their dirty work.

She looked up at Mr. Patrick and saw him staring at her. His glasses still sat on the bridge of his long nose, but his gaze was so sharp that she doubted he needed them. This was like a disguise, like some superhero stuff, only Mr. Patrick would suck as a superhero. He seemed very interested in what she had been thinking about The Council. He wanted to know more. Or maybe he was one of them already. But she wasn't going to give him anything, not until he stopped being so mysterious.

So she pulled out her tablet, opened the reading material provided from her Textiles class, and then gave him a pointed look that might as well have been a middle finger before she started reading.

I was hard to keep herself engaged in anything she read but she was finding it was necessary. Was there anyone else at this school who could do this? Was she projecting her secret thoughts everywhere for anybody to read?

By the time the hour came, she had slowly started to spiral again. This place was too much for her. She needed to watch what she said and thought,

“Miss Morgan, a word before you go,” Mr. Patrick said.

“Alpha Ezekiel is waiting for us, sir,” Blond One said as he put his books in his bag and walked to stand next to her table.

Was this why he was in detention? To watch her? She frowned as she looked at Mr. Patrick but kept her thoughts blank.

Mr. Patrick looked at the Blond One and then back at her.

“I’m sure he can wait one moment-“

“I’m sorry, sir. He’s already waiting.”

What did he need to talk about? Was it about the Council! Though she had been in there every night since the first day, she didn’t think she could trust him. In fact, she knew she couldn’t trust anyone at the academy after what had happened. She only had herself to rely on until she got out.

Mr. Patrick looked at her sharply, and she realized she had forgotten to keep her thoughts neutral. She quickly looked away and packed up her Things.

“Miss Morgan-“

The door opened, and Ezekiel stood there, looking at Mr. Patrick. Had he been waiting right outside the door to pick her up?

Mr. Patrick didn’t say anything else. He started packing his paperwork and didn’t even look at her as she walked past him to the door. Ezekiel

let her walk out first, and then he and the Blond One walked behind her as they came out of the building.

There was something different in the air as she stepped out. It was so eerily quiet, everything seemed perfectly still. The hair on the back of her neck rose as she felt the danger.

“Derek’s in the car. Move.” Ezekiel said.

She hadn’t realized she had stopped. She saw Derek idling in the car park not too far away, but every step felt like it was taking her further instead of closer to him. Everything went out of focus. She felt icy fingers run down her skin before the familiar, intrusive magic started pressing into her.

Her heart skipped a beat. It was the Council, but what were they doing to her?

“Ava, concentrate on your steps. Move quickly.” Ezekiel said.

When she looked down at her feet and started putting one foot in front of the other, her vision began to clear. She increased her speed and was in the car before she knew it

Ezekiel sat in the passenger seat, the Blond One sat beside her, and Derek started driving. Did it matter, though, that they made it to the car? They were trapped like guinea pigs in this Academy. The Council could easily come to their house if they wanted to.

The magic seemed to release them the further they went away from the administration block, but the wolves in the car didn't speak. She could see how tense they were. The moment they parked, they quickly got out of the car, and then Ezekiel took her hand and rushed her inside. He went past the stairs to open a door near the kitchen and then put a light on. Then he started pulling her down the stairs with the other wolves following.

It was only once they'd reached the bottom that she saw it was a torture room of sorts, and most things seemed to be made of silver. But the room felt like it had magic of its own. The remnants of the Council's magic cleared instantly.

"Dude, what the fuck? Why is this happening?" the Blond One said the moment they reached the bottom.

"I think the dean told them I killed Claire," Ezekiel growled. "We need a plan."