

## Chapter 84

Training with the coach was different. It was her first one since the coach had graded and separated them, and she had been left with all the students that the coach thought were hopeless. He didn't try to hide that he thought they would all fail. He said it to their faces several times before he left them to fight each other without a clue what was happening while he went to another class. Most of them didn't even know the correct formations for basic moves.

Ezekiel was still there, quietly circling the room but since everyone here was scared of him, it didn't help the situation

It felt almost criminal to keep winning. Her body was still sore from the morning, but she wasn't exerting herself as much during any of her matches.

If the mock evaluations were as tough as Ezekiel said they would be, then none of them stood a chance. She hated agreeing with the coach, but he was right about this. She wished the academy would do something about this, but it was apparent they didn't give a shit about the ones at the bottom of the totem pole.

When the coach returned to the room to dismiss them, she gave the vampire she had been sparing with a nod and started walking out of the room. She stopped when she saw the way Ezekiel was staring at someone. When she looked in the same direction, she saw it was Emily. The Omega looked terrified. Maybe Emily had seen Ezekiel after all. Perhaps he'd warned her to keep her mouth shut.

She shook her head as she walked out. Emily was a big girl and not her concern. As Jared had told her, the Omega had chosen her side.

After a quick change of clothes, she made her way to her favorite class of the day: Detention. Even with Mr. Patrick probing around in her head, it was still the only place she felt safe. Myles was already in his seat when she walked in, his books open in front of him as he did some work.

She never thought she would ever get jealous of anyone doing homework until now. Did Myles even realize how lucky he was? Or, like everyone else at the academy, he just took it as his due without thinking about the rest of them.

“Miss Morgan.”

“Evening, sir,” she said to Mr. Patrick

“I have a book here to help you with your Textiles questions.”

She pulled a face and looked longingly at Myles and his work again.

“Do I have to?” she asked.

“Yes. Despite what you think, all classes carry the same weight, and you still have to pass them or face the consequences,” Mr. Patrick said as he pushed a thick book forward on his table.

With a sigh, she walked to pick it up before she went to her usual seat. Myles didn’t even acknowledge her. She dropped the book on the table, wincing when it landed with a loud thud. Textiles. This was no life for her.

She sighed again as she pulled her chair out and dropped herself into her seat. Maybe she would go to sleep and try not to think about the rest of her evening as she had been doing all day.

“Stop being so dramatic, Miss Morgan. There’s no need to sigh that much. Read the book.”

She glowered at him before she pulled the book open. And then she saw... Nothing. The book was blank. It was like a huge, ugly notebook. Why would anyone even make something like this! It looked old, and the leather banding had seen better days. There were some faded markings that she couldn’t quite read, but the words definitely didn’t spell out Textiles.

She frowned at Mr. Patrick and caught his probing, sharp gaze. He picked up a pen, his gaze still on her as if he was asking her to pay attention. He gave her a nod, looked down at his paperwork, and scribbled something before gesturing with his eyes at the book in front of her.

And when she looked, her name had appeared on the previously blank page.

What? What kind of fuckery was this? Was he a witch, then? Had he cast a spell?

Her name disappeared on the page and was replaced by a big 'NO.'

What was he then? If he could do something the Council had failed to do, why was he a teacher here instead of living the high life she had heard the Council members lived?"

'Not important,' the link on the page spelt out. 'Listen to me carefully. You're in trouble. You shouldn't have gone into the forest.'

Her eyes widened. She hadn't thought about that in this class after that night. Did something still slip through?

She told her head to shut up and not give anything away, but she started panicking. Disjointed images of that night filled her head—the darkness, the sticky feeling, the eyes in the trees. The pain. She could feel that pain as if she was still there. She had been sleeping with the light on since the night she had crawled into Ezekiel's bed.

Stop. Stop thinking!

'Listen to me! It was the Council. You need to reach your full potential before they come back because they have plans for you. You and your Alpha.'

And that made all her fear return.

She'd thought she was safe, at least for now. What would they do to them? She knew that was the worst rule to break, so it would probably have the worst punishment. Ezekiel would never have gone into the forest if it wasn't for her.

'Your Alpha is coming. Find time to talk to me. Close the book and leave it on the table; it's too dangerous for you to be caught with it. Do not expose me, Ava, or I can't help you.'

She closed the book just as the door crashed open, and Ezekiel rushed in. He looked around the room before his gaze settled on her.

"What happened?" he asked.

Her mind was too muddled to answer him. How had he even known that there was something wrong?

"Nothing," Myles answered.

Mr. Patrick made a show of piling his work and putting it in his bag.

"Must you barge into the room like that, Mr. Michelson?" Mr. Patrick snapped as he stood up.

Was he leaving? No, he couldn't just drop this on her and then disappear. What plans did the Council have? Why hadn't they just dragged them off when they had found out?

“Where are you going?” she asked him quickly.

“Away from you. You can all leave. I expect I’ll be seeing you all tomorrow evening again,” Mr. Patrick said with a shake of his head as he left the room.

She knew he would have disappeared the moment he walked out, so she didn’t bother rushing out after him.

“What an odd man,” Ezekiel said as he frowned at the door.

Then he turned to look at her questioningly.

“Did you see something?” he asked.

She shook her head and pushed the book aside before picking her bag up.

“Let’s go and get you fed, then, Ezekiel said, already walking towards the door. “We have a lot to talk about.”

Yes. She had to tell him that they hadn’t got away with this after all. Her guilt returned over Claire’s fate as she followed him. She was a terrible person. She should have come clean to the Council straight away